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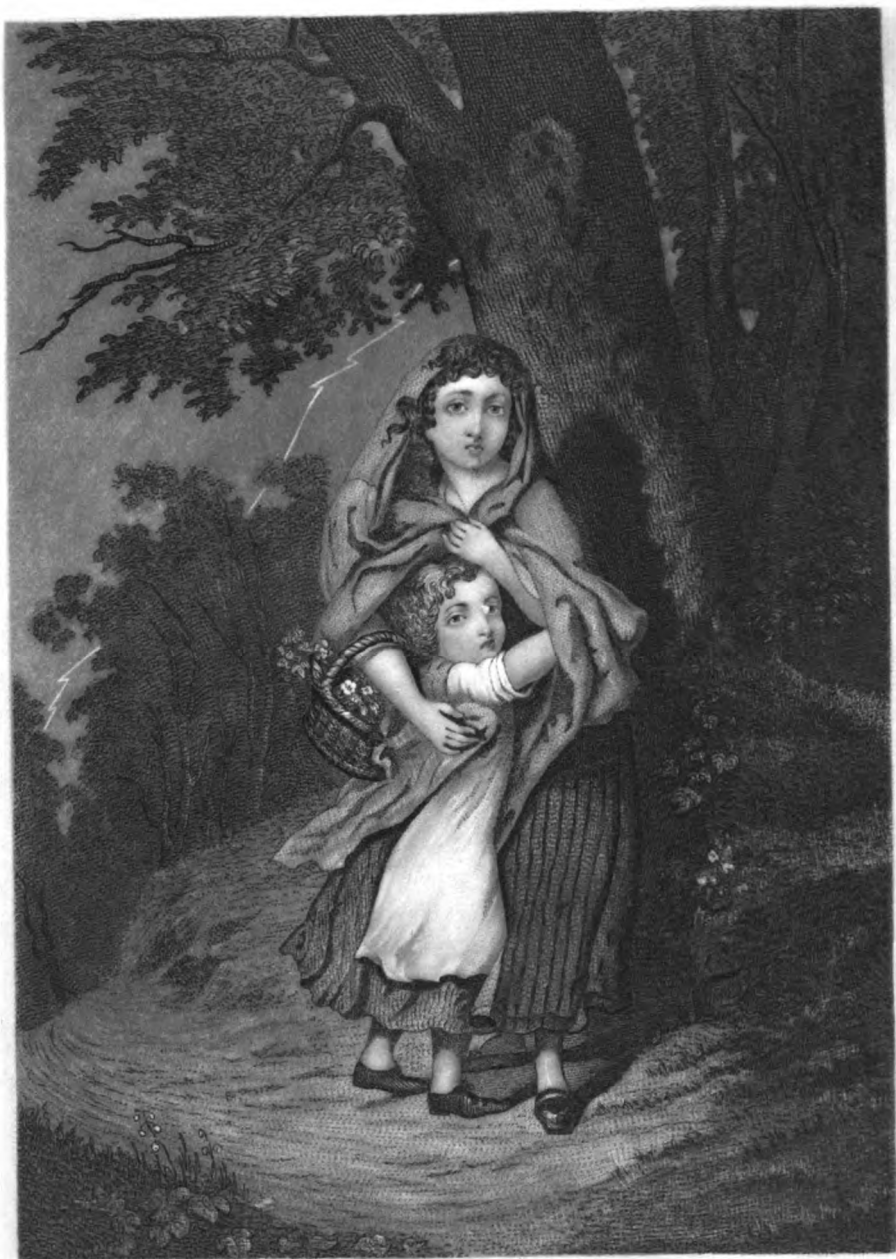


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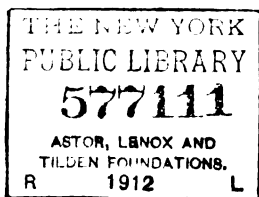


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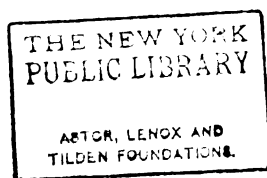
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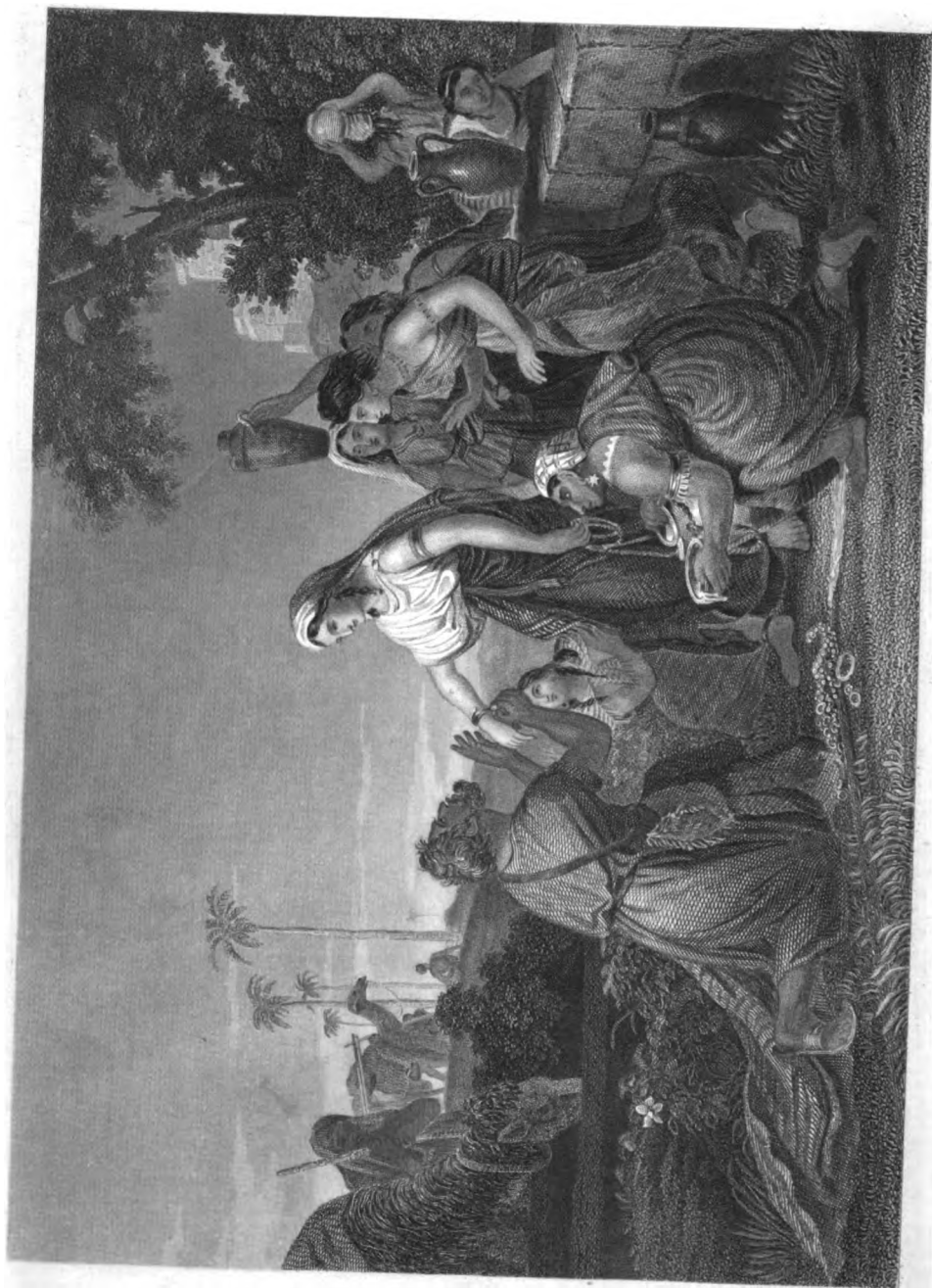






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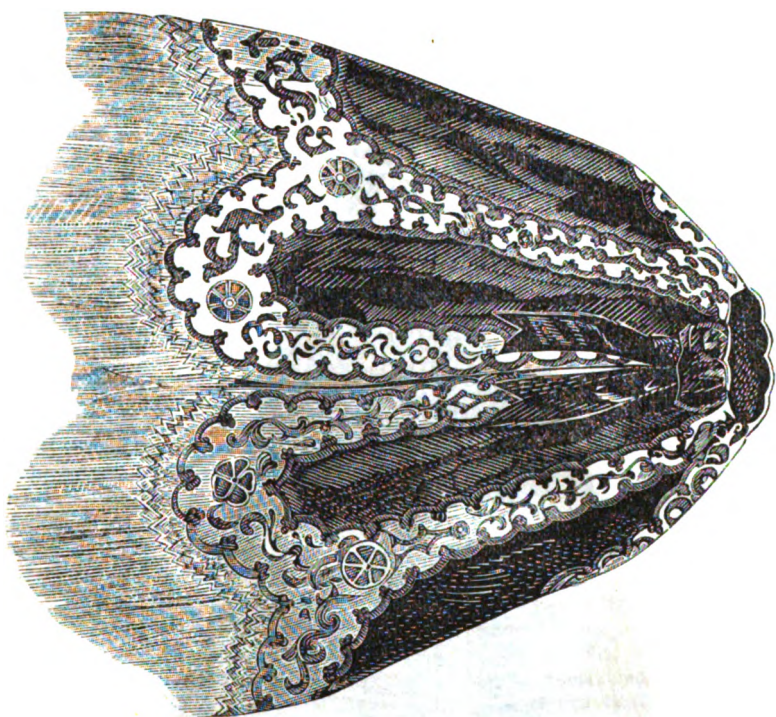




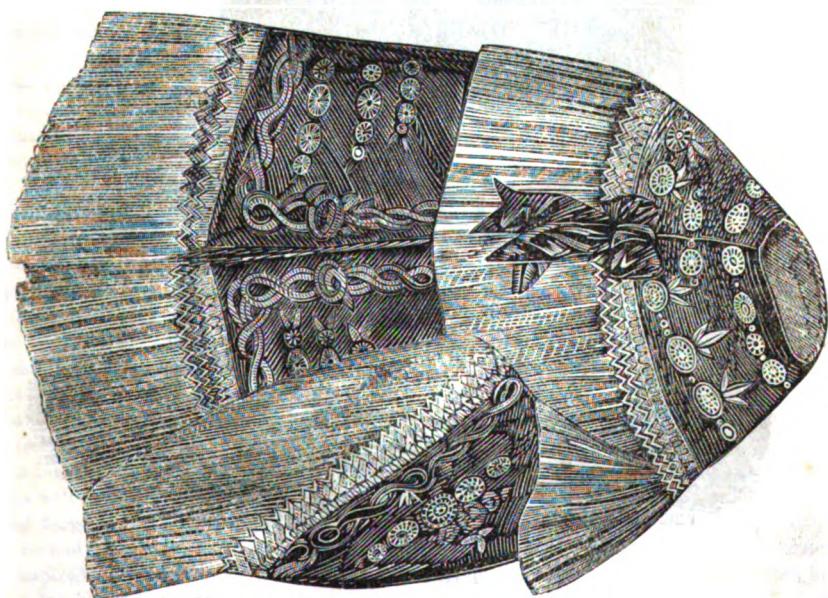
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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1854.

No. 1.

## REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

BY REV. JAMES STEVENS.

THE story of Rebekah, as told in the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis, is one of the most beautiful in the Bible. Abraham, separated from his kindred, and living in a strange land, is unwilling that his son Isaac should marry a Canaanitish woman, but wishes the young man to unite himself with some daughter of his own high caste race, who had been educated in the pure and living faith. Accordingly he despatches a head servant, with a train of attendants, to journey into the land of Mesopotamia, and there select a bride.

It was evening when the ambassador, with his followers and file of camels, stopped at the well outside of the city of Nahor. The heats of the day were over; a cool breeze refreshed the atmosphere; and the tall palm trees stood up stately and beautiful against the western sky. It was the time when the women of the city came out to draw water. Oriental travellers have described many such a scene. Few eastern cities are larger than small villages here, and having but one well, which is in common, all the female inhabitants usually visit it every evening. In the patriarchal simplicity of those early countries rich and poor came alike to these wells. Here then came Rebekah, the most beautiful as well as the highest born of the daughters of Nahor; and probably attended, as became her rank, by numerous maid servants also bearing pitchers.

The reason why Abraham's servant had paused at the well is now plain. Knowing that all the young females of the little city would visit the well, he had but to wait there to see the loveliest. The inspired narrator tells us that he had prayed to the Lord, that God would turn the heart of her whom he should address, so that she should be willing to become the wife of Isaac. A long while he waited, it is probable, in suspense. Files of graceful maidens came and went, with

many a coy glance doubtless at the stranger, and many a whispered wonder who he could be. But no visitor yet seemed lovely enough for the bride of Isaac, the only heir of a great nomadic prince such as Abraham evidently was. At last, resplendent in beauty, like a young moon, as an Arab poet would have said, Rebekah appeared. Her undulating figure, as she approached poising the tall pitcher on her shoulder; her brilliant complexion indicative of pure blood; the sweet amiability of her countenance; her large, dark blue eye; the exquisite proportions of her arm; the fineness of her garments; and the accompanying train of attendants; all these assured the ambassador that here was a bride worthy of his young master, alike for her loveliness and her high degree.

He watched her, therefore, as she went down to the well, and observing that the modesty of her deportment was equal to her beauty, he prepared to accost her, when, having filled her pitcher, she came up again. Custom permitted such an address: indeed to give a drink to the wayfarer was considered, and is still considered, a sacred duty among oriental nations. Rebekah, slightly blushing, we presume, for the speaker's manner must have implied his admiration, complied with his request: in the beautiful narrative of the sacred writer, "she said, 'Drink, my lord,' and hasted, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him to drink." Then observing, probably for the first time, that the stranger was accompanied by many camels, she offered, in the native kindness of her heart, to draw for them also. This was a high honor to confer, but still not beneath her degree, for the laws of hospitality in that patriarchal age not only allowed, but sometimes enjoined such condescensions. "And she hasted," says the sacred record, "and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto

the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels." How the whole scene rises before us at these words! The quick, graceful movements of Rebekah; the camels and their attendants about the well; the gradually darkening sky, with the evening star twinkling, diamond-like, above a grove of tall palms; the clustering groups of girls; and the wondering countenance of the messenger.

When she had concluded, there was a moment's silence. Then the ambassador, no longer doubting that the Lord had sent this maiden, drew forth the costly gifts which Abraham had prepared for his son's bride, a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two massive bracelets, also of gold, and weighing ten shekels. These last he clasped upon her wrist, offering her also the ear-rings; and, as he did this, he knelt. The whispers of the spectators and their wonder increased, and they pressed around to see these splendid presents. "Who could this stranger be?" was the inquiry that passed around. He was evidently some rich sheik's servant, the half envious girls said, and then they regretted that they also had not offered to draw water for him: but like all selfish persons they regretted too late. Rebekah, meantime, received the gifts with sweet dignity, and in answer to his questions, told who she was and invited the stranger to her father's house. Now also, for the first time, the

messenger acquainted her that he came from her uncle Abraham.

This strange and joyful news threw the young girl, as we may suppose, into a flutter of delight. She had often heard her parents speak of this relative, her father's brother, who, years before she was borne, had emigrated to Canaan. She knew how glad they would be to hear the intelligence, and eager to be the first to impart it, she told the stranger she would run before to prepare for him. Arriving at her home, she met her brother, Laban, whom she hurriedly acquainted with what had occurred. The brother was not less excited than herself, and hastening to the well, embraced Abraham's messenger, and carried him to their house, where Rebekah had already seen that an entertainment was being prepared.

The artist, in illustrating this beautiful narrative, has chosen the moment when Rebekah advances to receive the bracelets. She has set down the pitcher, which a servant has just taken, but she still holds in her hand the rope which she used at the well. Young girls are drawing water, arriving with pitchers, or pressing forward to see the stranger. On one side of the picture are the walls of the city in the distance, and on the other the drinking camels, with camel-drivers sitting under a grove of palms and watching the departing day. The whole scene is beautifully and truthfully conceived.

## THE BLIND GIRL.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

They tell me of many a glittering gem,  
From caverns all light with the diamond's glare—  
Gems gather'd to set in some king's diadem,  
Or bind on the brow of the maiden so fair—  
But their beauty, their brightness I never shall  
see,  
For my Father in Heaven has hid it from me.

They tell me, enraptur'd, that blue is the sky,  
And dark is the ocean when rolling in wrath,  
And fair are the flowers, that angels on high  
Leave as foot-prints, to gladden the blind girl's  
path.

But such beauty, such grandeur I never shall see,  
For my Father in Heaven has hid it from me.

And often I've heard, as the night o'er us steals,  
The lone evening star, a watcher in Heaven,  
Keeps sentinel's post where Jehovah reveals

The ramparts of glory, whence rebels were driv'n—  
But the lone evening star I never shall see,  
For my Father in Heaven has hid it from me.

Dark, dark is my pathway if bright the sun shine,  
And the pale moon ride in her chariot above,  
Yet the flow'rs, the birds with their music is mine,  
And mine is the converse of friends that I love.  
Why then should I weep, when they speak unto  
me  
Of the beauty and grandeur I never shall see?

That I never shall see! oh, no! I have hope  
In ONE who will yet turn my steps to the light  
Not always in darkness my spirit shall grope,  
For the glory of Heaven shall burst on my sight,  
When that morning shall dawn, oh! then shall I  
see  
The beauty, the brightness now hidden from me.



## THE THUNDER STORM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &C.

### I

"PLEASE, mother, let us go."

It was a childish voice that spoke: and the little hands clung obstinately to the parent's dress.

"How you bother me! Yes, go, for mercy's sake, and don't let me see you back in a hurry."

As she spoke, Mrs. Carr gave the broom she was using a toss, and flung her dress away from little Maggie's hold so irritably, that the smile, which had at first brightened the young child's face, died away into a sorrowful glance.

The quick-tempered parent saw the look, and felt rebuked. She turned away, saying, "well, go, if you're going."

Childhood soon forgets even injustice. Maggie's spirits gradually recovered their elasticity, and her voice was heard calling to her sister Lucy to stop sweeping the walks, and bring the big basket, for that they were going down to the woods to gather flowers. So away the two went, happy in the Saturday afternoon's holiday.

What a pleasant time they had, those innocent children, in those grand old woods! How they ran hither and thither, attracted by some new flower; how they played hide and seek among the trees; how they watched the birds that hopped fearlessly about them: how they arranged and re-arranged their spoils in the basket; and how Lucy, finally, sat down on a bank and began weaving a chaplet for Maggie, which she tried on again and again, declaring each time that it was "beautiful, oh! so beautiful, but she'd just put another flower in to see if it wouldn't look better still."

Occupied in this way, the children had not observed how far they had wandered into the wood, nor how dark it was becoming. Suddenly Lucy looked up.

"Why, Maggie, it's almost night," she said, in surprise, "we must hurry home." And she rose to go.

At that instant a low, sullen growl was heard. Maggie, with ashy face, crept close to her sister's side, too terrified to speak, but asking with her large, uplifted eyes what it meant.

"It's thunder," said Lucy, in a whisper. "Don't tremble so, darling!"

"I thought it must be a lion," whispered Maggie, still almost afraid to look around.

"There are no lions here, you know, Maggie," replied Lucy, "they are only found away off, in Africa."

"But there are bears, and panthers, I've heard father say," said Maggie, blushing for her mistake, yet still speaking low. "Don't you remember he said he'd often heard 'em howl at night?"

Lucy was but nine years old, so that she could scarcely be expected to be much braver than Maggie, who was five; so at this reminiscence she looked fearfully over her shoulder, as if half expecting to see a savage beast leap from some covert near. Till then she had not thought of the bears and wolves. Even older persons, perhaps, would have felt uneasy, if unarmed; for it was the original forest, and of vast extent, stretching miles away quite over the mountains.

Nevertheless Lucy tried to keep up her courage. "It's only the thunder, Maggie," she said. "Let us hurry and get out of the wood. Maybe we can do so before it begins to rain."

With these words, taking her little sister by the hand, she began to retrace her steps, walking so fast that Maggie could scarcely keep up with her.

But fast as she walked, she could not outstrip the storm, whose rapid approach was heralded by the increasing darkness and by the wind rising among the trees. Neither of the children had ever been out at such a time before, and the moaning breeze was often so much like the sob of a lost child, or the cry of some one in distress, or the growl of an angry wild beast, that they were continually starting in terror. At such moments of alarm, Maggie would cling closely to her sister, while Lucy would hasten her steps anew, her little heart throbbing almost to bursting.

Gradually the wind rose to a gale. The leaves showered in thousands to the ground; the trees bent, rocked and groaned as if in agony; the roar of the elements was awful; and the sky grew so dark that Lucy, no longer able to pick her way, could only hurry blindly forward, dragging Maggie with her breathlessly.

Nearly an hour passed in this manner, an hour that seemed an age to the children. Long since,

Lucy knew, they ought to have been out of the wood. But the forest only grew wilder at each step; every familiar appearance had vanished; and at last the poor girl could no longer conceal from herself that they were lost.

Night also was at hand, a night of rain and tempest. Lucy asked herself, could they survive the wet and cold? Could they escape the wild beasts of which she had heard? Oh! what would they think at home on finding that she and Maggie did not return. As such reflections succeeded each other in her mind, she would have stopped hopelessly, but that the sight of her younger sister nerved her, and for Maggie's sake she courageously kept on, trying to recover the lost path.

At last, further progress became impossible, so thick grew the darkness. They had now reached a little open space, where a huge tree abutted on a broken bank; and to her dismay Lucy recognized this as a spot which they had passed long ago. They were walking in a circle, she saw. At this thought her firmness finally gave way.

She paused, therefore, and looked in agony around. Yet still mindful of her younger sister, she gathered Maggie, with motherly care, under her own shawl, in order to shelter her from the wind that blew through the glade fiercer than ever. She had scarcely done this when a clap of thunder, breaking almost immediately overhead, went rattling down the sky, earth and heaven shaking under the concussion, as if Nature was dissolving. It was accompanied by a flash of lightning so vivid that everything for an instant seemed to swim in light. Lucy was blinded by the glare and stunned by the thunder. The horror of the moment was increased by the gloom which fell on the scene, accompanied by a sudden cessation of the wind indescribably awful.

Maggie thought the world was coming to an end, and whispered as much, clinging wildly to her sister. Then bursting into loud sobs, she exclaimed, "If mother was only here," and hid her face on Lucy's bosom.

Lucy was scarcely less terrified than her sister. The very ground seemed still reeling beneath her. The rain, too, now began to fall in torrents, as if the fountains of heaven itself were opened. Wasn't it just like what she had read of the Day of Judgment? Her limbs refused to support her, and she sank to her knees, dragging Maggie with her. Yet she made a last effort to cheer her sister.

"Don't, don't cry so," was all she could say, clasping Maggie and sobbing as she spoke. Then

her little remaining fortitude gave way, and they both wept together, clasping each other convulsively.

## II.

MEANTIME Mrs. Carr, after bustling through her work, like a thrifty housewife as she was, had seated herself in her low, creaking rocking chair, with her basket of mending before her. Occupied thus, she had not observed the gathering storm, till a roll of distant thunder startled her.

"Dear me," she said, starting to her feet, "them children will get wet through."

She hurried to the door, as she spoke, and began anxiously to look down the village street, in the direction Lucy and Maggie had taken. But she could see nothing of them. Over the neighboring mountains, however, hung thick, black clouds, the sure precursors, in this region, of a violent storm.

Directly she saw a couple of neighbors coming in from the fields, that lay between the village and the foot of the mountain. Throwing her apron over her head, she ran out and asked if they had seen the children.

The answer was in the negative. As yet, however, her anxiety was only sufficient to irritate her.

"Lucy ought to know better," she said, sharply, "it's time she was home long ago. I'll make her remember another time, I reckon."

One of the men looked uneasily at the sky a moment, and then passed on, shaking his head. When out of hearing he said to his companion, "I've hearn tell of children being lost in that forest. Twenty years ago, when the settlement was new, they say a boy starved to death there. I wonder if Missis Carr would scold her little gal this way, if she knew it might happen to-night to her own children."

It was only a passing reflection, and had escaped his mind altogether, when, two hours later, as he was preparing to go to bed, fatigued with a hard day's labor, there came a knock at the door. The visitor was his fellow workman.

"It's true what you said about them children," were the words of the intruder. "They haven't come home yet, and the mother is taking on like one mad. She says they'll die before morning, even if the panthers don't find 'em. And it's likely enough on such a night."

His host had been too much stunned by the intelligence to speak. But his wife now pushed forward, her eyes wide open with horror.

"What is that you say?" she cried. "Whose children are lost?"

"Mrs. Carr's."

"Not lost in the forest?"

The visitor nodded.

The wife gave a quick scream, and glanced involuntarily at her own little ones, whom she had been preparing for bed.

"Poor Mrs. Carr! Poor, sweet little dears!" she cried, running to a cupboard for her shawl and bonnet. "Here, Peggy," she continued, turning to her eldest child, a girl of twelve, "you must put your brothers and sisters to bed the best way you can. John," she added, addressing her husband, "you're going of course. Only to think, little Maggie, born the same week with our Jane, out on the mountains in a night like this."

Her woman's heart was alive with sympathy. Nor was her husband backward in responding to it. It is a beautiful trait of human nature, that any incident like this appeals right to the heart, even with the most unlettered; for every parent imagines what his or her feelings would be, if the lost one was their own.

"'Twas for John I came," said their visitor, as they left the house. "The whole place has turned out, that is the men, and is going to search the forest. But they'll want all the women that can be spared up at Mrs. Carr's, for she's got the 'sterricks powerful bad: she says she was out of humor because Maggie plagued her to go, and told 'em she never wanted to see 'em again: and now she says its a judgment on her."

When they reached the house, they found most of the neighbors already collected, the men talking about the door-way and planning their mode of search, while the women crowded the sitting-room inside, from which came the shrieks of the conscience-smitten mother.

Mrs. Brown paused only long enough to learn that, almost an hour before, in the height of the storm, Mr. Carr had come home. Up to that time the mother had flattered herself that the children had stopped at his shop, for he was a wheelwright, and worked at the end of the village. But from that moment she had been almost frantic. The neighbors, on hearing that the children were lost, had volunteered to go out in search of them, but it took some time to collect them, and Browns had been the last summoned, for they lived at the opposite end of the town.

Entering the house, Mrs. Brown saw two female acquaintances trying to hold Mrs. Carr, who was struggling in their arms, her hair hanging disheveled about her.

"Let me go," she cried, "*I will go.* I'll walk on my hands and knees all over the mountain, if the Lord will only give me back my children.

But he never will, he never will," she said, rocking herself, and speaking in a tone of hopeless agony. "I told 'em I didn't want to see 'em again in a hurry, and he has took me at my word."

The neighbors gazed at the poor, frantic creature with tears in their eyes, saying what they could, in voices choked by emotion, to soothe her. One suggested that the children had probably found shelter in a log-hut that stood at the foot of the mountain. Another said they might have been waiting, under some capacious tree, till the rain ceased, in which case they were now on their way home, as there was only a light drizzle at present. But the mother would not be comforted.

"Don't say that," she cried, sharply, "for you know it ain't so. Its been drizzling for an hour, and they'd have been here if it was so." The neighbors felt the truth of this. "Oh! will nobody go for them," she shrieked: and with a wild and sudden effort she freed herself from the two women who held her, and rushing toward the door, had gained the porch, when the sturdy arms of John Brown caught and restrained her.

"Let go, let go," she cried, passionately, writhing to release herself. "They're my children, and no one goes for them." Then finding that she was powerless in the grasp of her Herculean neighbor, she added, "oh, let me go," in a beseeching tone, so different from her usual manner, that it brought tears to many a manly eye.

"We're all going," said John Brown, soothingly. "You could do no good. It's not a night for a woman to be out."

He had not reflected, or he would not have said this. Its effect on her was frightful. She renewed her frantic struggles to escape, glaring about her like a tigress torn from her young.

"Not a night to be out," she shrieked, "yet my children are out in it. Let me go. Let me go, I say." And in her insanity she bit the hand that held her 'till the blood came.

"Molly, Molly," said a strong voice at this instant, and her husband pushed through the group of men. "Go in, for *their* sake, and have blankets and hot water ready, or when we bring them back, they'll die mayhap for want of proper care-taking." He spoke in a cheerful, hopeful voice. She listened and grew calm, as when a maniac hears the voice of his keeper.

Taking her up, as he ceased, in his strong arms, he carried her back into the house, where, placing her in the hands of her neighbors, he first affectionately smoothed the rain-drops from her hair, then kissed her with rough kindness, and telling

her to keep up a good heart, and have everything ready when they returned, hurried away lest she should see the tears that began to gather, and roll down on his cheek, big and slow.

"Now, neighbors," he said, speaking huskily, and drawing the back of his hand across his eyes, as he stood once more in the door-way, "we will be off, if you say so, for all is ready. I thank you," he added, with the natural dignity of deep suffering, as a dozen faces mutely expressed their sympathy, "I know you will do as if it was your own children: and if it don't succeed," here his voice faltered for a moment, but struggling manfully he went on, "God's will be done!"

### III.

THE plan for the search was soon arranged. It was known that the children had entered the wood by the highway that ran through it. In order, therefore, to have a fair prospect of success, it was necessary to extend the line of men as far as possible on each side of this road, and so advance up the mountain. If this failed there was no hope.

The rain had changed, as we have said, from a succession of heavy showers, to a light but continuous drizzle. Torches of pine-knot were provided, in addition to lanterns. At the head of one detachment, Mr. Carr placed himself. To the other John Brown was assigned.

Had there been any trace by which to follow the children, the search would have appeared less difficult. But the darkness would have precluded the exercise of the ordinary wood-craft, even if the torrents of water which had fallen had not obliterated the usual signs. It was with but faint expectations of success, consequently, that the expedition set forth.

For more than two hours the search went on. Steadily advancing up the mountain side, they scrutinized every foot of ground they passed; but without success. The waving of their torches through the woods startling the birds continually, and now and then a frightened owl blindly stumbling by, more than once, by the noise thus occasioned, raised false hopes in those portions of the expedition furthest from the scene of commotion. But all such delusive expectations soon faded.

Long since, the parts of the wood more familiarly known had been passed, and now it was the original forest that was being traversed. The way grew wilder; the difficulty of maintaining the line increased; and hope, which had been but faint at the best, abandoned almost all. It was felt that the search might be protracted for weeks, through this vast and nearly unexplored

region, without discovering the children; for, on such broken ground, it was impossible thoroughly to examine every nook, and the lost ones might be passed, a little to the right or left, yet no one perceive them.

"Keep a stout heart, neighbors," said John Brown, "and have sharp eyes. The children may be worn out with wet and cold, and be unable to make themselves heard, though seeing and hearing us. Hark! what was that?"

He stopped suddenly, for a low, peculiar cry rose on the night air, seeming to come from the depths of the forest ahead.

All listened in silence for a moment, when the cry was repeated.

"It's a panther," said one of the men. "I thought I knew what it was, the first time."

A common shudder went through the hearers. All had simultaneously recognized the sound, and all simultaneously had thought, "what if the lost children had fallen in its way?" Each father involuntarily hastened his steps, in order to reach, as soon as possible, the spot from which the terrible cry came.

More than once that cry was heard again. But it seemed retreating further into the depths of the forest. Several times it sounded so much like the voice of a child, that the listeners started, thinking they heard at last the lost ones in the distance. But the repetition of the sound soon convinced them of their mistake. Perhaps nothing could be conceived, more calculated to sharpen the pangs of the father's heart, than these alternations of hope and despair. He was a strong-minded man, and sustained also by religious principle, yet he could not help giving way to emotion.

"Oh! if they have already fallen a prey to this terrible wild beast," he cried. "God Almighty have mercy! My poor Maggie! My dear, motherly, little Lucy!"

Occasionally they would reach a huge tree, which the storm had torn up by its roots, and which, in falling, had crushed a dozen smaller ones, or saplings, in its descent. The frequency of these wrecks suggested new fears. What if the lost children, having sought shelter under it, had been involved in the ruin of such a one! Once, indeed, the miserable father fancied he saw, peeping out from beneath a gigantic fallen trunk, the fragment of a child's dress. He sprang forward, as he beheld it, with a sharp cry of agony. But when he flashed his torch directly upon it, certain that it would reveal the distorted limbs of one of his little ones, he found that a piece of white bark, assisted by the deep shadows, had deceived him.

Midnight arrived at last, and even the stoutest began to be fatigued. The air at that hour, on the exposed mountain, was keen, and penetrated to the marrow.

"Poor things!" said John Brown, as he called a halt of his detachment, in order to consult whether to carry the search further in that direction, or to spread more to the left and retrace their steps partially. "In their thin garments, and wet through as they are, they've died, most likely, long ago. Yet," he added, after a moment, as his eye fell on Mr. Carr, approaching with haggard, dejected mien, "how can we tell this to the father? Let us work on, neighbors, while he clings to hope. To-morrow his lot may be ours."

#### IV.

THE result of the consultation was a determination to extend their line still further to the right and left, and return part of the way down the mountain, for in this manner they would sweep ground hitherto unexplored.

"It's most unlikely," said John Brown, who had particularly urged this change, "that they could have strayed even as far as this, in a direct course, when night set in; and, after that, they'd be apt to sit down somewhere, afraid to go on, or too tired to do so. Besides, even if they tried to keep afoot, its most likely they went around and around, as people lost in the woods mostly do. It's my opinion, that we'll find them further down the mountain, off somewhere to the right or the left."

These views met general approval. But the utmost hope which they inspired was that the dead bodies of the innocent sufferers might thus be recovered. Even the father appeared now to look for nothing more favorable than this.

"You've done all that can be done," he said, in reply to a question whether he was satisfied that the search had been carried sufficiently high up the mountain, "and God bless you for it," he added, in a trembling voice. "I shall never be able, neighbors, to repay you for your kindness. But if ever you also lose two darlings, you'll know how a father's heart longs to find even their bodies, if its only," and here his voice broke into sobs, "if its only to be sure that wild beasts haven't devoured them."

He covered his face, for a moment, with one of his brawny hands, as he spoke. Then, without looking back, strode away in the direction which had been agreed upon. The rest mutely followed.

The rain had now ceased entirely. But the woods were as wet as ever, the darkness was almost as great, the cold was as keen and pene-

trating. Each man, as he moved along in line, kept a watch on his neighbor's torch to see that he did not wander from the true direction, all the while scrutinising every bit of brush, each shadow under the trees, and any inequality in the ground that might escape a hasty observation. Now and then one or another halted a while, where the forest was particularly thick, in order to be sure of not overlooking some hidden covert. Occasionally also there would be a shout raised, all waiting afterward in silence to hear if there was any reply.

But every effort continued abortive. Many hours had now been passed in the search. Even the hope of discovering the bodies, at least till daylight should enable the search to be conducted anew, had disappeared. Besides the most vigorous were now becoming exhausted. All were wet through. The majority had passed the preceding day in labor. The further prosecution of the search was becoming, therefore, physically impossible. Even the father was impressed with these convictions. Calling a halt, he proposed, with sad resignation, that the party should return home, at least until morning. But how meet the mother, and break to her the sad certainty? He spoke on this subject to John Brown.

"I will help you. God will help us both," was the reply.

"Thank you. You're right, John," he said. And he added, "I own, neighbors, I am weak as a child; but I can't help it;" and making a convulsive effort to master himself, during which they could see him, by the red torch-light, choking down the grief till every muscle in his throat swelled to bursting, he continued, "this blow has unmanned me. I shall want some one to give me courage when I get back, or I shall not dare to meet the mother's face. I told her so certainly we would bring them back."

His beseeching expression was heart-rending to see; and it was the more touching, because Robert Carr was known as a man of unusually strong mind, and one whom all looked up to for support and consolation in trouble.

He had just lifted his head again, after these words, and was preparing, with sad resignation, to lead the way toward the road, when suddenly, from the outskirts of the exploring party, came a quick, glad shout.

Instantaneously every face was turned eagerly in the direction of the sound. It had been supposed that all the members of the party had been present at the exploration, but now, on more narrowly scrutinising the group, one was found missing.

"Ho! Here! Ho!"

The voice was clear and joyous, and was recognized immediately.

"It is Jim Strong," cried John Brown. "What can it mean? Does any one see his torch?"

All ran eagerly in the direction of the voice, and soon a light was seen glimmering, like a faint halo, through the wet woods.

"Ho! Ho! Ho-o!"

Exultant and still more exultant, that voice rose on the night air. Every heart was beating its fastest. Every pulse bounded high with hope.

"My children," cried the father, thrillingly, leading the excited race.

It seemed but a minute till they reached their companion. Standing on an old fallen trunk, he waved his torch to guide them, crying, as they approached,

"They're here, alive and well, hurrah!"

As he spoke, the father had parted the undergrowth, and leaping the fallen tree, found himself in a small glade. Before him were his two children, lovingly entwined in each other's arms, and just roused from sleep.

Their heads only were raised. Their little eyes were distended with wonder, mixed with affright.

"Thank God," cried the father, falling on his knees and clasping them in his arms, then bursting into convulsive weeping.

The little ones recognizing their father, had simultaneously sprung to his heart, where they lay, sobbing for joy, and clasping him tighter and tighter.

The neighbors stood at a respectful distance, awed by the scene; and there was not a dry eye in the whole company.

At last the passion of the father's joy moderated. He remembered the Almighty hand which had restored his children. Hushing the sobs of his little ones, and looking up, he said reverently,

"Let us pray!"

All uncovered, and there, in the dim forest, the father, holding each little one by a hand, poured forth his soul in a thanksgiving, which none present forgot to their dying day. It was eloquent with a gratitude, such as only those who have been delivered from deep tribulation can realize.

When the prayer was over, strong arms pressed the wet little ones to warm sheltering bosoms. Maggie would not leave her father, nor would he consent to part with her: indeed he looked regretfully on Lucy, as John Brown lifted her away, evidently longing to carry her also. At first Lucy insisted on walking, but she found, almost with the first step, that this was impossible, so stiff was she with the cold. So she

consented to be carried, laying her head on John's broad shoulder with a thankful smile, and putting her little arm around his neck lovingly, as if she had been his own child.

Before they set out, however, Lucy had to tell how they became lost. She described how they had knelt down in affright during the height of the storm; and how they fell asleep in each other's arms, after they had said their prayers to each other. "Maggie," she said, touchingly, "often asked for mother. I watched her a long while after she was asleep, and tried to keep awake, but I couldn't, I suppose; for the first I knew was being waked by the noise and light, and seeing father."

Jim Strong had also to tell his story.

"I had a sort of feeling," he said, "that I'd just go a little further this way—I spose it was the Lord that sent me"—for even the roughest acknowledged the hand of Providence in that hour, "and bless me, as I got into this ere opening, the fust thing I saw was the children, lying asleep in each other's arms, just like the Babes in the Wood."

Fatigue was forgotten now. The road back to the village was soon traversed, for each man seemed to tread upon air. Long before the joyful procession reached the door of the Carrs, a crowd of women around it was discerned, for one had been on the watch for hours, and at the sight of the torches she had summoned the rest. The cheering shouts of the men announcing, while they were yet distant, that they returned with the children, the mother, now frantic with joy, came rushing down the street to meet them, and catching first one child and then another from the arms that bore them, almost smothered them with kisses and embraces.

But what words can paint all that followed? The delirious joy of the mother, the crowding of the females around the recovered dear ones, the tears of all, the almost hysterical congratulations. It required the interposition of some of the more thoughtful, to have the innocent sufferers relieved of their wet garments, placed in warm beds, and allowed to seek the sleep, so necessary for their health, and demanded so imperatively by their fatigue.

From that day Mrs. Carr's character has greatly changed. Nor has she ever been heard, even in her most irritable moments, to vent her feelings on her children. She looks on them as mercifully and almost miraculously restored, after they had been taken from her as a judgment.

But is it not written, even of the birds of the air, "your heavenly Father feedeth them—are ye not better than they?"



## JENNY'S NEW-YEAR'S SLEIGH RIDE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

EVERYBODY said young Blackwood was in love with pretty Jenny Lea. So, also, said his long-continued, particular attentions—so said his manner—so said his eyes, but so did *not* say his tongue.

It was very provoking, for he had every reason to hope. Jenny's shy, pretty manner told him almost as plainly as words—"Speak, and I am yours for the asking." But Mr. Blackwood did *not* speak, and what was worse, dog-in-the-manger-like, he kept others away from what he did not seem disposed to enjoy himself. His brow would grow black as a thunder-cloud, did any other young man so much as dare to speak to his Jenny—for any one but himself to ask her to dance was an unheard of temerity. He arrogated to himself the exclusive right of waiting upon her—of directing her—yes, sometimes, of scolding her.

Yet with all this assumption of supremacy, my lord had never deigned to declare his love—never offered his hand; no engagement whatever existed between them. Everybody thought it very strange, and Jenny pouted a little, and in her inmost heart, thought so too.

Now Jenny had plenty of spirit in general, and this made it all the more vexatious, that she should be so meekly tame and patient in this particular case. It was truly annoying to a looker-on, to see her so imposed upon, and lorded over by one who had not the shadow of a right to control her.

The fact is—and I may as well confess it—the poor little thing was so much in love, that she did not know how to manage at all.

So things went on, and so, perhaps, they might have been going on to this day, but all at once—I know not whether from some hint from a friend, or that Jenny's native spirit was at last aroused—certain it is, that a great and notable change came over her manner.

A charming sleighing excursion had been projected for the approaching New-Year's day. About ten gentlemen, and as many ladies were to make up the party. They were to ride about fifteen miles into the country—have a supper, and a dance, and then return to the city by moonlight. As each gentleman was to provide his own vehicle, and take a lady, there was an

eager competition for the honor of escorting favorite belles. Young Blackwood, with his usual nonchalance, was in no haste to secure Jenny's companionship, but in his own good time condescended to say to her, carelessly,

"Jenny, you will ride with me, of course."

"Thank you," said Jenny, "but Mr. Collins has already been so kind as to ask me."

"Eh? What?" cried Blackwood, starting, and scarcely believing that he heard aright—"you don't mean you are going with him?"

"Certainly."

Young Blackwood turned on his heel, and walked away. He felt himself an indignant, and ill-used man. The shocking bad temper into which he fell was far from being sweetened by finding that his dilatoriness had procured him the honor of escorting a young lady, worthy, doubtless, but somewhat faded, and very silly—the last choice of all who were to be of the party.

New-Year's day arrived, bright and propitious, the snow in excellent order for sleighing.

It had been arranged that the whole party should assemble at a certain rendezvous, so as to set out together, and as the appointed time approached one gay sleigh after another might be seen whirling to the spot. The prancing horses, covered with silver bells—the bells' merry jingle—the various colors of the ladies' plaids and dresses—the rich fur robes, with their bright linings, and better still, the joyous, rosy faces, and the sound of ringing laughter, made up an inspiring and brilliant scene.

One countenance only looked out of keeping with the gay occasion. It was our poor Blackwood's, as he sat gloomy and taciturn, beside his elderly companion. His eye glanced furtively toward Mr. Collins' sleigh; he saw Jenny's face, bright and fresh as a rose—he heard her gaily laugh at some witticism of her companion's—he saw that companion's glance of admiration, and he grew ten times more gloomy and taciturn than before. I am afraid poor Miss Moody found him very dull, and that the ride was as intolerable to her, as it was to him.

It was over at last, however; and now, having all assembled in the large, cheerful, old country house, and having partaken of a good, warm,

bountiful country supper, laid in a room where glowed a bright, hospitable wood fire, arrangements were being made for the promised, and eagerly-expected dance.

On repairing to the dancing-room, where most of the company were assembled, Mr. Blackwood's eye glanced in search of Jenny; she was not there, and conjecturing that some adjustment of her dress detained her up stairs, he sauntered up and down the hall, nervously waiting for her.

The fact is, that he had determined to make his peace with her, by the presentation of a propitiatory bouquet. He had procured a very rare and beautiful one in the city, and had, by taking infinite pains to protect it from the frost, succeeded in bringing it thither unharmed.

Jenny soon came tripping gaily down the stairs. Blackwood in his heart thought her the sweetest and loveliest creature in the world, and that he would give his right hand to win one of her old smiles. With a timidity quite new to him, he presented his flowers, and begged the honor of her hand for the first dance.

Jenny carelessly thanked him—"She was engaged to Mr. Collins."

"Might he hope for the next then?"

"No, she was engaged to Mr. Summers."

"Or the next?"

"She had promised Mr. Howell."

Young Blackwood bit his lip, and his old ill-humor returned; he went into the dancing-room, and sat sullenly in a corner, chewing the cud of his bitter fancy, and meditating on what he thought his flagrant wrongs.

He watched Jenny, gay and brilliant, dancing with first one gentleman, and then another—laughing and chatting merrily all the time. In truth, the gentleman, pleased to see her once more released from her thralldom, crowded around her, and paid her so much attention, that she was really the belle of the evening. Blackwood's jealous eye saw everything—he saw his own bouquet thrown carelessly aside, while another, presented by he knew not whom—Mr. Collins, perhaps—was carried constantly in her hand, and carefully cherished; he noted every glance of admiration directed to her—he observed every smile she bestowed.

"By George," he muttered, at last, between his teeth—"there's not a man in the room, who is not in love with her!—and she—the coquette—the flirt—the—the little jilt—I do believe she returns *their* affection."

This absurd generalization of his jealousy, might have opened the eyes of a cooler man, but Blackwood was almost beside himself with

apprehension, lest the precious treasure, he had come by some strange mental process to consider his own, should be stolen from him. He felt the untenability of his claims upon her—he was alarmed beyond reason by her change of manner.

If, he thought, she had at last grown tired of him, (he felt sure she had loved him once,) if she were thinking of some one else, what remained for him, but to throw himself into the river, or go crazy, for life had lost every charm for him.

The thought of her riding home with Mr. Collins was wormwood to him. He dwelt upon it till the idea became insupportable—he must do something to prevent it. Accordingly, he went to the gentleman who had been voted master of ceremonies, and who happened to be a particular friend of his, and said, as carelessly as he could,

"Harwood, my good fellow, you must do something for me—I'll do as much for you another time. Manage it so that Collins shall give up his partner to me when we go home. I have a particular reason for wishing it."

"Impossible, my dear Blackwood; what a strange request. Collins will never consent—the prettiest girl of the party, too."

"That's it—that's it," returned the agonized lover—"he'll be making love to her on the way home—and—and he'll offer himself—men are so hasty about these things sometimes—and she'll accept him, and—then I'm wretched for life—that's all."

"I see—I see," returned his friend, smiling.

"Well, I'll try what I can do for you."

How Harwood managed it, does not appear, but his good offices were successful. Mr. Collins meekly took his place beside poor Miss Moody.

Blackwood, highly elated, handed Jenny to his vehicle—sprang in after her, and off they set at a furious rate.

Little would it become me as a delicate and high-minded historian to pry into and report the secrets of that *tele-a-tele* sleigh ride. I shall only state what all the world knows—that notwithstanding the speed with which they started, their sleigh was the last to reach home: and the next day it was no secret in B—that Jenny Lea was engaged to be married to young Mr. Blackwood.

In conclusion, I would merely add, for the consolation of those innocent and inexperienced young lady readers, who may be displeased with the conclusion of my story, and inclined to pity my poor heroine, condemned to such a morose, tyrannical Blue-Beard of a husband, that married

ladies will perhaps take a different view of the case.

I leave it for them to conjecture, however, whether it is probable, that the girl who had learned how to manage her lover, was likely to forget the art when he became her husband.

## ESTELLE.

Beautifully they call, in their soft musical Italian, the bay of Palermo La Concha D'Oro.—WILLIS.

"Twas night, a bright mid-summer night upon the  
"Golden Shell,"  
And many a dark-eyed gondolier rung out his  
bagatelle—  
A thousand bright and golden stars were dancing in  
the sky,  
And the moon was walking through the blue, with  
angel purity.  
The waters of the "Golden Shell" were gleaming in  
the light,  
And the spirit of the beautiful had travelled forth  
that night—  
And out upon the gleaming waves a little bark was  
seen,  
The white spray followed in its wake, and danced in  
silver sheen.  
Within that bark sat fair Estelle, and gleams from  
her blue eyes  
Brought dreamings to the gazer's soul, like rays from  
Paradise.  
Upon her cheeks the wild rose slept with a hue no  
pen can tell,  
'Twas fairer than the bright rose-tint within the  
ocean shell:  
And the swelling of her snowy breast above her white  
robe's fold,  
'Twas veiled at times by the darkling fall of a mass  
of snowy gold—  
'Twere vain to say the lurking charm that slept in  
her lips' deep red,  
For never the coral has gleamed so fair that rests in  
the deep sea's bed.  
And out upon the soft night wind there breathed a  
gentle voice,  
So sweet that the winged seraph in Heaven might  
listen and rejoice;  
For love had awoke in the maiden's heart from his  
sweet and dreamy sleep,  
And had ventured forth in the dancing bark at sea  
his watch to keep.  
It was the time in the silent night when fairy spells  
have power,  
And spirits we deem have passed away are keeping  
their festal hour—  
The vanished and the beautiful come back to the  
earth and smile,  
And they who know not this spirit love lose half life's  
charms the while.  
And out upon the "Golden Shell" there rode a fairy  
boat,  
And its oars were held by the fairest fay that ever sea  
did float:

He had stolen his skiff from a bright star-fish that  
swims the South Sea wave,  
And his glancing oar was a coral spar he had plucked  
from a sea nymph's grave.  
His sail was a gossamer spider's web, his flag a forest  
flower,  
And he vowed to see if fairy love on a mortal heart  
had power!  
Estelle sat down in the stern of her bark, and young  
Love sat at the prow,  
And by them sailed the Elfin skiff as fast as the fay  
could go.  
He turned him round in his fairy bark and gazed in  
Estelle's blue eyes,  
And thought he had seen a spirit blest from the  
distant Paradise.  
I cannot the words of his wooing say, for he wooed  
not with mortal tongue,  
And ne'er must the flash of his spirit eyes by a mortal  
lyre be sung:  
But the lady opened her dreaming heart to the pages  
of blissful love,  
And naught so fair as his earthly bride had he found  
in the Heavens above.  
And all through the bright mid-summer night, when  
the sprites of air had power,  
The fay sat down at fair Estelle's feet, and the sea  
was their bridal bower.  
But when the moon came shining out on the face of  
the "Golden Shell,"  
The stars went forth from the clear, blue sky, and the  
fay from fair Estelle—  
And with him passed the wordless bliss of the bright  
mid-summer night,  
The joy that came with twilight fall had left with  
morning's light.  
But never the lips of fair Estelle were pressed by a  
son of earth;  
To her who had been a spirit's bride man's love was  
of little worth—  
And still, in the dreams of the maiden fair, one blest  
form seemed to glide—  
She heard once more his spirit tones, he was standing  
by her side.  
And when the frost from the clear, cold sky fell down  
on the homes of men,  
Her eyes were closed on the scenes of earth, and they  
opened not again—  
But ever the bright mid-summer eve, just after the  
vesper bell,  
In a fairy boat o'er the starlit tide float the fay and  
sweet Estelle.

E. L. C.

## SOPHIE'S BROTHER: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE.

I RECOLLECT as well as if it was yesterday, the first time that I ever consulted my mirror. I had been listening to some ecstatic description of loveliness when the thought entered my mind, "am I a beauty?" I retired to my room, and scanned my features with a critic's eye, trying to discover beauties in a face that was only passable even when viewed in the most favorable light. The lady whom I had heard described was a brilliant blonde. I was a brunette, and my complexion in contrast seemed absolutely swarthy. I turned away with bitter disappointment.

I was at this time in my fourteenth year. My father and mother had both died before I was old enough to feel their loss. Having no near relations, I lived with my guardian. He and his estimable wife were very kind; but they were not my parents; and, feeling this, I grew morbidly lonely. I sought relief in reading fiction, and lived apart in the shadowy land of romance. Its delights were to me inexhaustible. In my hours of vivid ecstasy I would weave dreams for the future, which were to be redolent of untold felicity.

This state of things continued till Mr. Stanton, being about to remove to a distant part of the country, the propriety of consigning me to the care of Madame A——, the principal of a celebrated boarding-school in a northern village, was suggested by his wife. To this suggestion I at first demurred, but gradually became reconciled to the idea, and when my kind guardian left for the far West, I was delivered to the care of Madame A—— for a period of several years.

I can still recollect the feeling of strange bewilderment with which I awoke, the first morning after my arrival. I was as yet alone, though assured of the pleasure of shortly having a companion. I had, with my usual vivid imagination, pictured a perfect Hebe, when, to my great astonishment, on entering my room one morning, I beheld perched upon a heap of trunks in the middle of the floor, swinging her feet back and forth, a great, awkward girl, who with an air of the utmost nonchalance was staring at everything around her. I coolly told her that she must have mistaken the apartment. But no, for Madame A——, who entered just at the time, introduced me to Miss Jemima Edson, as my future room-

mate. I bowed haughtily but said nothing, resolved passively to submit to Miss Jemima's society, since it could not be helped, for as long a period as she should be pleased to stay.

The next morning, which was Sunday, the first object which greeted my eyes was Jemima arrayed in her Sunday best; bright pink silk dress, cut low in the neck; blue satin slippers; and bright yellow sash. "Is that the way you dress where you came from?" said I. "Yes, don't you think it *mighty* fine?" she answered. I told her I thought it was most certainly, but that our customs were different, and that it would never do to go to church, unless she wore a shawl or mantilla. She very reluctantly consented to disguise the brightness of her dress and symmetry of her figure under a black silk mantilla; and I also persuaded her to substitute black shoes for blue; still the bright red of her bonnet and parasol made her appearance anything but *subdued*. When she joined the teacher and scholars, in the lower hall, preparatory to issuing forth in procession for the different churches, even Madame A—— could scarcely avoid a smile; while a suppressed titter came from most of the girls. Madame A—— told us that as it was so cool we would not need our parasols, and that we had better leave them at home; so Jemima was shorn of her bright appendage, making her appearance much less remarkable.

The first year passed on leaden wings. Though I was studious, and was praised by my teachers for my advancement, I saw I was no favorite; and knew that I was esteemed proud and distant by my schoolmates; for I had wrapt myself in a chilling reserve that few had essayed to penetrate. Jemima still occupied my room, and I had really formed a sort of liking for the girl, who was possessed of some good qualities, though as impassive and indifferent as some huge block of wood. I had frequently overheard her warm into something like life when defending me from the charge of "being proud," of which the girls often accused me in her presence.

The first vacation I was the only pupil remaining; but I was not unhappy: I had more freedom, and frequently took long walks for botanical specimens, accompanied by a nephew of Madame A——'s, a boy of about fourteen.

He always took his fishing-rod or gun, and would often wander off. Under the shadow of some favorite tree, reclining upon a mossy seat, I sat for hours listening to the voices of those dim old woods, or lost in dreamy reverie. Oh! those dreams of youth—how joyous—how spell-bound do ye seem.

It was one of those never-to-be-described hazy days of Indian Summer, that I was resting in my favorite seat, with a wreath of crimson wild flowers in my hair, when, feeling thirsty, I made a cup of some of the large leaves lying near, and bent over a spring at my feet. Suddenly a shadow darkened its bright surface. I raised my eyes, and beheld the apparition of a young and handsome man, dressed in a dark green hunting suit. He apologized very politely for intruding, asking for a drink, in a complimentary strain, that, without being rude, yet brought the blood to my cheek. I offered him the cup. He filled it, and bowing to me, said, with a smile, "Your health bright fairy of the fountain," then bowing over my hand, as he returned the cup, gave me an interesting look, and departed.

How did those features haunt my dreams! But in vain I repaired to the moss-grown spring, he never more appeared! In vain, amid crowds I sought those haunting eyes, their glance I never met! I became melancholy and depressed. At last, however, a return to school duties prevented me from dwelling too much on this image. My room was now shared by a lovely girl, the very opposite of poor *Jemima*. *Sophie Lee*! how shall I picture your gentle face, your loving eyes of blue, the pure transparency of your fairy cheek, in repose pure as the mountain snow-flake, yet when excited lit up with all the warmth of a crimson sky at sunset. She was a fragile creature, more resembling some delicate flower than anything fitted to brave the blast of autumn, and though I had stood aloof from other sympathy, my heart opened instinctively to this bright blossom. When I became more intimate with her she made me her confidant. To my surprise I now heard that my gentle little *Sophie* was engaged, actually engaged to be married, and that the long letters which she received, and which I had supposed came from her brother, were mostly from a devoted lover. With her face hidden on my shoulder, *Sophie* first told me her tale of love. It had been an arranged matter from childhood by his or her friends, *Sophie* hardly knew which, but she did know that "*Willard Raymond*," the chosen one, surpassed all others for goodness and every virtue. "When once seen," she said, "none could fail to love him:" and so she would talk of him with all the

fervor of which her young heart was capable. With what a glow of rapture also would she receive his letters, those white-winged messengers so dear to the absent! These she would sometimes, though not always, show to me. I must confess that in their strain there was a something which struck me more like the letters of a brother to a younger sister, than of a lover to a betrothed bride. At least they would not have satisfied my jealous heart. With *Sophie's* enthusiasm for *Raymond*, mingled the most devoted love for her brother *Herbert*, of whom she never tired discoursing.

The second year of my stay at *Madame A*—'s glided away swiftly and pleasantly. *Sophie* had invited me to spend the coming vacation with her; but she was called home suddenly just before the close of the session, by the illness of her mother, and so I spent my vacation as usual amid the dullness of deserted rooms. I was by this time in my eighteenth year, and was, as my flattering glass assured me, much improved in personal appearance. This thought gave me much pleasure. And why did I so prize beauty? I, who was said to have talents, and to excel in almost everything. I had existed so long in an atmosphere of romance, that it became necessary to my happiness to be admired: and beauty, I knew, or rather believed, was the surest road to this.

At last *Sophie* returned, but clad in mourning. I folded her to my heart with a renewed vow to love and cherish her; inwardly resolving that no shadow, which my hand could avert, should ever rest on that fair brow. She seemed now always depressed. She had not seen her lover, she said, who was unavoidably absent, but she still received letters from him occasionally, though not as frequently as heretofore.

And what had become of my unknown hero? I had never seen him again, though his vision still haunted my dreams; and when *Sophie* would tell me of her brother, and express her hopes that our fate might be united, I would gently chide her, telling her that my heart was already filled with an idea that none other could replace; and then I would take her to the fairy spring, and describe the interview with the unknown knight; and she would laugh, and say it was a pity indeed that so romantic an adventure should have no sequel.

Her health, never firm, meantime failed. I was often startled by a bright hectic flush, and at last secretly wrote to her father, telling him my fears. He came as soon as possible. He was much shocked at her appearance, but betrayed no uneasiness before *Sophie*. He told

her, however, that, as the season was so soon to close, he had come to take us *both* home to his Southern home. Sophie flew to Madame A—— to beg of her to let me accompany her; the request was granted; and so our happiness was complete.

As we approached the "rose-twined cottage," which Sophie had often described, and I saw the bright, vivid green of the shadowy elms, and the almost pathless shrubbery, gay with roses of every hue, I no longer wondered at her enthusiasm. Sophie's brother came out to meet us. I thought, "Sophie has not exaggerated," for in as much as I could judge in the gathering twilight, he was tall, handsome, and commanding-looking. How much love, too, was expressed in the embrace in which he folded her again and again to his heart. How pleasant also was the welcome which he extended to "Sophie's friend," as he called me.

Weeks of quiet happiness passed. Sophie seemed much better. Nothing could exceed the devotion of her brother to her wishes; he anticipated her every want, he gathered for her the fairest flowers. To me he was attentive and polite, but nothing more. I *felt* that he did not regard me with the same partiality as did Sophie. Gradually this roused in me more interest than perhaps I should otherwise have felt, for wayward as is a woman's heart always, *mine* was unusually perverse. At last I discovered that the ideal which I had so long cherished, was fast gathering round a hero that was really *tangible*, and that that hero was Sophie's brother. But I was outwardly altogether impassable. I said to my heart, "peace be still, let none wring from you your secret," so that not even Sophie suspected how much I was interested in her stately brother.

The autumn had come. Sophie seemed much improved. There was to be a bridal party for one of her friends, to which we were invited; and Sophie was anxious to go. We were sitting in my room, on the afternoon of the eventful day, discussing our toilet for the evening, when the door bell rang, and Sophie was summoned to the parlor.

She was gone a long time, and when she did return, her face was beaming with excitement.

"Willard has come!" she cried, "oh, I am so happy. And now you will see and know him. He is to be at the party this evening; he will join us then, as he has something to attend to, which prevented him from remaining to accompany us. And now, dear Julia, you must make yourself *very splendid*, wear your black velvet, for everybody nearly will wear white, and I always

think you superb in that." Generous, unselfish heart! to think of others *then* before herself.

So, at her desire, I dressed my hair in glossy braids, binding them round my head: a crest of glittering rubies gleamed like stars upon my forehead. My arms glittered with bracelets of the same crimson hue, whose red light lent a warmth of coloring to my beauty, which was wanting unless under the influence of excitement. Sophie, who came in just as I had put the finishing stroke to my decorations, fairly started, exclaiming—"Why, Julia, how really magnificent you are!" Very lovely was my darling Sophie; shrouded in her soft dress of palest rose, which lent a faint color to her delicate cheek. Very bright were those eyes of blue with anticipations of pleasure! Very gentle the heart, which beat beneath that falling lace. "Oh! that my darling's dreams of happiness may all be realized," said I, kissing that pure uplifted brow.

With a stately step I entered the drawing-room of Mrs. ——. Conscious of looking well, I was determined to make at least *one* do homage to my charms. That one was Herbert Lee, Sophie's brother, who I thought had evinced rather more interest in my presence of late. Still his coldness piqued me, and I wondered at his indifference.

I saw his glance of surprise as his eye first fell on me, and my face was lit up with smiles of pleasure in consequence. I looked in vain for Willard Raymond. He had not yet arrived. But later in the evening, when I had joined the dancers, my attention was arrested by a party just entering, and Mr. Raymond was the first announced. With what a strange, undefined emotion did I recognize in him my long lost hero, "The Knight of the Fountain!" Before he had time to observe me, I had, by a great effort, subdued all external emotion, and when Sophie came gaily forward and introduced her lover, I betrayed not the slightest trepidation. He, on the contrary, turned pale, stammered, and seemed so unlike himself, that Sophie, turning to him with a glance of surprise, said, "You have met before." "Nay," said I, quickly, "Mr. Raymond and myself are strangers." He murmured something about "strange resemblance," and turned away. Soon after he sought me out, and asked my hand for the next dance. Not being engaged, I was obliged to accept him. He seemed to watch my every motion, and to have eyes for no other; his behavior was so marked that all observed it: but I treated his attentions with coldness for Sophie's sake. Why had I made myself so brilliant, I thought now with pain. Was not each glittering gem armed with a sting



to pierce that gentle heart? I could have torn them from my hair as if they had been vipers. Once the temptation presented itself to make jealous that icicle of a brother by flirting with Raymond; but glancing at Sophie's pale cheek, I dismissed the suggestion with scorn. I believe that Herbert divined my thoughts, for never had he been so attentive. He seemed pleased that I should so far regard Sophie's feelings, and his conversation never before had been so brilliant.

Meantime, whenever I glanced at the *lovers*, Willard seemed absent and pre-occupied; while Sophie looked wearied and really unhappy, so that I begged her brother at last to take us home. On retiring to my own room I closely scanned my heart. "Did I, or did I not love Willard Raymond, my long-cherished ideal?" I said. With a gush of thankfulness I answered, "No." I had been cherishing a vain illusion, I found, which vanished when divested of all its romance. But I could not conceal from myself that Sophie's lover was attracted toward me. Should I cause my gentle friend one pang? Must I call one shadow to that pure young brow? No. My mind was made up. I would fly from his presence. I would return to Madame A—.

The next morning, when I entered Sophie's room, she had not yet risen. I drew away the curtain. How lovely I thought her! The rounded arm which shaded that placid brow was white as the snowy pillow; the pale cheek, pure in its fair transparency; the long, heavy fringes closed on those weary eyes, were yet damp with tears of bitterness; and from those flushed and parted lips was heard a soft, low murmur. I caught the echo of *his* name—the faithless one! I sat beside her pillow, buried in gloomy thought; but the voice of Sophie roused me. "Julia, dear Julia," it cried, "where am I? Why are you sitting there?" I told her that I had been for a long time watching her slumbers, but that I should not allow her to idle away any more of the pleasant morning. "Indeed, dear Julia, I feel weak this morning, my exertions last evening quite overtasked my strength." "Rest then, my darling," I replied, "I am thinking of leaving you for a time. I am about returning to Madame A—." "Never, dear Julia, you must not leave me, I have felt for a time my early doom, and before the buds and blossoms of another spring I shall be safe in my father's house, whither my mother's smile seems ever beckoning me: and you will not, cannot leave me." "Hush, my dearest darling," I answered, "do not talk of dying." "Yes, dear Julia, I have long felt the fallacy of my earthly hopes—nay, turn not away, you must hear me now. As I have told you before, it was

the wish of Willard's father, communicated to him on his dying bed, that Willard should choose me for his future wife; indeed a promise was exacted from him that he would fulfil this last request; this I never knew until lately: but the truth has forced itself upon me; and I have felt for many months that his love was not lavished upon me, in the same rich measure that flowed from my heart for him: and last night, nay, do not interrupt me, when he followed your every motion with admiring eye—and how could he be otherwise?—I felt that it would be my greatest happiness to see two dearest friends united before I leave you. Promise me then, dear Julia, that you will love and cherish Willard Raymond as I would have done." But I would not allow her to proceed. "No, dear Sophie, not even to gratify you," I said, "can I promise *that*; besides I have no heart to bestow, I love *another*." "Can it be?" she cried. "And you have not breathed the secret even to me? Or is it the unknown hero?" "No, dear Sophie, I have forgotten him long ago," I replied. "Still my love now is hopeless." "Ah! will you not tell me?" she said, throwing her arms around my neck. I trembled to reveal it, but I could not deny her. "Promise me," I said, "that to no one—not even to the winds will you breathe his name." The required promise was given, and, bending over her, I spoke the name of her brother, but so low that I scarcely thought she heard me, for I feared lest the walls might repeat the echo. A perfect glow of delight suffused those pale features. She kissed me again and again. "Then, then," she cried, "will my heart's fondest wishes be accomplished." "Yes, but, Sophie, my love is not returned, nor ever can be," I answered.

She faded from that time: and Willard, who seemed roused into an appreciation of the value of the gem that was passing from his grasp, was as devoted as her warmest friends could wish. He came daily with his gift of flowers, fit offering for the pure-hearted. How she worshipped every leaf and bud! what hope and peace to her sad heart did she imbibe with their fragrance. We hoped for a time that she would revive, but our hopes were only too fleeting. The bright beams of morning rested on the face of the fair sleeper, as I beheld her for the last time. Those lovely eyes were closed to know no waking; a sweet smile rested on the mouth, whose lips were closed forever. I pressed one last, long lingering kiss on that fair brow; and with a wild gush of weeping was led to the carriage that was to bear me away. Mr. Lee embraced me with all the tenderness of a father, and told me I must come to them again to cheer their loneliness; while

Herbert gave me a silent pressure of the hand, his whole face quivering with emotion. But he made no demonstration of love. I had passed from before him, perhaps forever; and he had made no sign.

Oh! how desolate, how very desolate seemed my heart when I once more entered *our* little room, where were garnered so many memories! Everything spoke of her own dear presence—her sweet face appeared gazing from every page I turned. How I longed but for a glimpse but once again of those cherished features. Madame A——, too, wept her loss as if she had been a daughter; and so much was Sophie beloved by her teachers, so closely had she nestled in the hearts of her schoolmates, that it was long indeed before we could speak of her with calmness or resignation.

The trials through which I had passed had not been without their effect upon my character; and I was determined to make myself worthy of the love of those among whom I was placed. In interesting myself in their pursuits; in sharing their joys; and in communing with their sympathies I found balm for my own lacerated heart. I have not told you, reader, how deeply Herbert Lee's image had been cherished in the depths of my inmost soul; how of him, and him only had I dreamed, until I felt that in tearing that idol from its throne every bright hope must be crushed; every longing of my heart remain unsatisfied; every earthly hope be sacrificed. Oh! how lonely and desolate seemed the future now! What had I done to merit such a fate? Nevertheless these feelings I tried to subdue. Still I was conscious of being greatly changed. I no longer felt the same buoyancy that elated me in other days; but gradually a calm settled on my life, as clouds of fair tranquillity are seen resting on the face of Nature after days of storms and tears. Long before the year had expired I was sought by Willard Raymond. Fain would I have shunned the meeting. I assured him his hopes were all in vain—his I could never be. He seemed much agitated, and told how, years before, he had watched me in my rambles for many a day unseen, before he had made himself visible! Then how he had fled the spot and avoided me, remembering his engagement to Sophie, for how could he break a pledge made to a dying father? At last, meeting me so unexpectedly the night of the party, his feelings had unwittingly betrayed him into showing an indifference to Sophie, that, he sometimes feared, had hastened the ravages of her disease. "But now that he was free," he said, "would I not give him some hope? Would I not, after years

had passed, let him see me again?" I rose almost in anger. These propositions seemed sacrilege to Sophie's memory. "Had you loved her as she deserved," I said, "had you even been true, as a man of honor, to your pledge, you would never have pained her poor heart." "But I repented," he added, "you yourself witnessed the expiation I made on her death-bed." "I did," I replied, more calmly, "but the blow had gone home nevertheless," and then I told him how, with martyr-like spirit, she had herself offered to sacrifice him. "Go," I concluded, "once I might have loved you; but now *never*!"

He went, and after his departure I felt still more lonely. My depression of spirits alarmed me. Could it be that I had even now a lingering affection for him? I felt perfectly satisfied that I had done right, and yet I was very sad. Herbert could never be mine, I said, for if he had loved me he would have sought me before this. Had I consulted my happiness in thus dismissing Raymond? Was it such a crime to love me, that I should send him with scorn away? No, I had not done wrong, I said. Better live lonely and unloved always, than do sacrilege to Sophie's memory, or unite myself to a man, who, though once my ideal, I could no longer look up to. So I sat, one winter morning, ruminating on the darkness that had gathered around my pathway, and which it seemed no bright cloud was ever to penetrate, when a knock at my door startled me from my reverie. It was a servant, with the information that a gentleman desired my presence in the parlor. "My guardian then has come to take me home," I said, for my term was nearly out. "Was I so soon to leave?" I thought of the friends I was leaving, the only ones I now had; and tears came to my eyes as I descended the stairs. With trembling steps I approached the parlor. I paused a moment to recover composure, and then slowly entered the room, but still with downcast eyes, for I dreaded to meet the reality of my now almost forgotten guardian's presence. The French window was close by the door, and as I passed it, hearing the bell of the public academy, which was immediately in front of Madame A——'s seminary, ringing for school, I involuntarily glanced out: A snow had fallen during the night, and street and roofs were covered with the pure white mantle. Two little village girls were trudging along, leaving deep footprints at every step, but they did not seem to mind either this or the cold. "Ah!" said I, "they have a father and mother, they have brothers and sisters to love—were I too thus blessed, I could willingly be poor, I also could cheerfully trudge through the snow to school. But there

is no one to love me, I am alone in the wide, wide world."

But suddenly at this thought, I was recalled to to myself, by a person rising: and now I was at last compelled to look up. Ah! what was my astonishment and delight, when, instead of my guardian, I beheld Sophie's brother, who advanced with open hands and eloquent eyes to meet me. "Dear Julia," he said, and drew me to the sofa. Then he poured forth in burning language, the love so long kept back, and the reason why he had delayed.

"I have loved you from the first, dear Julia," he said, "but well did I guard my secret. Sophie's warm affection for her friend endeared me to you before I saw you, and I was prepared to love at once. But I fancied that my feelings could never be returned. You seemed ever pre-occupied, as if already secretly won. Then Willard came. I had known, for a long time, that he had not loved our Sophie with the changeless love that her warm heart deserved, and to you I saw—with what bitterness none may know—his wavering affections turn. Your noble conduct, at that sad period, endeared you still more to me. Yet I sometimes fancied that it was rather your love for Sophie, and a wish to spare her feelings, than a dislike to him that impelled you to shun his attentions. I knew, after her death, he would seek you as soon as decency would permit. I casually heard that it was he you had met at the spring, about which, before I met you, Sophie had told me. I feared—oh! how I feared—that he was the one I had persuaded myself you secretly loved. I heard of his visit to you, and despaired. The agony that followed you cannot imagine. But when a few days since I saw the notice of his sailing for Europe, I thought there yet might be hopes for me. And now tell me that you will come and make our desolate home glad with your bright presence; you know not the sadness which seems resting there, since we have laid our darling down to sleep. I have not rested, day or night, since I read that Willard sailed, but travelled straight here. Say, will you, dear Julia, be mine."

There could be but one answer to such an appeal. With my head buried on his shoulder, I murmured my confession of love, love that could never change.

The next morning he called, and had a private interview with Madame A——, the issue of which was, that, with my consent, I was to remain with her until the end of the present term, at the expiration of which, with the approval of my guardian, our happiness was to be consummated. To my guardian he wrote, and in due time there

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came a letter announcing Mr. Stanton's coming; he seemed perfectly satisfied with an arrangement which would conduce so much to my happiness and *worldly prosperity*—and one glorious morning in June, when all Nature seemed redolent with brightness, I bade adieu to that beloved spot.

My tears could not be restrained even with so much happiness before me, and though with him—the chosen of my heart—he whom I had vowed to love and cherish—Sophie's brother!—for, when Madame A—— and my beloved teachers came to the carriage, and pressed my hand in parting, the tears would flow, and I wept on his breast unrestrained.

On our tour we were passing through the lower part of the state of Virginia, and a storm overtaking us, we were induced to seek shelter in a large, comfortable-looking cabin by the road side. A perfect shower of little darkies came running out to indulge their curiosity by a peep at the strangers. Suddenly we heard the voice of their mistress shouting from the door, "you Bill, you Jim, you Joe, just take yourself off;" and immediately she came out to meet us. I thought "surely I have seen that face before." But not till she had fallen upon me in an overwhelming embrace, did I recognize my old schoolmate—*Jemima Edson!* She seemed overjoyed to see me; said that she had "*felt like*" she should never see me again. "But you see I have not forgotten you," calling up a little red-headed, tottering girl—"I've named her Julia." I was truly pleased with this mark of affection from her honest heart, and rummaged my trunk for a fit offering for my little name-sake.

The storm abated, and we were obliged to leave, or we should miss the cars that evening, though we could scarcely get away. "We must stay and see Jim," so she called her absent husband: but after partly promising to visit them at some future time, and telling her that she must bring "Jim" and little Julia to see us, in our own still more Southern home, we took our leave.

It was a bright summer evening as we approached that well remembered spot—that pleasant home that Sophie so loved—and the events of the last few months seemed so like a dream—that I could scarcely realize that she was not again by my side. Her father was already coming to meet us. He held me in his arms, and with the tears running down his aged cheek, blessed me as his daughter.

The happiness of the succeeding years who can describe? My life has passed without a cloud; not a wish ungratified; not a want unanticipated. Ah! reader, may you be as happy.

## AUNT KITTY'S VISIT TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"DEAR me, how provoking," exclaimed Lydia Somers, as she finished reading a letter, which the postman had just left. "That horrid aunt Kitty writes word she is coming to visit us, in order to see the Crystal Palace, and that she will be here to-morrow. It's too bad," she continued, angrily. "As if no time would suit her but when Horace Milton is coming to stay here. She'll disgrace us all. How he, just fresh from Paris, will laugh at her and us."

The speaker was a fashionable-looking girl, and the scene an elegant parlor in New York. As she paused, a young girl, about her own age, but quite plainly dressed, looked up from some sewing, and said,

"Who is aunt Kitty?"

"Oh! she's a vulgar old maid," sharply retorted her companion, "as antiquated as the hills. She lives in an out-of-the-way place in the country, where a new fashion hasn't been heard of for thirty years. I never saw her but once, and then she was here, when I was a child; but I still recollect what a fright she looked. However there's no way of escape. Papa was brought up by her parents, and he will always have her treated with respect. But I give you notice that I shall turn the shocking creature over to you; and you must do your best to keep her out of Horace's way."

The fair girl thus addressed sighed. Horace Milton, two years before, and just prior to his departure for Europe, had spent a few weeks at the house of his father's old friend, Mr. Somers; and the orphan, whose lonely and dependant condition made her remember the slightest demonstrations of kindness, still cherished the memory of his occasional pleasant words. She had fondly imagined also that there might be a repetition of those delightful conversations, of which she so often dreamed. But the task to which her cousin had assigned her, she saw would prevent this, nor was she without a suspicion that it had been deputed to her as much to keep her out of Horace's way, as to release the heiress from an odious aunt. There was no remedy, however, and so Jenny Vernon sighed, but said nothing.

The next day aunt Kitty arrived. She wore leg-of-mutton sleeves and a poke bonnet; and

carried an old, faded, black cotton umbrella. Jenny began to think that her cousin had not exaggerated in the least respecting their visitor. Lydia haughtily answered aunt Kitty's voluble inquiries in as few words as possible, and then giving Jenny a significant look pretended to be summoned out of the room. She took care also not to return. Jenny, therefore, had to entertain their visitor as she best could. She found this, however, no very difficult task, for aunt Kitty, though ignorant of the conventional ways of a city, had a fund of sterling sense, to which was added a warm heart, so that, after the first half hour's embarrassment, Jenny succeeded very well with her, and began to think that entertaining aunt Kitty would not be so great an evil after all.

That same evening Horace Milton arrived. But a mere recognition, and a surprised glance from her to aunt Kitty, was all the notice which Jenny obtained from him. Lydia exerted her best abilities to monopolize their handsome and distinguished guest, so that there would have been no chance for the modest Jenny, even if aunt Kitty had been away.

Toward the close of the evening, when Mr. Somers came in, the subject of the Crystal Palace was introduced, and conversation became to some extent general. Horace gallantly invited Lydia to accompany him there. Aunt Kitty immediately spoke up, appropriating the invitation to herself also.

"I'm obleeged to you, young gentleman," she said, "and will be glad to go with you, for I hear you've been all over Europe, and so can tell a body, maybe, what all the most curus things are."

Horace, for a moment, opened wide his eyes. But he immediately bowed, and said that, as the exhibition would take considerable time, they had better set off as soon as breakfast was finished.

"That's a good plan, young man," said aunt Kitty, "for we'll have from seven o'clock till six to look at things. I spose you don't breakfast here before six, cousin," she continued, turning to Mr. Somers, "though, down our way, we do it by candle-light."

Lydia looked horrified, and cast an imploring

glance at Horace, who, however, preserved an impassable face. Mr. Somers answered, laughingly,

"I'm afraid you'll think our habits degenerate, aunt Kitty, for we never breakfast earlier than nine o'clock. You'll find Jenny, however, up by sun-rise, if you want a companion. It's an excellent practice of her's, and gives her, I often tell Lydia, her rosy cheeks."

All eyes were directed toward Jenny at this compliment, and her cheeks were more rosy than ever in consequence. She felt her heart flutter strangely on catching Horace's expression. What could it mean? Was it really admiration? Or did her foolish fancy deceive her?

Precisely at eleven o'clock, the next day, aunt Kitty, Horace, Lydia, and Jenny set forth, aunt Kitty wearing her antiquated poke-bonnet in spite of Lydia's many manoeuvres to induce her to change it for another. It must be confessed that she presented a strange spectacle in crowded and fashionable Broadway. More than once the boys shouted, "See that old woman with the stove-pipe on her head," and even grown up people smiled as they passed her. Lydia felt as if she could have died with mortification, and would have shrunk back, if Horace had let her. But Jenny had been won, even in this short time, by aunt Kitty's kindly heart, and stoutly stood by the old lady, her bright eyes flashing indignantly whenever she heard a jeer from the idle lads.

"Who are them boys hallooing after?" said aunt Kitty, who, in her simplicity, never fancied she herself was the object. "The ill-bred louts, they want a good threshing: and if we had 'em down our way they'd get it. But how dreadfully crowded it is," she added. "Suppose, my dear, we stand aside awhile till the procession gets by."

"It's always this way, aunt Kitty," said Jenny. "There's no procession. If we were to wait till night it would be no better."

"Law! Now you don't say," answered aunt Kitty, simply. "I thought it was a Temperance procession, or an Odd Fellows, or something else of that sort."

"Take my arm, aunt Kitty," said Horace, kindly, who had noticed the rudeness of the boys, and had, at this moment, forced his way to her, and overheard this remark. "I will make a road for you. I'm used to crowds. Jenny and Miss Somers will follow close behind us."

They reached the Crystal Palace at last. Lydia had thrown her veil over her face so as to prevent recognition; but even this did not quiet her fears; and she dreaded continually lest some

city acquaintance should meet them. For aunt Kitty talked so loudly, and was so curiously dressed, that everybody who passed turned to look at her and her companions.

"Is that what you call the Dreadful china?" said aunt Kitty, when they stopped to look at some exquisite porcelain. "I've heerd of it often, but never expected to see it."

"They call it Dresden china," mildly said Horace.

"Dresden, is it? Well, now, I thought it was Dreadful. It costs a dreadful sight of money. they say, and I sposed that's how it got its name."

At the Greek Slave and Eve aunt Kitty looked dubiously, but said nothing. Some of the other statues, however, roused her indignation.

"I don't think much of them stone picturs," she said to Lydia. "They'd better have put some clothes on 'em."

A general titter went around the spectators, who overheard this remark: and Lydia felt as if she should sink through the ground: but aunt Kitty passed on quite unconsciously.

"I've heerd about some Goblin stuff—tapestry, they call it," said aunt Kitty, directly. "What is it? Picturs of ghosts?"

Lydia bit her lips. But Jenny kindly said, "It's a material for hangings to walls or windows, or to cover chairs, exquisitely worked to resemble the finest pictures. It is Gobelin, not goblin, and so called from the building where it's manufactured, formerly belonging to a man of that name."

"Thank you, my dear, for setting me right," said aunt Kitty. And now Horace, conducting them to where the tapestry was exhibited, explained, at large, the process of manufacturing it.

Lydia's distress continued. She could not but believe that Horace secretly despised them all, and was only amusing himself with aunt Kitty. But Jenny thought differently, and thanked him with her eloquent eyes more than once, only to blush immediately afterward, however, for her temerity.

After lunch they looked at some laces. Lydia was in raptures over a pocket-handkerchief said to be worth five hundred dollars.

"Five hundred dollars for a handkercher!" exclaimed aunt Kitty, putting on her spectacles to peer at the case in which the article was exhibited. "Well I never. The thing ain't good for nothing," she added, contemptuously, "but just to look at. I could buy a better one for half a dollar, any day, down at our place."

The machinery for making flour barrels excited her enthusiasm. When she saw the wood put in,

to come out staves almost immediately, she gave vent to her gratification aloud.

"Well, now, that is curus," were her words, as she turned to Horace. "I wonder what old Jonathan Jones, the cooper, down our way, would think of it. But it's a blessing, any how, to have the dumb iron doing the work of a human creature."

The whole party were exhausted with fatigue, when they reached home in the evening. But aunt Kitty had no sooner taken a cup of strong tea, and had a footstool placed snugly for her by Jenny, than she began to narrate to Mr. Somers what she had seen.

Lydia, during the whole of that evening, was in torture. Aunt Kitty's remarks, though always indicative of shrewdness, betrayed an utter ignorance of many things, which the most ordinary person living in a city would have known; and this to Lydia was mortifying beyond description. But Jenny, who looked more at the sterling sense of aunt Kitty, was, on the contrary, instructed; for she saw how others, accustomed to a different mode of life, viewed things; and it gave her food for reflection. Horace participated freely in the conversation, but his face revealed nothing of his opinions.

The next day, when the family assembled to breakfast, Lydia was absent. Jenny coming in to preside told the cause. Her cousin was sick, she said, of cold and over-fatigue: there was a high fever; she thought the doctor ought to be sent after.

Aunt Kitty had noticed the haughty contempt with which Lydia had treated her the day before; but at this intelligence she forgot all, and was full of interest for the invalid.

"If I had but some of my *harbs* here," she said, "hoarhound, or tansey, they would do her a power of good. But I spose there isn't such a thing in the house? Ah! well, then we must soak her feet. Hot water and ashes is an excellent thing, my dear," she said, turning to Jenny, "as you'll find when you have a family of your own. And while we're soaking her feet, the doctor may be sent for," she added, with a sigh, "since you've got no *harbs*."

Lydia's sickness proved a severe one. The unusual fatigue, the cold draughts from the floor of the Crystal Palace, added to the mental excitement caused by her foolish mortification at aunt Kitty, had brought on a severe attack of fever, which, at one time, actually threatened her life. During her illness Jenny was assiduous at the bed-side. So also would aunt Kitty have been, if the weak-minded girl would have let her; but the very presence of the old lady in the

chamber irritated the invalid; and so aunt Kitty could do nothing, but see that everything outside the room went on properly, and thus relieve Jenny from all care but that of attending on the invalid.

Horace would have left the house, when Lydia's sickness became serious; but this Mr. Somers would not permit. "You do not incommode us in the least," said the latter. "Aunt Kitty, you see, has turned housekeeper, and an excellent one she makes; for she has the sense to leave the meals to the cook; and in all things else she knows more than the best of them." So Horace remained. Perhaps, if the truth was known, he was not sorry to have it settled thus. For though he saw Jenny but little now, somehow her sweet face had become necessary to his happiness, and the chance of speaking even with her daily, for a few minutes, was worth remaining for, he said to himself.

He had been first attracted by the marked difference between her treatment of aunt Kitty, and the demeanor of Lydia toward the good, but eccentric old lady. Horace Milton had seen the world, and knowing, by experience, how much Europeans differed from Americans, and metropolitan populations from rural ones, held at their true value the mere conventionalisms of life. It was nothing to him, therefore, that aunt Kitty dressed in an old-fashioned style, while she had a shrewd mind and a good heart, as he saw very soon she had. For he was no shallow fop, and so his travels, instead of making him a conceited worshipper of foreign follies, had only made him a wiser man and a better republican. He had detected, at the outset, the vast superiority of Jenny over her cousin. Certain supercilious remarks made by the latter on the former had enlisted his sympathies for the dependant orphan also. It is but a step, some one has said, from pity to love. Be this true or not, Horace Milton, who could have won the richest in the land, found himself becoming deeply interested in Jenny, and was glad, therefore, of the privilege to study her character better, by remaining in the same house with her.

Jenny stood the ordeal well, though unconscious of what was going on. Her gentleness, forethought, patience, self-reliance, and other genuine womanly qualities, which made her really a "jewel above price," came out during that season of sickness, in a way that they never could, perhaps, under any other circumstances. Horace saw her sweetness continue unabated, though it might well have been excused failing, such was the invalid's irritability. He saw how tenderly she assured the father, who naturally



was deeply anxious for his only child, faulty as Mr. Somers knew her to be in many respects. He also heard, from aunt Kitty, frequent anecdotes of Jenny, unconsciously narrated by the old lady, who in the fullness of her heart, declared that "the dear girl was an angel and nothing else."

At last Lydia was able to come down stairs. But instead of being chastened by her illness, she was, if possible, more overbearing than before. Horace's blood boiled sometimes to see how Jenny was treated. He resolved, therefore, to remove the dear girl, as soon as possible, into a home of her own, if she was not indifferent to him, as he began to flatter himself now that she was not. Miss Lydia's folly and injustice did everything that was possible to ruin her plans; for the reader has long seen that she had set her heart, or rather enlisted her vanity, for that would be the more accurate phrase, in securing Horace for herself.

Jenny's secret dream, though scarcely aware of it herself, was to live on, worshipping Horace, and thus sweetening her dependant lot. That he should ever love her had never, in her wildest fancies, crossed her mind as possible. Occasionally, indeed, a look, or the tone of his words, would thrill her to the soul; and, for an instant, strange hopes would flush her cheek: but the absurdity of such expectations would immediately suggest themselves, and she would feel humbled all day afterward for what she considered her folly. When, therefore, she heard Horace actually ask her to be his, she thought,

for a moment, that he was mocking her; but his earnest tones, and the tremulous voice assured her; and bursting into tears she fled for refuge to his bosom, hiding her sweet face there, crimsoned with a thousand blushes.

Lydia, when she heard of the engagement, nearly went into hysterics. That she would not remain to witness the wedding she resolved at once; so she pretended that her health absolutely required she should go travelling; and Mr. Somers, deceived by her assurances, consented to her going South with a party of friends.

In one of the New York papers, the other day, we read the following announcement: "Married, on the 20th inst., by the Right Rev. Bishop Wainwright, Horace Milton, Esq., and Miss Jenny Vernon, all of this city."

Aunt Kitty has gone home delighted. But she has the promise of the happy pair, that when they return from Europe, whither they have just sailed, they will visit her at her quiet home. And they will keep their word, we have no doubt.

Every fine day, aunt Kitty's leg-of-mutton sleeves, poke bonnet, and faded, black cotton umbrella may be seen going about her village, as she pays a visit to some neighbor to tell of the wonders of the Crystal Palace.

No one despises her, in that quiet little place, for all know her solid worth. Besides the inhabitants there are above judging people by dress merely. They know, with Burns, that

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

"OLD WINTER IS HERE."

BY J. H. A. BONE.

A MERRY song for old Winter grey—

A song of welcoming glee;  
For his step is heard on the frozen way,  
And his strong grasp shakes the tree;  
On the rushing air  
Ride the brown leaves sere  
That he shakes from the shrieking tree.

Let a jovial shout for the old carle ring,  
For his eye is clear and bright;  
And ruddy health from his breath will spring,  
And mirth from his thin locks white;  
Light feet will bound,  
Gay songs go round,  
When he shakes his thin locks white.

He is loud of voice and rough of grasp,

And his breath is icy cold;  
Weak forms will shrink from his eager clasp,  
And writhe in his boisterous fold:  
But the blood will leap  
From its languid sleep  
And rush to his hearty fold.

A song and a shout, for I see his form,  
Shrouded in snow-flakes white;  
I hear his voice in the distant storm,  
And I feel his breath to-night:  
Let the sleigh bells ring,  
And our fleet steed spring,  
For old Winter is here to-night.

# THE ORPHANS FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

## CHAPTER I.

A LARGE travelling carriage drawn by four grey horses toiled up an ascent of the mountains some twenty miles back of Catskill. It was a warm day in September, and though the load which those fine animals drew was by no means a heavy one, they had been ascending the mountains for more than two hours, and now their sleek coats were dripping with sweat, and drops of foam were scattered like snow-flakes along the dusty road as they passed upward. The carriage contained four persons, a gentleman some years past the meridian of life, tall, sinewy and somewhat spare in form, and a lady of very uncertain age, very slender, very fair, but faded, and with a sort of restless self-complacency in her countenance which seemed ever on the alert to make itself recognized by those about her.

The gentleman had been reading, or rather holding a book before his face, but it would seem rather as an excuse for not keeping up the incessant talk, for conversation it could not be called, which the lady had kept in constant flow all the morning, than from any particular desire to read.

True, he did now and then glance at the book, but much oftener his fine, deep eyes were looking out of the carriage window and wandering over the broad expanses of scenery that began to unfold beneath them as the carriage mounted higher and higher up the mountains. Sometimes, when he appeared most intent on the volume, those eyes were glancing over it toward a little, wan face opposite, that began to blush and half smile whenever the thoughtful but kindly look of those eyes fell upon it.

The carriage at last reached a platform on the spine of a mountain ridge where the road made a bold curve, commanding one of the finest views, perhaps—nay, we will not have perhaps, but certainly—in the civilized world.

You should have seen that little, pale face then, how it sparkled and glowed with intelligence, nay, with something more than intelligence. The deep, grey eyes lighted up like lamps suddenly kindled, the wide but shapely

mouth broke into a smile that spread and brightened over every feature of her face. She started forward, grasped the window-frame, and glanced out with a look of such eager joy that the gentleman, who was gazing upon her, glanced down at his book with a well pleased smile, "I thought so—I was sure of it. She feels all the grandeur, all the beauty," he said to himself, inly, but to all appearance intent on his book. "Now let us see how the others take it."

"Isabel, Isabel, look out—look, look," whispered the child we have mentioned, with that sort of wild earnestness peculiar to persons of vivid imaginations, when once set on fire with some beautiful thing that God has created. "Look out, Isabel, I do believe that yonder, yonder, you see, is heaven."

"Heaven," cried the child spoken to, starting forward and struggling to reach the door, "heaven and mamma; oh! Mary, mamma—mamma——"

Mary fell back in her seat, pale and frightened by the effort of her enthusiasm.

"Where? what is it? Where—where?" cried the little Isabel, struggling to the carriage window, and half throwing herself out, while she gazed eagerly around, while Mary shrunk back into her corner of the front seat, as we have said, pale and heart-struck with the effect of her words.

"There is nothing, I can see nothing but hills, corn lots and the sky," said the beautiful child, drawing back and looking at Mary with her great, reproachful eyes half full of tears.

"Oh, Isabel, I did not mean that, not the real heaven, where your—where our mother is—but it was so beautiful down yonder, the sky and all, I could not help saying what I did."

Isabel drew back to her seat half petulant, half sorrowful; she was not really child enough to think that Mary could have spoken of heaven as a place actually within view; still it was not strange that the thought had for a moment flashed across her brain. Heaven itself could not have seemed more strange to those children than the magnificent mountain scenery through which they were passing. Born in the city of

New York, too young and too poor for those excursions that give more fortunate children glimpses of God's universe as he leaves it, fresh and unshackled by man's industry, they were thrown for the first time among the most beautiful scenery that man ever dreamed of, unprepared, and with all their wild, young ideas afloat. Is it wonderful then that an imaginative child like Mary should have cried out the name of heaven in her admiration, or that Isabel, only three weeks an orphan, should have sent forth the cry of mother, mother, from the depths of her poor little heart when she heard the heaven mentioned, where she believed that mother was longing for her child?

She sat down cowering close in a corner of the seat, and in order to conceal her tears turned her face to the cushions.

"Sit up," the lady interposed, "my beauty sit up; don't you see how your pretty marabouts are being crushed against the side of the carriage. Nonsense, child, what can you be crying about?"

"My mother, oh, she made me think of my mother. I thought—it seemed as if she must be there."

The lady frowned and looked toward the gentleman with a pettish movement of the head. "Be quiet, child, I am your mother now: remember that, I am your mother."

Isabel looked up and gazed through her tears, through the pale, characterless face bent in weak displeasure upon her.

"I am your mother," repeated the lady, in a tone that she intended to be impressive, while it was only snappish; "your benefactress, your more than mamma; forget that you ever had any other."

"I can't, oh, dear, I never can," cried the child, bursting into a passion of tears, and casting her face back upon the cushions.

Mrs. Farnham seized the child by the shoulder, and placed her with a slight shake upright.

"Stop crying, I never could endure crying children," she said. "Besides, see how you have crushed the pretty Leghorn flat for which you are so ungrateful. Better be thanking heaven that I ever took it into my head to take you from that miserable poor-house, than fly in the face of Providence in this manner, crushing Leghorn flats and marabout feathers that cost me mints of money, as if they were found by the city."

"She did not mean to spoil the feathers, ma'am, it was all my fault," said Mary Fuller, "Isabel loved her poor mother so much!"

"And am not I her mother? Can't you children let the poor woman rest in her pine coffin at Potter's Field, without tormenting me with all

this sobbing and crying? Remember my little lady, it is not too late yet, a few more scenes like this and it is an easy matter to send you back where I took you from. Then perhaps you will find it worth while to cry after this mother a little."

The two little girls looked at each other through their tears. Perhaps at the moment they thought of the infant's hospital, where Mrs. Farnham had found them, with something of regret. The contrast of a carriage cushioned with velvet and four superb horses, had not impressed them as it might have done older persons. Shut up with strangers, timid with hearts full of regret, they had not found the change for which Mrs. Farnham expected them to be so grateful, so happy as she fancied.

Up to the hour we mention they had kept their places demurely and in silence, drawing their little feet up close to the seats fearful of being found in the way, and stealing their little hands together now and then with a silent clasp, which spoke a world of feeling to the noble man who sat watching them over his book.

He had watched the scene we have described in silence, and with a sort of philosophical thoughtfulness, using it as a means of studying the souls of those two little girls. When Mrs. Farnham ceased speaking and turned to him for concurrence in her mode of drawing out the affections of her protegee, and settling the preliminaries of a life-time for that little soul, he only answered by leaning from the window and calling out,

"Ralph, draw up and let the horses have a rest under the shadow of this high rock. Come, children, get out, and let's take a look around us: your little limbs will be all the better for a good run among the underbrush."

Suiting the action to his words, Judge Sharp sprang from the carriage, took Isabel in his arms, set her carefully down, and then more gently, and with a touch of tenderness, drew Mary Fuller forward, and folded her little crooked form to his bosom.

"We will leave you to rest in the carriage, Mrs. Farnham," he said, with off-hand politeness, as if studying that lady's comfort more than anything on earth. "We will see what wild flowers can be found among the rocks. Take care of yourself; that's right, Ralph, let the horses wet their mouths at this little brook. Now, Isabel, let's see which will climb this rock first, you or little Mary and I."

Isabel's eyes brightened through her tears. There was something in the cordial goodness of Judge Sharp that no grief could have resisted.

"Please, sir," said Mary, struggling faintly in the arms of her noble friend—"please, sir, I can walk very well."

"And I can carry you very well—why not? Come, now for a climb."

And away strode the great-hearted man, bearing the little deformed one against his bosom, and holding her up that she might gaze on the scenery over his shoulder.

Isabel followed close, helping herself up the steep rocks, now by catching hold of a spice-bush and shaking off all its ripe, golden blossoms; now drawing down the loops of a grape-vine, and swinging forward on it, encouraged in each new effort by the hearty commendations of her new friend.

At last they reached the summit of a detached ridge of rocks that rose like a fortification back of the highway. Judge Sharp sat down upon a rocky shelf cushioned like an easy-chair with the greenest moss, and placed the children at his feet.

A true lover of nature himself, he did not speak, or insist upon forcing exclamations of delight from the two children who shared the glorious view with him. But he looked now and then into Mary Fuller's face, and was satisfied with all that he saw there.

Now and then he glanced also into the beautiful eyes of little Isabel. They were wandering dreamily from object to object, searching, as it were, along the misty horizon for some sign of her dead mother. It was her heart rather than her intellect that searched among that magnificent scenery for something to dwell upon.

"Are you sure, sir?" said Mary Fuller, timidly, looking up. "Are you quite sure that this is the same world that Isabel and I were in yesterday?"

"Why not? Doesn't it seem like the same?"

"No," answered Mary, kindling up and looking eagerly around, "it is a thousand times larger, so vast, so grand, so—— Pray help me out, I wish to say so much and can't. Something chokes me here when I try to say how beautiful all this seems."

Mary folded her little hands over her bosom, and began to waver to and fro on the moss seat, struck with a pang of that exquisite pleasure which so closely approaches pain where genius exists.

"You like this?" said the judge, watching her face more than the landscape, that had been familiar to him when almost a wilderness.

"I should like to stay here forever. The sky away off yonder falling close down upon the mountains, it seems as if all that we ever loved, Isabel, were sure to be found somewhere back of that."

"It is a noble view," said the judge, standing up, and pointing to the right. "Have you ever learned anything of geography, children?"

"A little," they both answered, glancing at each other as if ashamed of confessing to so much knowledge.

"Then you have heard of the Green Mountains yonder, they lie like thunder-clouds under the horizon?"

The children shaded their eyes, and looked searchingly at what seemed to them a dark embankment of clouds, and then Mary turned, holding her breath almost with awe, and took in with one long look the broad horizon, sweeping its circle of a hundred miles from right to left, till closed in by the mountain spur on which they stood.

Where distance leveled small inequalities of surface, and made great ones indistinct and cloudy, the whole aspect of the scenery took an air of high cultivation and abundant richness. Thousands and thousands of farms cut up and colored with their ripened crops; golden rye stubbles; hills white with buckwheat and rich with snowy blossoms; meadows, orchards, and groves of primeval timber all brightened with their luxuriant tints; those noble vallies and plains that open upon the Hudson. Deep into New York state, and far, far away among the mountains of New England the eye ranged, charmed and satisfied with a fulness of beauty.

Mary saw it, and all the deep feelings as vivid, but less understood in the child than the woman, swelled and grew rich in her bosom. Not a tint of those luxuriously colored hills ever left her memory—not a shadow upon those distant mountains ever died from her brain. It is such memories, vivid as painting, and bent upon the mind like enamel from childhood to maturity that feed and invigorate the soul of genius.

Enoch Sharp had been a man of enterprize. Action had ever followed quick upon his thought. Placed by accident in certain avenues of life, he had exerted strong energies, and a will firm as it was kindly, in doing all things thoroughly that he undertook; in any circumstances he would have been no ordinary man. Had destiny placed his field of action among scientific or literary men, he would have proved himself first among the foremost; as it was, much of the talent that would have distinguished him there, grew and thrived upon those domestic affections which were to him the poetry of life. Thrown into constant communion with Nature in her most noble aspects he became her devotee, and without study was more learned in all the beautiful things which God has created, than many a

celebrated savan who studies with his brain alone.

True to the unearthed poetry lying in rich veins throughout his whole nature, Enoch Sharp sat keenly regarding the effect this grand panorama of scenery produced on the two children.

He looked on Isabel with her bright, half rest-  
less beauty with a smile of affectionate forbear-  
ance. There was nothing in her face to answer  
the glow and enthusiasm of his own nature.

But it was far otherwise with little Mary. His own deep, grey eye kindled as it perused her sharp features, so lighted up, as it were, with some inward flame. His heart warmed toward the little pauper—yes, that is the term even high-bred people apply to persons of her antecedents—and without uttering a word he stooped down and patted her head in silent approbation. The child had given him pleasure, for there is nothing more annoying to the true lover of Nature than want of sympathy, when the heart is in a glow of fervent admiration; alive with a feeling which is so near akin to religion itself, that we sometimes doubt where the dividing line exists which separates love of God from love of the beautiful objects he has created.

Thus it was that Mary with her plain face and crooked little person found her way to the great, warm heart of Enoch Sharp; and as he sat upon the rock a faint struggle arose in his bosom regarding her destination. An impulse to take her into his own house and cultivate the latent talent so visible in every gesture and look took possession of him, but his natural strong sense prevailed over this impulse. Many reasons which we will not pause to mention here arose and counselled with his heart, and he muttered thoughtfully—“Neither men nor women become great by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties. Still I must keep an eye upon the girl.”

Isabel soon became weary of gazing on the landscape at her feet. Impatient of the stillness, she arose softly and moved to a ledge close by, under which a wild gooseberry bush drooped beneath a harvest of thorny fruit.

“That is right,” said Enoch Sharp, starting up, “let me break off a whole handful of the branches, they will make peace with Mrs. Farnham for leaving her in the carriage so long.”

Directly a heap of thorny branches purple with fruit lay at Isabel's feet, and Enoch Sharp was clambering up the rocks after some tufts of tall blue flowers that shed an azure tinge down one of the clefts; then a cluster of broke leaves tempted him on, while Mary Fuller stood eagerly watching his progress.

“Oh, see, see how beautiful: do look, Isabel, if he could only get up so high!” She broke off with an exclamation of delight. Enoch Sharp had glanced downward at the sound of her voice, and directed by the eager look which accompanied it, made a dart higher up the rock.

A mountain ash, perfectly red with great clusters of berries, shot out from a little hollow between two ledges, and overhung the place where Mr. Sharp had found foothold. As if its own wreath of berries were not enough, a bitter sweet vine had started up in the same hollow, and coiling itself around the slender tree, deluged it with a shower of golden clusters that mingled upon the same branch with the bright red fruit of the ash.

“Oh, was there ever on earth anything so beautiful?” cried Mary, disentangling the delicate ends of the vines flung down by her benefactor. “Oh, look, Isabel, look.”

She held up a natural wreath, to which three or four clusters hung like drops of burnt gold.

“See, only see!” and with this exclamation her little fingers wove a handful of the blue autumn flowers in with the berries and the long, slender leaves. “Let me put it around your hat, Isabel. Oh, Mr. Sharp, may I wind this around Isabel's hat; it is so pretty, I'm sure the lady will not mind?”

“Put it anywhere you like,” cried the kind man, holding on to a branch of the bitter sweet and swinging himself downward till the ash bent almost double. Directly it rushed back to its place, casting off a shower of loose berries and leaves that rattled around the girls in red and golden rain, and Mr. Sharp was by them again gathering up an armful of gooseberry branches, bitter sweet and ash, while he admired Mary's wreath at the same time.

“Come, now for a scramble down the hill,” he cried. “Here, let me go first, for we may all expect a precious blessing, and I fancy my shoulders are the broadest.”

The children looked at each other and the smiles left their lips. The “blessing,” with which he so carelessly threatened them was enough to quench all their gay spirits, and they crept on after their benefactor with dull and anxious faces.

“See, Mrs. Farnham, see what a world of beautiful things we have found for you up the mountain,” cried Mr. Sharp, throwing two or three branches through the carriage window. “The little folks have discovered wonders among the brush—don't you think so?”

Mrs. Farnham drew back and gathered her ample skirts nervously about her.

"What on earth have the creatures brought? Bitter sweet, gooseberries, with thorns like darning-needles. Why, Mr. Sharp, what can you mean by bringing the things here to stain the cushions with?"

"Oh, never mind the cushions," answered the gentleman, lifting Isabel up with a toss and landing her on the front seat, while Mary stood trembling by his side, with her eyes fixed ruefully on the wreath which surrounded the crown of her companions Leghorn flat. "Oh, what will become of us when she sees that!" thought the child, in dismay.

But she was allowed no time to ask unpleasant questions even of herself, for Enoch Sharp took her in his arms and set her carefully down directly before Mrs. Farnham, whose glance had just taken in the unlucky wreath.

"My goodness, if the little wretches have not destroyed that love of a hat with their trash. Oh, dear, put a beggar on horseback and only see how he will ride. Mr. Sharp, I did hope that the child of my choice could appreciate an article of millinery like that; but you see how it is—pauper tastes—a long course of refinement is, I fear, necessary to a just comprehension of the beautiful. Only think, two of Malherbes' most expensive marabouts crushed into nothingness by a good-for-nothing heap of I don't know what tangled about them. Really, it is enough to discourage one from ever doing a benevolent act again."

Mr. Sharp strove to look decorously concerned, but spite of himself a quiet smile would tremble at the corners of his mouth, as he looked at the two marabout feathers flattened and crushed beneath the impromptu wreath.

"Whose work is it? Which of you twisted that thing over those feathers?" cried the lady, angrily.

Isabel looked at Mary, but did not speak.

"It was me; I did it," said Mary, meekly. "The berries were so pretty, we never saw any before. Please, ma'am, look again, and say if the blue flowers there against the yellow don't look beautiful."

"Beautiful, indeed! What should you know of beauty, I wonder?" was the scornful answer,

for Mrs. Farnham was by no means pleased that the little, deformed child had been forced into her company even for a single day's travel.

"What on earth possesses a child like you, brought up—no matter where, to speak of this or that thing as pretty? What beautiful thing can you ever have seen?"

"I have seen the sky, ma'am, when it was full of bright stars. God lets poor people as well as rich ones look on the sky, you know; and isn't that beautiful?"

"Indeed! You think so, then?" said the lady.

"And we have seen many, many beautiful things beside that, haven't we, Isabel? One night, when it had been raining, in the winter—I remember it, oh, how well—while the great trees were dripping wet, out came the moon and stars brighter than ever, with a sharp frost, and then all the tops were hung with ice, in the moonlight, shining and bending low toward the ground, just as if the starlight had all settled on the limbs and was loading them down with their brightness. Oh, ma'am, I wish you could have seen it. I remember the ground was all one glare of ice; but I didn't mind that."

"I'm afraid your friend will find the pet you bring her rather forward, Mr. Sharp," said the lady, as Mary Fuller drew back, blushing at her own eager description.

"I really don't know," answered the gentleman, "she seems to have made pretty good use of the few privileges awarded to her, and, really, there is some philosophy in it. When one finds nothing but God's sky unmonopolized, it is something for a child to make so much of that. She has a pretty knack of sorting flowers, too, as you may see by the fashion in which that is twisted. After all, madam, let us each make the most of our choice. Your's is pretty enough, in all conscience. Mine will give satisfaction where she goes, I dare say."

Mr. Sharp was becoming rather weary of his companion again, and so leaned out of the window, as was his usual habit, amusing himself by searching for the first red leaves among the maple foliage, and watching the shadows as they fell softly down the hemlock hollows.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## JUSTINE.

JUSTINE, on idle follies bent,  
Passes before her glass  
The time which, were it wisely spent,  
In study she might pass.  
Her friends have tried each one in turn,

Her failings to correct:  
'Tis strange they seem not to discern  
That from her glass at least she'll learn,  
This lesson—to reflect!



## THE MODERN "PHARISEE."

BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH.

"How can a man, guilty of such a sin, be tolerated in respectable society?" said a burly voice, one day in my hearing.

I was standing at my bookseller's door, and the speaker was engaged in conversation, on the footwalk, with a clerical-looking individual.

"I am not prepared to go the lengths you do," replied his companion. "I should be unwilling to visit a theatre myself; and as most theatres are conducted at present, I should be sorry any one I esteemed should go: but I am not sure that the drama, as you say, is vicious in itself, or that a man ought to be shut out from respectable society for visiting a theatre. In my view, it is the temptations surrounding such, not the dramatic representation, which is perilous."

"You amaze me," retorted his companion. "The whole thing is wrong. Wicked, beyond comparison," he added, in the most emphatic language. "I'd never forgive a son or daughter who went to the theatre. I'd consider that they were ruined for time and eternity."

His companion shook his head gravely.

"There are worse sins, I fear," he said, "than going to the theatre, even as it is conducted at present. Besides, we ought to be charitable. Only God himself knows the magnitude of the sin: and he has said, you remember, 'judge not.'"

But this did not suit the listener. He warmed up as he replied,

"If I hear that a man goes to the theatre," he retorted, "or to any of those vile places where plays are acted, no matter whether they are called Athenæums, or Museums, I say to myself, 'That's a man not to be trusted.' I'd as lief almost hear he forged. In the eye of the Lord it's the same, depend upon it. Take care, take care, brother, that you are not winking at sin."

The big, burly voice ceased, for his companion evidently did not care to continue the conversation; and so the two parted.

A few evenings afterward, as I was taking a quiet evening walk, my attention was again arrested by that self-complacent voice.

"Well, well," it said, sharply, "what is it? Why didn't your father come?"

I looked around. The open doorway of a house near was blocked up by the speaker, who frowned, from beneath his bushy eyebrows, on a

bare-footed, poorly clad child, a little girl, who stood trembling on the steps before him.

Involuntarily I paused, and remained gazing on a new edifice, going up across the street, while the conversation continued.

"Please, sir," she said, meekly, "father sends this, and says he'll pay the rest as soon as he can."

As she spoke, she glanced up fearfully at the angry man, extending, as she spoke, a thin, wan hand, in which was some money.

"Hum!" cried the landlord, for such it was plain he was, counting the money slowly. "Is this all?" And he raised his voice, and frowned more cruelly than ever on the child.

"It's all father could spare," answered the girl, after a moment, her voice shaking with terror as she spoke. "Baby's been so sick."

I glanced at her more narrowly. In her pale and emaciated face, as well as in her tattered garments, I thought I read a tale of destitution almost involving starvation itself. In fancy I saw the miserable house where they lived; the care-worn mother; the brothers and sisters crying for food; the father coming in at night, exhausted by labor, and with a heart wrung by the sufferings he could not alleviate. For "baby" was sick; had been long sick; and doctor's bills had to be paid, and medicines bought; and all this consumed so much of his hard earnings, that sufficient was scarcely left for bread, especially as something, at least, must be put aside for rent.

This picture rose before me, but was almost as instantly dissipated, for the harsh voice of the landlord was now heard in reply.

"I'll not be cheated this way, and so you may tell your father," were the sharp words of the speaker. "Do you hear?"

The child had dropped her eyes, evidently in fear: but at this, she said, with a start,

"Yes, sir!"

"And mind you tell him that the rest of my money must be here by next Saturday night; next Saturday, I say: or, if it isn't," and here his voice rose again, "it will be worse for him. Mind you tell him that."

"Yes, sir!"

The answer was faint with fear. The poor child still lingered, however, not daring to move

before this cruel-hearted man gave her permission.

"Why don't you go? Be off, I say," cried the landlord, turning and slamming the door.

The girl burst into tears, and starting off, like a frightened deer, disappeared around a corner.

"Forgive us our debts," I said, reverently, involuntarily repeating that part of the Lord's Prayer, "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Ah!" I continued, "I wonder if this flinty-hearted Pharisee ever thinks what that means."

## THE ENCHANTED ISLAND: A DREAM.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SHE stood between two broken columns,  
A stormy sky o'erhead,  
And look'd upon the gleaming waters  
From the city of the Dead.  
It was an arch'd and stately way,  
But ruins lay around,  
The relics of another day  
Were strewn along the ground.  
The street once echo'd to the tread  
Of the busy and the proud;  
Now the fallen fanes are monuments  
Above each mould'ring shroud.  
The palaces stood tenantless,  
The gate ways broken down,  
Their dust was mingled with the dust  
Of those who wore a crown.  
There was no sound—there was no life—  
Save the sighing wind's low moan,  
As it mutter'd through the corridors—  
"They are gone, they are gone!"  
She stood between two broken columns,  
Beside the waters' edge;  
Behind her rose the ruins,  
A jagged marble ledge;  
And mournfully she gaz'd afar  
Upon a sunlit scene—  
It was a land she could not reach,  
The waves roll'd deep between.  
It seemed a glorious island,  
A proud and ancient wood,  
Like the tall, primeval forests  
That in our Eden stood.  
The billows shone like golden shields,  
The surf swept o'er the sands;  
And the circling wreaths were graceful  
As mermaids' foam-kiss'd hands.  
The stream rolled up in vistas  
From the broad channel track;  
Like the chariots of Naiades,  
The waves came trooping back.  
The clouds were pil'd in arches,  
The light was soft and dim,  
In the wood aisles the blast kept up  
A low Cathedral hymn.  
There were dells like to the bowers  
Where our first Mother slept;

The light swept down in pillar'd stairs  
Where angels might have stepp'd.  
The sky seemed one vast temple  
With walls of gold and blue,  
Like the sweep of gorgeous curtains,  
Fell clouds of purple hue.  
As she looked a mist came up,  
Dimmer light it gave;  
Like an enchanted thing that island  
Was floating on the wave.  
She stretched her arms in eager grasping,  
Her foot trod down the sands,  
As if she sought that isle in clasping  
The white curve of her hands.  
That maiden standing 'mid the ruins,  
On the isle she might not reach  
Gazing with unquiet vision,  
Doth a mournful lesson teach.  
We, life's stain'd and anxious pilgrims,  
Tir'd of its bitter streams,  
Gaze thus with urgent vision  
Upon the land of Dreams!  
The dim light streaming o'er th' billows  
Upon our common wind,  
From out its depths above the ruins—  
The Carthage of the Mind.  
Once we dwell within that island,  
Liv'd within the soul's Ideal,  
But we heedless wander'd on  
To th' dark and cloudy real.  
There the waves were brightly beaming,  
Here the billows madly toss,  
Like the stream where Pluto's boatman  
Rows th' weeping ghosts across.  
In our hearts are fallen cities—  
Dust on ev'ry fane and gem,  
Sceptres broken and darkness on  
The soul's bright diadem.  
As that maiden by the waters  
Trail'd her robes along th' sands,  
Sought that isle in eager clasping  
Of th' white curves of her hands,  
So we stand amid the ruins,  
Gazing on the Isle of Dreams,  
As our burthens press down harder,  
Farther off the island gleams.

And our thoughts through aisles deserted  
 Sadly beat their pinions,  
 Looking with a reckless crying  
 On those bright dominions.  
 But we yielded up our treasures,  
 Left the groves Elysian,

When we strove again to reach them,  
 Dust obscures our vision.  
 And our souls above the ruins  
 Watch th' waves play on the sands,  
 Stretch their wings in eager clasp,  
 Like th' curving of those hands.

"THE FLOWER OF AVON SIDE."

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Oh, she was all to love and me  
 In by-gone happier hours,  
 When youth and Hope attendant came  
 And strewed my path with flowers;  
 Where sung the brooklet's silver voice  
 We wandered hand-in-hand,  
 Or sat on Summer's golden eve  
 Beneath the forests grand.  
 My whispered words of sacred love  
 Stole to her faithful heart:  
 And by the burning stars we vowed  
 In time no more to part!  
 My life had been a weary one  
 But for my gentle bride,  
 She cheered each dark and stormy hour,  
 The flower of Avon side.  
 On many a stormy sea, when wild  
 The waves were rolling wide,  
 She smiled my fears to hopeful rest,  
 The flower of Avon side;

When sickness hovered round my bed,  
 And Hope began to fail,  
 She spoke of brighter days to come,  
 And told love's pleasing tale;  
 In distant climes she was my star,  
 My angel, and my guide:  
 And never will I cease to love  
 The flower of Avon side.  
 But ah! the cruel frost of death  
 Hath killed my bonny flower:  
 And dreary is the coming night,  
 And dark the brightest hour.  
 She sweetly sleeps in coral halls,  
 Where golden sea-flowers bloom:  
 The wild winds chaunt her requiem,  
 The ocean is her tomb!  
 Tho' pale her lips, and closed her eyes,  
 The flower of Avon side:  
 Still in my leal heart's inmost core  
 Shall live my bonny bride!

TO THE DAGUERRETYPE OF AN ESTRANGED FRIEND.

BY MARTHA CAMERON.

Still thou art mine, dear treasured gift,  
 Still art thou true to me,  
 Oh! blessed artist! naught can change  
 That kind look fixed by thee;  
 I gaze on lip, and cheek, and brow,  
 And almost fancy then is now.  
 Then thou wert all the world to me—  
 Alas! it is so now;  
 Why can I not break early ties  
 As easily as thou?  
 Then I have dried thy tears in woe;  
 Now thou can'st sneer that mine should flow.  
 Then Summer days were never long,  
 Beloved! thou wert near.  
 The Winter evenings all too short;  
 Thy song was in my ear.  
 Now morn's first thought is, how I may  
 Get through another weary day.

And weary days, and weeks, and months,  
 Will pass to weary years;  
 Yet still the memory of that time  
 Be met with blinding tears;  
 When with a kiss, and kind good night,  
 We parted but till morning light.  
 Mute semblance! now the midnight hour,  
 With thee; alone with thee;  
 Is spent in memory of the past,  
 And weeping bitterly;  
 Till Nature sinks to troubled rest,  
 The sleep of utter weariness.  
 God grant me patience, meekness, strength,  
 Life's duties all to do:  
 For other feet to smooth the path,  
 My own go bleeding through.  
 But sorrow for that love I must,  
 Till sorrows cease in "Dust to dust."

## THE LITTLE HERO.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE November evening was closing in, blustering and cold, with every appearance of a storm, when three men stood on the beach near Cape May, watching a pilot-boat that lay at anchor in the offing. Her dark and graceful hull, her slender masts with their jaunty air, and indeed her whole general appearance would have forcibly recalled to a landsman the high mettled thorough-bred. As her bow rose to meet the huge waves that came rolling in, the tall masts swung backward slowly, describing a curve against the leaden-colored sky; then hesitating for an instant, they pitched suddenly forward headlong, as if about to precipitate themselves into the deep. Simultaneously, the enormous billow came boiling and hissing past the rudder, to break, a few moments after, in thunder on the shore: while the light craft rose dripping, like a water-fowl after a dive, her hull glistening in the twilight away back to her very main-chains.

"Isn't she a beauty?" said one of the spectators. "Dang it, there's not a gal comes here all summer," he added, enthusiastically, "that's got the shape of that ar' craft."

His companions laughed, and one of them said, after a pause,

"Little Billy seems to have a hard time bailing out, the waves pitch him so."

The lad alluded to was in a small cockle-shell boat, attached by a rope to the stern of the schooner. At every pitch of the latter, the light skiff swung about; now floating loosely, now hurrying after the larger craft.

"Ay!" said the first speaker. "But he's got to learn his craft, and the sooner the better, for he's nothing to depend on but it, either for his mammy or himself. But what's that?" he suddenly cried, as the pilot-boat shot ahead of the skiff, which immediately turned broadside to the waves. "Whew! if the painter aint broke! The boy'll be drowned!"

The rope had indeed parted. Instantly all three, as if by one impulse, rushed into the water, only awaking to the impossibility of reaching the lad, when the spent breakers came washing to their waists. They looked at each other in dismay.

"He's got no oars, nor even a sail. If he could hear us, we might tell him to get her head

to the wind," said the principal speaker. "It's a chance if he thinks of it. But in this wind he couldn't hear the angel Gabriel. There, Lord help us, he's gone."

As he spoke, a mighty roller came advancing from the offing, towering higher and higher as it approached the boy, till it seemed to the spectators as if the mountain of waters would never cease accumulating. When it reached the little skiff, it hung suspended for a moment, and then rushed downward, like a troop of wolves on its prey.

But while the lookers-on held their breaths in horror, the lad, with quick sagacity, had wrenched a bit of board from the lining of the skiff, and hurriedly snatching up his coat, had fastened the garment to it. With this jury-mast he had managed, at the last moment, to bring the skiff's head to the wind, so that at the very instant the spectators expected to see his boat hurled bottom upward toward them, they beheld it mounting the wave gallantly, as a storm-bird breasts the gale.

"Well done, Billy," shouted the principal speaker, and carried away by the excitement, he gave voice to a hearty cheer, in which the others joined.

"The lad's a born sailor," said one of the others, when the first burst of joy had passed. "It would be a mortal shame to let such a brave little fellow die, even if his poor old mother didn't look to him for her living. We must launch a surf-boat, board the craft, and be after him. He can't live long with that rig."

The plan of the speaker had suggested itself simultaneously to the others. But some time was necessarily occupied in getting a surf-boat into the water, and during the interval the skiff had nearly disappeared in the darkness and distance, the lad having succeeded in getting his little craft before the wind, as his only chance for permanent safety.

"He's done his best, but its taking him right on to the shoals, and in half an hour nothing can save him," said the man who steered, as he stood up and looked for the lad. "Pull away with a will, boys, or we'll be too late after all. Ha! he's waving his handkerchief, as I live. He sees us and says he's hearty yet—he's a trump,

and no mistake—pull away—here we are, look alive!”

In a moment more the little crew were on deck, and as soon as possible the anchor was hove, the sails set, and the schooner put before the wind. The anxiety of all had become insupportable, by this time; for the delay had been considerable, notwithstanding every effort at haste: and in the interval the skiff had vanished. Whether she had only disappeared in the gloom of the sea-board, or whether she had been capsized, no one could tell; for all had been too much occupied to notice the exact moment when she passed from sight. But the fears, or at least doubts, exceeded the hopes. It was, therefore, with a sensation of relief, that the crew felt the pilot-boat to be in motion, and as the waters whizzed past, their spirits rose. The very schooner seemed to share in the general anxiety. No greyhound, loosed from the leash, could have sprung forward more eagerly or swiftly.

The night had now shut in. The wind sighed mournfully up in the sky; a wild scud went flitting overhead, now hiding, now revealing a few, faint stars; and the sea was black as ink, except where the white caps flashed up for an instant, ominous of a coming tempest.

For a long time the rush of the hull, as it glided through the waters, was the only sound heard. Every eye meantime, was scanning the narrow, but tumultuous prospect, in the vain hope of discerning somewhere the skiff, and its occupant. As the schooner left the shore out of sight behind her, this scrutiny became more sharp: but alas! to no purpose.

“Don’t you see anything yet?” cried the master at last, hailing the principal look-out from the helm. “Surely he’s in sight somewhere.”

“There’s no sign of him, sir.”

“We’re close on the shoal now, and must soon go about. Can we have passed him?”

“Can’t say. Don’t think we have,” laconically replied the man. “Its dark enough: but I’ve looked sharp, sir.”

At that instant a dull roar was heard close ahead, and a long line of foam suddenly whitened the gloom in that direction, proclaiming that the schooner was perilously near to the shoal.

“Ready about,” shouted the master; and instantly every man sprang to his station, “haul in, let go, belay! Round she is cheerily!” And as he finished, the light craft danced away on the other tack, leaving the breakers at a safe distance astern.

“Look lively now, mind we don’t leave him,” cried the master, as the shoal rapidly faded into

the darkness behind. “You don’t see his skiff bottom upward, any of you?”

The pilot-boat was now no longer gliding noiselessly, like a greyhound coursing, but leaning over to the wind, she struggled against the head-sea, like a war-horse charging up hill. When the bow struck the opposing waves, the spray often flew crackling to the very cross-trees apparently, while simultaneously a quiver ran through the hull from stem to stern, and the masts creaked audibly. Far out to leeward bellied the larboard shrouds, while those to windward were so taut that a landsman would have expected to see them snap.

“Nothing yet?” These were the words with which the helmsman broke another long silence.

“Nothing, sir.”

“He can’t certainly be inside of us. We’ve either missed him, or else he went to the bottom before we reached the shoal. But hark! What’s that?”

As he spoke what seemed a faint cry came out of the gloom ahead. Was it a child’s voice? Or was it only a modulation of the gale?

They listened, not daring to breathe. Nothing reached their ears but the sound of the wind in the rigging, and the dash of the waters thumping against the bow; and, with a long-drawn sigh, the master was preparing to break the silence, and propose tacking toward the shoal again.

But suddenly, close at hand, there rose a cheering voice out of the darkness.

“Hillo there! Hillo! Don’t run a fellow down.”

“It’s Billy,” shouted the master, electrically.

“It’s the boy himself. Hillo, it is! Hillo! Where are you, my hearty?”

His voice rang clear over all the uproar of the winds and waves, like a trumpet-call of succor in the crisis of battle.

“Here I am,” stoutly replied the little hero, his skiff dancing up suddenly out of the gloom.

“Luff a little, or you’ll be over me.”

All rushed to the side of the schooner, except the helmsman, who called up all his skill to shave the skiff, as he afterward said, without hitting it.

An interval of thrilling suspense succeeded. The pilot-boat deviated, for an instant, from her direct course, curtesying up toward the wind like a lady in a dance; and then, falling off again, dashed forward on her old course, like the same gay beauty coquetting a partner. But, during that second, the intrepid lad, watching his opportunity, had sprung at the bob-stays, and clambered dripping on deck, just as the schooner fell off.

He was surrounded at once, and borne, shouting

out in triumph, aft, where the master, handing the helm to another, caught him in his arms, as if he had been his own child.

"You'll be as great a man as Decatur, if you live, my lad," he cried. Decatur was, in the master's opinion, the greatest person that ever breathed. "But come below, come below," he continued, "you're as wet as a musk-rat. Dang it, Billy," he exclaimed, rapturously, "but you're a hero."

"You think I wasn't scared then, sir," said the boy, proudly, his eye brightening, and his little figure expanding perceptibly. "You'll tell mother so, won't you, sir?"

"That I will," said the master, clapping him heartily on the shoulder. "You did exactly what was right, and kept up your spirits bravely: if you hadn't, my boy, you'd been food for the sharks, maybe, by this time. I should have been

some skeered myself, Billy, if I'd been in your place."

"Would you, though?" said the boy, as he looked up, by the dim light of the cabin-lamp. "Oh! no you wouldn't. But I was glad, I tell you," he added, quickly, his eyes glistening, "when I saw the schooner come riding the seas toward me, and thought I'd see mother again." And, at this recollection, his fortitude gave way, and he burst into a flood of tears. But they were tears sacred to a mother's memory, and they did him honor.

This is no fancy sketch. The newspapers of last November recorded the self-possession and courage of the hero of our story, exactly as we have told it, only in more general terms. Do we err, in saying with those journals, that the world will yet hear more of this brave boy?

## MEMORIES OF AN HOUR.

BY FRANK LEE.

### THE image of a form

And face where Love might make his home and shrine,  
Are lingering in this dreamy soul of mine;  
And I am looking back through cloud and storm  
Upon an hour where Summer sunshine falleth  
Soft and warm.

### A face that hath the bloom

Of early womanhood its features on,  
Though the radiant light of girlish years is gone,  
And the mournful eye hath a misty gloom,  
As if it grieved o'er hopes that sleep within  
The lonely tomb.

### Over the marble brow

Back falls the night-like hair in coiling braids,  
That in the soft light take a thousand shades,  
While here and there a tress upon th' neck below  
Shines out like ravens' plumes on soft and newly  
Fallen snow.

### In the glorious eyes,

And on the rounding of the faultless cheek  
There is a tale of grief—endurance meek;  
And all the woe that in the bosom lies,  
And from the breast wells up in lonely hours as  
Weird spirits rise.

Ah, yes! I see thee now,  
With folded arms, like sculptur'd marble pale,  
And starry orbs that speak a changeful tale,  
And the gushing music of those breathings low,  
Like well tuned harp chords struck out melodiously  
And slow.

### Palmyra's queen of old

Had worn a face and mien like that of thine!  
It seem'd to grieve as some lone bird might pine,  
To find a mate amid its dreamings bold—  
But all around was earthy, spiritless  
And cold.

### And both had wander'd far

From that gay world where we have made our home,  
As if to mock our hearts with joy amid their gloom!  
But gloom no more, when thou wert standing there,  
And o'er my soul thy clear glance looked like the  
Shining of a star.

### That Indian Summer eve

Blent with thine image! How my heart looks back  
O'er the stormy waves of its troubled track!  
How sorrow fades as fancies weave  
The tissues of memory that change still  
Must leave.

### A gush of mournful song

Is rising from this tired heart of mine!—  
It is th' lay that well'd from out those lips of thine!  
A tale of love, and faith, and woman's wrong,  
That spoke thy heart's vague feelings forth in tearful  
Utterance strong.

Still let me dream of rest,  
Of soul-communion and that hour! At least  
'Tis bliss to dream, though clouds are in the East,  
And hopes are gone which might have blessed,  
That ne'er may bloom again beneath the shades  
That gather in the West.



## MAKING ACQUAINTANCES AT SARATOGA.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

THE perfume of summer flowers mingled with that of French extracts, the breeze of summer evening with that of French fans, and the spell of summer stars with that of French airs and graces—Miss Cornelia Hall's first evening at Saratoga had begun. The gay music bounded through the air, Mrs. Hall recognized several of her daughter's former acquaintances with several very motherly bows, and was all that could be desired to two or three new introductions. The young lady did credit to herself and dancing master in Mazourkas and Redowas without number.

"Who is that pretty girl in blue?" murmured the dandies.

"A daughter of Mr. Richard Hall—a broker in Wall street."

"Is she rich?"

"Well, her father is pretty well off, I believe, and she's the only daughter."

"A dozen brothers, though, I suppose."

"No, only three."

"Only three! I think it won't pay."

"There's a fellow that thinks it will, if I'm not mistaken—that handsome one with a moustache. He hasn't taken his eyes off her for half an hour."

"Know his name?"

"Armstrong, some one said, from the South."

"Who knows him?"

"Nobody, so far as I see."

On sped the flirtation-winged hours. Cornelia Hall put her hair in papers that night, with many a thought of honeyed words and earnest glances, twining with the golden locks, and around the twisted rolls of the Morning Herald.

There is nothing like a game at billiards, or a chance joining in a julp, to break down the barriers between the lords of creation. Mr. Armstrong, whom no one knew the night before, had plenty of acquaintances before he had lost three games of billiards; and when he adjourned to the bar-room, and treated the company, there were at least a dozen who pronounced him "a first-rate fellow." Two or three of them volunteered introductions to whatever ladies he chose, and that evening, among others, he pointed out Miss Hall. The young lady curtsied and dropped her eyes—the gentleman bowed and fixed his upon

the golden ringlets. Miss Cornelia, congratulating herself on having made a desirable acquaintance, exhibited her conversational powers and her diamond rings to the best advantage. She danced with no one but Mr. Armstrong that evening—she promenaded with no one else—she had no eyes nor ears for any one but him. Her mother thought it sufficient at the end of the evening to inquire his name. Armstrong—it sounded very well—it wasn't too handsome. If it had been St. Leger, or Fitzallen, or some romantic name that didn't sound as if it would be good in Wall street, she might have asked more questions; but as it was she bowed very graciously as she passed him on her way to the spring the next morning. Both "ma" and "pa" were very polite to Mr. Armstrong—even Mr. Richard Hall, jr., a youth in all the stiffness of his first standing collar, risked that and his neck by condescending nods. Miss Hall took long rambles with a cottage-hat and Mr. Armstrong—received bouquets and borrowed books from him, and altogether was on quite familiar terms with him. If Mr. and Mrs. Hall had been asked who was the young man with whom their daughter was so intimate, they would have been puzzled to tell. Mr. Armstrong talked of the South and his father's plantation, but only in a general way. There were some gentlemen, however, with whom Cornelia danced and flirted who "had not the honor of her mother's acquaintance," and Mr. Armstrong was very attentive to the old lady.

Time goes as fast at Saratoga as anywhere else, and money a little faster, Mr. Hall thought. After Miss Cornelia had "chased the glowing hours with flying feet" for three weeks, her father came to the conclusion that it was only at home she could really catch them. She coaxed and pouted, but all to no avail, so she told her beaux that they were going home to prepare for a trip to Niagara. She bade farewell to Mr. Armstrong with an elegantly worded invitation to call upon her in New York, gave him her address, and was gone.

The Halls returned to Twenty-first street, shut up the front part of the house and lived in the back—the ladies stealing out of the basement door in thick, green veils to take a walk before nine o'clock, for they would not for anything

have had it known that they were at home at this unfashionable season, when all the world and his wife were out of town.

One morning in November, soon after the brown Holland had disappeared from the parlor, and the rust from the door-plate, Miss Cornelia was lounging in a rocking-chair with a novel, when a pull at the bell, easily recognized as given by a very tightly gloved hand, was followed by the advent of a card—Mr. Frederic Armstrong. The waiter was despatched to shut the parlor doors, so that Miss Cornelia could get up stairs to dress, and then Mr. Armstrong was received with a sliding courtesy of the newest mode. Cornelia thought him handsomer than ever, and they were soon deep in the reminiscences of Saratoga. Precisely at the right time Mrs. Hall glided in, all smiles and Turc-satin.

"Was Mr. Armstrong making a long visit in town?"

"It is uncertain, madam," replied that gentleman, "if I consulted my wishes only," with a look at Miss Cornelia, "I should have no difficulty in deciding."

After ten or fifteen minutes of fashionable dialogue, Mr. A. drew on his sulphur gloves, and said, "Mrs. Hall, I believe we are to have Puritani at the opera to-morrow night. May I not have the pleasure of accompanying yourself and daughter there?"

Mrs. Hall bowed assent in the most approved manner, and the door closed behind Mr. Armstrong and his patchouli.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hall to her daughter, the next evening, "get your work or a book. Don't let it seem to Mr. Armstrong as if you were sitting waiting for him. It looks better to be taken by surprise a little."

Miss Cornelia had just time to take up her crochetwork, when the compound of white cravat and black moustache was ushered into the room. Did he see the rocking-chair still moving from which she had sprung to throw herself in a graceful attitude on the sofa?

Mrs. Hall was the paragon of chaperons. No one ever suspected how much of the success of Cornelia's flirtations was owing to her mother's tact. She was never in the way, and never out of the way when her presence was desirable. She knew how apt people are to value any one as they see others value them, and she often spoke of her daughter highly and affectionately. She sat that evening in the opera box, appearing at all necessary times completely absorbed in the music, never interrupting a whispered conversation, and appealing to her daughter with "Cornelia, my love, see here a moment," when-

ever there appeared to be an embarrassing pause.

The curtain fell at last, and Miss Cornelia, all in a flutter of gratified vanity, consigned her pearl-mounted lorgnette to her companion, and taking his arm, returned the bows of her acquaintances very condescendingly. Mr. Armstrong soon became Miss Hall's constant attendant at all public places, accompanied her in her walks, carried her prayer-book to church for her, was always invited when her mother had company, and at Christmas she accepted from him a very splendid and very useless fancy work-box. One evening, soon after New Year, he came in and was introduced to her brother Henry, who had just returned from a long journey.

After half an hour's conversation, Cornelia turned round and found Henry gazing so intently at the gentleman as evidently to ruffle his composure. She tried to tread on her brother's toes under the table, and wondering after many such admonitions that he did not look up, found it was Mr. Armstrong's foot she had been treading on. She tried in vain to catch her brother's eye. Then he began to talk to Mr. Armstrong in a curious sort of quizzing way, with a mocking smile on his lips. Cornelia could not understand the drift of half of his remarks and questions, and only saw that they made Mr. A. very uncomfortable. She made an excuse to leave the room, and ran to her mother with, "Ma, I wish you'd call Henry out of the parlor. He's behaving so rudely to Mr. Armstrong, that I'm sure he'll make him very angry."

Mrs. Hall got Henry away, and he did not return till Mr. Armstrong had taken his departure.

"Well, sis, I hope you've had a pleasant evening. What's the gentleman's name?" he said, throwing himself on the sofa, and indulging in a prolonged fit of laughter.

"I wish you would learn to behave yourself properly, Henry. It's Mr. Armstrong, from the South."

"Oh! from the South, is he?" and Henry laughed again till he cried.

"What do you mean, Henry?" said his mother.

"Mean? oh! nothing! Where did you become acquainted with him, sis?"

"At Saratoga."

"Oh, ho! changed his coat at Saratoga, did he?"

"Henry, do conduct yourself reasonably; if you know anything about Mr. Armstrong, tell it, and don't laugh so foolishly."

"If I know anything, mother. Do you know anything? Come now, *anything?*"

"Yes, we have every opportunity to know. He has visited here some time. He is a very gentlemanly and agreeable young man."

"Do you know anything of his family?"

"No, he is a stranger in the city."

"Mother, don't make me die with laughing. Shall I tell you who he is?"

"Who?"

"My hair-dresser."

Cornelia screamed. Mrs. Hall dropped her book upon the floor. "Are you in earnest?" she said.

"Most certainly. I did not know him at first,

his whiskers and moustache alter him so much, but when I looked sharp, I could not be mistaken. The fellow's assurance and impudence are really amusing. Step round in Fourth Avenue and you'll see his father's sign. This youngster isn't in the shop all the time, but he has cut my hair often. And so he's been beaueing you to the opera and all around. Oh, Cornelia, Cornelia, this is making acquaintances at Saratoga!"

The young lady went into hysterics on the sofa. The next time Mr. A. called she was "not at home."

## LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

NEVER look sad in the morning of youth,  
Though misfortune should stand at your door,  
But stick to your honor, and stick to the truth,  
And believe me you'll never grow poor.  
Ever look cheerily, all's for the best,  
And there's room in the world, for it's wide,  
Ever look happy then, never distressed,  
And think "There's a sunny side."

For though the clouds threaten, believe me the storm  
May but sprinkle your coat or your hat,  
And when it is over the sun will shine warm,  
And you'll feel all the better for that.  
Never look sad then while youth's sky is o'er you,  
But remember with gladness and pride  
That there's many a happy day lying before you,  
And look on the sunny side.

Never look sad though there's many around you,  
Who called you their friend in prosperity's hour,

In the days of adversity slighted and shunned you,  
And left you alone in your creditor's power.  
Hold up your head man, for all's for the best,  
And remember the Saviour hath died,  
That the poor will be rich in that bright land of rest,  
That smiles on the sunny side!

Never look sad, though thy locks are fast turning  
With the dark days of Autumn to cold Winter's snow;  
Though no more in thy bosom youth's ardor is burning,  
Oh, still in thy breast let a spark of hope glow,  
And like the bright sun when the storm king doth fly,  
In the evening burst forth in your pride  
You shall gladden with glory the bright Western sky  
As you set on the sunny side.

## LITTLE DUNCAN.

BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE.

I HAD a little nephew  
Whose years had scarce been told;  
When Death its victim made him.  
Oh! Death so dark and cold.

His eyes were of that azure  
Which poets oft have sung;  
Upon his cheek the dimples  
Nestled the smiles among.

He comes to me in visions,  
In the shadows of the night;  
His sweet face full of magic,  
As ever in my sight.

'Twas sad beside his bed-side  
To watch his fleeting breath;  
To see that pure young forehead  
Pressed by the hand of death.

For earth he was too lovely,  
Heaven claimed him for her own;  
Why should we weep? Our darling  
Up to his Father's gone.

Peace to thy dreams, sweet baby!  
Thou wentest to thy rest—  
Gently as pure Spring blossoms  
Sink to their lowly nest.

# THE BRIDE OF THE SENATOR.

BY M. F. ANDREWS.

## CHAPTER I.

"PLEASE, sister Victorine, now do tell me where Missolonghi is. I have looked and looked every map all over for it, and I can't find it. I was reading to-day in the book that Eva gave me, for getting my lessons well, about the sweet, beautiful flowers that grew there, and about the birds and everything. And I want to get my lesson before she comes back. Please, sister, dear sister, now do."

And the boy stood close beside her, with his map in his hand, and with his large, blue eyes fixed pleadingly on the cold face of the lady addressed. She did not lift her eyes from the page of her book, but answered, pettishly,

"Do not disturb me, Willie, I am reading. I know nothing about Missolonghi, and care less. Go to some one else."

The boy looked at his sister a moment, and the tears came into his eyes, and the grieved lip quivered that replied,

"I should not have come to you, but Eva is gone, as she would have told me. She always helps me find the places."

"Why, Willie, Willie," spoke the mother, reprovingly, while with complacent satisfaction she regarded her heartless daughter, "I am really astonished. Why *did* you go to her, she is so nervous, and interrupt her when she is reading too. Never, never do so again."

The child looked at his sister to see if his artless request, his simple words did seem to have any effect upon the delicate girl. But she was all absorbed in the exciting work she was reading. Then he looked at his mother to see if she really was in earnest, and then, with the bright tears still in his beautiful eyes, he bent them upon old uncle John, who sat gazing upon the listless lady, with the corners of his mouth drawn down with the most supreme contempt. But, as he caught the sad eye of Willie, this expression faded, and with a kind and gentle look for the disappointed boy, he said,

"Come here, Willie, I will find Missolonghi for you," and he laid down the newspaper he had been holding for the last half hour.

"Why, uncle John, you are reading," was hesitatingly answered. "You don't like to be

disturbed, do you, when you are reading?" And then he whispered, as the old man was looking closely upon the map, "Eva will always find my places for me, or help me with my sums, or do anything I ask her to, though she is studying, or reading, or drawing, or painting, or practising, or anything else."

The listener bent his face close to the map,

"There, Willie." And he pointed to the place.

"Why, uncle John, is it there? I thought I had looked everywhere for it." And his voice, now wild with joy, as he placed his finger upon the name. "Thank you, thank you, uncle John, oh, I am so glad."

"There, dear Willie, is the place where Lord Byron died."

The boy looked up inquiringly into his face, and then returned,

"Yes, sir, I know. Eva told me. I am so glad you have found it for me." And gathering up his map, with a light step he left the apartment.

Victorine Ashland closed her book and flung it impetuously upon the table, and languidly observed,

"How noisy Willie is. How very annoying it is. I have read the last half page over half a dozen times, and know no better what it contains than I did before I looked at it."

The mother looked anxiously upon her idol.

"I know he is noisy; but you are fatigued, my dear child. You have exerted yourself too much this morning. You had better go to your room until dinner is ready. You shall not be disturbed."

"She had better go into the kitchen, and get dinner," uncle John said, with some bitterness, as she left the room.

Mrs. Ashland looked at him in surprise.

"Uncle John, you are deranged. Do you in reality think that delicate being could endure the fatigue of cooking a dinner?"

"A far more healthy and salutary exercise than reading trashy books, that awakens, that calls forth all the sympathies and sensibilities of a wasted mind for the false and untrue, while the real and every day wants of life are selfishly set aside. Your daughter's answer to Willie was a sad specimen of this."

"But, she is so delicate and nervous, I do not

like to have her feelings disturbed; it almost always makes her ill. She cannot endure anything."

"And what, Mrs. Ashland, what makes her the nerveless and useless thing that she is?" And uncle John spoke with calm severity. "Yourself, madam. She has been a favorite child, and you have spoiled her; and never, never now will her weakened and imbecile mind attain that true formation and that innate strength, well regulated and rightly directed, that was originally its portion, its birth-right inheritance, unless some mighty change takes place, some deep affliction to wake, as from the dead, the native energies slumbering there, will she, like the prodigal son, return. Only in that is there any hope for her."

Mrs. Ashland's face was crimson. But she answered as calmly as her excited feelings would allow her. She did not care to offend uncle John. She knew that they were dependent upon him for many favors, and often even for pecuniary assistance.

"My daughter, I trust, sir, will not need your advice upon this subject. Her education, which is highly superior, has been finished in this home."

"Highly superficial, madam, would be more like the truth." And there was a lurking scorn in his words. And then he resumed, with the stern seriousness so characteristic of him. "She has been taught some few of the showy and flimsy accomplishments of the day, such as may be attracting in a ball-room assembly, such as win the admiration of the exquisite, such as might captivate the lover, such as might find favor with the fashionable. That is all."

"My daughter, sir," quickly answered Mrs. Ashland, "has had an education that but few can boast of. And yet not so thoroughly scientific, perhaps, as it would have been had her physical powers been stronger, had her constitution been less delicate. She cannot endure what Eva can."

"And what, may I ask," was continued, solemnly, "what has made her the weak and imbecile being that she is? She has been your idol. Her life has been one of self-indulgence. Your own blind partiality could not bear that she should ever be crossed or thwarted in one single thing, or feel one moment's uneasiness. She must have her own will and way. Her life has been all of romance and self-indulgence. And an undue self-indulgence, of whatever nature, when long continued in and yielded to, wholly unfits the mind for self-exertion, that self-exertion and self-reliance that will render it strong, hardy and vigorous, and not the weak, puny and

sickly thing that this insidious and excessive excitement renders it.

"Victorine has yielded herself to this excitement, this intoxication, and now she is languid, wretched and irritable unless surrounded by company, or has some witching work to call forth her sympathies and sensibilities on which to expend them; but not for objects of charity, for real suffering, for life as it is."

"Oh, no, sir," the lady answered, and still with an offended air, "Victorine is so very, very affectionate. She always kisses me when going away for any length of time, and when returning. Eva, your favorite, though learned in all the arts and sciences, never does this. She has not half as much depth of feeling and tenderness of heart, after all, as Victorine."

"Eva's feelings are better disciplined, better controlled. Her affections are awakened for reality, not romance. Her's is a self-nerving spirit. She has learned to discriminate between the false and the true. She is all artless, and innocent, and pure. She is not affectation, form and ceremony. Oh, how early can the mind be biased and bent, how early it can be made a wreck of, with its strength and vitality forever destroyed. The feelings of Eva are deep and hidden. Those of Victorine are wholly upon the surface. Her sensibilities and sympathies are called forth for the imaginary. I have seen her weep over the high-wrought ideas of the painter and the poet; but the suffering that is all around she heeds it not. I am speaking plainly, Mrs. Ashland, and would ask your pardon for thus doing, but it is all in kindness. A mother's blind partiality for her children renders her disregarding of very many defects that ought to be timely corrected. And you was speaking of Victorine's manifest affection for yourself; and yet, how much of it is mockery, is a romantic foible. Two years ago, Mrs. Ashland, you were ill for some weeks of a fever. And who cared for you, who ministered to you, who watched by your bed-side then? Which of your daughters exhibited the most true affection, manifested the most love for you then? Two years ago and Eva was but a child. And yet, and yet, hour after hour she watched by your bed-side. For long weeks she was there a ministering angel. She was there anticipating your every want and wish, and thus revealing to you her heart by a thousand little nameless attentions, and by the winning kindness, and gentle thoughtfulness and holy love which is wealth far more to be prized than the kiss of mockery. And where then, was Victorine? Still feeding her wayward and morbid mind on the most

exciting fictions of the day. Her treasure was there, and where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. And this is the test of the true character. And yet she meets you with a kiss. And the very next moment will speak unkindly to you, will be angry if you cross her in a single thing."

"And yet, uncle John," Mrs. Ashland replied, "you know that Victorine is so delicate. She could not have done as Eva did. It would have been impossible."

"And what has made her the helpless and useless thing that she is. An unhealthy stimulant for the young and unformed mind. Victorine does not exert herself enough. Her life has been all of light. She knows not of trial, even by name; knows not that without trial there will be no patience; without suffering and affliction no resignation. On the other hand, the mind of Eva has been trained by thought and action; by a discipline well calculated to unfold its perceptive and active powers. And now, she must, or does, voluntarily take the charge of the children's lessons while she is pursuing her own studies; all to save expense. Well she knew that her father's circumstances are limited; and well she knew that Victorine's expenses for ball outfits and party costumes have almost taken the bread from their mouths. And, in all this, the love of your children is shown. The one must be ministered unto, the other must sacrifice all. The one lives upon excitement, the other seeks enjoyment in doing her duty. The one seeks to relieve you of domestic care, and by a thousand little attentions and duties to lessen their burden; the other selfishly pursues her own desires and inclinations, is peevish, irritable and ill-natured if the least thing occurs to perplex, if the slightest obstacle to vex her."

"And what responsibility rests with the mother," continued uncle John, "training her child for a future, for an eternity. Yet how little, seemingly, does she think of this. It is but too often her highest ambition to see her loved one dazzle, and shine, and enchant, to be honored and envied, to form a lofty alliance, to gain a splendid establishment; oftener this than that holy and inward teaching that tells of goodness and usefulness, the still small voice that whispers the way to holiness and to heaven. And thus is the daughter formed and fashioned; and thus are her children disciplined and educated. Now I trace domestic infelicity to this. To this, its unhappiness and its darkness. The lady marries for a brilliant establishment, and is wedded alone to that and its useless and frivolous accomplishments. And this the husband

learns too late for his peace. His angel wife is but a worshipper at the shrine of vanity, selfishness, fashion and ambition. He had looked on a future all fair with felicity. He had reared there a holy home altar, on the one pure shrine where all that was beautiful and immortal was to be offered. With a pang at his heart, he beholds that sacred and cherished spot desecrated by the breathings of coldness and unkindness. And no marvel that he turns away, sick at heart and discouraged. No marvel that the darkness of desolation is in that heart, is there within that home. And what are the offerings that the woman of fashion and the idle dreamer brings to the domestic altar shrine? Are they the truthful tokens of kindness, tenderness and holiness of heart and life? Nay, nay, but vanity, selfishness and helplessness. And the husband turns away, disappointed and disheartened, from a future of darkness, where life's light has forever set. But, well I know that this is not always the cause of domestic infelicity. Man, too, is many times to blame. And often the tender and shrinking flower he takes to his home but feels the breath of coldness and neglect, and soon, too delicate and fragile for this, it fades and droops and dies. And the world gazes upon the dead blossom and sees only the hand of some insidious disease there. The canker of the heart, its slow bleeding and wasting, is hidden forever from view."

And slowly the old man lifted his cane from the carpet and left the house.

Anger was the predominant feeling in the soul of the fond and mistaken mother. She was a vain, ambitious and selfish woman, and the position in which her marriage with Mr. Ashland placed her, served to strengthen instead of diminishing these characteristic qualities of the mind. They moved in the first circles, and the income of Mr. Ashland, though considerable, could scarcely suffice to keep them there, was scarcely enough for the wife's extravagancies.

And Eva, in her leisure moments, she often assisted her father with his accounts, and in many other ways. She knew much of his circumstances, and she, therefore, insisted upon taking charge of Willie's and Harry's lessons. And, as time passed on, her task seemed less arduous, her burden less heavy, as she had gained more strength to meet them. And the kind and encouraging words of her old uncle were ever her's. He had pointed out her path. He had told her there would be shadows by the wayside, that there would be darkness before her, but she must look to heaven for strength to meet it all.



Uncle John had sought his lodgings. There was a heaviness on his heart. He could not bear that Victorine Ashland should be the being of impassioned romance, of dreamy excitement, should love herself alone, without one thought of her duties, her responsibilities.

And alone, amid the solitude and silence of his own apartment, uncle John was living over again the life of his youth. And there was darkness there. He could see it all now. The midnight hour had come and gone, and still he sat there. And still he gazed upon a miniature that lay there before him upon the table that supported his arm. Low his head was bent, till his white locks touched the hallowed picture. It was of a young and beautiful girl, and so like life the likeness looked. The soft, blue eyes, the parted lips, through which you could almost feel the breathings of the heart tremble; the white, transparent brow, where every pale vein was plainly perceptible. Oh, it was a living likeness to him. But why gazes he upon that young girl, that man of three score years. Is it a daughter, an idol one, given back to God? No, not that. He was never married. He had passed on through life alone, alone. And yet how many prayers from the widow's heart, and the orphan's had gone up to heaven for him. And ever to the poor, lone and forsaken, was he a friend and father. He was known to be very wealthy, yet at times strange and eccentric, yet never, never did the destitute, and desolate, and lowly find that he had forgotten them. And why, with all his generous sympathies alive and active, with all his noble and god-like feelings, with his kind and loving nature, did he ever remain single? His wounded heart could tell the answer. Away down in its deep depths the low, unforgotten voice of a past was present, whose hidden breathings was the sanctuary of all that was sacred and holy. Yes, and the voice of the early dead and the early lost, whose sweet, low strains, so sad, so mournful, would ever be calling through the desolate depths of his heart. And memory, oh, memory would echo o'er each one, till the wild, deep murmur, so sweet, so sacred and eternal, seemed like the bright spirit of the hours that had gone by forever.

And still the old man gazes upon that one cherished picture, and still he listens to the low whisperings of the past, whose numbers still steal on as if they awakened no wild echo in the soul, as if they brought no woe to the heart.

The past. He has wandered back over years, years, and he is there. Childhood and youth are lived over again. Childhood—what was it but all of self-indulgence? Youth—it was little else

than waywardness and selfishness. He was never taught his duty to earth, his responsibility to God. He was brought up to no profession. He was never taught self-dependance and self-exertion. He was instructed to respect the rich and despise the poor. And what knew he, or what cared he for the suffering and the sorrowing, for the woe that was all around him? He was the fragile son. His father's vast wealth supplied all his wants, and in that he would find his future happiness, not usefulness. He never thought of that. He had never been taught how much he owed to God—that all was His.

But the hour of an awakening was to be. A being of celestial loveliness, of rare and angel-like beauty crossed his path. His imagination thrilled wildly beneath the power of her charms. His dreamy fancy had found its idol, ideal. His soul was lured to worship, and his heart offered all its homage to her. He sought to win her for his own. He did. He had never looked for a refusal. He had not thought that possible. Handsome, gifted, accomplished, wealthy, an alliance with him would be an honor. His own happiness was ever his first and only thought. Was it not now secured forever? What more could he wish on earth?

The day for the marriage was named. The day, the hour. But, ere they arrived, the beautiful betrothed was sleeping beneath the dark church-yard sod. And what a blow had struck to that thoughtless heart, which beat so high with hope and happiness. It felled him to the earth. And he arose from thence a changed being. And though the heart was still bleeding there was ever a holy purpose there. The soul was smitten but to be sanctified. And the holy spirit of God had written there its words that no other shadow could ever wholly obliterate.

And with what a vast reproach came up his past life to him—so useless and valueless. He knew that his Father had taken away his idol, had taken it home that his heart too might follow. And lowly and humbly he bent him to the all-wise mandate of Omnipotence. And now his life was spent in doing good, and in the study of human nature. Oh, how soon could his deep glance read the heart of each with almost omniscient correctness. It was to him a destiny.

He had ever shunned a public life. Honors had been offered him, but to be rejected. What cared he, so noble in nature, so lofty in soul, so holy in heart, what cared he for the hollow sound of fame, the praise, the plaudits of the many, the mocking admiration of the multitude?

He was often a visitor at Mrs. Ashland's; and his plain, just, sensible and unpolished remarks

but too often annoyed the proud mother and the delicate Victorine. And, though there was some policy in treating uncle John with a show of kindness, yet they were ashamed of him when their fashionable and particular friends were present. And his calm contempt of the false and unmeaning manner they assumed, told but too plainly that the *heart* of each was bared to his view.

## CHAPTER II.

AND where was Eva? It was a festal night. A party of the *élite* of the city had been given in honor of the Honorable Henry Sherwood, who, with his private secretary, was to pass a few days in town.

And Eva enters her father's library.

"Mother and Victorine are all ready, you will be late," was the sweet, anxious tone, as she stood by her father's side.

"I cannot help it, my child. It will be some two hours yet before I can go. I have several papers to copy that must be done to-night." And he again bent his eye on the page before him.

"Oh, I can do them, father. I can copy them all, and so well, too, if you are not here to tell me," was said, pleadingly.

Mr. Ashland looked up into the sweet girl's face.

"Are you not going too, Eva?"

"No, no. I do not wish to. But, dear father, it will be late. And they will be so impatient; and, and—do you not wish very much to see the celebrated member of Congress that there is so much said about?"

"And have *you* no curiosity to behold the renowned Mr. Sherwood, Eva?" And Mr. Ashland smiled as he awaited a reply.

"No, no. I do not know. I will most likely have an opportunity before he leaves the place." And then was added, thoughtfully, "But I know he is all that is great and good and noble. His mind is majestic, and his intellect is lofty and proud. His eloquence, it is said, is irresistible, unapproachable. His words I have read with awe and admiration. They are on every living lip. They are sweetly stealing over the hearthstones of our own free homes, and are thrilling back, in wild, deep echoes, through the land. The voice of genius speaks, and the world bends low to listen, to listen to the holy whisperings that are not of earth."

Mr. Ashland smiled at his daughter's unconscious enthusiasm, and resigned to her his seat at the table. Her pleadings had prevailed. And for long hours she pursued her lone, unwearying

task. It was long past the midnight hour ere it was finished. She laid the papers carefully away and left the room.

On her way to her own chamber, she entered the apartment of Willie and Harry. She bent down and kissed each slumbering one, and then stood gazing upon them. She knew not why, but tears came into her eyes, and a cold shudder over her heart. She turned away, and sought her own room. Late as it was, her prayer to heaven that night was longer than was its wont. For a weary weight lay heavily upon her feelings, and she looked up in hope to the Infinite One. She knew He would hear her cry, the one low prayer of the trusting heart. And as her aching head pressed the pillows, then there was the sweet and holy consciousness of divine protection.

It was late before the Ashlands made their appearance in those crowded saloons that night. The guests had all assembled. The wealth, the fashion, the aristocracy of the city were there to offer their homage to the distinguished Southern Senator, the Honorable Henry Sherwood.

Beautiful and queenly, indeed, looked Victorine Ashland as she entered the proud and brilliantly lighted apartments of one of the most imposing mansions of the city. A thrill of admiration passed through the crowd, and many a smile of welcome was called forth for her, for one so surpassingly lovely. Victorine gazed around. Where was him she most wished to see, the one bright star of the evening?

Soon her eye rested on the form of the noble stranger, in animated conversation with a party of ladies and gentlemen at some distance. Slowly he paced up the apartment, escorted by a town exquisite. And she was then duly introduced.

He was not the lofty-looking and elegant being she had expected to behold. But yet he was handsome and pleasing, and witty, and winning; and the charms and attractions of the fair Victorine seemed to win his attention and admiration more than any other one present. And another too—the secretary. Henry Sherwood was standing by the door as she came in, conversing with uncle John. Like a flash of light she had passed by him. He paused in his earnest discourse, and gazed involuntarily upon the exquisite loveliness of the brilliant belle. It was long. He knew not what his companion was saying, so bewildering seemed the vision that passed on by him. It was long. Uncle John's voice roused him from his dreamy reverie. He looked up into the old man's face, as if it were one he had often gazed upon, and loved, and revered.

And now, as he stands there looking up inquiringly into that aged face, while a faint flush passes over the white brow, and the dark eye is beautiful and mournful, and the pale lips slightly move, you can trace a true resemblance to the picture that uncle John wears so near his heart, that is so holy and so dear to him.

The secretary, it is said, is a distant relative of the member of Congress. The mother of the latter was the sister of the one that uncle John had laid, with all the hopes of a life, in yonder cold, dark grave-yard.

Yet all unlike in look and appearance was Henry Sherwood and his distinguished relative. He was tall and slight, with a graceful symmetry and winning majesty in every movement. His face was pale and sad, his eyes were of the midnight darkness, yet beautiful and mournful. And his soft, shadowy hair was pushed carelessly back from a brow of feminine whiteness. His voice was low, bewildering and thrilling. Yet he conversed but little; he was reserved, almost silent. Probably because he was scarcely noticed. The adulation of the multitude was all for the renowned member of Congress.

With unaffected ease, and graceful politeness, the latter received the courteous advances of the admiring crowd, as if the heart is homage he had a right to win.

But how came uncle John in that fashionable assembly? He seldom attended a gathering like that, which odd, and quaint, and old-fashioned as he was, his position in society always gave him access to. And now, to-night, had he before met the secretary of the honorable gentleman. But of this none knew. Yet they conversed long together; and he, indeed, was almost the only one that in the least noticed the poor secretary.

And he, too, turned from uncle John that night to be nearer Victorine Ashland, who stood long by the side of the gifted stranger, who passed with him through the door, whose hand rested on his arm as they paced the apartment, who gave back in answer to his wish, the soft melodies of the harp, the sweet voices of the enchanted lyre.

Oh, who would have thought, as they gazed upon that brilliant and entrancing one that night, with her smile of light and look of sunshine, and listened to her tones of syren sweetness, that she could be the languid, listless, helpless, selfish, indolent and irritable being she was at home.

"And if the Honorable Mr. Sherwood should call," was said by Victorine, the morning after the party, "uncle John would be sure to be here. He always is when we have company. He is such an annoyance. He is so old-fashioned,

and always will say everything so, just to vex me."

"Uncle John," and Willie looked up earnestly into his sister's face. "Oh, I love uncle John, and so does Eva, and so does Harry, and so does everybody. Oh, I love uncle John. He is always so kind to me, and he found Missolonghi for me on the map, when I had looked ever so long for it."

"Willie," and Mrs. Ashland spoke reprovingly, "you should not interrupt your sister when she is talking." And turning to her daughter, added, "uncle John is a privileged person everywhere, and always says and does just what he pleases. Yet I do wish that when we have distinguished company that he would leave us alone. But he is very wealthy, you know, and it will not do to offend him."

"And if he is, it will never do us much good, I am thinking. And what is the use of bearing everything from him, and some besides, just for the sake of a little wealth, which, after all, we may never get. I am so ashamed of him when we have fashionable friends here, it half distracts me."

"But you know, dear, that he is always invited among the first, and it would lessen our chance of success there did we not tolerate him," was the half persuasive, half contemptuous reply of the mother.

And the Honorable Henry Sherwood *did* call, and uncle John *was* there, and the humble secretary came too.

And now, by the soft morning light you can gaze upon that face, and you can see plainly that it is like that likeness of uncle John's, and yet, perhaps, more pale and intellectual.

Uncle John was never tired of watching it, and he was almost the only one that noticed it at all. But the witty, pleasing and brilliant senator, thousands were bowing down to him.

The gaze of the great man is often fixed upon the lovely face of Victorine, yet he shares his conversation alike with all present, even uncle John, even his poor relative.

An agent for some benevolent society has come in with a subscription paper, which he invited them to look at and sign. Each are contributing what they please, all but uncle John. Whatever he gave was not thus to be made public. And Victorine traced her fair name there, and the sum of twenty-five dollars. Mrs. Ashland looked at it, and smiled blandly, and said,

"And you will be willing to do with one less new bonnet, or some other article of dress, this season, for the sake of giving this sum."

"Certainly, mother. It will give me more

pleasure to thus contribute my mite in a good cause, than to wear all the fashionable finery that our city can boast of."

"Victorine never thinks of herself." And Mrs. Ashland smiled graciously upon her guests. "She is ever so impulsive and generous."

"Fudge!"

Uncle John didn't utter this because Mr. Burdell had before him, but to show his honest contempt of the utter untruthfulness of the bold assertion he had just listened to.

Almost every night Victorine Ashland met Mr. Sherwood at some grand entertainment given in honor of him.

And now, to the many beautiful and accomplished ladies present, were his polite and courteous attentions dispensed. He seemed to prefer the presence of no particular one, but to enjoy and prize the society of each, alike.

All the art that Victorine possessed, all the skilful manœuvring of Mrs. Ashland were called forth to win and enslave the great man. But, as yet, to no purpose. And yet there were times when he sought her in preference to others. But she knew her charms had failed wholly to captivate him.

And where was Eva? As each festal night went by, copying for her father, or assisting the children in their lessons, or reading to them, or playing uncle John some of his favorite songs.

### CHAPTER III.

"HEAVENS, Eva, what are you doing? You are not going to bring that dirty, ragged child in here, in the parlor. Mother, mother, just see; how can she? I shall faint." And the benevolent Victorine Ashland sank back upon the rich cushions of a sofa.

"Eva, Eva," Mrs. Ashland spoke reproachfully, bitterly, "take him away, now, this instant. I will not have that ugly object brought in here. It will kill your sister."

Eva paused with her burthen in the centre of the apartment, and looked up wistfully into that sister's face, and then in a low, pleading tone said, as her sweet glance was lifted to her mother's,

"Oh, mother, only just look. His arm is powerless; and it is bleeding so, too. And see how pale he is. He has fainted—he is dying. And what if it had been brother Willie; only think. You would not have him die in the street, mother?"

"Yes, rather than have him brought in here to kill your sister. You are ever so thoughtless. You never consider how delicate she is. But no

danger of his dying. Poor people's children never die."

The Honorable Henry Sherwood, and the secretary, entered the apartment. They had heard all. Mrs. Ashland looked confounded. The member of Congress politely apologized for the sudden intrusion. Eva had retreated from their gaze, and sank upon a seat.

"This child I saw playing, madam, in front of your house. A horse that became frightened and broke loose from the carriage, was passing rapidly down the street. The child saw him, and attempted to run; but too late. The horse knocked it down. In a moment I thought to reach the spot. But sooner than that, this young lady," and he bowed low to Eva, "was there, was kneeling there beside the wounded boy, and lifting him in her arms, entered your house. And can we render any assistance?"

Mortified, ashamed and embarrassed as Mrs. Ashland was, she blandly answered,

"Thank you, sir, you are very kind. But it was so very sudden and unexpected. I knew not what I said; and Victorine's health is so delicate, I feared for her. She can't endure anything. But Eva is so different; she never considers her sister's feelings."

Victorine half-reclined upon the sofa, languidly fanning herself. The consciousness of what she had said sent the burning crimson to her brow, for what would the great man think of her. Eva, pale as marble, still held the wounded child in her arms. The member of Congress stood gazing upon the group. The secretary had approached the seat of Eva, and kneeling beside her, took the boy's motionless hand within his own, and put back the matted hair from his forehead, and passed his hand over the colorless face. The child moved. A low moan trembled upon the silence there.

"Ally," Eva faintly articulated.

The child was the only son of a very poor, but respectable woman, and he had often been there. He had come when Willie and Harry were repeating their lessons, and Eva had learned him to read. There was no one on earth so dear to him as she was, except his mother.

"Ally, Ally," was again repeated.

The child looked up into her face, and clung closely to her.

The low, rich voice of the secretary, was heard, "His arm is not broken, I think. Only the elbow joint is dislocated, and yet the flesh and chords seem very much bruised and crushed."

"Cannot a surgeon be immediately sent for?" said Eva, and, as she spoke, she met the gaze of the secretary, and turned her face away.

"The child had better be conveyed home first," quickly interrupted the mother.

"No, no, no," stole from the quivering lips of Eva. "His mother, you know, has been ill, and is only just able to work a little, and this will be too much for her. If his wounds could only be attended to before she knows it, it would less shock her."

Without waiting the mother's reply, the member of Congress despatched a servant for a surgeon. In a few moments he was there.

As he entered, Mrs. Ashland turned to Victorine, who, despite her nervous temperament, still continued to remain, and said, anxiously,

"Victorine, this is no place for you; you must retire. Your health will already suffer from the excitement of the scene. Go to your chamber for the present, as I shall to mine. I cannot bear the sight of suffering."

Victorine rose to obey. The honorable gentleman offered his arm to lead her from the apartment. She accepted it, with one of her sweetest, most bewitching smiles. The mother, too, bowed and smiled, and retired. She probably did not wish to listen to one moan of the unfortunate child. And Eva was alone with the gentlemen present.

"Lady, I will relieve you; I will hold the boy while his arm is examined," said the secretary, and his dark, yet softened, eyes were upon the face of the gentle girl.

The child looked up. He understood the words; and while he shrank yet closer to Eva, said, pleadingly, and his voice sounded like a low heart moan,

"No, no, Eva; do not leave me. Hold me in your arms, and let me lean my head here; it will not hurt me half so much. Say, Eva, that you will. I will be so still; I will not move, or moan, or cry, or make the least noise." And the lip of the boy quivered, and tears were on that pale face.

"But, dear child, the lady will be so tired. I will hold you in the same position, as carefully as she does." And the secretary bent down to take him from her.

The boy lifted his faint head from her arm.

"Will you be tired of holding me, Eva?" was the broken whisper that stole upon the stillness, as the grieved lip was pressed to silence.

The form of Eva was tremulous with emotion.

"No, no, Ally, I will not leave you," was scarcely heard, though all was still as death there.

Her father and uncle John had entered the room. The former stood by her.

"Eva, Eva, you cannot bear this," and he spoke with deep tenderness.

Eva's saddened eyes were lifted to him.

"Yes, yes, dear father, if it will save him one pang." And yet the lip that uttered this was white as chiseled marble.

Henry Sherwood handed her a glass of water. A faint flush, for a moment, passed over her brow as she took it from him, and then it fled leaving it even whiter than before.

The face of the child was hidden upon the arm of Eva. Not once did he cry or groan; only a slight shuddering of the frame told that he still lived, while his arm was examined, replaced and dressed.

Not once had the secretary taken his eyes from Eva. That one dark, mournful gaze seemed fastened there forever. The member of Congress stood apart, with folded arms, gazing upon all. Mr. Ashland sat down by Eva, half supporting her in his arms.

And all was over. A composing draught was administered to the sufferer. It was laid gently upon the sofa; it slept.

And Eva—no cause now existed for exertion. The hour was past—the trial was over—the child slept. She had saved its innocent heart a pang, and yet, for a moment, she looked up pleadingly into her father's face.

Perhaps the secretary understood that look. A glance of significance passed between him and the member of Congress. The latter handed his purse to the surgeon to remunerate him for his services.

What a wild and grateful look Eva bent for a moment on his face. And yet, yet even then, her own paled to the hue of death. Her nerves were ill-fitted for the weight that had been pressed upon them. Her father supported her from the apartment to her chamber; and ere he went back to the parlor, Mrs. Ashland, with a mock mournful countenance, yet with her softest and blandest smile, as if to do away any undue impression that might be made upon the mind of their distinguished visitor, had returned to it.

Victorine, of course, after the very severe shock her nerves had received, was not expected to make her appearance.

The surgeon had gone; the mother of the wounded boy had been sent for, had come. She had been ill. Pale was the gentle face over which time had left no shadowy tracery.

Only by a slight bow did she acknowledge herself in the presence of others; but passed on to where her child still slept. She sank down on her knees by the sofa; she kissed the pale, cold brow of her only one, and tears fell fast upon that young face. Her emotion she was unable to control, and, rising, turned to Mrs. Ashland

and said, with deep earnestness, that told the heart's gratitude,

"I know all—God bless you, madam, for this your kindness to my poor child, in suffering it to remain here. And yet had it not been for her, he might have been killed. Eva is an angel. Oh, how much do I not owe her? She has been so kind to me—she came to me in the hour of sickness and distress and desolation, when no one else did. And then, when I was better, she would have Ally come to her each day to learn to read; and he loves her so. And most proud and happy must you be, dear madam, to possess such an excellent child. Eva is an angel, God bless her—God bless you all."

Mr. Ashland replied, and thus saved his wife the trouble of trying to study an answer.

And the great man had heard all this. That was the only time she ever wished him away from her house; but, all should yet come right. And dark and bitter thoughts sprung up in that mother's untruthful soul.

That night found the Ashlands at a brilliant party in honor of the distinguished Southern Senator. Victorine, as usual, was elegantly, magnificently attired. Mr. Sherwood met them on their entrance, and politely inquired after the health of the fair Victorine. He feared she might suffer from the exciting occurrences of the day.

"And she has, severely," answered the mother. "She ought not to have been here to-night," and she gazed fondly on the languid beauty by her side, and added, with winning interest, "Victorine is so very sensitive—she always has so much sympathy for the suffering."

One significant look passed between the senator and the secretary.

"And how is Miss Eva? Was not her self-imposed task all too trying for her strength?" was the low inquiry of the latter.

Mrs. Ashland answered, in her soft, pensive voice,

"Oh, Eva is so different from Victorine. She is a good girl; but yet, she has so little feeling."

The member of Congress offered his arm to Victorine, for a promenade, which, with a bewitching smile, was accepted.

And the poor secretary turned away. He looked paler than usual, and more dispirited; and the dark eyes were still more sad and beautiful. He turned away—none noticed him. Like a wandering spirit he lingered a few moments in the room and disappeared. None missed him, no one cared for him—he knew it. Was it that which thus saddened his heart? Slowly he passed along the street, and involuntarily he sought the mansion of Mr. Ashland. A servant opened for

him the street door, and then, dispensing with his services, he passed alone into the parlor. The sweet, thrilling sounds of music attracted him there, and prevented the slight noise he made on entering from being heard.

Eva stood by the piano, and, with a wild, sweet and native grace, with unaffected ease, with a perfect naturalness and unembarrassed earnestness, she was singing and playing some simple songs for uncle John, who, half reclining on a sofa, held a newspaper in his hand, yet his thoughts and gaze were elsewhere.

He saw the shadow that fell upon the carpet, and, noiselessly, half rose from his position. The finger of the intruder was lifted to his lip, as he sought a seat among the gathering shadows there, charmed and enchanted by the low, yet beautiful minstrelsy, that stole so sweetly, so thrillingly, so like the breathings of an angel one, through that proud apartment.

"Eva," uncle John spoke, as the young girl turned from the instrument, "Eva, I know you are very tired, but will you play me one piece more?" and taking up a music sheet he placed it before her.

It was a difficult Italian composition, brilliant and elaborate.

"Certainly," was the half surprised reply, "if you wish me to. But no, you are only jesting; you do not like those stately yet complicated compositions."

"No, Eva, I do not dislike them when sung and played by yourself; then all seems so sacred and holy."

The commencement of the air was the answer. How grand, sublime and beautiful. How thrilled the charm-like, changeful strains through the listening soul, till they awoke a wild and startling echo there, as if called forth by angel voices, as if those beautiful breathings were not of earth.

Henry Sherwood moved not. But, mingled with every pulse beat of that proud heart, was that strange, sweet, subduing minstrelsy. Scarcely had the low, spirit cadence died away ere she commenced and played it again, and with an impassioned power and pathos that seemed the very breathings of beauty and grandeur.

She turned from the instrument, and stood by the side of uncle John; and with a slight smile on her pale lips said, as she half unconsciously pushed back the white locks from his brow,

"Now, uncle, don't ask me to play that again for a fortnight."

"No, Eva, I will never ask you to play it again; and I thank you for complying with my request now—a request that must seem to you so

new and strange, and exacting; but it was for another the favor was now solicited, who I hope will be grateful for the sweet and ready compliance."

Eva looked inquiringly into the old man's face. A proud, majestic form rose up from among the evening shadows.

Eva started—white as death was lip and brow, and yet she knew who stood there before her, gazing admiringly upon her.

With a gentle reproach she looked into the face of uncle John, and then her glance for a moment rested on the secretary. A slight flush flitted over the pale forehead; and the tears she could not stay darkened the sad eyes.

"Miss Ashland"—Mr. Sherwood spoke and advanced.

But Eva had fled—she who shrank not from sorrow and suffering could not bear that one gentle and truthful look of tenderness.

The next morning found the senator and the secretary at the Ashland's. The former had called to inquire after the health of Victorine.

And where was Eva? The secretary had inquired for her.

"It is her hour for learning the children's lessons, I believe," was uncle John's dry reply, ere the mother had time to speak.

It was provoking; yet uncle John always would be there when they had company, and always would say just what he pleased. Mrs. Ashland, and daughter, wished him where he would never return. But to no purpose. He was ever omnipresent.

The time had nearly arrived for Mr. Sherwood's departure; and the false Victorine Ashland redoubled her arts to yet win, if possible, that distinguished gentleman's heart. Sometimes she thought her task already accomplished when he would seek her society in preference to all others. And then, when he seemed wholly neglectful of her, forgetting that such a being was in existence, she doubted then her power over him. She knew her charms had failed of their effect. And yet one more effort must be tried. And mother and daughter planned it. They would give a splendid party, cost what it would; and all of the *élite* should be invited. Every possible pains was taken to keep the knowledge of it from uncle John. They feared his just reproofs. Mr. Ashland was from home, or it might not have taken place.

Victorine's outfit for the occasion was beautiful and costly. Her own peculiar charms would be enhanced by it. She certainly could not fail now of making a decided impression.

And where was Eva? The night had arrived.

"Eva, you must assist at your sister's toilet, and then array yourself to be present too this evening." And Mrs. Ashland spoke like one who felt confident of some coveted triumph.

Eva looked up into her face half wildly.

"Why, mother, Willie is so sick; you—they will not think of coming here to-night."

"Nonsense, child; none knows of his illness; and he is better now—almost well. I was in the nursery this morning, and he was much better; there was some color in his face, and his eyes, that have looked so dull and expressionless, are bright with the light of returning health."

After a moment's thought, Eva answered,

"And will not the noise and confusion disturb him, mother?"

"No, Eva," and Mrs. Ashland spoke half impatiently, "his room is so far distant, he will not mind it in the least. He will sleep, I presume, the whole night. But go now to your sister's chamber; she will be expecting, be waiting for you."

With a heavy heart the young girl obeyed. What meant that one dark shadow there, that lay so heavy on her life, that seemed so cold, so fearful?

"Eva, Eva, I thought you would never come," were the words of welcome that met her as she entered. "I have been waiting for you a whole hour."

Crushed tear-drops stood in the sweet eyes of Eva.

"I had been with Willie, and had not thought it was so late till mother called me, just now."

"I wish that Willie was somewhere else—you always have something to do with Willie when I want you." The words were coldly, bitterly, impatiently spoken.

"Oh, Victorine."

Eva could say no more. Her voice was stilled by her feelings. A whole hour she spent in her sister's chamber, and scarcely spoke in answer to the wilful and selfish girl's ill-natured remarks and thoughtless exactions, that seemed so heartless. She fastened the satin robe around her—she placed the flowers in her hair—she wound the golden chain about her neck—she clasped the dazzling diamonds upon her arms. And beautiful, bewildering looked the being upon which Eva now gazed, not with envy, not in awe, but in pity.

Her task was accomplished; and Eva sought her own chamber. She did not ask herself what she should wear, but sank down upon the floor and prayed to God. And yet that one dead, cold, weight left not her heart. In a few moments more she had arrayed herself in a simple dress



of white muslin, with no ornaments save the long tresses that half concealed the beautiful symmetry of her slight form.

She knew the guests had arrived. Could she go down? Could she meet them? The thought of the secretary flashed along her mind. The hue of life trembled on her cold cheek, and its wild light thrilled through her heart.

A low sigh startled her; and yet she knew from whence it came. She pushed back the curtains of her bed. Harry had slept in her apartment since the illness of little Willie. The child was asleep—she bent down and kissed the innocent brow; it did not disturb him, but he moved and moaned and murmured the name of "Willie."

Eva's heart felt the words heavily upon it. With a trembling hand she drew the curtains around the bed, and went, not below, to join in the joyous revelry, but to the apartment of that smitten one.

"Mother," a faint voice said, as she entered. The nurse was gone, Willie was alone; she had left her charge to assist the servants below.

"Willie," and Eva stood close by the bed and bent over him.

"Oh, Eva, I am so glad you have come—I thought it was mother—it is so dark I can hardly see."

"Dark!" and a cold shudder crept through the veins of Eva. A large lamp stood upon the table; the room was very light.

"Yes, so dark and cold, and I have been alone so long."

And yet to Eva the room seemed very warm. She put back the damp hair from his brow—it was white and cold. Slowly he lifted up his pale hand and passed it over her face.

"Can you not see me now, Willie?" and she held the cold hand within her own, and counted the low, slow pulses of the faded wrist.

"Yes, now; I can see you now, Eva. But it has been so dark and cold." And with a wild, imploring earnestness he watched her looks. What a strange beauty was in those sweet, uplifted eyes. Eva almost shrank back from the unworldly gaze.

"And you will not leave me, Eva?" And the voice was very low and faltering. "I am so tired and sick."

"No, Willie, I will not leave you." And she bent her face close to his that he might hear the words she could scarcely speak. With an effort he wound his arms around her neck.

"Take me up Eva, it is so cold here."

The sister lifted him in her arms. And he bent his face to her till it was half concealed by

the folds of fine white muslin that shrouded the trembling form. And Eva felt that the heart that lay so close to her was beating slower and slower. She folded him still more closely to her.

"Mother," the child looked up, and then his head lay still more heavy on her arm.

"Do you wish to see her, Willie? Shall I call mother here?" was the low whisper.

"No, no, not now." And then he lay long as if asleep.

"Mother, mother," he started from a restless dream.

And where was the mother? And where was Eva?

There, the angel of the midnight hour, holding in her arms the helpless form of a dying brother.

"Mother, mother." Again the mournful words trembled over the cold lips of the boy.

"Shall I not call mother, dear Willie?" And with a fearful pang at her heart, Eva gazed down into those dying yet wildly beautiful eyes.

"No, no, Eva; do not leave me. Is it midnight, Eva?" The words were broken, but the glance was one of pleading earnestness.

"No, not quite yet."

"Then it is not to-morrow, is it Eva? Father was coming home to-morrow. I shall never see him again." And the sad eyes for a moment closed, and the faint head moved upon her arm.

"Oh, yes, Willie, I hope you will many times yet; you will be better when you have slept."

The boy did not reply, but the cold lip quivered, and there was an inward struggling, a suffering that was the bitterness of death. But that passed away, and his breathings came low and more regular. But it was only for a few moments.

"Mother," and again that one moan stole strangely upon the solemn stillness there; and again he seemed to sleep.

"Is it midnight now, Eva?" and the sunken eyes were half unclosed, and the words were scarcely whispered.

"Not yet, Willie. But go to sleep, it will soon be to-morrow now."

"Sing to me, Eva, as you used to. I will soon be asleep."

Eva's whole soul trembled with suffering; and yet with a mighty effort she conquered her emotions, and with touching sweetness, breathed over the loved boy of other days.

Willie lay still and motionless in her arms, and lower still the dying heart throbbed against her own.

"Mother, mother," and all was still. The child slept—but only for a moment.

"Is it to-morrow now, Eva?" and ere she answered, he faintly whispered, "kiss me, Eva."

With a half impassioned movement she bent her lips to his. Oh, how cold and still they were. One weak hand was lifted to her face, and then it fell back again upon the stilled bosom.

"To-morrow will never come." The broken words were only breathed. "Oh, is this death, Eva? I am so cold and tired, and—and when to-morrow comes I will be in heaven. You will come—shall I tell God you will come soon, Eva? Do come soon, Eva. Mother—father"—and the white lips were stilled forever. The child slept; yes, slept, for he still breathed. Oh, the agony of Eva? She counted every respiration with fearful anguish—she had counted the last. The child slept forever.

The midnight hour struck—the to-morrow had come. Yet still Eva held the dead child in her arms, so closely that he was half concealed by the folds of white muslin that seemed the holy shroud of the dead. The hours that went on seemed an age to the suffering heart of Eva. The door of the apartment was opened, and a servant spoke her name. Eva did not answer, but held the dead child still closer to her.

"Your mother has sent for you, Miss Eva." And the girl's cold tones seemed like the breathings of blight in some sacred sanctuary. "And you must go down now; she wants you to accompany Miss Victorine in that song she sings so much." A shudder shook the smitten soul of the listener; and more than agony were in the wild words.

"No, no, Lucy; I—I cannot go."

"But you must; your mother says you must. They are waiting for you, and they have looked everywhere for you."

There was one piece of music in which Victorine excelled. For the whole evening she had failed to detain the senator by her side for more than a few minutes at a time. Her charms, she feared, had failed of their effect, and this one last effort must be tried. The voice that sang must steal to his soul with a subduing power.

Eva looked up bewilderingly, and involuntarily she lifted her hands to her aching brow. A sudden, painful darkness struck upon her brain, and stilled to silence the wild throbbings of the tried heart.

"Leave me, Lucy; I will go." The words sounded strange and hollow; the girl withdrew.

Eva laid the dead boy upon the couch, and with her hands closely clasped together, and with a faltering step, descended to the parlor. What a blaze of light and beauty struck her sight! What an enchanting being met the gaze of the

beholders! Her dress of simple white, not a fold was displaced, and the long tresses, so damp and dark, swept down over the white shoulders, half concealing their faultless symmetry, half shading the marble paleness of that sweet face—yes, lip and brow were even whiter, if possible, than the transparent garb of light she wore. For a moment the large, wild eyes were lifted; what a world of dreamy loveliness, of mournful beauty, of wild sadness was there.

The rooms were stilled as if by some magic hand—the voices of the guests were hushed; they were gazing wonderingly on that ethereal, angel-like being that glided on past them.

She stood by the piano. For one moment the white hand was pressed upon the brow, as if to still some deep pain there, and then it lay upon the keys, listlessly, as if no strength were there. There was a wild start—Victorine's rich voice broke upon the deepening silence. Tremblingly the wearied fingers passed over the keys, and the sounds they gave forth were low and sweet and mournful. Closer drew the crowd around her; the melancholy measure had stolen with a bewildering power over the listening heart. Lower and lower grew the wild, spirit tones, and were stilled. The strain had changed. A low dirge for the dead was played instead. And the beautiful numbers tumbled in all their mournful wildness, in all their sweet sublimity throughout the stately saloons, and thrilled back with a strange and hallowed power to each awakened heart, like some immortal minstrelsy, like the low cry, like the wild moan of an angel, a lone wanderer here on earth.

A shadow fell upon the keys. Eva looked up. The secretary stood there beside her; and what a look was that that met his troubled gaze. The startling eye of the young girl fell; a faint hue rose to the pale temple and fled again—the hand was stilled upon the echoing keys. Involuntarily he laid his hand upon her's—it was cold as ice; she did not withdraw it; she had not the power to do so; she could not breathe, yet she did not faint, but leaned almost wholly against the instrument for support.

"Miss Ashland." It was the deep, low voice of Henry Sherwood that broke startlingly upon the painful, fearful stillness.

"Eva, Eva." The father had returned; he stood close beside her. She looked up wildly into his anxious face; the grieved lip quivered with the broken words that stole slowly over them.

"Father, father, it is to-morrow now."

With a fearful pang at his heart he gazed upon his child. Slowly she passed before him; she

had left the room. He bent his head abstractedly; the secretary placed his arm within his and drew him away. The senator, Victorine, Mrs. Ashland and some others followed.

Mechanically Mr. Ashland led the way to the chamber of Willie. The door was flung open; the room was still, was cold as if it were the home of death. Faintly burned the lamp upon the table, yet its dying rays fell upon Eva; she sat like a still shadow there with Willie in her arms.

"Eva, Eva, my dear child." Mr. Ashland approached and knelt down beside her. One low moan trembled upon the fearful stillness there. She laid the stiffened form of the departed one in his arms.

"Father, it is to-morrow now."

That dreadful darkness had left her brain; she was herself again, now that they knew that Willie was dead.

"Great God!" was all that the father could utter; the deep agony of his soul burst forth in this.

The secretary took the dead boy from his trembling arms and laid him upon the couch.

Mr. Ashland's grief was frantic in the extreme, and Victorine wrung her jeweled hands, and broke forth in lamentations of sorrow, still betraying the most extravagant signs of suffering, after the manner of some immortal heroine, of some immortal romance.

But Eva still sat there, shrouded in her drapery of light; sat there, still, and cold, and motionless—no other token of woe was seen. Yet it seemed as if her heart would break, its suffering was too deep, too terrible for tears.

The secretary stood apart gazing with all of earnestness upon her. He could not speak to her then, in that one hour of woe—he could not then offer words of consolation for grief so sacred, it would have been sacrilege.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE day had come for the Honorable Henry Sherwood's departure. There was a formal farewell morning call for the Ashlands. Victorine now knew that he was lost to her. But the secretary had passed on to Mr. Ashland's office, and remained until within an hour of his departure from the city.

"What could he want of you so long?" was Mrs. Ashland's inquiry the first moment she was alone with her husband.

"He called to ask me for the hand of Eva," was half sadly returned.

"Impossible." Why, Eva is but a child, and

how could he think of such a thing. He is poor and dependant on his rich relative for support."

A deep flush rose to the brow of Mr. Ashland.

"We could not spare Eva yet," Mrs. Ashland resumed, "for many, many years; and I suppose you gave him his answer directly."

"And I did not, readily; for I was uncertain of Eva's sentiments respecting him, and——"

"You did not give him any encouragement, I hope." Mrs. Ashland looked up anxiously and wildly.

"In a few weeks Eva will be his—I have promised him this," was the low reply.

"Good heavens, Mr. Ashland, why was I not consulted?"

"His business was simply with me."

"And you have promised him Eva?"

"I have. I believe him to be worthy of her; no higher compliment could I pay him than that," was half proudly said.

"And yet I cannot spare Eva—she is so useful. How could you think of such a thing?" was the reproachful answer.

"And why not? Victorine can take her place, and now engage in those duties that the younger sister only should have assisted her in performing."

"Mr. Ashland, I am astonished. Victorine is so delicate, you know; she would not live a week to do what Eva does. You have been hearing uncle John talk—he is so afraid that Victorine will take a minute's comfort he is ready to die," was the angry rejoinder.

"He need not fear that now, even if it were as you say," was the calm, almost severe reply. "It is too late now. A character that has been trained like her's can never know of a pure and rational enjoyment." And, without waiting to hear more, he left the apartment.

And those few weeks had passed on. The bridal day had come and gone. The wedding was quiet and simple. Eva had left her own home roof forever. And a smile of hope was on the pale lip of the secretary, a faint flush upon his brow, a holier, a more beautiful light in his dark eye as he bore her away.

Tears were in the eyes of Mr. Ashland as he bade his daughter farewell; and he sought his own apartment and remained long alone. Were his thoughts with the gentle dove he had given to another? Did he fear for its future? Nay, not that. And yet his gaze was upon the future, with him to whom his treasure was entrusted, was given.

The morning papers were brought in and laid upon the table. The family were at breakfast. It was the morning after the wedding. Victorine

took up the damp sheet, and half sneeringly said,

"Oh, I must see if Eva's marriage notice is here."

Mr. Ashland gazed upon his daughter's face, yet leisurely continued his breakfast, without speaking.

Victorine turned to the inside page of the paper. A bitter laugh rang strangely through the room.

"Only think—what a blunder. Who could have made it? It is put down here 'the Honorable Henry Sherwood to Eva F., the second daughter of James Ashland, Esq.,' and so on. Really, Eva would feel quite proud if she saw this."

"Eva's mind is too well balanced to feel a weak and vain pride let her situation or station be what it may." And Mr. Ashland spoke with stern earnestness.

Victorine continued her remarks. Mrs. Ashland wondered who could have made such a mistake; and Mr. Ashland still continued his breakfast. It seemed as if he never ate so long before.

Victorine showed him the marriage notice. He took the paper deliberately and slowly read it over aloud, word by word, as if to detect wherein the error complained of existed.

"It is right, all right, I believe." And he turned carelessly to another part of the paper.

"Why, father, it is the *Honorable Henry Sherwood*. Did you not see?"

Mr. Ashland was busily reading some political intelligence. When he had concluded he said,

"I know it, my child; I know it. It is all right. Eva is the bride of the Honorable Henry Sherwood; while you, Victorine, and all the rest of the fashionable ladies in town, have been all along flirting with the poor secretary, and trying to make a conquest of his heart, which, it seems, is still his own, despite of all the besieging ordeals it has gone through with."

Victorine sank back half fainting in her chair.

Mrs. Ashland said quickly, bitterly,

"And you knew this all the time."

"No, I did not know it until the day I had promised him the hand of Eva. Then, and not till then, he told me all."

"And did Eva know it?"

"She did not; not when she left her home. It was as the bride of the poor, dependant and neglected secretary."

"But, did not uncle John know it all the time?"

"He did. He has been long acquainted with the senator from A——. He is very dear, very near to him. His mother is the sister of one who was more than life to him."

"And this is all uncle John's work," was said with a bitter emphasis.

"No, my wife, you are mistaken; uncle John knew nothing of it. He had no hand in this, only in directing the mind, in forming the character of our own sweet Eva. And now that treasure I have given to one who I know will ever love, will ever cherish the trust as something holy."

If her idol daughter was not the wife of the member of Congress, the other was. Mrs. Ashland endeavored to be reconciled to the idea.

Mr. Ashland said, severely, bitterly, as if the very thought wrung his heart as with death,

"You could not for a moment suppose that the gentleman in question would ever seek the hand and heart of Victorine, of one so helpless and useless, so selfish and romantic. No man of *sense* would do that, would wish for such a wife. And I should forever despise that one who would condescend to bend so low as to marry Victorine Ashland in her present imbecile state. I could not help it. God only, now, can work out that change in her character, in her life, which must be ere she will ever be happy or useful."

## LINES,

### TO A CHILD AT PRAYER IN THE NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.

THE good angel watcheth o'er thee,  
Thou little child of love,  
He is looking now upon thee,  
From his starry home above.

He listeth to thy morning prayer  
That's now to Heaven ascending;

And asks a blessing on thee, *thems*,  
As he is o'er thee bending.

When changing years shall cast  
Their shadows o'er thy brow,  
And dim the pleasures of the past,  
He'll watch o'er thee, as now. S. H. L.

## JOHN PITMAN AND THE WOLVES.

### A WINTER EVENING'S TALE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE following plain narrative has its foundation in fact. It is one of those deeply impressive tales of pioneer life, the recollection of which is warmly associated with the joys that in my childhood cheered the long winter evening, and endeared the fireside of home. The scenes and incidents of the story are, at this moment, as vividly pictured upon my imagination as if it were no more than a week ago that I was a wonder-loving child, sitting in the chimney corner and listening with intensest interest to the graphic description of life in the back-woods, which the aged orator of the hearth-circle knew so well how to pourtray.

I don't know that I can do better than give the narrative, as nearly as possible, in the storyteller's own words.

After undergoing the solicitations of the younger members of the family, for sometime, with exemplary patience, the old man scratched his nose, looked thoughtfully at the fire, and finally cleared his throat to speak; unmistakable signs from which we judge that he has been taxing his memory or his invention to frame the elements of some new story.

"Well, boys, if you have got your lessons for to-morrow——"

"Oh, we've got our lessons by heart!" interrupted a chorus of voices.

"And you, Margaret?" asked the old man, patting the head of a fair-haired girl, who had drawn her little chair to his side, in order not to lose a word of the expected story.

Margaret's intelligent eyes and truthful brow assure him that she has not neglected her task.

"Then keep still," says the old man, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on the andiron, "and I will tell you about John Pitman and the wolves——"

"I beg of you not to tell that horrible story!" exclaimed the mother of the children. "It will frighten them so that they will not get over it in a week."

"It won't frighten me," lisps little Margaret. "I like wolf-stories."

"Ha! ha! You are a brave girl! Well, I shall have to tell you the story, for I can't think of any other."

"You remember hearing me tell about old Captain Eddy, who was shot by the Indian in Clapp's Hollow, and ran all the way to Beaver Brook, with a bullet in his shoulder?"

"And had the bullet taken out, and kept in a snuff box, for his children to look at," chimes in little Margaret. "Oh, I remember that!"

"Don't talk!" exclaims Julius, the oldest of the children, in a tone of authority. "Let grandfather tell his story."

"As I was going to say, Captain Eddy's oldest daughter married John Pitman, and went to live with him on the very outskirts of the settlement. The red skins had all been driven away then, and the settlers were no longer in continual fear of being shot down and scalped the minute they put their heads out of their houses. So John, who was a bold fellow, six feet high, and weighed a hundred and eighty—without an ounce of spare flesh either, for he was all bone and sinew—John, I say, put him up a log house two good miles from Beaver Brook, and began to mow down the trees, and burn log heaps and stumps, and break up the new land, like a perfect Napoleon of the woods.

"John and Sophronia were a happy couple, I assure you. Industrious as bees, both of them; and I never heard of their having a dispute. John used to work hard all day, and Sophronia was sure to have a glorious supper ready for him by the time he came in at night.

"One cold morning in the winter time—and now I am coming to the story—John went up the river to a grand log-rolling; and Sophronia did not expect him back until night. She was all alone that day; and she busied herself repairing her husband's clothes, and making his home comfortable, as every good wife should do. John had told her that he would return in season for supper, and so, anticipating great pleasure when he should come home cold and hungry and find the great fire blazing and the table smoking with good things, she went about her preparations with the happiest heart in the world.

"In those little clearings, surrounded with the great trees of the forest, evening comes on a good deal earlier than it does here, where the woods are all cut away. In the shadows of old oaks,

chestnuts and maples, standing like a vast army between John's cottage and sun-down, it began to grow dark in the middle of the afternoon. There was not much snow on the ground at that time; but it was mid-winter, and the woods around must have looked wretched, dreary and gloomy to Sophronia, all alone in the new log house. After John left her in the morning, she never saw a human being during the day; nor any living thing in fact, except the pig and cat, and a deer or two that wandered by the door.

"But as I said, Sophronia was cheerful and happy, expecting her husband; and as soon as it was quite dark, she had a rousing fire warming the log house, and half a dozen great potatoes roasting in the ashes for John's supper. Then she raked out a full half bushel of glowing red coals upon the hearth, and set the spider on over them, loaded with several slices of steak—venison steak—for John had killed a nice fat doe only the day before.

"Well, the potatoes were cooked beautifully, and the venison broiled to a charm; and Sophronia was thinking how nice it would be if John should pop into the house just at that moment, when she heard the howl of a wolf away off in the woods.

"Sophronia listened; her heart almost stopped beating. She knew that John was armed with his rifle and his axe, and that he was bold and strong, and that he was no more afraid of a wolf than of a dog; but she could not help shuddering as she thought of his being pursued and attacked by a whole pack, enraged and emboldened by hunger.

"The howl was repeated, and echoed and echoed again in the depth of the forest. The hideous sounds came from the direction of the log-rolling; and Sophronia fancied she heard a shout."

"Was it her husband that shouted?" eagerly asks little Margaret, with her anxious face upturned toward the narrator.

The old man smiles indulgently, and patting her head, continued his story.

"Sophronia thought it was John's voice, but as all was silent for the next minute or two, she thought she might be mistaken. So she placed the broiled venison between two plates, by the fire, where it would keep warm, and waited anxiously for a repetition of the shout.

"Whilst she listened, another howl—and another—then half a dozen in full chorus—came through the woods in the same direction. You may imagine how the young wife felt when she thought of her husband."

"Oh, dear!" said Margaret, with tears; "but couldn't he kill them with his axe?"

"Don't interrupt me, child. Think of poor Sophronia, all alone in that wilderness with wolves all around her, and her husband away! But she feared only for him. Anxiety for his safety would not let her rest; so throwing only a thick shawl over her head and shoulders, she opened the door, and went out. The moon was up, and she could see distinctly to the end of the clearing. But nothing lived or moved there. All was silent. Then suddenly on the dry top of a gloomy tree, not a dozen rods from the spot where Sophronia stood, a dismal owl hallooed, *hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo!* filling the woods with echoes, and the poor woman's heart with forebodings and fear. But Sophronia thought it was the owl she had heard before, instead of John's voice; and she was beginning to hope that he was out of danger from the wolves, when there came another shout, and she knew his voice."

"Was he far off?" inquired Margaret, in painful suspense.

"Not much more than a quarter of a mile. In fact Sophronia saw him a minute after—or at least saw some tall figure—emerge from the woods, at the end of the clearing, and move rapidly across the white ground. Then it disappeared near a young chestnut tree, which had been left standing in the field; and instantly after, one, two, three, half a dozen dark objects glided over the sward."

"Were they wolves?"

"You would have thought so, child, if you had heard them howl, and Sophronia did, a minute after. She was distracted with terror. She could not see John, and it seemed to her that the wolves were tearing him; that they were fighting over their prey.

"But when she had given him up, and as she staggered against the corner of the house, faint and dizzy, in despair, the woods rang with a sound which gave new life to her heart, and made her fairly leap for joy."

"What sound?" asks the golden-haired girl, her countenance brightening with hope.

"The report of John's rifle. *Crack-bang!* and there was an instantaneous glow of flame shooting downward, from the lower boughs of the young chestnut tree in the field.

"'Ho, John!' cried Sophronia, louder than she ever shouted before in her life.

"John is a hard name to call by itself, on account of its shortness; and Sophronia always put in the *ho!* The husband shouted back and said something, which she could not understand for the howling of the wolves; but as soon as these were silent for a minute, he shouted again, and she could make out, from what she heard,

that he had killed two wolves with his axe, in the woods, and shot one under the tree; and declaring himself out of peril, he enjoined her not to endanger her health and life by remaining out of doors that bitter night, with ravenous wolves all about her.

"For the first time Sophronia perceived that the air was mortal cold; it seemed full of points of needles. She hurried into the house, and sunk half dead upon a chair. She was almost frozen.

"Sounds from without aroused her. The woods seemed alive with wolves; and in the midst of the yells, the report of John's rifle came to her ears."

"Was he in the tree?" asked Margaret.

"To be sure!" answers Julius, impatiently. "Don't interrupt!"

"Sophronia knew that her husband was in the chesnut branches, above the reach of the wolves; but still she had her fears. A branch might break—John's foot might slip, and the hungry pack seize him with their jaws before he reached the ground; or, even should he escape them—and John was too cautious and self-possessed to be caught falling from a tree—he might be unable to shoot one half of them, and be kept in the tree all night; all the cold, cold night!"

Margaret shivers.

"As long as Sophronia could hear the reports of his rifle, it seemed that he was near her, and alive; but when a long interval elapsed, and there was no more firing, she started in fear, and making out of the house shouted, '*Ho, John!*' as I described before."

"Did he answer?"

"Yes, child; and he told his wife that he had used up all his bullets, and that there were dozens of wolves around him! As for that matter Sophronia could see that the ground was covered with them; dark objects moving about on the white surface of the ground, fighting, growling and jumping up against the tree in their rage of famine. Occasionally one of the gaunt monsters would set up a loud, dismal cry, which would be answered in different directions, far off in the woods.

"Do go into the house," shouted John, "I am safe; and you can do nothing for me. You will catch your death-cold in this biting air. Besides, wolves are prowling all around you. They will be upon you before you think of it. I may have to stop here till morning; but don't let it disturb you. Go to bed and sleep if you can."

"Whilst he was shouting, a gaunt wolf came leaping toward Sophronia, followed by others of the pack. Terrified, she fled into the house,

just in time to shut the door and fasten him out; but he came up with an angry snap and growl, which made her blood curdle in her veins.

"She did not venture to open the door again; and as there were no windows in the side of the house toward the tree in which her husband had taken refuge, she could not keep up with him any communication. So the best she could do was to sit down and wait patiently as she could for the morning. All this time the fire was burning away, the brands falling upon the hearth, and the potatoes turning to dry, black coals in the ashes.

"Well, after a great while—and it was the longest night Sophronia ever knew—the first streaks of dawn stole into the house, and found the poor woman asleep in her chair. It was the first slumber she had enjoyed; and when, after her watching and anxiety, she awoke from that late sleep, the night was gone—daylight streamed through the windows, and all was still around her.

"It took Sophronia a minute to collect her faculties, and realize the terrors of the night; then remembering her husband, she flew to the door to see if the wolves were dispersing. Not one was to be seen; the field was clear; and the silence frightened her."

"Why was she frightened? I should have thought she would be glad to find the wolves had gone off."

"She was frightened, child, because, although nothing now hindered John's coming to the house, he had not appeared. The awful thought, that he had fallen, and been eaten by the monsters, appalled her. But looking closely, she soon discovered some object in the chesnut tree, which she hoped was her husband. She called to him, and as he made no answer, she thought he must be asleep.

"As she ran to awaken him, she saw two young men coming through the woods, from the direction of Beaver Brook. They passed directly under the tree, without looking up; too much absorbed, probably, by the sight which met their eyes on the ground; John's axe, dropped in climbing the tree, blood, the ten carcasses of wolves, and the snow all trampled and trodden around.

"Awful cold morning!" cried one of the young men, seeing Sophronia approaching from the house. "Guess you've been having a time here, by the looks. Heard a tremendous howling over this way, last night, and thought we'd come over and see if anything was the matter. Where's John?"

"Sophronia, speechless with anxiety and fear, pointed to the boughs of the chesnut.



"'I'm blessed!' exclaimed the first speaker, 'if there aint John in the tree. Hello!'

"'His body is twisted over that limb queer enough,' said the other settler. 'I—I declare, Charley—I believe——'

"'You'd better climb the tree,' interrupted his companion.

"The young man went up like a squirrel. But before he reached the branches, Sophronia had fallen lifeless upon the ground. She had seen a ghastly face—not like her John's face—looking down with staring eyes from the tree.

"'Is he asleep?' cried Charles, as soon as he saw his companion touch the body.

"'If he is, he never will wake again!' muttered the other. 'He is stiff and cold as a cake of ice!'

"'Was he dead?' inquired little Margaret, who cannot realize it.

"'Yes, child; John Pitman had frozen to death in the tree; and Sophronia, poor child, was taken home to her father's, and died the next fall, broken-hearted, it was said. And this is the end of my story."

## FLOWERS FOR THE ONE I LOVE

BY RICHARD COE.

Flowers for the one I love,  
Flowers rich and gay  
Strew them wheresoe'er she walks,  
All about her way:  
Place within her raven hair  
Snow-drops beautiful and fair;  
Let the violet take its rest  
On her spotless, virgin breast;  
All around  
May their soft perfume abound:  
Flowers for the one I love!

Music for the one I love,  
Music low and sweet,  
Let it shed within her soul  
Happiness complete:  
Let the birdlings waft their notes  
From their tiny, speckled throats  
Let a sad æolian strain  
Mingle in her heart and brain,  
Till a tear  
On her cherry cheek appear:  
Music for the one I love!

Pictures for the one I love,  
Pictures gay and bright,  
Place them in her chamber where,  
Scattering delight,  
They shall meet her hazel eye,  
Whensoe'er she pass them by,  
And, remembering whence they came,  
Breathe a blessing on my name,  
And for aye  
Love me till I pass away!

Flowers, music, pictures bright,  
Sure would give her pure delight;  
Words like these would haunt her mind,  
"He to me is very kind;"  
Friends would whisper in her ear,  
"Love like this must be sincere;"  
Till a tender feeling stole  
All throughout her raptured soul;  
And, oh! happiness divine!  
She were mine, and only mine!

## "I DREAM OF THEE."

BY EDWARD D. HOWARD.

I DREAM of thee, and sleep becomes  
The Spring-time of untold delight,  
While Heaven that lingers far away  
By day, comes near me in the night.  
I dream of thee, and life becomes  
A blessing fraught with nameless bliss,  
Till angels in their starry homes  
Might envy me the joy of this!  
The daylight fades—soft shadows fall—  
Care spares me till to-morrow morn,

While sleep o'er-tints with love and light  
Night's visions, brighter than the dawn.  
I love the night for starry hours,  
For quiet thought and peaceful rest;  
But when it brings a dream of thee,  
Oh, then the night indeed is blest!  
'Tis said this life is but a dream,  
I would that such my life might be!—  
A lingering dream of countless years  
If 'twere a dream of love and thee!

# HOW LUCY MALDEN CAME BACK TO BEECHY.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

## CHAPTER I.

THE wind had quite forgotten itself—"broke loose," or it never would have whistled and roared, blustered and careered through the quiet streets of Beechy, as it did one December evening in 184—. We can understand how it may delight in a trial of strength with the mighty forests or the grey old ocean, piling its waves in mountains, and scattering the fleets of nations like dead leaves, or even, when it has nothing better on hand, to sweep with a whoop, through the open windows of the village smithy, to give the great black bellows a whiff and send an extra shower of sparks up into the night, or go roaming up and down wide old chimneys, like those of the parsonage at Beechy, hunting after the lingering odors of long gone dinners; but why it should flap the minister's cloak cape over his eyes on his own door-step and slam his door in his face, is more than we can guess, to say nothing of such tricks as whirling away old widow Brown's milk-strainer, and hunting whole flocks of withered leaves like brown birds hither and thither, until they were glad to hide in every nook and cranny that promised them the least show of protection. It was small business, to say the least, and well deserved Parson Adams' epithet of "*rude*," as he laid aside his wrappings, and in dressing-gown and slippers, sat down by a cheerful fire, to look over his letters and papers, for it had been "mail day" in our village, and the good man had been to the post office.

He is accustomed to read these in the sitting-room, by the side of his wife, that he may select for her such scraps of news or information as may be particularly interesting—thus doubling his pleasures by dividing them—an art in which Mr. Adams is no mean proficient.

As he sat there, with his spotted silk handkerchief spread across his knees, and his thin, large-veined hands open to the fire, it might be seen that he had no beauty to boast of in a physical sense—a small, thin, pale man, with an immaculate neatness of dress—a good shaped head and a world of benevolence and quiet thoughtfulness in his face and manner. There were wrinkles on his brow and a few grey hairs

upon his temples. But his wife's hair, age, and eyes, too, were brown as a robin's back—indeed, she was robin-like in many other things, active, cheerful, busy, hopeful—reverent of her husband's slightest word, loving him better than ought on earth save—the baby in the cradle.

She was a minister's daughter—early trained to reverence "the cloth" and, as her husband was several years her senior, perhaps, this was the reason why she lavished more of her gushing affections on his child rather than upon him. She was darning stockings, (don't frown, dear lady, for darning is a part of a country minister's wife's discipline,) and rocking the cradle with one foot, an art in which she had grown to be quite an adept, seeing "little Frederic" had only come with the roses and other pleasant things, in June.

The contents of the minister's letters were much after the pattern of ministerial correspondence. Brother A— was without a charge, and wished Mr. Adams' influence and good offices in securing for him the vacant pulpit in a neighboring society; brother B— was to be installed over the church and society of D— the ensuing Thursday; and brother E—, of M—, proposed an exchange for the next Sabbath.

With the last note in hand, the minister and his wife discussed the various points to which they related—Mr. A—'s adaptation to the vacant church in question—the installation, and the proposed exchange, these two last, bringing up several personal topics relating to the "ways and means" of domestic economy—for if they attended the ceremony at D—, Mr. Adams must certainly have a new vest, and Mrs. Adams' wedding dress would at least, want turning and making up, beside the bonnet needed a new trimming sadly.

"I cannot imagine who this letter can be from. It is post-marked B—, and I have no acquaintances there," said the minister, at length, taking up the only unopened letter, and adjusting his glasses, (the good man was short-sighted) he scrutinized the letters of the address as we are wont to do those of an unknown hand. "I don't recognize the hand at all."

"Perhaps you had better open it and see," suggested his wife, as, with a glance at the clock,

and a request that he would "just jog the cradle if baby stirred," she went out to the kitchen to look after their evening meal.

When she returned her husband was walking the room with an unusual air of perturbation, and a face so sad that, although by no means a curious woman, she was struck by the change and asked hastily if he had heard bad news.

"Not bad in one sense, Sarah, for it is evidently the leading of the hand of God, but sad, very, very sad. Read that," he added, placing the letter in her hand.

The paper was coarse and crumpled—stained as if by tears—the ink poor and pale, the handwriting entirely different from the address, light and almost illegible, yet the words, once deciphered, were not easily forgotten.

It was addressed to the Rev. John Adams, and ran thus:—

"I am dying, sir—even before you receive this I may be beyond the judgment of man, and '*it is well.*' I have no wish to live—not even for my child's sake, for what could I be to her but a shame and a reproach, and I know that His future, whatever it may be, can hold for me no suffering which I do not deserve—none of which I have not had a foretaste on earth.

"I do not say this with a hardened, reckless heart, for old memories are busy there—memories of blessings scorned; but, while I have strength, let me say *this*, amid the degradation and crime, the guilt and shame, the utter despair which leads one to 'curse God and die,' I have kept my faith in you; and, now, when the grave opens before me, I beg of you protection for my child—my Anne. Take her—let her be your servant, and teach her as you would once have taught her mother, the beauty of a true, a Christian life; take her away from this curse-laden atmosphere—alas! that I should have breathed no other!—and may God forever bless you! The grave takes the sting from disgrace, as it does infection from disease—perhaps, when my brother knows that the clouds cover me, he will relent and be kind to my poor child for his own sake, if not for mine. LUCY ELDON."

"Lucy Eldon!" repeated the gentlewoman, with tearful eyes, "who is she, poor thing?"

"She was once Lucy Malden—only sister of George Malden, of the Quarter."

"Colonel Malden's sister? I never heard that he had one."

"I supposed that some of our good parishoners had told you her sad story before now," returned the husband, mournfully.

"But *what* is she?" asked Mrs. Adams, with a troubled glance at his face.

"She tells you herself," he said, pointing to the note, "a poor, ruined outcast—lost, lost," he added, folding his arms and walking the room in great agitation; "and yet—what am I to judge? He, who alone knoweth the strength of the temptation, alone can judge of the guilt."

Mrs. Adams watched him a few moments, in surprise, not unmingled with alarm, then going up to him, she laid her hand on his arm. Her troubled, uneasy look was gone, and as he gazed down into her quiet, innocent face, his own grew calm, and he said, as he took her hand,

"Perhaps I ought to have told you this before, my wife. But sit down, now, and let me tell you who and what Lucy Eldon is—tell you how dear she was once to—to all her friends—to me—even to your husband, Sarah, and then your woman's heart shall dictate an answer to that letter."

The brown head was bent, and the brown eyes lowered a moment, for no woman hears unmoved the confession from her husband's lips, that she is a Leah in his heart—that another has dwelt there before her, but the next instant, they were raised, and with one glance at the cradle, she turned them calmly and trustingly on her husband.

"Thank you for your confidence, my husband; but let me decide now. Bring this poor, little child home, and let her be a daughter to us, and a sister to Frederic."

"It is like you, true, and womanly, Sarah," he said, as he kissed her hand, and led her to a seat.

Then, while the wild wind rose to a tempest without—roaring and shrieking in the old chimnies, rattling the loose window-casings, wailing through the wide, old chambers, and moaning and sobbing, like a living thing, among the branches of the ancient willow in front of the house, the minister told the sad story of Lucy Malden. How she had been born to her parents when they were "well stricken in years," and their only child, the present Colonel Malden, was a young man of eighteen; how just as she was budding into girlhood, a kind of petted girl—Joseph, both her parents died and left her to the care of her brother, whose strongest characteristic, even in his youth, was an intense family pride. "At thirty," went on the good man, "he was just what he is now, honorable, upright and truthful, but cold in his manners, arbitrary and exacting and rigidly severe in his judgment of himself as well as others. He never *went out of himself*, and therefore knew little of the mind or heart of his young sister—the world of thoughts and emotions teeming there. He remained a

bachelor, but sold the old place near us, where his parents had spent their days, and removed to the more valuable farm at the 'Quarter,' where a maiden aunt had charge of his household, like to himself in everything, save that her pride was, if anything, more intense, and her judgment of such as happened to differ from her, still more severe.

"It was a lonely place for the young girl, and she often escaped and spent whole weeks here with my mother, who had been her mother's dearest friend: besides there was no objection made to her visiting at the minister's. I was her senior by eight years—an awkward, shy boy—a perfect contrast to her, yet we were very fond of each other, and the notion became gradually received in both families that we were, some day, to be man and wife."

The minister paused, and seemed lost in painful thought until the gentle touch of his wife's hand aroused him.

"With me," he resumed, "this thought became a fixed idea. I pondered it in my heart, until every thought and hope and feeling took from it its hue, and my solitary student life was transfigured by its light. It was a boy's dream, dear wife—such as most boys have, I suppose. To her, it was probably never aught but a jest—for she frequently spoke of it in a gay, jesting tone: but as the years went on, she dropped this, and I—I grew more and more silent, for I dared not break through the sweet barrier of dignity and reserve with which womanhood surrounded her as with a veil. She was gentle and kind to me—that was all—thus I left her for my last term at the institute at A—."

"When I returned," and the good man's voice was tremulous as he spoke, "she was gone—disowned by her family—her very name a by-word and reproach. Soon after I left, a Mr. Eldon had appeared in the village—a merchant, it was said, from New York—merely a merchant's clerk, as it afterward appeared. Professing himself much pleased with the beauty of the place, he lingered here some weeks, ostensibly hunting and fishing, but in reality pursuing Lucy Malden, whom he had marked for his prey. She, poor girl, was but too willing to listen—what wonder? he was handsome, winning and apparently devoted to her, and—oh! it was the old story—old as sin and death. Her brother, who with my parents and a few others, had read Eldon truly from the first and forbidden their meeting, when he found the world busy with her name, disowned her—turned her from his door, and deeming all her father's old friends the enemies of her idol, to whom should she fly but to him who

had so often promised to be all the world to her?"

"Had Eldon been human—had he been a man, the love and unbounded trust of that innocent child must have redeemed him—but when weary of her, he could taunt her with the ease with which he won her, and—she could bear it, as is woman's way—bear it patiently, hoping to win back his love, until he coolly made her over to another like himself—then in her madness and despair she became reckless, and fell from one miserable depth to another, until—oh!" he said, with a shudder, "it is dreadful, horrible to think of her, as the little, innocent child that once sat where you do, Sarah, and with her head on my mother's lap talked of God and heaven!"

Mr. Adams covered his face with his thin hands, while the gentle wife rose, and drawing his head to her bosom said,

"John, dear John," (she seldom allowed herself to call him by his given name,) "let us bring this poor creature home too. God has not forgotten those days; He must have put it into her heart to write that note. Perhaps, if we were to bring her home, poor thing, He would make her once more like a little, sinless child."

The minister shook his head. "Not *that*, dear wife, the traces of sin are too deep; but He can pardon her and give her His peace. But," he added, after a pause, "have you counted all the cost to yourself, Sarah? The care and the trouble—the comments and criticisms, perchance censures of our people, though few save myself know how deeply she has fallen—the anger of Colonel Malden? We must do nothing rashly, dear."

Mrs. Adams looked thoughtful—visions of certain pattern-like, censorious dames, (what community is without them?) came up before her, and then she thought of their small salary, for Mr. Adams, had succeeded his father in the pulpit and the hearts of the people of Beechy, and received only what had been the rule with him, and the weary days since little Frederic's birth, when, with unexpected company in her house, she had gone to her rest, tired out with household cares and labors; but above all these, she heard a voice saying, "In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me," and turning to her husband, she said,

"I have, John. Let them come; the mother and the child."

"And you will give up the installation?" asked the minister, with a quiet smile, as he drew down her head, and smoothed back the soft, brown hair.

"Yes, and then I shall need neither dress nor bonnet, for the old ones will do for home, you know."

Ah, she was a noble woman, that little robin-like wife of his, and doubtless the minister thought so, though she was twenty-eight when he married her.

Before he slept, Mr. Adams had an interview with his "right hand man" or adviser, old Deacon Guthrie. It was too dark to see the old man's face, but he could *hear* the tears in his voice as he said,

"Yes, you are right, sir; we must discriminate between the sin and the sinner. Poor child! she was just the age of our Mary—they were baptised on the same day. We thought it hard, mother and I, when our child died; but who knows, sir, but she was taken away from the evil to come. It is of God's mercy that we are, any of us, what we are."

## CHAPTER II.

WAS there any regret in the heart of the minister's wife the next morning, as she watched the progress of old "Whitefoot" up the street, bearing her husband on his Samaritan errand? Any tinge of womanly jealousy in her heart, as she recollected the story of this poor girl, and what she had once been to her husband? None; for "we see only what we have learned to see," and the lessons of selfishness and distrust she had never learned.

But she had much to do that day; so tying little Frederic into his chair, and surrounding him with a barricade of bright tins, his favorite playthings, in whose polished surfaces, concavities and convexities, his little round face was reflected in all manner of grotesque proportions, at which he shouted and crowed as if he were the most laughable object in the world, to himself, and which we should all be, men and women, were we not at the same time the most pitiful, she went about her household ways. There was the spare bed-room to arrange. She had ascertained from her husband that this was once Lucy's room in her innocent girlhood, and so she devoted it at once to her use; there were her own bed-clothes to take off and be replaced by mother Adams' finely wrought counterpane with the net fringe—her modern bowl and ewer to be removed to make place for those that had been there years before, old-fashioned and quaint, with blue grass, blue women, blue trees and skies upon them, for it would "seem more like home to the poor wanderer, no doubt," said the womanly heart.

She made rather slow progress, for Mr. Adams' annual journies and their occasions, *namely*, to Commencement at Yale and the meeting of the General Association, were as well known to all the parish, could be as safely predicted as town meeting or Miller Bishop's day for grinding salt. Therefore, when it became known that he had started off to B—— the general and individual curiosity was greatly excited; divers people felt moved to call on Mrs. Adams, and were not particularly enlightened when told in her quiet, prudent way, that her husband had gone after an invalid friend.

So they went on their way, like John Bunyan's pilgrim, though, perhaps, with not quite so serene spirits, and in due time, Mr. Adams came on his. He lifted from the carriage a pale, sorrowful child, and old Deacon Guthrie, who suddenly appeared by his side, bent his white head toward the coming figure within, who shrunk back as if wishing the darkness of the grave to cover her. He lifted her out, the strong old man—how many times he had borne her on his shoulders with his little Mary—and, alas, she was now scarcely heavier than them, but her heart, how different; and bore her into the house.

There, she reclined in the great rocking-chair, by the fire, while Mrs. Adams removed her bonnet and cloak. Alas! the ravages of sorrow, sickness and remorse! The eyes of the minister and the old deacon met with the mutual inquiry, could *that* be Lucy Malden? That pale, emaciated woman with no signs of life about her save the bright hectic spot in the hollow of each cheek, and the great, heavy tears that stole slowly from beneath the closed eyelids and dropped upon her hands? Oh, those hands, poor, thin, weak, nerveless things, lying so listless upon her black dress—were they the hands that had once grasped theirs so caressingly—the fair, soft, busy things they remembered?

The tears fell from the poor girl's eyes not faster than they did from those of the minister's gentle wife upon the head of the friendless child, which she had already gathered to her motherly bosom. Old Deacon Guthrie drew again and again, the back of his broad, brown hand across his eyes; but the minister's face was hidden upon the shoulder of his child.

At last Lucy opened her eyes and met the kind, pitying glance of Mrs. Adams. "You are too good—too kind—my sin is so great!" she murmured.

"Not greater than His love," was the gentle answer.

And she was right. Few were the days left to this poor, erring one, but they were days blessed

beyond price, for through His grace, amid the pains of expiation and bitter repentance, even from the night of despair, hope was born—faint and trembling at first, but founded upon that rock from which springeth the waters of eternal life, followed by that faith and peace which the world cannot take away.

And, in the end, kindness and good will come too; in the end, we say, for at first, when it was known who this strange guest at the parsonage was, many a thoughtless and bitter remark followed.

“No matter what some folks did, they would be upheld in it;” and “if pride did fall, it wasn’t every one could find so soft a bed,” &c. But, thank heaven! these remarks were confined to the few, and even these, when they saw how humble and penitent she was—how, low as they were inclined to place her, she could yet find a lower place for herself, they had no heart to trample upon the poor crushed thing.

And her brother—what said he? Not a word save this—“Mr. Adams could do as he thought best, it was a free country; but for him, he wished to have no communication with *that* person. He had suffered enough.”

Oh, no, not *enough*—he had yet to learn that

“Knowledge by suffering entereth;”

so God took from him, in the drear winter days, his idol, his baby heir, for he had married within a few years, and centred himself in his child. But he was a slow learner, and even after this, the kind minister could not say to the poor, weeping girl that her brother had forgiven her.

Then, she had but one wish left—to go once more to the village church—to be permitted to see the waters of baptism sprinkled upon the head of her child, and renew before His altar those vows which she had so sadly forgotten.

There was no division of opinion as to the sincerity of her penitence among the grey-haired elders, who met to consider her case in Mr. Adams’ study; and yet they unwillingly acceded to this request, for, as they looked on her attenuated form and hollow face, they felt that she was too near her end to bear the effort.

But this was only a stronger reason with her; and, at last, she won their consent. It was a sunny day, the first Sabbath in March, that, supported by old Mr. Guthrie, she ascended again the old church steps, followed by Mr. Adams, leading her child. They would have led her to a seat beside them in their own pew, but, with a few words of touching entreaty, she begged to be permitted to follow her own way, and turned aside, with her little one, into the seat set apart

for the poor—alas, that there should be such a seat in our New England churches!

Ah, there was not an eye that did not soften—not a heart that did not melt with pity, when they saw that bowed figure and pale face, shaded by the deep black bonnet, sitting so humbly by the side of the poor, old widow Pardee. Yes, there was *one* eye—one *heart*—for Col. Malden, supporting his wife and carrying in one hand his hat, swathed in bombazine, came in, and without glancing to the right or left, passed up to his seat of honor, with his usual firm tread.

Did he understand the minister’s touching petitions for that child and mother? We know not. Not until the good man requested, after the usual manner, that the child might be presented for baptism, and a bowed, trembling woman, leading a little child, came slowly up the broad aisle, did he turn round. Then, he started, gave one more hurried glance, and bowed his head upon the slip. Ah, he knew not, cared not, then, how many eyes were glancing back and forth from him to that moving figure, for he thought of the night when his boy lay dead before him, and with clenched hands, he had paced the room, while conscience whispered of the young sister left to his charge, of his sternness without kindness, his justice without mercy, and how God, finding him unfaithful in this, had taken home his boy, lest he too should become an outcast.

With an irresistible impulse moving him, he rose up, and walking up to the altar, lifted that child in his arm, while he placed the other through the trembling one of his sister.

The silence in that old meeting-house was like that around the bed of death, broken only by the smothered sobs of women, as the minister lifted his voice and baptized “Anna Malden.”

He led her—rather carried her and her child—not back to the humble seat she had left, but to his own, where she had sat in her happy girlhood, and placed her between himself and his wife, while Mr. Adams gave thanks, through his tears, to God for that goodness which is able to reconcile all things to Himself.

A few days later—only a few days—while the snow of March fell softly and silently as God’s long suffering patience upon the earth, they laid that tired one down in the old grave-yard; not where the grave of Col. Malden’s little son lay like a white pillow by the sunken one of his grand-parents, but, as she had requested, in the distant corner where the poor and the nameless sleep with no memorial above them but the slender acacias that spring so thickly there, and in the sweet spring time scatter down showers

of fragrant flower petals upon the sunken graves. It was there they laid her, and before night, the busy snow flakes had folded the brown mound above her in a drapery spotless and pure as any she had worn in her guiltless infancy—meet emblem, let us hope, of the robe she now wears through the mercy of HIM who is able to cleanse from all sin.

## THE MELODY OF WATER.

BY PHILA EARLE.

THERE is melody, and music,  
In the soft down falling rain,  
As it patters gently, sadly,  
Mournfully upon the pane;  
In the drops that slowly trickle,  
From the rocks with moss o'ergrown,  
In their sad, and solemn dripping,  
Is a sweet, harmonious tone.

In the clear spring's crystal waters,  
In the old well all alone,  
We oft fancy loving whispers,  
Sweetly sing to us of home;  
In the fountains merry gushings—  
In each leaping little rill—  
In the rivulets that sparkle,  
On each mountain side, and hill.

There is music, witching music,  
In the brooklets gentle flow;  
In the streamlet's dreamy murmur,  
Purling softly, sweet, and low;  
In the broad, and winding river  
As it wends its onward way,  
Through the bright and sunny meadows,  
Smiling, as a Summer's day.

In the playful, wayward ripples,  
On a bright lake's silver breast,  
Tranquil, in its sylvan beauty,  
Soothing one to quiet rest;  
Or one where the bright waves gather,  
High, and fearless, in the air,  
Dashing rudely 'gainst each other—  
Oh, there's richest music there!

There is wild, unearthly music  
In Niagara's awful rush,  
Deafening—terrible—terrific—  
Mortals list, with silent hush,  
And with spirits awed, and fearful,  
To those strains, majestic, grand—  
And they know those strings, so mighty,  
Ne'er were tuned by mortal hand.

There is music in the ocean,  
Where the billows hoarsely roar,  
Where the wild waves meet together,  
And so madly lash the shore.  
In their angry, restless foamings,  
In their deep and sullen moans;  
Music's mystic spirit lingers—  
There is heard her magic tones.

## OTHER DAYS.

BY IRA B. NORTHPROP.

In blithesome Spring, when life was gay,  
And hope dispelled each rising fear,  
The throbbing heart that pens this lay,  
Was stranger to the sorrowing tear;  
But now, alas! that heart no more,  
In joyous fancy takes its way;  
As in those happy days of yore,  
For oh! "it is not always May."

Those youthful pleasures, one by one,  
Which caused my heart to leap for joy,  
Have vanished, and each noon-day sun  
Proclaims "Thou art no longer boy."  
No longer boy, I know too well,  
For years have swiftly passed away,  
And mem'ry hath its tale to tell,  
Of other days so blithe and gay.

Oh! well I recollect the while,  
I wandered 'neath the moon's soft ray,  
Or seated on some pleasant stile,  
With Fanny whiled an hour away,  
Oh, well I recollect those scenes,  
And how in love we chatted on,  
For then we were but in our "teens,"  
But now we've passed the Rubicon.

Those days I never can forget,  
And well do I remember where,  
The family circle daily met,  
To spend an hour in holy prayer,  
And well do I remember how,  
A parent's voice to Heaven ascended,  
A voice which taught his son to bow,  
A voice whose tones, alas! are ended.



## THE ESTRANGEMENT.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"I don't see you and Amy Burton together any more: how is it? I thought you were inseparable."

"Oh, I have not seen her for some days. She is very busy, I suppose, helping her mother with some little things for the children before they all go to the country. Indeed I did promise Amy to go and spend some hours with her every day this week; but have not done so; for I scarcely feel the same toward her since that evening at Mrs. Guy's."

"Yes; I remember how tartly she answered you when you tried to persuade her to take a walk with us, while she wished to sit with old Mrs. Guy until our return. 'Tis strange she has not called since to make up with you."

"If she does not choose to she needn't. I can do as well without her company as she can without mine."

"I don't know about that, Sarah. You always thought a great deal more of Amy than she could think of you, or indeed, of any one; for she is rather of a selfish disposition, and seems to consider acquaintances rather as a trouble than pleasure. She used to have so many friends, and I know it to be her own fault that they dropt off one by one, until now they are scarcely on speaking terms with her."

"Mrs. Burton, I believe, was opposed to Amy keeping up an intimacy with so many of the school girls," said Sarah. "I have heard her say that she generally found such friendships injurious, or at least, useless to both parties, and that she wished her daughter to use some discrimination in the choice of friends, and not deem it necessary to be intimate with all who had chanced to be her companions at school."

"Perhaps so, but I imagine Miss Amy's own caprices had as much to do with it as her mother's wise sayings. I have been told that she often expresses a desire to drop entirely her old acquaintances."

"If she does, Anna, I am not included in the number."

"As to that I can't say," returned Anna, with a smile of significance. "You can, if you wish, consider that you are not in the list to be proscribed. For my part, I have been cool with her ever since I heard that she expressed herself so; not that I ever cared a great deal for her, but

even if I had, I would not give her an opportunity of slighting me. But put on your bonnet; I am going down the street to do some shopping, and I want you to go with me."

The young ladies were soon in the street. They had not proceeded far when Sarah observed the subject of their previous discussion approaching, unaccompanied. As they came nearer their eyes met, and Amy with a quick, bright smile hastened her pace, but Sarah carefully withdrew her eyes, and with a disdainful air moved on. Several persons passing at the moment, she took an opportunity to look back, and was gratified to perceive that the *cut* had produced the desired effect; for Amy, with a heightened color had paused before a shop window, evidently with a view to hide her mortification rather than to inspect the goods temptingly displayed.

But Sarah was not quite as well satisfied when she afterwards recalled the occurrence. She felt, though she would not acknowledge, that by her annoying pertinacity she had provoked the petulant reply from her friend that offended her. She knew, also, that Anna's insinuations were unworthy of consideration, for in such matters she was not scrupulously truthful; and the warm intimacy of the two had often excited her envy. Still, Sarah allowed the meaning words to make an impression on her mind, seeking to find therein an excuse for her unfriendly act, and resolving to entertain no thought of a reconciliation.

The next morning a servant handed her a bouquet which had been brought by one of Amy's little sisters. Ere she spoke Sarah knew whence it came, recognizing her friend's graceful, unstudied arrangement of the fair flowers, while on a strip of paper twined among them were traced two lines from a favorite song with both, in Amy's well known characters:

"We have been friends together,  
Shall a light word part us now?"

For an instant Sarah's mind wavered; then returning the flowers to the servant she bade her give them back to the child who was yet in sight; and, hastening to her room where busy preparations were going on for her contemplated trip to the country, soon succeeded in banishing all uneasy reflections.

But in the country they often returned to disturb her perfect enjoyment; often in a merry pastime with her light-hearted companions—oftener still when wandering alone amid the grave forest lanes, till, her careless resentment dying away, she longed to retrieve her error and resolved that the day of her return home should witness her efforts to do so.

That day came at length; and with as much eagerness as she had left it Sarah returned to the gay, noisy city which had now the charm of novelty. Sitting that afternoon in animated conversation with her mother, she suddenly asked if the Burtons had come home yet; adding, if so she believed she would go and see Amy for a little while. The mother sighed as she answered, slowly,

“Yes, they have come home; they returned ten or twelve days ago; but, Sarah, you will never see Amy again.”

“Never see Amy again,” Sarah repeated, trembling. “What can you mean, mother?”

“I would not distress you by sending the mournful intelligence, my dear; but Amy was taken ill with the bilious fever in the country; they brought her home at once, but the day after their return she died. ’Tis a week to-day since she was buried.”

Stunned and bewildered, Sarah sat in silence for some time; then throwing on her bonnet and mantilla hurried to the grave-yard unable to give credence to her mother’s sad information. It was not long till she stood beside the family lot of the Burtons, where the green sods had been latterly disturbed to admit the young and lovely tenant. Yes, it was true: Sarah felt that she stood beside Amy’s grave, and bitter, scalding tears welled up from her agonized heart.

An approaching step aroused her. The little sister of the departed one drew near, bearing a basket of freshly culled flowers, their bright hues thrown out in strong, sad contrast by her sombre mourning garb. She unlocked the gate of the enclosure and went in, followed silently by Sarah. It was the same child who had brought the gentle *peace offering* so scornfully

rejected: how the self-accusing spirit writhed at the recollection.

The little girl strewed her bright, fragrant blossoms over the grave, then sat down beside it, eyeing wistfully the broken sods, as if her loving gaze could penetrate the dark recesses of the tomb. Sarah, too, had sunk beside it; and their tears flowed together as they spoke of the departed—but how unlike the grief of the loving, bereaved sister, was the torturing sorrow of the *remorseful* friend.

“Amy spoke of you so often,” said the child, as with choking sobs she related to her attentive companion all the particulars of the death scene, “she used to look around as if she wanted something, and say quietly, ‘Sarah, dear Sarah!’ then after awhile she would say again, ‘oh, I would like to see dear Sarah if only once more!’”

And Sarah bowed her head in deeper anguish, and sobbed with convulsive violence as she fancied she heard the words repeated in that familiar tone which should greet her never again. Ah! how vividly in that moment did memory recall the past—the childish joys and griefs they had shared—the fond intercourse and unreserved confidence of girlhood—the thousand trivial instances of the love and kindness of the lost one—how all came crowding upon the oppressed mind of the mourner; but uppermost of all, in soul-harrowing distinctness came the thought of their last estrangement, her own unworthy conduct, and she groaned aloud in her unavailing agony, while the child’s tears flowed afresh as she wonderingly witnessed the effect of feelings of which she, in her innocence, had no conception.

Not till the gloom of evening was spreading around, could Sarah tear herself from the resting-place of her friend. Then, still dwelling on the bright heart-smile from which she had turned so haughtily, and that last gift so recklessly spurned, she reverently plucked a sprig from the fair flowers that were shedding their fragrance above one as fair, as pure as they, to treasure as a memento of the lessons of gentleness and forbearance her chastened heart had learned at *Amy’s grave*.

## D A W N .

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Oh! holy birth of morn! another day  
Thine animating glance of life and love,  
Shines like the day spring glad upon my way:  
And gratefully I lift mine eyes above  
To thee, oh, joy of life! Heaven cheering ray—

Transcendant beam of God! clear rising sun,  
Whose genial smiles illumine my whole heart,  
And may the light be an ascending one  
Of my life’s day—pure truthful as thou art

## HELEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

### CHAPTER I.

WOULD that my good, far-off readers might all see and know New England! The earnest students of human life and human character, would that they might see the dear land of strong-hearted men and women who are daily making themselves masters and mistresses of the strong circumstances!

And the dwellers upon the even-toned lands, who yet are lovers of the uplands where the crags lie, and of the placid lowlands where are the "silver-footed streams," would that they might see the "rock-bound shore," and the rock-bound hills, the lakes spread out, and the streams gliding and sparkling afar, and the water-wheels, huge and little, at play with foam-wreath, crystal drop and spray! Would that they might know this one graceful, busy little stream, the Winnipissiogee; know all its windings and pretty ways, as I do! For, I doubt if, in all this land of rivers, brooks and "runs," there is a pleasanter stream. It comes slipping out of the blue lake of the same name; and runs along, along, now winding to hide among the trees, anon moving straight forward, beside the strong hills, the primeval woods, the green fields where the grain and the grass are waving, separating Meredith from Gilford, Sandbornton from Northfield, intersecting Franklin a little way, and then and there, meeting and wedding the stately Pemijewasset, of White Mountain origin. Thence, under the new name, Merrimack, they go on constantly aggrandizing themselves, to the sea.

The Winnipissiogee is a thrifty, serviceable little river. I know not how many lakelets ("bays" and "ponds" the farmers on their borders call them) are strung along its course. Beautiful, beautiful lakelets they are, too, with graceful, ever-varying shores, and with graceful and ever-varying islands dotting them. Here fishing, with spear, net, and line, goes almost constantly on, by daylight, by twilight and by the red torchlight.

I do not know how many natural falls and artificial "dams" come across the stream at one point and another, intensifying its beauty. The Boston companies could tell. They estimated

the "power," as it were, by pounds and ounces, and then bought it of the farmers; and now their white dwellings and their stone factories rise in beautiful relief against the green hills over the river.

The Concord and Montreal Railroad comes to the river at Sandbornton Bridge, eighteen miles north of Concord; and, after that, keeps near it, crossing it several times, (for Winni is a capacious, impulsive river, with many a quirk and eccentricity individualizing it,) parting with it, finally, not until they come together to Winni's early home, the lake, at the Weirs.

Very pleasant, very thrifty villages stretch out here and there, on either side of the stream, with their sharp, white dwellings, only softened a little by green Venitian blinds, and shade trees and vines, and with the more tasteful cottage of these later days, having graceful gables, balconies, and all around them trees and vines and trellises. Here white spires rise and bells are heard; Sabbath bells in their time, school bells and factory bells in theirs; where are many "comfortable homes," comfortable homes so-called, and many "poor homes," poor homes so-called, but having as much comfort in them, perhaps, as the others, because having as much love.

At Sandbornton Bridge, one of the prettiest of these villages, my story lies; in that part of the village where the river bends so gracefully, and the banks are so green, and the trees wave over the water. There, a little more than half a century ago, lay the fishing-grounds of my maternal ancestor, for whom the township was named, (because he was the largest proprietor, and because he was the "Justice.") Now, when our story opens, that is, Deacon Cushing's cottage and garden and summer-house were there; and Helen Cushing, the heroine of our story, went tripping,

### CHAPTER II.

To make a decorous little girl of Helen Cushing, was more than both mother and Professor Gaskell, Helen's teacher, could do. She would go flying and skipping; would throw away her sun-bonnet; would climb and jump, to high

places, from high places; would tear and spoil her frock; and yet, oh, such hoydenish ways! such a brown face! such brown arms! And then her arms were so round, so fair, so beautifully proportioned, too, naturally! It was too bad! That was what mother, and Mrs. Brooks, and many others said. Now, Martha Brooks, just Helen's age, was so different. *She* would do so-and-so, so-and-so; exactly as her mother told her. She, indeed, seemed to do right without being told. She was the pattern child of the village. Helen, and others as well, were always hearing what and how Martha Brooks would do; how she would walk demurely, as she saw her mother walk. "Like a woman," "as you see me and Mrs. Cushing," were Mrs. Brooks' rules; rules to which the girl gave watchful heed. Especially she watched Mrs. Cushing, who had a grand step, a grand bearing; then brought her eyes home to her own steps, to the flow of her own short skirts; and afterward turned them to Helen, as if she would say—"There! didn't I do that nicely?" Helen averted her eyes, if it was possible, before Martha's had time to encounter them. If their eyes met she curled her lips and said—"H'm! you do try so hard, Miss Martha! You wouldn't catch me trying so hard!"

"Sometimes the very best, the most affectionate and attentive little girl in my whole school," said Professor Gaskell; "then again, when I try to bring her to something that she dislikes, for some reason or other, she is inconceivably obstinate and difficult to manage. I sometimes think that she is well-governed, only when she is not governed at all."

Her mother said—"I am sure I don't know what to do with Helen! She is certainly the noblest, most generous-hearted girl I know, or ever have known; but her will is so strong, so headlong; I really, before telling her to do a thing, stop to consider whether it is something she will be likely to do willingly. She *will not* mind another's will; that is, readily, as Martha Brooks and Lilian Gaskell do. She *will not* be quiet and womanly like them. They are always so like little ladies! They never fly and tear and soil their clothes and make such perfect frights of themselves as Helen does. You will never see them doing it."

"Oh, well, which is the most agreeable little girl, after all?" asked her husband.

"Why, Helen. Anybody must think that she's the most natural and graceful; and the most affectionate, too. But so wild!"

"Let this be in God's hands, my wife Anna. We will be thankful to Him for the daughter He

has given us; and that she is a *child*. I hope that, in many respects, she will always be a child. A child, I must say, because, when we are no longer children, we are, the greater part of us, so stiffened and cramped, and fairly spoiled with all the arbitrary rules and regulations of custom, conventionalism, propriety and the like."

"But you must see that Helen—why Mr. Brooks calls her 'that runaway, Helen Cushing.'"

The deacon laughed.

"I don't see how you can always feel like laughing, let Helen do what she will," said his wife. "You must think that she is difficult enough to manage."

"Yes, but I pity the poor thing, whenever I hear her complained of; whenever I look at her and think that, even as now it is hard for her mother to direct her ways and make her go straight, so, by-and-bye, when she is a grown-up child, she will find it difficult to govern and direct herself. For, although it is the truth, my Anna, that the child of impulse, the woman of impulse (or of genius; for this is the same thing) is the truest, the divinest type of childhood, of womanhood, yet there is a great deal here in this life for them to do and to bear. They long to go their own free, glorious ways, to think their own free, glorious thoughts, and to speak their own free, glorious words. They long inexpressibly to do it. They must do it, or their whole soul and all that is in them, cries out, of the great inward suffering. Still, they must not often do it. For, you see how it is. When they are children, they soil their frocks, get the tinge of gipsies, spoil their curls, get boy-like ways; and their mothers and fathers will not let them do it. When they are women, society will not let them do it. Society sets them to walk, speak, laugh and do whatever they do by her rules, within her narrow walls. And, if, they stifle and pine, and feel ready to die; and, if, on this account, in their impulsiveness—as we call it—they go looking for a place of escape to open, free regions, society meets them ghoul-like, and bids our woman of impulse stand, until she has read some of her laws and by-laws to her. You know, if you have ever thought about it, Anna, what unreasonable things these laws are. We all know. Still we all help perpetuate and enforce them; help make new ones, too, of similar foolishness."

"What laws? What are you thinking?" asked his wife, who sat mending some of Helen's torn embroidery.

"They are something like this; this is what

society reads to our worried creature who is trying to escape. 'The laws of God and of Christ are for the sanctuary and the closet. The laws of the land, the civil law, so-called, are for the bar, the bench, and the highway. But the laws of society, of conventionalism are for all places. And, by these, a woman must order her gait and her whole carriage, after graceful and indubitably respectable precedents; must not go off long rambles and rides, scouring the country and getting a tarnished skin; for all this the Amazons do; must not speak loud, or laugh loud, even; must never lose command of herself, so as to show enthusiasm, or warmth, or great earnestness in any subject; for all demonstrativeness is folly; all enthusiasm, weakness and want of self-command; all decided expression of beliefs and opinions, unwomanly, and calculated to set her down with a certain portion of the other sex.'

"What droll things you are saying, Horace!" interrupted Mrs. Cushing, laughing. For her husband was half-laughing, although, now and then, as he talked, his eyes filled and took an expression of pity; for, in his fancy, he saw his beloved Helen, a woman, standing trembling, aching, with her bonds, and yet hindered by the grim impersonation of society, whenever she would lay them by, to be governed, or rather to be "made free indeed" by the spirit and laws of the gospel of Christ.

"What then would you have Helen be and do?" asked Mrs. Cushing.

"Now that she is a child," he answered, with serious tones, "I would—why, I would not, of course, have her trouble her good mother too much, with spoiling her clothes, and taking her own course. But I would gladly see her happy, in the free, buoyant life for which her Creator has so richly organized her. And when she is a woman, if she lives to be a woman, I pray my God—there is nothing I pray for so earnestly, as that she may love Him dearly, dearly; and the Saviour, finding gentleness, true womanly, Christian dignity, and, at the same time, freedom in Him. I know the poor child will miss it often; I believe it will be, oftenest, when she feels herself fettered and galled by the ways of the world, so that she must break away. She will suffer in this. But God will see it all. He will understand the child of his own hands. If He will keep her near himself; if she can find in Him the strength and repose that I am sure (*sure*, I am; for I too was a child of impulse,) she can never find in forms and proprieties and conventional prettinesses, this is all I ask for her. There she comes. Helen, darling."

"My father"—catching his hand and kissing

it, in passing. "Mother"—kissing her mother's cheek. Then Helen turned her large, beautiful eyes, from mother to father and said what so often she was saying, only in varying forms—"Oh, I'm glad I've got home! I don't like to go to school. I don't want to be anywhere, where I have to sit so still. See, mother!" spreading the skirt of her frock before her mother, "I kept my frock as clean as Martha Brooks did, to-day. I didn't play any though," pouting, and with filling eyes, "I knew I couldn't play and keep my frock clean; and I meant to keep my frock clean, any way. It made my head ache though, keeping so still all day. I can't bear it! I hate it!" She threw away her bonnet and basket, with the air of a thoroughly unamiable little girl.

"Come here, my daughter," said her father, putting out his arms to enclose her. "What would you say, if, after this, you might play as hard as you please, and never hear one word about soiling your frock?"

"Or tearing it?" asked Helen, eagerly.

"Yes; or getting your hair out of order, or going without your bonnet," added the father, smiling at the wistful, upturned face. "If you might be left to take care of yourself, in these matters, what would you do?"

"I should be so glad, I would go over the moon, almost like that!" giving a joyful bound. And then, coming gently up before her parents, and twisting her fingers with theirs, she added, "And I wouldn't tear them, or do anything to them, then; I'd be so careful; I should be so glad not to hear anybody saying—'ah, don't, Helen, do that; don't do this; don't go there; don't come here; you'll tear your frock, or do something to yourself.'"

Her father enclosed her in his arms, called her "darling" and kissed her. He said—"Go and ask mother how it is to be, after this, if you do soil your frocks."

Comforted by her father's kindness, she went to her mother with a beaming face—an angelic face it was when she was happy and elevated—and said, "How will it be, mother, if——"

"If!——"

"If I do tear my frocks and soil them, and all such things, when I am just having a good time and can't any way help doing it?"

"Bless her!" said the mother, looking at her husband with filling eyes. "Bless father and mother's darling!" kissing the child, "it is nothing if you do. You shall hear nothing more about it. Mother will just mend them and make them clean again, and that shall be the last of it."

She laughed; the deacon laughed, in the way he had when he was thoroughly pleased and gratified with his wife. Helen tried her best to laugh. But it would not do. Her lip curled and quivered more and more; her eyes filled more and more with the blinding tears. Snatching kisses from the hands of each, therefore, she ran away, as her parents understood, for a hearty little fit of weeping by herself.

### CHAPTER III.

"E'm! Miss Helen! what will you do now for somebody to help you and Lillian over the brooks and to keep the cows away, when I am over to grand-pa 'P'?" asked Luther Gaskell, one day, with an air half of good nature, half of covert anger. He was thinking how many times Helen had repulsed him, when he came running to her with the most benign intentions of giving her help.

"I never asked you to help me over the brook, thank you, Mr. Luther! I was never afraid of the cows!"

"I've seen you look back and watch them, when you and Lillian were over in the chase lot. I've seen you!"

"You never!"

"And I saw you take off your little scarlet shawl and roll it up and tuck it under your arm, so that the cross oxen needn't be after you."

"Oh, you didn't! I was never afraid of anything. And I never will be."

"I'll leave it to Lillian. Didn't she, Lillian?"

But gentle Lillian could never remember about such things. She loved them both too dearly to say aye to one and nay to the other. With a beautiful tact, therefore, she called their attention to some new thing, and their quarrel was at an end. In a moment, they were cuddled close together over a picture, a book, or a microscope and flower, insect, or bit of moss.

This was when they were children. When they came to be young man and young woman, Luther still helped Helen, was still of service to her in an infinite variety of ways; but without any appeals, either open or covert, on her part; without any subsequent acknowledgments, even in her worst straits; even when the breakers started to overtake her, with a strong "undertow," as one time they did, when the two families were at Nahant together. He saw the breaker; saw that it was a mighty one, mightier than any of its predecessors had been; saw how composedly Helen stood, with the wind snapping her ribbons and skirts, watching it; and he went dashing up on one side, at the same instant that

the wave was dashing up on the other. He just saved her that time. Her feet were going from under her, when he caught her and held her fast; thinking—egotist that he was, every moment of his life—"Now, this time, at any rate, she can't say that I needn't have come; that she could have done well enough without me. She'll have to own up to it, this time; and be a little more gracious." He deserved that she should say, afterward, when he sought her acknowledgments—"You needn't have come. I can always take care of myself. People needn't think that I can't, and be always watching me."

"I don't think you are a very grateful girl."

"You don't know, then. Nobody is so grateful as I am to people who help me and do things for me as my father does, without looking and appearing as if they thought I ought to go on my knees before them for what they have done." Then she turned away from him and joined her parents.

Luther stood looking off upon the sea, saying within himself—"If I had helped Martha Brooks like that? H'm! Martha is ready to go up on some throne, somewhere, if I just open a gate, or a door for her. I think this Miss Helen is a lofty, queer thing, any way! If she can take such good care of herself, she may try after this. Then she will come to her senses."

He smiled and snapped his finger at this new idea. He smiled and snapped his finger again the next day, when he stood still as the column against which he leaned, to see her hunt for her father, in hall and piazza, amongst pairs and groups of gentlemen, who had their eyes following her, all the while, and who murmured comments on her beauty. Luther heard them, and he knew from Helen's kindling face that she did.

"Would you like to have me find your father for you, Helen?" asked he, coming leisurely forward.

"No!"

"Heu! vexed that time because he did not earlier come to her assistance! He was sure he never saw one so unreasonable. He was sure he was angry at *that* rebuff, made in the presence of so many; of so many who had shown indubitably that they were jealous and envious of his connection with her.

He went straight by her after that for two days. This grieved her; for she was conscious of half-deserving it. On the second morning, she neither talked nor ate; she only drank coffee, and this was more for the sake of hiding her tears behind her big cup, than for any relish she had for the coffee. It happened that Luther

saw the tears. It happened, moreover, that out of his poor vanity, his features put on an expression of triumph at the sight; for he read her emotion aright; and it was by no means a little thing, even this tacit acknowledgment of his power over *her*—the grandest girl there, the grandest at the Bridge, the grandest wherever she was, however surrounded by grand mothers and daughters.

Helen knew that he saw her tears; for their eyes met. She knew that he exulted in them; for she saw that expression on his face; and, after that, she had no more tears behind her coffee cup.

That morning, when he came to ask her to go out with him to the rocks, where Lillian was, she simply said—"No, sir!" with a slight and most stately inclination of her whole frame.

"As you please," was his reply. And, from that time, they seldom came together. When they were together, they seldom spoke directly to each other; and when they did speak, seldom interchanged a dozen sentences without being in a dispute, more or less acrid. Until the time came when Luther would leave home for college. Then his mother and sister wept; and Helen, in spite of herself, wept with them; not so much that he was going, as that she felt for Mrs. Gaskell and Lillian; and, besides, she blamed herself for many instances of rudeness and ingratitude to Luther himself. She thought it would be a relief to her then, especially after he was gone, if she made some little concessions to him and asked him to forgive her; and to think of her, when he was away there alone, as being his good friend. She thought she would do it, if he came in just before going, to bid good-bye to them, and if he seemed gracious toward her. He came in, one hour before he was to start, already dressed for the journey. Helen was sitting in the wide, shady hall to study her lessons.

"So you are ready to go?" remarked she, half her good-will vanishing at sight of the vain air with which he carried himself. He did not, even in that hour of parting, she saw, forego his egotism, forget himself and his fine, new shirt.

"Yes, I'm ready."

"Well, I hope you will have a happy, good time." She bent her head so that she could no longer see him; and the tenderness, the penitence came back. "I hope you won't be sick there among strangers. But if you are, you must think of the friends you have left here, and be happy in thinking of them."

Luther was touched. He leaned against the balustrade near her, bending his eyes to the floor.

"And any time, when you are sitting in your chamber alone and thinking of home, you mustn't think of the times when I have been unreasonable and cross with you. You must think of this morning, when I tell you that I am sorry for it all, and want your forgiveness." Her voice was unsteady; and so was Luther's, when he answered—"Oh, indeed, I have nothing to forgive. It is I who have been foolish and abrupt with you. I have been a vain, proud dog, many a time. But it is natural for me to be so, I believe. I often see it in myself, especially when I notice how different you are in this respect; and almost hate myself for it. It does no good, though. I can't cure myself."

"We all have our faults," answered the gentle voice. "Come in here where mother is. Mother wants to see you before you go."

She wept without restraint at her mother's touching words of parting; wept so that she was shaken, when she held his hand at the door, without hearing one word from him; only feeling his light kiss on her forehead; wept in her chamber, afterward, many times, for many days; then, as the days, weeks and months passed, comforted herself (and Luther too, if she might believe what he wrote in return) by writing, first, little postscripts in Lillian's letters to him; then little notes to be enclosed; and at last, long, closely-written letters, under her own seal and superscription.

#### CHAPTER IV.

LUTHER spent a part of every vacation with the family of an uncle in Boston, whose namesake he was; travelling with them, to the mountains, the "Great Lakes," the Canadas and the Falls, in the summers; to the western and southern cities in the winters. He studied; he kept good company. He, by all these means, improved himself inwardly; and in the sedative process of intrinsic acquisition, he parted gradually, in a considerable degree that is, with his outward "pomp and circumstance" of being a fine fellow; a finely dressed fellow; of being Professor Gaskell's only son, the childless General Gaskell's namesake and heir. And, by the time he was ready to commence his law-studies, with the Messrs. Burke and Melton—a firm then most distinguished of any at Manchester—he and Helen were "engaged." That is, it was settled between the Cushings and the Gaskells—Luther and Helen inclusive, of course, although they had less enthusiasm than any others in the affair—that, when his studies were over, and he was ready to be established, he should take the



building, once Judge Luton's office; of late, Professor Gaskell's study, for his office; the fine house, once Judge Luton's, of late, General Gaskell's, for his dwelling; and Helen Cushing for his wife, for the keeper of his house and his home-comfort. To Luther, even chastened as he was by the years, this was a matter of pride and of triumph, rather than of inward joy. To Helen—before the poor girl gave the asked for vows, she thought that she could be happy as mistress of so beautiful a home close by her parents, and with so well-educated and moral a man for her husband. But, by slow degrees, she came to wear the betrothal as if it were a fetter; and a fetter the most galling, when Luther was near. This was frequently; for Manchester was not far off; not more than two hours ride; and he often came up for the Sabbath.

Helen was dissatisfied with what she believed to be Luther's feelings toward herself. He was fond and proud of her. At any time, when they were together, in public, she could see in his looks, challenges of admiration for herself, and for himself, congratulations that she was his bride. This, out of her very nature of free independence, she loathed. She knew that such a trait in his character must cut him off from the high respect and esteem she longed to feel for her husband; must cut him off more and more, the closer they were united by outward ties. She dreaded that, at length it would cause her to contemn him utterly. Over this she trembled and shed many tears. One time she wept when he was by her side; when he was beseeching her to accompany him to a great gala of "session-time," at the capital. She was not well and strong, she told him; and begged to be permitted to remain at home where it was cool and still.

"I assured the Burkes and Meltons that I would positively be there," urged he, with an impatient tone.

"Yes, Luther; and so *you* can go," in the gentlest voice. "You can go; and the next morning we will sit here and you shall tell me all about it."

"I shan't go unless you do. I promised to bring you. Mr. Burke is to bring his wife, Mr. Melton his wife and daughters; and they all want to see you. Under these circumstances, you will go, of course."

"My head aches all of the time, lately. I can hardly eat enough to keep me alive. It is so sultry, the sand is so dry and burning hot, and then at the hall there will be such a crowd, I would not know how to live. I should only faint and be a trouble to you."

He took the aching head to his breast; called

her his "beautiful;" and renewedly begged her to go with him; since, without her, he could have no pleasure in going.

She assented; but with a choking voice; with the feeling that, in him, she would have a hard, exacting master, all the rest of her days.

## CHAPTER V.

THEY went to the capital. Luther had the satisfaction of seeing it with his own eyes and of hearing it from others, that Helen Cushing was the handsomest, the most glorious girl in that whole company; that she was, as one said—and he was the prince of connoisseurs, in Luther's mind—"only a little less than the angels in beauty." Yet, mingling with his pride, was a half-defined apprehension of some evil coming, caught, although he was hardly aware of it, from something unwonted in Helen, in the aspect of her beauty, the character of her bearing toward him and all who came near; for, of all the various moods of beauty and still reserve, in which he had at different times seen her, there had never once been anything like that, or equal to it. The purest lily was not equal to her face, save when a bloom, softer than that of the rose, lay on her cheeks, and a ripeness fresher than that of the cherry on her lips. Her eyes, all pupil nearly, by the dilation of that organ, had a depth and brilliancy, an earnest seriousness and elevation in their expression, that made him cower before her, and feel that he ought to be lying, like a spaniel, at her feet. She was gentle and courteous toward him—he had never before seen her so gentle and courteous. But he felt how she deprecated being there; and how, inwardly, she was laying it up against him, his bringing her, against all her representations of what was needful for her comfort. Well, she was mighty imperious and self-willed, at any rate, gently as she was carrying herself toward him, he was thinking, when he felt both her hands clasping his arms, felt her weight more, and more, and then felt her sinking at his side. She had suffered all that she was able to bear. Now, although she did not utterly lose her consciousness, she lay in Luther's arms pale and helpless as if she were dead; and saying with sobbing, suffocating breath—"Oh, take me into the air, quick."

She had one fainting fit after another; and it was not until morning that she lay breathing naturally and sleeping.

It was found that she could not stand, when, after waking and sleeping until noon, she tried it, with all the thoughts of the dear, the longed

for home giving her perseverance. She must remain, therefore, and be kept very still, very quiet until the next morning, the physician said; she could not, then, even reach her chamber door without fainting.

The next morning, by wetting her head, fanning her, by supporting her as if she were a babe, she reached the gate of her home.

"Let my father," said she, when Luther would have taken her out of the carriage that brought her from the depot.

She clung to her father; not with strength; for of this she had little indeed. But with that yearning love the little child feels toward those who constantly sustain and bless its tender life. One look she gave with her dull eyes, to trees, flowers and bright river. Then she was borne through the dim hall, up the dim staircase, this thought all the while wringing the hearts of the father and mother, that the next time, perhaps, she would be borne by other arms than theirs; when they would only "follow;" when this would be all that was left for them to do for their child. Kissing her, with long, clinging kisses, they laid her on the bed, from which, a fortnight later, when many friends were in the room and at the doors, and the low voice of prayer was heard, she had not once risen. She had been unconscious since the first few days of her illness; and had suffered until now, as her father said to a neighbor—in a low voice, that the mother might not hear—it was no more to lift her, than it was to lift a babe. She had moaned and begged; begged that Luther would not be cruel to her; that he would not hold her so fast, and keep her there where men trampled, with their hard heels, upon her brain and chest. She said this to Luther, or to another, or to no one. For, fall where the eyes would, the poor, tortured brain took no cognizance of any new images.

Now, at the hour of which we would speak, the time had come, as they all felt, when it would suffer no more; when it would yield up all its old images, and sleep the sleep that we call death.

"Thou knowest, oh, Lord," were some of the words of the prayer, "that this is for thy servants a bitter cup——"

"A bitter cup!" sobbed the father, bowing still lower, borne to the earth by his overwhelming sorrow.

"Let it pass from them," was added to the prayer; "leave them their treasure, if Thou canst; if Thou in Thy great wisdom and love dost see that it is best. Thou knowest. We may always, in the darkest hours, put our trust in Thee; for Thou wilt uphold us with a loving kindness which is better than life."

"Better than life! better than life!" they heard, in thrilling, joyful, but faint tones, from the bed. The parents heard it. He who offered the prayer heard it; for they knelt near the bed. Her eyes were closed; her lips scarcely moved; but each syllable was heard, distinct and as if it were uttered in clear consciousness. Her physician, who had been standing at the door, with his folded arms denoting in a significant way that his work was done, came quickly forward, tried her pulse, watched her breath—himself scarcely breathing; others scarcely breathing, as they looked from him to the sick one, and from the sick one to him.

"I think," said the physician, turning to the parents, with his fingers still on her pulse, "there is a change here. It is possible that this is only one of those sinking fits common in typhoid fever. Uncommonly severe it is though, if that is what it is. I never saw anything like it. Never."

While they bathed her and applied other restoratives, she murmured again, in a sweet, child-like voice—"His loving kindness is *better* than life."

The cup passed. Their treasure was spared to them. They wept as they gave thanks, and repeated the words so endeared to them—"Thy loving kindness is better than life." They bowed themselves even as they had done in the hour of their despair, in entreaty that they might be worthy the great blessing; that she, their precious child, might be God's servant; she might be kept evermore, as it were, in the hollow of His hand; and that they might never, oh, never! see the hour, when they would be constrained to say to Him—"Would that Thou hadst taken her then, in the dewy freshness and purity of her life's morning." (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## JANUARY.

DULL January's blast is ringing  
Forth its lone discordant chimes,  
Summer birds have ceased their singing,  
And have left for warmer climes.

Gently fall the snow-flakes, seeming  
Like the down of angel wings,  
Falling from that blest land teeming,  
With all pure and holy things.

D. H.

## COUSIN HARRY'S REFUSAL.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"My dear, here is your great-coat," said my uncle's second wife, as he was about to drive off with his new span of horses.

"My dear, I don't want it."

"But, John, it is such a raw day."

"I am dressed for that, my dear, and do not miss my coat."

"I think it looks like rain, John."

"If it rains, I shall stop somewhere till the shower is over."

"John, dear, *do* take your coat."

"I don't want it, my love, the sleeves are too tight to drive in, and it will only make me uncomfortable."

"Dear—if you don't take it you will make me very uncomfortable"—spoken in a whimpering tone, which with the sudden pulling forth of a pocket handkerchief had the desired effect.

"Well, give me the coat then. There, goodbye my love."

Our good-natured uncle drove off, and aunt went into the house, leaving us on the porch.

"I wouldn't marry for all the beauty, wit, money, or goodness in the world," said my forty-seventh cousin Harry, energetically and scornfully. "I do hope that if I am ever so deluded and infatuated, and lost to common sense as to ask any one to have me, I may meet with a refusal, a real snub."

My father looked at him keenly at first, and then smiled covertly. His eyes met mine at that instant. I was smiling too, merely because he did, but he said,

"Come, Hal, don't make such a wish before ladies—it might tempt some one to make a trial of your powers of resistance. Now, there is Sophy, smiling in all the consciousness of being able, with a little effort on her part, to put you in a position to receive the snub you are wishing for. No—you needn't look so incredulous; she has the gift of eloquence, and can persuade persons out of the evidence of their five wits, or out of their pet opinions. She actually talked me into moving to town two years ago, and stranger still, made me believe I was happy there. If she had not gone to spend six months with her aunt, I should have been in the city yet; but my mind righted while she was away, and I found I could be contented only here. She

keeps her brother Tom completely deluded as to his own wishes, and he has given up his idea of going to sea much to his mother's joy. I don't really know whether I shouldn't be afraid of her if she were not such an honest girl"—and my father looked at me fondly, adding—"And so generous a one."

This praise quite quelled my rising anger, but I could not help saying.

"Perhaps Harry will think I have deluded you into *that* belief against all truth."

"No, I shall not," Harry answered, promptly, "neither will I believe you can talk me into wishing for matrimony."

"Try, Sophy," said my father, mischievously. Harry looked polite, and said, "I don't suppose my heart more invulnerable than other people's, but I really think my head proof against the arguments of even so eloquent an advocate"—bowing to me with a little sneer.

I said nothing, not being pleased with his ironical reference to my eloquence. My father made the matter worse by seeing through my feelings, and exposing them.

"Now Sophy is angry. I was wrong to tell on you, wasn't I, Sophy?"

"You need not prejudice strangers against me, dear father, by betraying my unfortunate talent. You know I can't help it. I see that now it will be, as it used to be at school, when the girls said, 'never mind Sophy she could persuade you black was white,' and 'don't ask Sophy, or perhaps we shall all change our minds,' or 'Sophy will convince us we are wrong, so we won't ask her.' Nobody will care for me soon. I see that Henry feels like shunning me." I was struggling to speak distinctly, and not give way to my sudden feeling of grief. My dear father's voice trembled as he replied hastily,

"Oh, bless me! no, child—nobody shall shun you, nor want to either. Why, my dear, I have heard that no girl was ever so beloved by her schoolmates as you—and, dear child, you are the life and delight of the house——"

I saw that my father's feelings were carrying him away, and afraid he would make Harry laugh by his foolish fondness, I hastily retreated to the parlor. I determined that Harry should not hear me say one word, except necessary replies to

questions, during his stay, which was to continue during the college vacation. But this was not natural to me, and my spirits sunk under the effort to repress every expression of them. Harry observing this, kindly overcame his first feeling of repugnance to the eloquent woman, and tried to lead me into conversation. He very soon succeeded. Indeed I could not have kept silent much longer, and it was better that I should begin in answer to his effort than of my own accord. I was so ungaurded as to be led by my artful cousin, to the very topic I had especially resolved never to touch upon. I suppose he thought nothing but expressing my opinions on the subject of matrimony would restore my good-humor. So he descanted upon the various excellences for which wives were to be selected, mentioning as the grand crowning accomplishment good housekeeping, and asking my opinions thereupon.

It had always excited me to anger, to have that one selfish consideration placed first on the list of a wife's qualifications, and I began to reply too warmly to notice the amused look which my cousin's face wore. I had just said—"a poor man should certainly, for his childrens' sake, have a useful wife. She should by all means be a good housekeeper. But a rich man, who can afford a hired housekeeper, need not take that into consideration, except as evidence of a disciplined mind. I should despise him for so doing as I would the wealthy owner of a fine country-seat, who should fell his forests, level his hills, and lay out all his grounds as kitchen garden"—when seeing the smile which showed that my enthusiasm was merely looked at as something advantageous to my complexion, and that my opinions were not thought of the slightest consequence, only listened to for politeness sake, an angry resolve entered my heart, which made me raise my head, fix my eyes on his and continue my speech, with the full force of the gift Nature gave me. I first demanded—and obtained—attention to my meaning—then respect for my opinions—then conversion to my views—but Harry was not aware of all this. I felt it instinctively at the time, and the next day laughed in my sleeve when I heard him discussing the same topic with my father, using unconsciously my very words, growing warm where I had, and astonishing my father to such a degree that he exclaimed,

"Why, Hal, you're a match for Sophy!"

From that time Harry sought me with amusing pertinacity—in the pantry, where we discussed the merits of pickles and jams—in the library, where our favorite authors afforded subject for

argument—in the garden, when we disputed about the relative beauty of the seasons—and under the starlit sky, about which we had many things to settle.

In the meantime I bore a secret resentment to Harry. He had not come forward in manly strength and candor, to hear what the supposed weaker party had to say for itself, but he had been compelled to a favorable judgment against his will. I did not enjoy my triumph at all, so sorry was I to be disappointed in him.

One day when I was in the garden, looking into the heart of a pond lily while Harry expatiated on its beauty, he suddenly arrested the tide of his eloquence and turned it into another channel, letting it speak passionately from his eyes. As I read his look I only smiled scornfully, and turned my head slightly from him. It was enough, words would have made the question and answer no plainer. We were walking in silence toward the house, when my father unfortunately met us.

"Dear me!" he cried, "you look, Hal, very much as if *you* had been taking the part of advocate of matrimony, and had found Sophy no convert"—then seeing from our disconcerted countenances how near he had come to the truth he never even suspected, he stopped short in his walk, reddened, made some off-hand remark about the weather, and passed on.

I could not help laughing. Strange to say this laugh gave Harry hope. Some one has truly said, "In fact for most men the nature of woman is a sealed book, and must necessarily ever remain so. They love them, and hate them, admire them, and condemn them, flatter them, and abuse them, do anything, and everything, but understand them." Harry little thought I was laughing as much at him as at my father. He fancied I had only put on that scornful look, and had now given up that play.

He waited till my father had left the garden, and then said—"Dear Sophy, I must hear all in plain words. Do not speak yet. I do wish we could agree upon this one thing, this one proposition I am going to make."

"Well, what is it?"

"That we shall be happy together, happier for being together throughout our whole lives, that I, as husband, may be the most blest man in the world, and you as my wife the most cherished woman. Shall it be so?"

"No. Matrimony has been the dream of your life. I cannot take advantage of the vulnerability of your heart, doubtless deluded by my eloquence. Pray keep a right mind, and do not let it be overpowered by a silly woman's tongue."

"Sophy, do be in earnest, and do not quote me against myself. I ask you now to accept my hand. Think of nothing else I may ever have said."

"No, Harry, I cannot forget that in cooler moments, you expressly declared your wishes respecting the conduct of any lady toward whom you stood in this position, and in accordance with your own wish I must snub you. I wish you had chosen a prettier name for it."

Harry's sorrowful glance met mine, which was cool and unmoved. He turned angrily away, leaving me ashamed of the ungenerous mode of refusal, but not regretting the refusal itself, for I did not know I loved him. It was not till I saw that he had too strong a mind to let passion govern it; not until I saw the power of his will in quelling his unhappiness; not until my heart began to glow with admiration of his manliness, in not trying to conceal but to conquer his disappointment—that I began to feel the bitterness of despair at his success in regaining the true balance of his mind, and the cheerfulness of his disposition.

He left us to go back to college, and a little old-fashioned song, which he sung on the last evening of his visit, shut out from my heart every hope of what it had begun to pine for—his love.

"Fare you well, my pretty Sophy,  
I must e'en excuse you,  
All our little quarrels, Sophy,  
Now I'm going to lose you.  
I've hardly kept my bosom free,  
And you, I fancy, guess it.  
Now are you displeased with me?  
Though you won't confess it, Sophy,  
Though you won't confess it."

He evidently thought my mind as easily freed as his own, or he would not have thus ungenerously referred to the repentance he had perhaps discerned; but either my feelings were stronger or my will weaker, for I could not be cheerful. I could not forget him, and became very silent, to my father's great annoyance.

"Ah," I heard him say once, "it used to be such an amusement to hear Sophy when in an eloquent mood, but Hal fairly out-talked her, and like a humbled parrot she has never spoken since—'Author forgotten and silent of currentest phrase and fancy.'"

I looked forward with dread to Harry's return in the winter. I feared that his quick sight would read my weak, fond woman's heart, and perhaps his quick wit show it up in ridicule to his offended feelings. I had seen him subdue his love. That mine should still exist for him to laugh at was intolerable. Oh, how my heart quailed within me, and my trembling limbs sank

under me as I heard my father greeting him in the long hall, and in answer to inquiries after the health of the family, saying—"As for Sophy, I believe she must have made a vow to save all her eloquence for your return, for she has grown silent—utterly silent."

I glanced fearfully at my cousin's countenance as he entered the parlor, expecting to see there coldness or indifference, but his eyes beamed gladly on me, and there was a very hopeful flush on his face. The pressure of his hand too, which long prevented the escape of mine, betrayed some trepidation.

My father for once guessed at the real state of affairs, and, catching up his hat, fairly ran out of the room, muttering in the most incoherent manner something that bore small resemblance to any known tongue.

Harry took my hand, which lay on the sofa pillow, saying—"Ah, Sophy!" which sent the blood flushing to my cheek. But I could not reply to that remark. It was followed by another equally unanswerable, "Sophy, I could not forget you." Then after some hesitation, "I suppose I could live without you, but these months of absence have been so dreary. I come back to you weary in spirit, hungering for the delight and zest communion with your mind gives, longing to see things through your cheerful eyes. If you would not have me waste life in half efforts and gloomy reveries, be to me, I pray you, my ever present counsellor, the joy of my life—my wife, Sophy."

I could not say a word, but Harry understood my faint effort, and he had been sitting by me on the sofa sometime, when my sisters entered, followed by my brothers, and father, who advanced with a bold, careless look, that said, "Indeed I am entirely unsuspicious." We were all soon roused to mirth by my sisters, my father being in irrepressible spirits.

"Come, Sophy," he said, tell your cousin how I was floored in an argument with C—, the other night. Go over it all," which I did till my brothers became so uproarious that my mother fairly stopped her ears.

Still I was talking, when my father suddenly abashed me by saying—"Bless me, Sophy, what a flow of words.

"'Mute and exuberant by turns, a fountain at intervals playing:  
Mute and abstracted, or strong and abundant as rain in the tropics.'"

Then as I did not resume, he added seriously, "Now, Sophy, that you have your gift again, your first duty is not to let your old father

languish for the pleasant and refreshing waters of conversation."

"No, no," said my mother, "women should study to be quiet, and remember that—'*Le premier devoir d'une femme, c'est d'être jolie*.'"

"You need not have mentioned that duty surely, mother," said my father, "for she has

that fulfilled for her, and without taking thought of it."

Harry and I were on our way to the conservatory as this was said, but he heard it, and pressed my arm in a very flattering manner.

"Dear Harry," I whispered, "I will try never to make you regret choosing a talkative wife."

## E V A.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

SILENT she stood with pensive eyelids down,

Her soft hair drooping on her velvet cheek;

Yet on her brow the shadows of a frown

Still rested, though that brow was ever meek.

Displeasure on that face! oh, can it be?

Those lips were formed for sweet serenity—

Those eyes were made to look with love on all—

Yet, now upon the ground their glances fall.

Where loiters he, her faithless swain?

Why doth he give his Eva pain?

Is it because he loves her not?

Is it because he has forgot

The hour he promised to return?

The hour when stars begin to burn—

When silent birds to rest their wings are closing,

When flowers within their buds are soft reposing—

The hour when twilight with the night is blending,

And Heaven on the earth soft dews is sending:

This was the hour that Eva went

With trusting heart unto the spot

Where oft they'd met before; she sent

A glance around—and saw him not.

And there she stood, displeasure on her brow,

Beneath a linden's overhanging bough.

And where was Eugene? where was he?

A bark upon the starlit sea

Was bending to the gentle gale

That proudly swelled the glancing sail:

And toward the land was swiftly bounding,

The sparkling foam its prow surrounding.

Upon the deck young Eugene stood,

His dark eyes turned upon the land,

He saw the deeply shadowed wood

Beneath whose boughs he soon would stand

To greet the maiden of his heart,

Ne'er from her side again to part.

Onward, still onward, came the rolling bark,

O'er the waves dancing, buoyant as a lark.

One minute more—there came a sudden shock—

The trembling boat had struck a hidden rock!

She turned—she filled—she sunk—the waves closed o'er—

And calmly rippled toward the silent shore.

Long lingered Eva 'neath the wood,

Expecting, hoping, fearing too—

The thought (love's thoughts lack not for food),

That Eugene might have proved untrue.

The hours sped on—she waited still—

But with a heart foreboding ill.

At length she left the shel't'ring bough

With gloomy thoughts upon her brow,

And swiftly bounding to the shore,

Gazed wildly on the gleaming sea,

Until her eyes could look no more—

Her truant lover, where was he?

Where? hapless maiden! did'st thou know,

The waves o'er thee would quickly flow?

Why starts she now, and trembling, groweth pale?

Her limbs beneath her seem at once to fail:

An object dark upon the wave she sees—

A human form—her blood begins to freeze:

She looks—she looks again—her eyes grow dim—

It dashes on the shore—the form of him.

With one despairing shriek she fell

Upon his cold unconscious breast,

And on his icy lips her own did dwell.

As if that kiss could wake him from his rest.

She placed her hand upon his heart,

'Twas still—no life was there,

And from his brow she tried to part

His heavy, dripping hair.

Upon those eyes she gazed again,

But they were closed in death—

No smile had they for Eva then,

She gazed—and gasped for breath.

No longer flowed the red blood warm,

All life had fled from that cold form,

Yet, Eva could not weep—her tears

Were dried within their cell;

In one half hour the weight of years

Upon her forehead fell.

With quivering lips and wildly rolling eye,

She knelt by Eugene's side and prayed to die.

Her prayer was heard—and as the stars of even

Were fading one by one before the day,

Her spirit pure ascended into Heaven,

As on her lover's breast the maiden lay.

## OUR "FREE AND EASY" VISITOR.

BY JEREMY BOGGS.

My father was a country clergyman in the state of Pennsylvania. In the early part of his pastoral career, his modest house, which stood on a main road, was chosen as a convenient place of sojourn, by such of his brethren as happened to be travelling along that way. Scarcely a week passed without seeing some peripatetic person snugly ensconced, for a day or more, under our roof, eating my mother's dinners with a relish that was quite worldly and humanizing. Every body who could by any latitude of construction, lay claim to a "call," made free with my father's hospitality. So that, between invalid clergymen, home and foreign missionaries, colporteurs, and agents for some five hundred indisputably benevolent institutions, we did a more flourishing business (*gratis*) than the "Washington tavern," forty rods below.

My father was a generous man, and believed in professional courtesies. His heart was large enough to take in the whole world, but his gross and tangible accommodations were small, and pretty much occupied by himself, Mrs. Boggs and the three young B's. This, added to the fact that my father never left home, and, therefore, had no opportunity of retaliating on his visitants, made the position of general entertainers rather irksome. But he was of a kindly disposition, and felt averse to giving an affront. By-and-bye, however, an event occurred, which led him to resolve to shut his door against all stragglers with whom he was not personally acquainted. I don't mean literally shut it, but he did it quite as effectually by signs and hints. Had *they* failed, I verily believe (and I say it with filial reverence) my father would have resorted to kicks—as he would have been perfectly justified in doing.

The event of which I speak took place as follows:—

One Tuesday forenoon, a huge chocolate colored carriage rolled up toward the house. It was a rusty, weather-beaten structure, and, as it moved slowly along, evinced its antiquity by creaks and moans. When it came to a stop, it uttered a deep sigh, in which the foot-board, the axles, the springs, and the dry leather generally, seemed to partake, and which expressed to my childish fancy (for I had been watching the carriage as

it lumbered up the road) a profound desire to enjoy a good, long, uninterrupted repose. In this, also, the horse—a cadaverous, wall-eyed creature—perfectly agreed, as I gathered from an inclination which he betrayed to lay down in the harness.

As this portentous vehicle pulled up at the usual hitching place, my father, who had, from his study window, beheld its approach with curious misgivings, heaved a soft sigh of forbearance (for he had only just got rid of the Rev. Ahasuerus Jenkins, who was somehow connected with the A. B. C. F. M., and by virtue thereof had mulcted my father out of two days board—lodging inclusive) and went to the door.

He arrived just in time to see a fat gentleman in the act of emerging from the mysterious conveyance. Either the fat gentleman was too large, or the carriage door was too small—at any rate, owing to some incompatibility of conditions, the egress was not easily performed. The fat gentleman first put forth one leg and felt delicately for the step, which he could not see. At last he found it, but so low down that the other leg was beyond withdrawal. This dilemma involved the necessity of pulling back the exploring member, and lowering both legs at once—a measure which, though adroitly conducted, completely failed. The fact was (and this was the only error in the calculation) the exit was not as wide by some two inches as the fat gentleman himself. Here, therefore, he was wedged, and getting more tightly stuck by trying to turn over, when my father came to the rescue.

"Keep easy a moment, my dear sir," said my kind father, measuring with his eye the vehicle and the fat gentleman, and seeking to reconcile the two.

A groan from the fat gentleman, and a shriek and considerable whining from sundry persons inside, mostly concealed from view by the obstruction, warned my father to work quickly. For a moment only he was puzzled—an expedient flashed upon him. The sufferer was thicker through in one direction than another. This understood, and the solution of the great problem was easy. The first movement then was to push the fat gentleman back again and start *de novo*. My father stated this view of the case to the

party interested, who at once coincided in it with a groan—which was followed, as before, by a shriek and miscellaneous squabble from the interior.

My father grappled the fat gentleman, and with one happy shove dislodged him and turned him on his side, whereupon, with a little striving on the part of the former, the fat gentleman slipped lumpishly to the ground and "stood (after some balancing) confessed." He was about five feet nine inches high. Gross weight, I should judge, three hundred pounds avoirdupois. Nose red and pimply; ears large and pendant; eyes small and moist; chin tripled with fleshly folds; all the details such as are most consistent with a fat gentleman. His apparel throughout was black and napless, and appeared to be filled to repletion. His white neck-kerchief revealed the sacred office.

The first decided act of the fat gentleman was to drop his lower jaw with a dull sound—like uncorking a bottle of faint beer—and turn up his eyes in the direction of a last year's bird's-nest in the trees overhead. He next grasped my father (who was whisking the dust from the stranger's coat) by the hand.

"Allow me to thank you, sir," he said, in a husky voice, (as became his fatness) "for your kind and timely aid. I have the pleasure, I presume, sir, (another shake—the fat gentleman quivering like a huge jelly) of addressing the Rev. Mr. Boggs."

"Yes, sir," responded my father, "and I am very glad I was here to render you this little assistance. I hope you are not hurt, sir."

"Oh, no," said the fat gentleman—"not worth mentioning; I'm used to annoyances of this kind. I only hope that my liver has escaped injury. If that vitally important organ is safe, I have no fear. Any accident, in its present delicate state, would prove fatal. I hope and believe, however," he added, with a cheerful smile, "that it is untouched." But the sharp twinge which convulsed his face immediately afterward, and which he vainly sought to conceal, contradicted him.

At the bare mention of "liver" another shrill shriek was heard, and a tall, scraggy female, whom my father had as yet only partially seen, jumped from the carriage and flung herself with an agonizing cry of "husband" into the fat gentleman's arms—almost throwing him off his balance.

Meanwhile the wailings, which I have already noticed, were renewed on a higher key, and I now saw that they proceeded from three children of the respective ages apparently of ten, nine,

and seven, whose dirty faces were thrust out of the door.

"Husband! liver!" (the latter emphatic with anguish) were the only words I could detect in the broken phrases which the scraggy female lavished upon the fat gentleman. As for that individual, he did little more than allow himself to be hugged—taking the occasion to uncork several bottles, and steal another look at the bird's-nest.

I was wondering how long this queer tableau would last, when it was suddenly dissolved by the scraggy female jumping from the fat gentleman and commencing an attack upon the three children, whom she vehemently kissed and lifted to the ground.

"Mr. Boggs," said the fat gentleman, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, as if to shake off an imaginary scraggy female, "pray excuse this little scene. My wife is foolishly nervous. And now, sir, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Mawkins—the Rev. Elijah Mawkins, of ——. This is my excellent helpmeet and devout companion, Mrs. Mawkins—daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Digsley, whom you have perhaps heard of; and these are our three olive plants. Come here, Dorcas, and Ebenezer and Zedidiah—and pay your respects to this kind gentleman."

My father good-naturedly patted the two boys on their scrub heads, and in the abundance of his cordiality kissed the grim cheek of Dorcas—the eldest of the olive plants.

"I am taking a little excursion for my health," resumed the Rev. Mr. Mawkins, (who had been smiling benignly while this little episode was going forward) "I found that my liver (the Rev. Mr. M. indicated the region thereof with both hands) incapacitated me for the proper discharge of my high and responsible functions; (Mrs. M. sighed) and my parishioners have generously granted me leave of absence for six weeks. I thought I could improve it no better than by making myself acquainted with the beauties of our great and glorious state. I had heard much, in particular, of your lovely village, and I find my expectations more than realized." As he spoke, the Rev. Mr. M. wafted his hand toward the town pump, a duck pond, and a sand bank, which were all in full view.

"It is indeed beautiful," he added—and his eyes rested beamingly on the duck pond.

"Truly charming," chimed in Mrs. M., riveting her gaze on the same attractive object.

There was a silence of some seconds, during which my father tugged nervously at his wrist-band—a habit of his when he was in doubt.

"Ah, Mr. Mawkins," said he, at length, "pray



walk into my house (a gulp) with your wife and children. This way, if you please."

But neither Mr. nor Mrs. M. heard him. They were still absorbed in the duck pond.

My father repeated his invitation.

"Certainly! thank you, sir: excuse my abstraction," said the Rev. Mr. Mawkins, "your scenery quite entranced me. But, sir, don't let us put you to the least trouble!"

"Oh, no! no trouble by any means, we won't hear of it," echoed Mrs. M.

"You are perfectly welcome," replied my father, (with another gulp) "to the comforts of our little home."

"Little!" rejoined the Rev. Mr. Mawkins. "How saith the poet?

'Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.'

So, after my father had directed my eldest brother to put the horse into the barn, rub him down and feed him well, and after the Rev. Mr. M. had taken out a few necessary articles—said articles consisting of three trunks, five hand-boxes, four umbrellas, a half a dozen large paper parcels, and a geranium pot, (which Mrs. M. couldn't bear to leave behind her) my father piloted the Mawkins family into the house.

"It is indeed providential," said the head of that family on the threshold, "that my liver escaped injury"—and again the frightful twinge of his face contradicted him.

Mrs. M. turned to throw herself once more into her husband's arms; but was checked by the intervening persons of Dorcas, Zedidiah, Ebenezer, my father and myself.

The preliminaries of dusting and disrobing being over, (at which my good mother made herself serviceable to everybody at the same time) beheld the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mawkins and the accompanying olive plants tranquilly seated in our snug parlor, with the prospect of a dinner before them, for my mother had excused herself to enlarge the preparations for the meal.

"It's really very pleasant," observed the Rev. Mr. M., nestling into the sofa, "to travel with one's household, to feel oneself, so to speak, in the bosom of one's family. It almost realizes," he added, with a captivating smile, "the primitive caravans of Scripture." (It occurred to me, who was fresh from the Old Testament, that the former, however, carried their own corn—which the Rev. Mr. Mawkins' caravan didn't do.)

"You have a comfortable home here," he continued, taking a rapid inventory of the furniture.

"Yes," said my father, "it answers our purpose quite well."

"Ah," cried the Rev. Mr. M., springing from his seat as lightly as the three hundred pounds avoirdupois would permit. "Ah! what is this? A collection of New Zealand curiosities, as I live."

After examining them with intense earnestness, and asking a multitude of questions upon this and that article, he thrust his hand into his coat-tail pocket with an air of profound mystery, and drew forth a paper package as large as my fist. This he unrolled with the care and deliberation of a Gliddon. Finally he worked his way down to some small object, which he placed reverently in his right palm, and slowly stepping up to my father, held it out for his inspection.

My father adjusted his glasses and looked long and closely. Then delicately touched the mysterious treasure—then turned it over and looked as long and closely at the other side.

"Hum, ha!" said he, at length, "some rare species of shell, I suppose."

The Rev. Mr. Mawkins shook his head gravely and said nothing.

My father took another good long stare. "Well," he continued, "I can't guess, unless it's a chip from the old Constitution." My father spoke with the more confidence, because he knew that a large proportion of that venerable vessel was abroad upon the community in the guise of canes and snuff-boxes.

"No, sir, no," replied the Rev. Mr. Mawkins, dropping his words one by one, as though he feared the whole bulk of the revelation would prove too crushing for one delivery. "This, sir, is—the—great—~~toe-nail~~—of—~~Ram-Row-Jam~~—one—of—the—earliest chiefs of—the Tonger—Islands. It possesses a peculiar historical interest, as that chief was the first to admit the missionaries into his territory; of course I wouldn't part with it for the world, but as I see you have a passion for curiosities, allow me to beg your acceptance of a small portion. I'll hear of no refusal."

My father looked bewildered as the Rev. Mr. Mawkins cut off a slight paring from this fragmentary relic of the great Ram-Row-Jam, and placed it in his hand. My father, who was something of a *virtuoso*, with many thanks for the gift, wrapped it up intricately, and tucked it into a corner of his pocket-book for safe preservation.

The Rev. Mr. M. resumed his seat with the air of a man who had liquidated all claims which my father, or any of his family, already had, or might have at any future day, upon him—the Rev. Mr. Mawkins.

"By-the-bye," he continued, with a slight gesture, deprecatory of further gratitude on the

part of my father, "are you in any way related to the Hon. Joseph Boggs, of ——?"

"Yes, I think I am—third cousin—not nearer," answered my father.

"Indeed! you don't say so! Why! my wife is also a connection of that distinguished gentleman. How close is it, Mrs. M?"

"If I am not mistaken," replied that lady, "my sister's husband's brother married a cousin of the Hon. Joseph Boggs' first wife—I won't say certain, because I should not wish to tell a lie."

"Oh, ho!" cried the Rev. Mr. Mawkins, good-humoredly, "not so near as I supposed—still its a relationship. What can be more delightful," he continued—uncorking a smart bottle—"than to trace out one's family ties in all their ramifications."

As the Rev. Mr. Mawkins was expatiating upon this noble theme, dinner was announced.

My father rose to marshal his new-found relatives into the dining-room, when the Rev. Mr. Mawkins clutched him earnestly by the arm, and again begged of him in a voice of remonstrance to be at no extra trouble on *their* account.

"No, no," echoed Mrs. M., "we shan't allow it"—and she looked as though she had determined to resent the slightest exhibition of it as an insult.

The dinner was substantial and abundant. My mother, with true womanly tact, had made ample provision for our mountainous guest. She had not only cooked a vast quantity of sausages and ham, but she had left open one end of the table for his especial accommodation, and had arranged all the fundamental dishes within his reach. I have no doubt she expected (as she was willing) that he would make a clean sweep of them. He was flanked on the right by Mrs. Mawkins, and one child, and on the left by the other two children. My mother had thus thoughtfully adjusted them, so as to have the entire family under her eye, in one group. My father, and myself, made up the party.

So, after the Rev. Mr. Mawkins had asked a blessing, the dinner was begun. It soon turned out that my mother had hardly over-estimated the Rev. Mr. M's. capacity. Yet he did not seem rapacious: and I could not believe, as I glanced up from time to time, and saw another gap among the sausages and the ham, that he was the devastator, until I comprehended his style of eating. It consisted in slowly cutting off huge pieces and conveying them deliberately to his mouth, where they were at once swallowed with a slight throb. The phenomenon turned on the summary disposal which the Rev. Mr. Mawkins made of his food, when once out of sight.

In short, he was a maelstrom among the viands. I noticed, too, that whenever he made a foray, he drew off attention by uttering some contemporaneous remark. So that, if the foray was noticed at all, it would be regarded by most observers in the light of a gesture—an incidental emphasis. I remember one notable instance. The Rev. Mr. M. had been inveighing against the Pope, in reply to something my father had said, and he accompanied the regret that Napoleon did not crush that personage, by thrusting his (the Rev. Mr. M's.) fork into a double link of sausages, and bringing them with a firm, decisive movement upon his plate. It seemed to me a most perfect illustration of the savage treatment which the Rev. Mr. Mawkins would be happy to serve out to the Pope himself.

The conversation (and the Rev. Mr. M. was as great in talking as in gastronomy) ran on a variety of topics. Among many other things, that gentleman gave us a full history of his liver complaint, from its infancy to its present overshadowing proportions, with a complete list of the remedies he had tried without success: but expressed the hope—yes, the firm conviction—that the little pleasure trip would restore him to perfect health. But, alas, that tinge of the face. Mrs. Mawkins saw it, and again burst into a fond alarm. The Rev. Mr. Mawkins had described his case so vividly—uncorking so many bottles—licking his chops—and dwelling with so much unction upon the racier parts of it, as to affect my mother unpleasantly; she was quite pale and tremulous when he concluded the recital. I remember, too, that, toward the close of it (such is the force of sympathy) I fancied that I felt pains like those so eloquently portrayed, and I wondered whether I also was not a sufferer, in common, with the philosophic Mawkins.

The Rev. Mr. M. further improved the opportunity to call attention to the endowments of the olive plants; who, beyond the fact that among them they had upset a vinegar cruet or two, overturned the mustard and spilt the gravy into the pudding, had received no more notice than was necessary to supply their hereditary appetites.

"We have here," said the fond parent, affectionately stroking the soft, red hair of the eldest, "a real musical prodigy. Her bump of tune," he continued, feeling vaguely for its cerebral indication, "is, I am told by a competent phrenologist, of a most remarkable size. She could sing 'Auld Lang Syne' at the age of four years and—three months?"—with an inquiring glance at Mrs. M.

"Two months—two months," she replied.

"Two months! ah, thank you. You know best, my dear, for you have watched and trained her dawning genius as only a mother can. Well, by the advice of my scientific friend, at eight years she commenced taking lessons on the piano. Her progress was really wonderful. In eighteen months she had learned to execute 'Scots who hae,' 'I see them on,' and—and——"

"The 'Bristol March,'" suggested Mrs. M.

"Yes, and the 'Bristol March,'" continued the proud father; "but it is her sacred music that pleases me most. Her Windham, Ballerina and Coronation are peculiarly touching. The Rev. Dr. Dwight would have wept, indeed, at her Coronation. Some of my most powerful sermons have been composed in the hearing of her music. I took the hint from Milton. Yet she is a gay, young thing—a little too frivolous, I'm afraid," and he beamed lovingly on the juvenile phenomenon, who only giggled and ran out her tongue, and played harpoon with her fork upon stray pieces of bread about her plate.

"By-the-bye, Mr. Boggs, I think I saw a piano in your parlor."

"Yes, sir," answered my father, "it was a gift of my mother's. It's an old concern, and hasn't been played on these ten years. I have no musicians in my family, and I only keep it as a memento."

"Very fortunate coincidence," replied the Rev. Mr. Mawkins, "very fortunate. My Dorcas shall wake the torpid melodies of the instrument, and revive, I trust, mournful but sweet recollections of the departed donor." And Mr. M. threw himself back in his chair with the manifest consciousness of having said a very good thing.

I observed a slight shudder came over my father. "I assure you," he said, in a voice quivering with emotion, "nothing could give me greater pleasure."

"Ebenezer," resumed the Rev. Mr. Mawkins, after a slight pause, indicating that youth with the carving-knife, "Ebenezer, I design to raise for a missionary. He is a sober, steady boy, and will be, I hope, the means of much good in Timbuctoo or the Fejee Islands."

"I don't want to go there," blubbered Ebenezer, "my teacher says they eat folks."

"Ah, but, my dear, you must be willing to be eaten; you must be thankful for the privilege of being eaten."

"I don't want to be. What good would it do me?" and Ebenezer gave symptoms of tears.

"Well, my son," said the Rev. Mr. Mawkins, who was somewhat staggered by the very natural inquiry, "where would you like to go?"

"To India," responded the hopeful youth.

"And why to India, Ebenezer?"

"Cos there's where they make crackers!"

This worldly reply—so unexpected—caused the Rev. Mr. Mawkins not a little embarrassment; but he soon recovered himself. "Boys will be boys, you know," he observed to my father, with which apologetic remark, his eyes rested on Zedidiah, who was just then peering curiously into the dish of pudding sauce, on the brink of which his little, roguish pug-nose comfortably rested.

"Always learning something," said the Rev. Mr. M., musingly, "always learning something. I sometimes think that my youngest is the most highly gifted of all. He is forever exploring and investigating. Not long ago we caught him in the act of pulling a feather bed to pieces. The young philosopher had covered himself so completely with the contents that, at first sight, I supposed him to be some anomalous species of bird. He has, also, unknown to us, set traps for cats; this, in an older person, might seem cruelty, but in him it is only the development of mechanical genius. Why, it was only last week that he——"

"Ripped my silk dress from top to bottom," interrupted Mrs. M., whose face had been gathering wrath since the young philosopher was brought upon the carpet, "if he isn't cured of his tricks he'll soon be tearing down the house about our ears."

Zedidiah, it turned out, was the standing topic of dispute between Mr. and Mrs. Mawkins; and Mr. Mawkins, on this occasion, had presumed too much upon his wife's forbearance.

"Yes, and day before yesterday, he pulled the ribbons off my new bonnet," cried Miss Dorcas, who sided with her mother in this little family difference.

Mr. Mawkins was perplexed. He didn't know what to say—and so, like a prudent man, he said nothing.

In the course of events the dinner came to an end.

From the date of the dinner, to that of the catastrophe, which it is my purpose to record, our experiences of the Mawkins family may be briefly summed up as follows:—It was found indispensably necessary to commit the three young Boggses to the precarious fortunes of a narrow straw bed in the dining-room, which bed was not made up until the elder of the Mawkinses had retired—about eleven P. M. This, taken into account with the fact, that said bed was far too limited for three persons, however small, deprived us of the needful quantity of

sleep, and we rose every day red-eyed and unrefreshed. The first oath I ever uttered was launched at the Mawkinses. The amount of purchases for the table was of course much increased. This not only involved a large expenditure from my father's little salary, but, what was worse, almost worried my mother into a fever, with running hither and thither, and attending to the culinary department, for she always insisted on discharging those duties in her own person. And to heighten her perplexity, the Rev. Mr. Mawkins always ate his meat in a proximately raw state, while Mrs. M. and the children couldn't bear it unless "done to a heavy brown." The perpetual oscillating between these two conditions nearly drove my mother out of her senses. As the Rev. Mr. Mawkins had promised, the tuneless Dorcas revived the torpid melodies of the piano—that is so far as they could be revived—some of them having been put to sleep forever by the breaking of the strings. Whether she succeeded in waking in my father's breast mournful but sweet recollections of the deceased donor is a mooted point. Perhaps, however, it was to conceal his emotions that he always withdrew, shortly after Dorcas commenced wrestling with the instrument, on a visit to the post-office, or elsewhere. As to the style of her music, I cannot speak advisedly, not having a good ear. I only remember that, in my poor judgment, her Windham sounded like the fabled wail of condemned spirits, and her Bristol March like the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the pavement. Zedidiah put his investigating turn of mind into practice at an early day by prying off the main wheel of our eight day clock, and throwing it into the well, with the design, doubtless, of sounding the depth of water. The youthful sage further exemplified his peculiar genius by testing the force of projectiles upon my favorite guineahen, in the course of which he broke one of her legs. I revenged myself by suspending him over the watering trough till he promised to abstain from further scientific research in that direction. The future missionary gave indubitable evidence of his sedate and thoughtful nature, by overturning my father's library, dislocating the leaves of the books, and marking his way with prints of dirty thumbs and dogs-ears. "Scott's Commentary," a standard work, came in, I recollect, for a large share of the future missionary's attention. The Rev. Mr. Mawkins busied himself in various ways. He took a walk every morning (generally accompanied by Mrs. M. and one of the little M's.) under the guidance of my father, to some of the neighboring wonders, samples of which he invariably brought home. Among

others, were a piece of the new bridge, then being built across the river which ran through our village, a handful from the yellow sand-bank, and a fragment of the new church which was in process of erection for my father's use. These, he said, especially the latter, he should keep as treasures, not indeed on account of their intrinsic value, but of the delightful associations connected with them. Mr. M. also paraded extensively in the little garden behind our house. He thought the scent of the flowers benefitted his liver. I watched him, and found that, after every turn or two, he paused under our green-gage tree, and knocked off the finest plums within reach of his cane. I was uncharitable in my inferences at that time, but I am now convinced that the Rev. Mr. M. was liable to fits of an absent mind. He read largely, and derived so much pleasure from the perusal of a gigantic treatise on Scriptural Antiquities, by Calmet, that he expressed to my father an intense desire to procure a copy. One day, after the Rev. Mr. Mawkins had passed a glowing eulogy on the said Calmet, I judged from my father's looks that he was about to present the Rev. Mr. M. with that work, but he instantly checked himself, and made no proposition of the kind. I am sure that the Rev. Mr. M. would not have accepted it as a gift—indeed he once hinted as much. He also spent a good share of his time in cultivating and training the olive plants. He was not ashamed (as too many men are) to confess a little paternal weakness in the presence of strangers. I will only add that his appetite continued excellent, and that from day to day, he announced a decided improvement in his liver.

As for Mrs. M., she conducted herself in a very grim and exemplary manner, as became the daughter of a Digsley and the wife of a Mawkins.

It will be inferred from all this, that our experience of the Mawkins family was a protracted one. This is correct. It lasted till Monday morning of the ensuing week—six days. The Rev. Mr. Mawkins had designed to make only a brief visit. Every morning, after breakfast, he declared his intention of pursuing the journey, but always managed to defer it.

And now for the catastrophe.

My father's predecessor, the Rev. Jonathan Stubbs, had preached almost exclusively, for the four years of his pastorate, upon what are known as the Terrors of the Law. All his sermons were worked up in whole or in part, from this material. The larger and more influential portion of the flock, at last grew tired of it, and repudiated their shepherd, after one sermon more thundering than ever. My father, on the contrary,

preached the law of love, which there was a tacit understanding he should do, when he was called.

Thus stood affairs, when the Rev. Mr. Mawkins begged the privilege of supplying my father's place in the forenoon of Sunday. The strengthened condition of his liver, he thought, would enable him. My father, who was in ill health, acceded to the generous proposal.

Sunday forenoon came. It was bright and beautiful. This circumstance, and the announcement that the fat gentleman (who, for the past week, had been the marvel of the village) would preach, drew a full house. My father subsequently remarked that he never saw a larger attendance. The Rev. Mr. Mawkins looked impressive—his usual radiance and unctuousity were heightened by a new satin vest. As he rolled up the aisle, with my father, and took his seat in the pulpit, every eye followed him with admiration. It seemed no sin to worship such a model of meekness and mercy. My father offered a prayer and read a hymn and settled himself comfortably. The Rev. Mr. Mawkins rose and commenced his labors in a mild voice.

Could my father believe his senses? *The text was the same from which the Rev. Jonathan Stubbs had preached his most disastrous sermon.* The congregation stared. The Rev. Mr. M. repeated it, and this time more distinctly, and with a slight gesture. My father's agitation increased.

In fact, the Rev. Mr. M. had tackled the terrors systematically and in earnest. In the first place, he had culled out every word directly or indirectly pertaining to them, in Holy Writ. Then he had rummaged among the commentators and old divines, and got together a vast pile of speculative opinions, and a host of pithy phrases. Then he had built up a glowing hypothesis of his own, of which Stubbs' slow imagination never dreamed. And he had chopped up the whole into six divisions, each of which was more fervid and intense than the previous. His style rose through the gradations of warm, hot, scalding and boiling to explosive, at which pitch it remained. His voice made good time up to the fourth division, where it was overtaken by the subject. So the Rev. Mr. M. eked it out with gestures, of which he employed the most approved variety—such as

pointing, striking, jerking, waving, banging the Bible, and whacking the dust out of the pulpit cushions. Had it been practicable, I have no doubt the Rev. Mr. M. would have emphasized his "sixth and lastly" with a summerset. It was the proper climax. In short, the rejected Stubbs had exhibited fewer terrors in the four years of his ministry, than the Rev. Mr. Mawkins had crammed into this single discourse. Stubbs himself would have been frightened at it.

Alas, my poor father! He blushed and turned pale, and moved restlessly in his seat. Every point in the sermon was a dagger's point to him. He winced and dodged under the fire of those remorseless divisions. I conjectured at one time from a nervous motion of his foot, that he was sorely tempted to inflict condign punishment upon his reverend brother.

The members of the congregation soon grew impatient, and evinced their distaste by whispering, laughing, hiding of heads, and playing with hymn-books. Presently, one of the oldest and staunchest of the members quietly walked out. Another—a deacon—followed. Both had been active opponents of the Stubbs dynasty, and were both warm friends of my father. One by one others slipped away, until by the time the Rev. Mr. Mawkins had reached his goal, nearly one half of the audience—embracing almost all the substantial parishioners—had withdrawn. And at every withdrawal, the Rev. Mr. M., not to be lax on his part, however loosely he might be treated, gave an extra whack to the pulpit.

The result was—some malicious folks said that my father had only been expressing his own sentiments by proxy, and that he wished to avert indignation from his head to that of Mawkins'. This plausible tale gained ground, and threatened a schism, which my father prevented only with the greatest difficulty.

Early on Monday morning, the Mawkins family took up its line of march without hindrance. As the huge carriage went staggering down the road, my father uttered the resolution which I have recorded, and he ever after thought it hospitality enough to introduce such visitors to the landlord of the "Washington Tavern," where they could get good fare at a reasonable rate.

## EPIGRAM.

CLAUDINE so easily is caught  
By ev'ry glittering bait,  
That truly I'm afraid to think  
On what may be her fate.

Whithersoever others lead,  
She'll follow in a trice;  
Only declining, it would seem,  
To follow—good advice!

## ORNAMENTS IN RICE SHELL WORK.

BY MRS. E. K. BOWEN.

It is our intention, this year, to lay before the readers of "Peterson," instructions in every kind of ornamental work, such as may interest ladies and be suitable for parlor-work. These essays will be illustrated like the present. We begin with ornamental shell-work.

The term "Shell Work" may, perhaps, suggest to our readers those gay, and sometimes gaudy, but often very striking groups of brightly-tinted shell-flowers, which we meet with at most watering-places. These certainly form showy ornaments for the table or mantel-piece, but are scarcely adapted for ladies' work; the plaster, stiff wire, rough colors and actual hard work, being matters by no means fitted for

"Delicate and dainty fingers!"

The shell work we propose to teach is a very different affair, its lightness and purity of look adapting it peculiarly for wreaths, or sprays for the hair or dress; and the materials of which it is composed, rendering it an elegant drawing-room occupation, as well as one calculated to call forth the artistic taste and inventive powers of the worker, for it is capable of infinite variety. We shall divide our instructions into two branches—viz: the "Simple," and the "Composite Rice-Shell-Work:" the former will



exclusively occupy our first article. The shells we use are called "rice-shells," from their re-

semblance to the grains of rice; they are brought from the West Indies, and sold by measure, or by the box, at most of the Conchological Repositories.

Before we can set to work the shells must be cleaned and prepared. For this purpose, the first thing to be done is, with a strong yet fine pointed pin, to free each shell from any grit or dirt which may have accumulated in the interior. Next with a strong, sharp pair of scissors, a bit of about the size of a pin's point is to be clipped off from the extreme tip of each shell, so as to leave a tiny hole there not larger than the eye of a middle-sized sewing-needle. This is a manipulation requiring care, as if it is roughly done too large an opening will be made, and the symmetry of the shell will be destroyed. Neither should the worker stoop over the shell while clipping it, for if the bit of shell snapped off were to fly into the eyes it would occasion much irritation and pain. Practice will soon enable any one to clip the shells rapidly and evenly. In order to set about the rice-shell work tidily and systematically, it will be necessary to have a dozen little square card-board trays or boxes about three or four inches square and two inches deep. These can be easily made from white or colored card-board, and should be so contrived that they may fit into one another, and all be contained in one large tray or box of similar material, and covered over by one cover. As the shells are cut, let them be sorted into three divisions, the small, the middle-size and the large shells. When all are clipped, put them into three separate basins; pour over them cold water enough to cover the shells and to stand about an inch above them. Into this water put soda and mottled soap, in the proportion of half an ounce of each to a full pint of water: the soap should be shredded. Cover the basins, and set them on a hob, or in an oven near a good fire; stir up the whole occasionally, and let it remain until the water is scalding hot, and no longer. Then rub the shells gently with the hands and pour off that water; and having rinsed the shells, add a fresh supply of water, and put in only soap this time. Let it again stand by the fire until hot, stirring it occasionally; then again rub the shells gently between the hands, pour off the soapy

water, and rinse them thoroughly with clear water. Now lay a soft folded towel on the table; put about a table-spoonful at a time of shells on this towel, and turning another fold of it over rub them gently, but sufficiently to free them from moisture. Have ready a silk handkerchief, and remove them to this, and polish them with it, and then transfer them to one of the boxes, and setting it on the hob, let it stand there until the shells feel warm, shaking it occasionally in order that all may be equally dried. They will now be ready for use, and ought to have a pearly, white, polished appearance.

Take notice that too much soap or soda, or too great a degree of heat in the water, or too long a soaking, will make them look yellow, while too much heat when drying will crack them or render them brittle, and too little will leave a moisture about them which will tarnish the other parts of the work.

The next important item to the shells is the silver wire. This is bought on reels by the ounce, and can be obtained of any of the large gold and silver bullion fringe makers and wire drawers in any city. As "Evans' Derby Crochet Cotton" is doubtless well known to most of our readers, we will compare the different sized wires required to the different numbers of this cotton of similar size, the coarsest silver wire we ever need would be about the calibre of No. 10, "Derby Cotton;" the next about that of No. 16; and the finest about the size of No. 24 or No. 30: the two latter are those chiefly used for leaves, flowers, &c., the coarsest being generally only employed for the stem, or to which the various component parts of a wreath or spray are to be grafted, or for baskets, or ornamental groups, our aim being lightness not only of appearance but of weight, we use the thinnest wire we can consistently with firmness. The largest shells are chiefly used for baskets; the middle-sized and smaller ones for flowers and leaves. Each kind is to be contained in its own box.

Into another of the boxes some two or three hundred lengths of the middle-sized wire, each piece measuring about two and a half inches. Having now made all of our preparations, we



will set to work and see how all the various separate portions of the head-dress given at the commencement of this article are made, and how they are put together.

This cut shows the manner in which every shell required for leaves or flowers must be prepared. We call it wiring the shells; in order to

effect it the shell must be taken between the finger and thumb of the left hand, with the tip of the finger, and its opening turned upward; then one of the two and a half inch lengths of wire which we directed should be prepared, must be taken in the right hand, and one end of it passed in at the point, and out at the opening of the shell, and a third of it drawn through, and then turned over on itself; the folded wire being then held between the thumb and finger of the right hand, the shell must be turned round and round until the wires are sufficiently twisted together, to hold the shell firmly. In a very short time this manipulation will become so familiar that it will be performed with astonishing ease and despatch.

Keep the wired shells sorted, laying the smaller ones in a box to themselves, and the middle-sized ones also in a box to themselves, and with the shells all toward one end; for when we come to make up the flowers, &c., it is astonishing how much time will be saved by our being able at once to put our hands on the portion we need.

Having thus wired a hundred or two, or more of shells, according to the purpose we have in view, we next proceed to make them up.



A leaf, like the one represented, may be made of any number of shells, from five to fifteen, or even twenty-five. A very small shell should be chosen for the apex, and then the pairs graduated so as to increase in size toward the stem.

They should all be picked out, and laid ready for use before we begin to form the leaf.

Take the small central, or top shell between the finger and thumb of the left hand, allow the shell itself and about an eighth of an inch of the twisted wire to project above the finger, and have the opening of the shell turned toward you. Take the first pair of shells and insert one on either side of the central one, leaving about the tenth of an inch of twisted wire between the shells and their junction with the wire of the middle shell; then, with the finest wire, bind them all together by twisting the fine wire neatly round and round the stem, for the distance of nearly a quarter of an inch, when the second pair of shells are to be added, arranged, and bound on in like manner, and for a similar distance; continue thus all the way down, leaving the wires between the shell and the stem a little longer at each pair, keeping

all the openings one way, and taking care to bind the stem firmly and compactly, and especially to avoid leaving any projecting ends or points of wire, as these not only look untidy, but are excessively inconvenient if the work is intended for wear.

The flower bud is formed by taking one of the lengths of wire, threading a shell on it, and then a small Roman pearl bead, and then a second shell, and twisting the wire to keep them all firm. It will be perceived by the engraving that the beads comes between the two points of the shells, and that both openings be the same way.

This is what we term a "single," or "simple flower." It is composed of five wired shells of equal size; the openings are all turned inward, and the wires bound together immediately below the points of the shells firmly and compactly, all the way down to the very extremity.

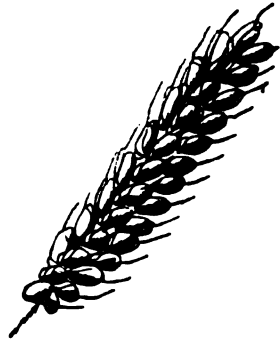
This double flower is composed of seventeen shells—viz: twelve small ones, and five of a middle size. The five are arranged as in the single flower; the twelve are made up into four leaflets of three each, put together in the way a leaf is commenced; these are bound on to the flower, being arranged evenly round

it, and so as to leave about a quarter of an inch of its stem above their junction with it, and the same length of wire between the pair of shells in each leaflet and the stem. Bend them into their places when the flower is completed.

Another variety of flower is here given, composed of twelve small shells, so arranged as to leave half an inch of wire between the point of each shell and the place where we begin to bind it; all the openings face upward. The shells are to be arranged like the spokes of a wheel.

Wheat-ears may be made of any number of shells, from eighteen to thirty, and of either small or middle-sized shells. One is taken as an apex, then a pair set one on either side of it,

then one in the centre; then another pair, and so on, binding them on, almost close to the point



of each shell, and putting in here and there three-quarter-inch lengths of the middle-sized wire, to resemble the beards.



This is a representation of an ornamental group; the shells chosen for it should be the large ones. Three lengths of wire (middle-sized) measuring about four or five inches, must be cut off. A shell is threaded on each wire, the wire folded double, a

twist or two given to it just to maintain the shell in its place, and then the double wire wound round a good sized pin to give it that spiral form. The three, when done, are bound together at the bottom for about a quarter of an inch, and mounted on an inch or two of the coarsest wire.

In binding leaves, flowers, &c., the fine wire should not be cut off until the leaf, or whatever it may be, is complete, as it is desirable to avoid ends and roughnesses.

We could amplify these notices, but we consider that the engravings will be sufficient to show our readers the kind of groups that can be arranged, and suggest to inventive and tasteful minds a multitude of other combinations.

With regard to their adjustment into sprays, or wreaths, we can say but little, because that is so much a matter of taste. A light and graceful appearance should be aimed at, and the work neither crowded too closely together, nor left too straggling. It will often be advisable to mount a flower on a couple of inches of the coarse wire, in order to lengthen the stem, and it may then be grouped with a bud, or with spiral shells; but no rules can be laid down in an optional matter like this. The foundation stem, or that from which all the sprays of the head-dress given at the commencement of this article hang, should be double coarse wire; and the stems of the





sprays of single coarse wire. All are to be bound on with the finest wire, and as neatly and as lightly as is consistent with firmness.

Care must be taken not to tarnish the wire by too much handling, especially with warm hands, or by unnecessary exposure to the atmosphere. When not in use, the reels should always be kept enveloped in silver paper.

The leaves of various sizes, the flowers of different kinds, and the other portions, should be consigned each to the boxes appropriated for

them, as fast as they are made, and not all heaped together in one inextricable mass.

In our next article we shall describe the "Composite Rice-Shell-Work," which will present to our lady readers a variety of ornamental arrangement.

This pleasing art is well worthy the pains and patience of all

"Who in work both contentment and happiness find."

## THE RAINBOW.

BY HENRY CLEVELAND.

Oh! bright was the hour as I wandered along,  
'Mid the fragrance of roses and wild gush of song;  
The odors of Eden swept on the cool air,  
From the sephyr-kissed blossoms, all blushing and fair.

And even the breezes that murmured above,  
Seemed to speed over earth on a mission of love;  
While the sunlight that slept on the velvet-like sod,  
Was holy and bright as the dwelling of God.  
The golden-winged clouds float'd calm on the blue,  
As the hues of the rainbow unfaded to view,  
How sacred in splendor! Its pledges how dear!  
Like a sunbeam of hope on a penitent tear.  
Its delicate tints sweet as error forgiven;  
The type of all purity, love, and of Heaven.  
Its arms are embracing the dark world below,  
While high in mid Heaven its bright arches glow:

The promise of God reaching on to each shore,  
His pledge until time, earth and death be no more.  
How calm was the hour! scarce rippling the lake,  
That lay like a beauty but half awake,  
Yet mirroring faithful the earth and the sky,  
The stately tree and the floweret's dye;  
While the rainbow's hues in its waters laved,  
And sparkled like gems on each tiny wave,  
Leaving love on the heart, bound by hope to the sky,  
Too lovely to last, and too holy to die.  
But slowly it paled from the sky and the wave,  
Like youthful hopes palled by the gloom of the grave:  
Like a rose from its stem, like a leaf in the blast,  
Like joys of the present or dreams of the past  
And as fainter it grew in the far away dome,  
I fancied it beckoned the wanderer home.

## THE TICK OF THE CLOCK.

BY EDWARD WILLARD.

'Twas in my childhood's sunny morn,  
With life's ensanguined visions warm,  
Once, when reflection stirred my heart,  
I wondered at the hidden art  
That wrought thy pulse's throb.

And that pulsation's measured moan  
Seemed fraught with warning's solemn tone,  
That rang unto mine awèd mind  
The moral of the fleeting time  
That hurried to its God!

Soon, to a childish caprice won,  
That to my melancholy sung  
A gleeful measure—then I mocked  
The languid throbbing pulse that shocked  
Youth's visionary soul!

When manhood's calmer feeling wrought  
The spirit of reflective thought  
In my worn soul, with patient breath,  
I marked each fleeting moment's death,  
As Time his hours told.

When age's searing furrows wore  
The dampening vigor of three-score  
As Time a silvered chaplet bound,  
And with a pious reverence crowned  
My death-menaced head!

How quickly were thy moments wrought!—  
With a calm, fond regret, I thought,  
As sank my wearied soul in sleep,  
That languid throbbing pulse should keep  
The vigil of the dead!

## OUR WORK TABLE.

### TO MAKE GOLD OR SILVER BRACELETS.

BY M<sup>RS</sup>. DEFOUR.

A PAIR of elegant, yet not extravagant bracelets, may be made, of gold *bourdon*. Take some gold-colored silk, very strong, also; and a couple of gold buttons with shanks to them. You will require three and a half yards of *bourdon*. Cut it into sixteen lengths, four of seven inches, and the remainder divide equally. Half of these are used for each bracelet. Fasten the ends securely, then plait them in a plait of four. There are to be two strands of *bourdon* used together. When

finished fasten these ends also, and work over them in button-hole stitch to secure them. Add a gold button, and a button-hole to each.

A pair of silver bracelets may be made, in the same way, of silver *bourdon*. No engraving is needed for a reference, in making these bracelets: as the plait is the ordinary one, made as tight as the *bourdon* will permit. The materials may be obtained at any fancy store.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

It was night! beautiful, bewitching night, when the stars shone in all their loveliness, seeming to the eye of imagination a host of angel watchers. Who has not felt in the calm, holy hour of midnight, a longing desire to pierce the veil that screens heaven from earth, and explore those regions where the foot of man never trod, and hold communion with the spirits of the loved who have crossed the Jordan of death, and are unseen guardians in our path, bearing on their wings peace and hope to the weary and disconsolate?

With such thoughts as these, while sitting at my casement, almost imperceptibly, as though lulled by unseen spirits, I fell into a sweet, refreshing slumber. But my mind was still active. I seemed, as it were, changed from a thing of earth, to a light, ethereal being, all life and motion. By an involuntary feeling, I began to ascend heights, and to pass clouds, until moon and stars were left in the distance. On, on, I soared, and at last reached a city of such surpassing loveliness, that language cannot describe it. Gates of pearl and costly stones were the entrances to this city, and on them were inscribed various devices. Trees of living verdure on whose boughs hung harps tuned by invisible hands, stood in the midst of the city. Flowers unscorched by the sun, bloomed in beauty and

freshness, visited by no rude blast, while over them passed a gentle breeze caused by the rustling of angel-wings. Though I felt that the spot whereon I stood was holy ground, yet I could see, as it were, but the suburbs of this great city. Others, like myself, of the earth, were standing at the entrance, and among others, one young and lovely. Time had, indeed, dealt gently with her, and her blooming cheeks and fair brow, told that sorrow had not taken up its abode in her heart. I perceived her looking anxiously toward the city, and her eye grew brighter as she saw a white-robed messenger approach; as he drew near, I could hear his salutation to the woman, "Hail! daughter of earth, the King of the city hath entrusted to my care, for thee, a gem of great price, it is pure and unsullied; but the casket which contains it, is of corruptible nature. Keep thou the gem in its original purity, the day will come when it will be required of thee again. The casket may decay by time, but the gem is imperishable. To enable you to perform your task, I have a talisman for you, which you are ever to bear about you, it is love."

I perceived that the woman anxiously advanced to receive her charge, when, to my astonishment, the angel reached forth a young child and a scroll, on which I read the words, "For of such

is the kingdom of heaven." With tears in her eyes the mother received her child, and hastened back to earth. I followed, for I longed to see how the command would be obeyed. Years seemed to pass as moments, and time sped on in his trackless flight and touched the brow of that young mother, but it passed unheeded. Her boy was the light of her existence, in his smiles she lived; and how could it be otherwise, for over her heart was the talisman by day and by night; love! a mother's love.

And yet, precious as the boy was to her, disease, in its most loathsome form, took possession of his frame. But no complaining word ever

passed the mother's lips. From morn till eve she watched and prayed. That prayer, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will be done," was offered daily and hourly by the sorrowing mother. Lone and unheeded were her vigils kept, love was her only companion, and her heart needed none other. At last the white-robed messenger came to bear away the precious jewel. The casket, indeed, decayed, but the gem remained unsullied; and as it was borne away, I heard strains of celestial music, so glorious that my whole soul was entranced. The theme was love. But I awoke to find it, alas! a dream.

## SONG OF THE SPRING BREEZE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Oh! give me welcome; I come, I come  
From a sweet and balmy land;  
With the tropic rose I have made my home;  
'Mid ripening fruits I have loved to roam;  
Where the sea-shells lie in their golden sand,  
I have played in the foam of a Southern strand.

Oh! give me welcome; I bring, I bring  
A gift for the coming May;  
The sunshine falls from my restless wing;  
It touches the ice of the mountain spring;  
But I laugh, I laugh as it melts away,  
And my voice is heard in the leaping spray.

Oh! give me welcome, a welcome now,  
The Winter was stern and cold;  
But I sung him to sleep, and I kissed his brow,

While I lifted his robe of spotless snow:  
And that crusty fellow, so chill and old,  
Awoke in a mantle of green and gold.

A welcome now! While the South wind weaves  
His breath with the morning dew,  
As he fans the moss on the cottage eaves,  
And drives from the hollow the sere dry leaves;  
Where the violet hides its eyes of blue,  
And the pale young grass peeps faintly through.

Oh! welcome now, while I have a rout  
With the pleasant April rain;  
The birds that sing with a silvery shout,  
And the fragrant buds that are breaking out  
Like drops of light with a rosy stain,  
'Mid the delicate leaves that are green again.

## WOMAN'S HEART.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THEY deem me only cold and proud  
As I before them move,  
Of all who grace this motley crowd  
Few dream that I can love;  
They little know in woman's heart  
How love can lie concealed,  
Or that by outward signs alone  
'Tis often unrevealed.

Yes, oft beneath the marble brow,  
And features cold and calm;  
That never yet in fear did bow,  
A heart beats true and warm.

For woman's love is warm and pure,  
Though not by words revealed;  
And while life lasts it may endure,  
And be from all concealed.

For love is e'en a sacred thing  
Within fond woman's breast,  
And if returned will ever bring  
Sweet hours of peaceful rest,  
But slighted, oft the tender flow'r  
Doth fade, and droop, and die;  
And in one short and fleeting hour,  
A withered flow'et lie.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE VOLUME FOR 1854.—What do you think, fair lady, of our January number? Isn't it beautiful? "The Thunder Storm" is certainly the prettiest plate we ever published, though some of them have been exquisite indeed. The Fashion Plate is a gem. And just such fashion plates, moreover, we shall give you every month. You will find, probably, in the January numbers of other Magazines very passable fashion plates; but be on your guard; for they will not be kept up! Now we, in addition to one of these magnificent steel fashion plates monthly, intend to give wood engravings of the latest styles in bonnets, cloaks, mantillas, &c. In short, there will be no comparison between "Peterson" and other Magazines in the fashion department.

Next for the stories. The Dollar Newspaper, one of the best authorities in the country, says of our Magazine, "There is one quality possessed by this cheap monthly that its higher priced rivals cannot aspire to: that is, *all its stories are original.*" Now every one of our contemporaries, without one exception, contains more or less old stories, chiefly stolen from British Magazines, which, as we show in another paragraph, chiefly steal from "Peterson." Foremost among our stories for 1854 will be the new novel by Mrs. Stephens, our co-editor, "The Orphan from the Alma-House;" which, from the advanced sheets in our possession, we predict will be the most popular novel, as it is assuredly the best, published anywhere for many years. Everybody ought to take "Peterson," if only to have the reading of this wonderful story, for as the novel will be copy-righted, it can be had in no other way. In addition, our volume for 1854 will contain stories from the author of "The Valley Farm," from the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," from J. Thornton Randolph, author of "The Parlor and Cabin," from Ella Rodman, Miss Dewees, and other writers, living in all sections of the Union, and consequently depicting the manners of North and South, East and West. What a difference between a Magazine like "Peterson," all whose stories are original, and his "second-hand" contemporaries.

Then for our embellishments. These are engraved expressly for us, and are not old plates, bought at second-hand, as is too often the case. For 1854 we have a series of unequalled mezzotints, of which we offer "The Thunder Storm" as a specimen. We have no fear that they can be equalled, much less excelled. If any lady wants an elegantly illustrated Magazine for 1854 she must take "Peterson." If she subscribes for any other monthly we warn her she will get but second best at most.

Our old friends know that we keep our promises; that we say only "the thing that is true;" and that, therefore, the assertions thus made can be entirely

relied on. To such these statements will be a guarantee of pre-eminence, in the particulars mentioned, over all other periodicals for 1854. In addition to all things else, this Magazine is strictly moral. All its articles conduce to virtue, and uphold correct views of life.

Finally "Peterson" for 1854 will devote increased attention to embroidery, crotchet-work, household receipts, &c. The Magazine, in short, will be indispensable to every woman in the land. Ladies will be doing a service to the sex by assisting its circulation, for it will be also the fearless and persevering champion of woman. Whether for amusement, embellishment, or instruction "Peterson" for 1854 will lead even its higher-priced rivals.

GIVE US THE CREDIT.—Dozens of stories, originally written for this Magazine, are going the rounds of the newspapers without credit. Among the number are "How I Fell In Love and What Came Of It," "The Fortune Hunter," "What Can All Her," "Husbands In Little Things," "Procrastination," and some fifteen or twenty others of those published in 1853. Now we protest this is not fair. Give us the credit, gentlemen of the press! Often, we know, the omission is not intentional, for frequently our stories are credited to newspapers, that have inserted them as if original. Sometimes this credit is given to English Magazines, some of which live by stealing our stories. For example, the last number of "The Home Circle," a London Ladies Magazine, out of seven stories it contains, has four taken from "Peterson." Now as we really are the sole American Magazine left that publishes *only original* stories, and are the fund from which both foreign and home Magazines help themselves at pleasure, we should, at least, have the credit of it.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—To those of our fair readers, who desire a superior weekly newspaper, we would recommend "The Home Journal," published in New York by Morris & Willis. No lady of refinement needs to be assured that a paper, which has the advantage of the editorial supervision and original articles of two such men as N. P. Willis and G. P. Morris, *must be excellent.* As a companion for the boudoir "The Home Journal" is unrivalled. By an arrangement with the proprietors we are prepared to supply, hereafter, a copy of the "Journal," and a copy of "Peterson," for one year, at three dollars.

FOR THREE DOLLARS.—For three dollars, in advance, we will send a copy of "Peterson" for one year, and a copy of either "Morris & Willis' Home Journal" or "Scott's Weekly," or "McMakin's American Courier," or "Arthur's Home Gazette."

"HARPERS" AND "PETERSON" FOR THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF.—As many persons desire a Magazine of a different kind, in addition to "Peterson," we recommend "Harpers" to them, as the best for their purpose. We have made an arrangement, by which for three dollars and a half, remitted to us, we will be able to send a copy of "Peterson" and one of "Harper" also, for 1864. This is an offer unprecedented for its cheapness.

SCOTT'S WEEKLY.—This popular weekly has engaged George Lippard, Mrs. Denison, Emerson Bennett, and other eminent American writers, to furnish a series of nouvelles for it in 1864. It will be a capital paper to subscribe for, therefore; and can be had for two dollars in advance, or twenty copies for \$20.00. For three dollars, remitted to us, we will send it and "Peterson" for one year.

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Deserted Bride and other Productions.* By George P. Morris. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—In this magnificent volume American book-making may be said to have reached its climax. The clear and beautiful type; the vellum-like paper; and the exquisite illustrations are all master-pieces in their way, and could not be surpassed even in London or Paris. The gems, moreover, are worthy of the casket. A reputation which has stood the test of thirty years, which has steadily increased during that time, and which the more it is tested the more truly it rings back its genuineness, is something which not only the author and his friends should be proud of, but which his countrymen should exult over as a part of the national greatness. Such a reputation is that of George P. Morris. His lyrics were sung when we were yet a boy, and they are heard everywhere in household circles still. They will maintain their place, too, when other songs are forgotten, for they go straight to the heart, and are free from all those meretricious ornaments with which pseudo-critics would have lyrics overloaded. The people, for whom song-writers compose, are the best judges, after all, of what is a good song. The conceited critic who has exhausted life, may say what a song ought to be; but the masses know better than he does, for their hearts are pure and their instincts unerring. On no subject is there so much nonsense published as on this of song-writing. Mr. Morris, like other popular lyrics, has had his share of hostile criticism. But the best answer to all such carping remarks, is that he holds his place still with the audience he sought to win. In conclusion we would say, that if a gentleman wishes to make an acceptable offering to a lady of refinement, at the approaching festival season, or if a lady desires to present an acceptable gift to a female friend, we know no Christmas or New Year's gift that would be more appropriate than this superb edition of "Morris' Poetical Works."

*Life of Benjamin R. Haydon.* By Tom Taylor. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This biography of the eccentric and unfortunate Haydon, the celebrated historical painter, has been compiled from his letters and from an autobiography which he left behind him. It is full of melancholy interest. One sees in it how even great genius, when accompanied with weak points of character, lead only to sorrow and premature death. We know not where to find a more instructive lesson than is imparted in these memoirs. Numerous striking anecdotes of eminent men, cotemporaries and acquaintances of Haydon, are scattered through the book. Some of these lead us into the inner penetralia of their social life, and are, therefore, eminently valuable. We commend the volumes to general perusal.

*The Blackwater Chronicle.* By "The Clerks of Occumfords." 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—A narrative of a sporting expedition, into a wild and almost unexplored region of the Virginia Alleghanies, known popularly as the land of Canaan. The book is full of vivacity and high health, and breathes the very atmosphere of the mountains. We can bear testimony to its truthfulness in this respect, as every reader of taste can to its unusual merits in other particulars.

*Outlines of Scripture Geography and History.* By Edward Hughes. 1 vol. Philada: Blanchard & Lea.—This neat duodecimo is designed to illustrate the historical portions of the Old and New Testaments, and though intended chiefly for the use of schools, may be advantageously used to refresh the knowledge of Scriptural subjects. Several excellent maps illustrate the text. It is a book that should be in every family library.

*The American Statesman; or, Daniel Webster.* By Rev. Joseph Banvard. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This little volume is intended for youth. It is an excellent biography of the late Daniel Webster, full of anecdote, and eminently calculated, in every way, to excite emulation in the young. Several pretty illustrations adorn the book.

*The Iron Rule; or, Tyranny in the Household.* By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—In the dearth of good twenty-five cent books, which has lately prevailed, this excellent, yet cheap novel, from the fertile pen of Mr. Arthur, will prove peculiarly acceptable. The publisher has issued it in a very neat style.

*Hearts and Faces; or, Home Life Unveiled.* By Paul Croyton. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—In this little volume, we have twelve excellent stories, by one of our own contributors, better known to the readers of "Peterson" under his real name, J. T. Trowbridge.

*The Old Doctor; or, Stray Leaves from My Journal.* 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—A powerfully written novel, depicting life as found in great cities, lively and pathetic by turns. It is neatly printed and handsomely illustrated.

*The Brother Jonathan for Christmas and New Year's, 1854.* New York: Benj. H. Day. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—High as has long been the reputation of "The Brother Jonathan's" annual Christmas Sheet, the present one will carry that reputation still higher. In size it exceeds what one might suppose a giant's blanket to be; while it is covered with beautiful engravings, and filled with interesting letter-press. "The Pilferer's Progress," a story told in the manner of Hogarth, by a series of engravings, is alone worth the cost of the whole sheet. Price per copy twelve and a half cents, or ten copies for a dollar. Whoever wishes a capital gift for little nephews and nieces, let him or her remit a dollar to either Mr. Day or Mr. Peterson.

*Merkland; or, Self-Sacrifice.* By the author of "Margaret Maitland." 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—Though less pleasing than the preceding fictions of the author, this is nevertheless a fine novel. The character of Lady Catharine Douglas is particularly well drawn, and is quite an original conception in its way. No one can read the writings of this novelist, without feeling that she has suffered much, and that her experiences of life come from a heart that sends its own blood with every sad memory. The volume is very prettily got up.

*The Lady at Home; or, Happiness in the Household.* By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another new novel, by that fertile writer, T. S. Arthur. It is neatly published, and sold for twenty-five cents. The publisher advertises it as a companion to "The Iron Rule."

*First Love. A Story of Woman's Heart.* By Eugene Sue. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A cheap edition of one of the most popular novels of the author of "The Wandering Jew."

## FIRE-SIDE AMUSEMENTS.

**TO MAKE PICTURES OF BIRDS WITH THEIR NATURAL FEATHERS.**—First, take a thin board or panel of deal or wainscot, well seasoned, that it may not shrink; then smoothly paste on it white paper, and let it dry, and if the wood casts its color through, paste on it another paper till perfectly white; let it stand till quite dry, and then get any bird you would represent, and draw its figure as exactly as possible on the papered panel; (middle-sized birds are the best for the purpose) then paint what tree or ground-work you intend to set your bird upon, also its bill and legs, leaving the rest of the body to be covered with its own feathers. You must next prepare that part to be feathered by laying on thick gum-arabic, dissolved in water; lay it on with a large hair pencil, and let it dry; then lay a second coat of the gum-arabic, and let it dry, and a third, and oftener, if you find that when dry it does not form a good body on the paper, at least to the thickness of a shilling; let it dry quite hard.

When your piece is thus prepared, take the feathers off the bird as you use them, beginning at the tail and points of the wings, and working upward to the head, observing to cover that part of your draught with the feathers taken from the same part of the bird, letting them fall over one another in the natural order. You must prepare your feathers by cutting off the downy parts that are about their stems, and the large feathers must have the insides of their shafts shaved off with a sharp knife, to make them lie flat; the quills of the wings must have their inner webs clipped off, so that in laying them the gum may hold them by their shafts. When you begin to lay them, take a pair of steel pliers to hold the feathers in, and have some gum-water, not too thin, and a large pencil ready to moisten the ground-work by little and little, as you work it; then lay your feathers on the moistened parts, which must not be waterish, but *only clammy*, to hold the feathers. You must have prepared a great many sugar-loaf-shaped leaden weights, which you may form by casting the lead into sand, in which shapes or moulds for it have been made by means of a pointed stick prodded all over the surface, having small holes to receive the melted lead. These weights will be necessary to set on the feathers when you have merely laid them on, in order to press them into the gum till they are fixed; but you must be cautious lest the gum comes through the feathers, for it would not only smear them, but would stick to the bottoms of the little weights; and in taking them off you would bring the feathers also, which would quite disarrange your work; be cautious, therefore, not to have your coat of gum too moist or wet. When you have wholly covered your bird with its feathers, you must, with a little thick gum, stick on a piece of paper, cut round, of the size of an eye, which you must color the same as the eye of the bird, if you cannot procure a glass one of the kind; and when the whole is dry, you must dress the feathers all round the outline (such as may have chanced to start) and rectify all defects in every other part; then lay on it a sheet of clean paper, and a heavy weight, such as a book, to press it; after which it may be preserved in a glass frame, such as are used for pieces of shell-work.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS

**Spiced Beef.**—For twelve pounds of the round, rump, or thick flank of beef, take a large teaspoonful of freshly pounded mace, the same of ground black pepper, twice as much of cloves, one small nutmeg, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of good cayenne, all in the finest powder. Mix them well, with seven ounces of brown sugar, rub the beef with this, and let it lie three days. Then add half a pound of fine salt, rub and turn it once in twenty-four hours for twelve days; just wash, but not swell it; skewer and bind it into good form, put it in a stew-pan of nearly its own size, pour to it a pint and a half of good beef

broth, and when it begins to boil skim and throw in one small onion, a bunch of thyme and parsley, and two or three carrots. Let it simmer softly for four hours and a half. If wanted cold, leave it to stand in the gravy. This far surpasses corned beef.

**Baked Apple Pudding.**—Boil a pound and a quarter of apples, peeled, with a cupful of water and six ounces of brown sugar; when they are reduced to a smooth pulp stir to them two ounces of butter, a handful of fine bread-crumbs, and five well-beaten eggs; grate in half a nutmeg or flavor the pudding with pounded cinnamon, and bake it nearly three-quarters of an hour, more or less; sugar as required according to the time of year.

**A Substitute for Soap.**—Put any quantity of pearl-ash into a large jar covered from the dust; in a few days it will become a liquid, which must be diluted with double its quantity of soft water, and with its equal quantity of new-slaked lime. Boil it half an hour, frequently stirring it, adding as much more hot water, and drawing off the liquor, when the residuum may be boiled afresh until it ceases to taste acid.

**To Correct Bad Flour.**—If flour is new, after a wet season, sal-ammonia dissolved in warm water and mixed with the dough when stiff will make the bread quite light, which would otherwise be very heavy. The quantity of sal-ammonia required is one ounce to fourteen pounds of flour, and it is quite safe, as this article is used very extensively in making biscuits.

**Good Pickles.**—Cucumbers and onions sliced make a good and cheap pickle. Cut both in thick slices and sprinkle salt on them; next day drain for six hours, put them in a stone jar, pour boiling vinegar on them, and keep them in a warm place. Repeat the boiling and close up instantly until the pickle is green, then add pepper and ginger.

**To Prevent Chills.**—Dissolve a piece of alum the size of a common marble in a teacupful of boiling water, bathe the affected parts night and morning, and allow the solution to dry of itself; continue the bathing for about ten days. Covering the parts with powdered chalk is also desirable.

**To Keep Cabbages Fresh.**—When cut leave about three inches of the stalk, the pith of which is to be hollowed out, taking care not to cut or bruise the rind; tie the cabbages up by their stalks, and then fill the hollow with water. By repeating this daily they may be kept for months.

**To Increase the Perfume of Roses.**—An onion, planted by the side of a rose tree, so that the roots touch, increases the color of the rose, because the onion contains much ammonia, which is congenial to the growth of the rose.

**To Clean a Hair-brush.**—Dissolve half an ounce of pearl-ash in a pint of boiling water; pass the brush through it until it is clean; then pour over it clean boiling water. Dry slowly at a distance from the fire, or in the sun.

**To Clean Porcelain or Glass.**—The best material for cleaning either porcelain or glass, is very finely powdered fuller's earth, carefully freed from all rough or hard particles.

## FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

**FIG. I.—BALL DRESS OF BLUE TULLE OVER A SKIRT OF BLUE SATIN.**—The tulle dress is embroidered, and consists of three skirts, the upper one of which is trimmed on each side with bows of blue satin ribbon embroidered in silver. Corset *en cow*, the opening in front being filled with ruffles of Brussels lace. Short sleeves puffed on a band, and usually known as "Infant's Sleeves." Head-dress of delicate blue flowers in large tufts, intermingled with gold, falling behind the bandeaux on each side, and connected by a diamond coronet.

**FIG. II.—AN EVENING DRESS OF INDIA MULL,** skirt long and full. Corset half high, opening *en cow* in front, having a berthe of Honiton lace. Three bows of ribbon of *cerise* color ornament the front of the corset. Sleeves tight to the elbow, where they are ornamented with two broad ruffles of Honiton lace, and looped up by a bow of ribbon. Hair rolled back, puffed at the sides, and covered with a fanchon or half handkerchief of Honiton lace, and fastened under the chin with a bow of ribbon like that on the corset and sleeves.

**FIG. III.—THE BRAGANZA MANTELET.**—This mantelet is of a form now very fashionable. It is composed of black velvet shaped into long stripes, between which are inserted rows of broad guipure. The stripes of velvet are rounded at the lower ends, thus giving to the mantelet an edging of large scallops at the bottom. The whole is finished by a deep silk fringe with guipure heading. A bow of black ribbon fastens the mantelet at the throat.

**FIG. IV.—MANTHAU ABBAILLE.**—This cloak may be made of either satin or velvet. It has a deep, round cape, which, as well as the lower edge of the cloak, is trimmed with broad guipure fringe. Above the fringe are rows of a pattern representing bees. It may be mentioned that the bee, the emblem of the Imperial regime, is now a favorite object in Paris, where it is introduced into the most fashionable ornamental designs for dress, furniture, &c.

**FIG. V.—THE ADELAIDE.**—This is one of the handsomest mantles of the season. It is made of purple velvet, the front of a pelerine shape; and richly embroidered in palm-leaves, rose-buds, and tendrils, and trimmed with heavy crotchet fringe. This elegant mantle is from the store of Molyneux Bell, 58 Canal street, New York, importer and manufacturer of mantillas, cloaks, &c.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—Dresses of rich materials, such as velvet, satin, brocade, &c., are almost invariably made with high corsets, and are worn in evening costume. These corsets are made open in front, and the sleeves scarcely descend below the elbows. The basques are edged with lace, and ornamented with bows of ribbon. In short, a profusion of showy trimming, consisting of lace, embroidery, ribbon, buttons, and even *attaches* of jewelry, render these high corsets even more elegant and showy than low ones. We have seen some dresses of satin and rich figured silk having the corsets and sleeves

trimmed with lace and bows of gold or silver ribbon. The effect, though highly showy, is nevertheless tasteful and elegant.

LARGE chequered patterns have lost none of their wonted popularity: on the contrary, they are more sought after than ever. The chequers, or squares, on the new silks of this description are larger than heretofore. The patterns, also, are much diversified, and the colors very beautiful. One of the most admired has a ground of plain green, and the stripes are formed of a combination of lively colors. Round the inside of each square is a wreath of oak leaves in a waved pattern; this wreath being of a darker green than the ground. Dresses in chequered silk are usually made without flounces. Nevertheless, one of our most fashionable dressmakers has just completed one, having the skirt trimmed with two flounces. The flounces are cut the bias way, and are edged with deep vandykes, formed by the corners of the squares being turned downward, and the intermediary parts cut out. The corsage has a deep basque trimmed with a frill or flounce, vandyked in the same manner as the flounces on the skirt.

THE silk dresses suited to the present season, besides those already mentioned, include some ornamented with patterns in satin, resembling lace. Others are striped, a dark broad stripe alternating with a narrower one, figured with a series of small palm-leaves. There is also a variety of silk dresses, trimmed with flounces, ornamented with a pompadour pattern in two or more colors.

ALL dark colors in dress seem destined to be mixed with those of bright and showy ones. Thus, black and scarlet, dark blue and orange, green and amber, either in stripe or check, are the mixtures which pervade stuffs of every manufacture. The dress, a la Byzantine, with one single flounce gathered in at the waist, and reaching to just above the hem of the skirt, has nearly superseded every other description of skirt, whether flounces or tucks, for street costume.

DRESSES of black silk have recently been very much worn. They are trimmed with flounces, more or less richly ornamented with braid or velvet. Two or three rows of black velvet ribbon, one above the other, are very generally placed at the edge of the flounces of black silk dresses. Ornaments of velvet of an open work arabesque design, or of the palm-leaf pattern are rich, the latter being sometimes large enough to cover the whole flounce. Trimmings of black velvet are very effective on a dress of plain violet or dark blue silk. Trimmings of violet, dark green, and dark blue velvet, are employed to ornament black silk flounces. It should be borne in mind, that flounces ornamented with velvet trimmings require very little fullness.

BLACK VELVET will, this winter, certainly hold its wonted place among the favorite materials for dresses and basquines.

THE ODETTE body, that is, with the lappets or basque not sewed on is very fashionable. The plaits of the skirts worn with this body are fastened down

on a flat piece concealed under the lappet. This style of dress sits perfectly, because the plaits not proceeding from the waistband do not raise the lappets, a very general defect, which diminishes the elegance of the figure.

FOR ladies of a slender figure skirts gathered in the body and with lappets sewed to are much more becoming, because, in such cases the *Odette* body being quite plain, does not suit their shape.

SLEEVES are still in great variety, but as yet we have no absolute novelty to notice. For *neglige* sleeves are made straight, tight at the wrist, with plain cuffs, turned up a la *Mousquetaire*. As to trimmings, they are always velvet employed in a thousand different ways, ribbons, and lace.

CLOAKS of every style are worn, but the *Cardinals* is the most popular. This has been described in previous numbers. It has a deep yoke fitting the shoulders, and giving them a graceful fall, with a full skirt, square skirt plaited into the yoke, and ornamented with velvet, ribbon, lace, &c. The most beautiful assortment as well as the greatest variety of cloaks, Talma's, mantillas, &c., which we have seen, was at the mantilla and cloak depot of Mr. Molyneux Bell, No. 58 Canal street, New York. His satin cloaks of "ashes, of roses" color, trimmed with velvet ribbon, were extremely beautiful, and more simple than those of velvet heavily embroidered. They were, perhaps, scarcely serviceable enough for country wear: but for a carriage or street cloak not to be surpassed. Mr. Bell, however, has every description of cloak to suit every description of person and purse; (one exhibited in the Crystal Palace, is worth five hundred and fifty dollars) splendidly embroidered velvets, cloths simple and serviceable, showy satins and rich silks of all hues and patterns. Our friends wanting cloaks, and who live at a distance from a large town, whom we know from experience to be often sorely tried for dressmakers, cannot do better than send a description of the style, color, and price of what they want, or what is still better, describe the size and other particulars, and leave it Mr. Bell's own good taste, and we are well assured they will be perfectly satisfied.

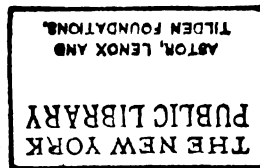
BONNETS.—The latest novelty in bonnets is the substitution of barbes, or lappets of lace or blond for ribbon strings, which, owing to the extreme width of the ribbon sometimes employed, are neither becoming nor convenient, as they are not easily tied. Several bonnets, intended for a superior style of walking costume, or for the carriage, have recently been made with a fall, or *violette* of lace attached to the brim and tied under the chin. The bonnet should be first tied with narrow strings of ribbon, which are invisible under the fastenings of the lace or blond barbes. Some bonnets have a break at the side, to make them more open at the cheeks. The insides are still full-trimmed with blondes, ribbons, and flowers. Some have inside the front a velvet band about an inch wide, which forms a *ferromniere* on the forehead. This band proceeds on one side from a flower and ends at the other in a bunch of ribbon.

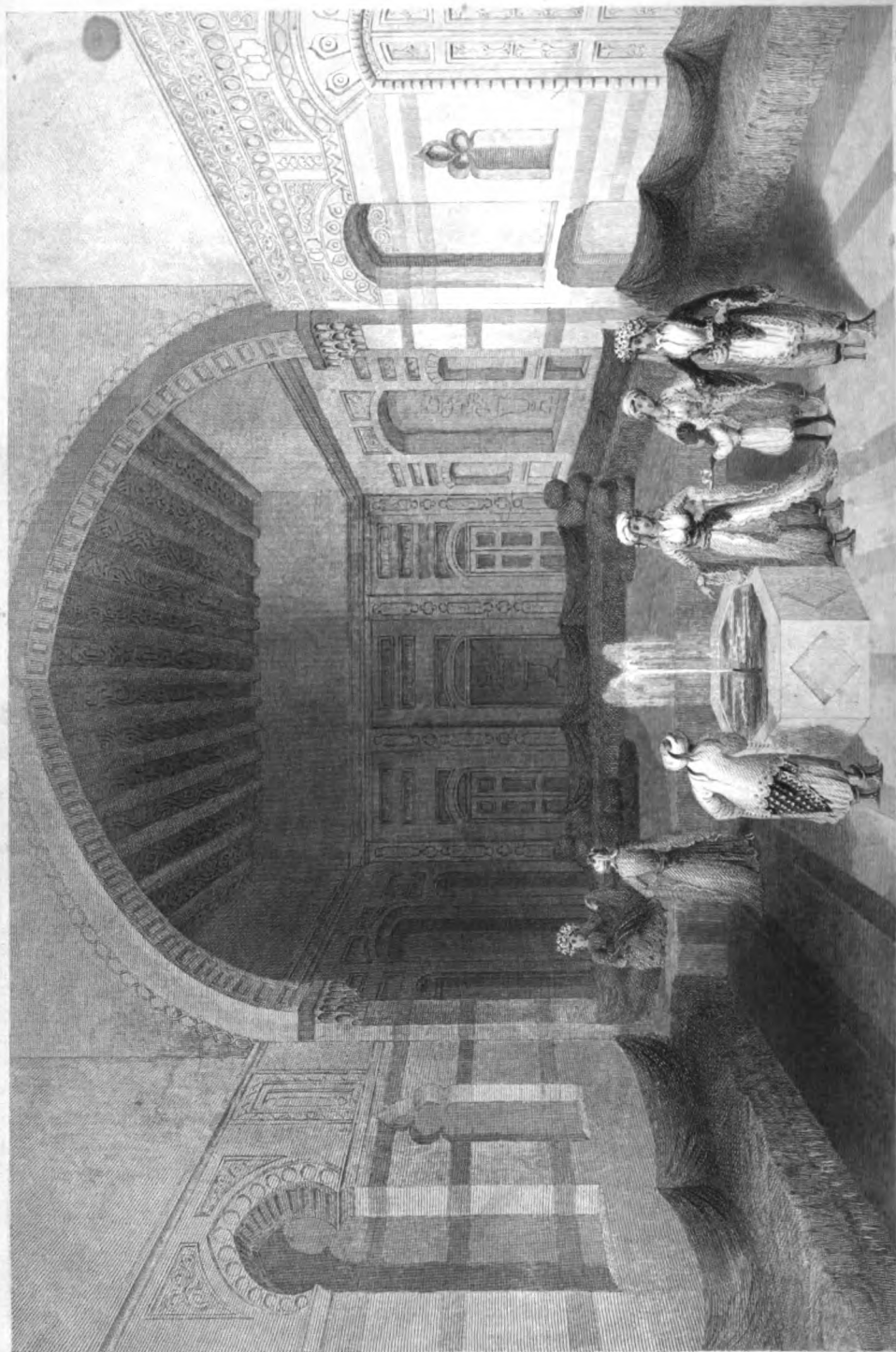


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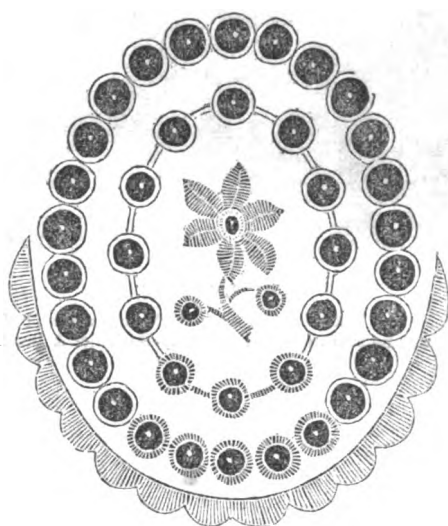
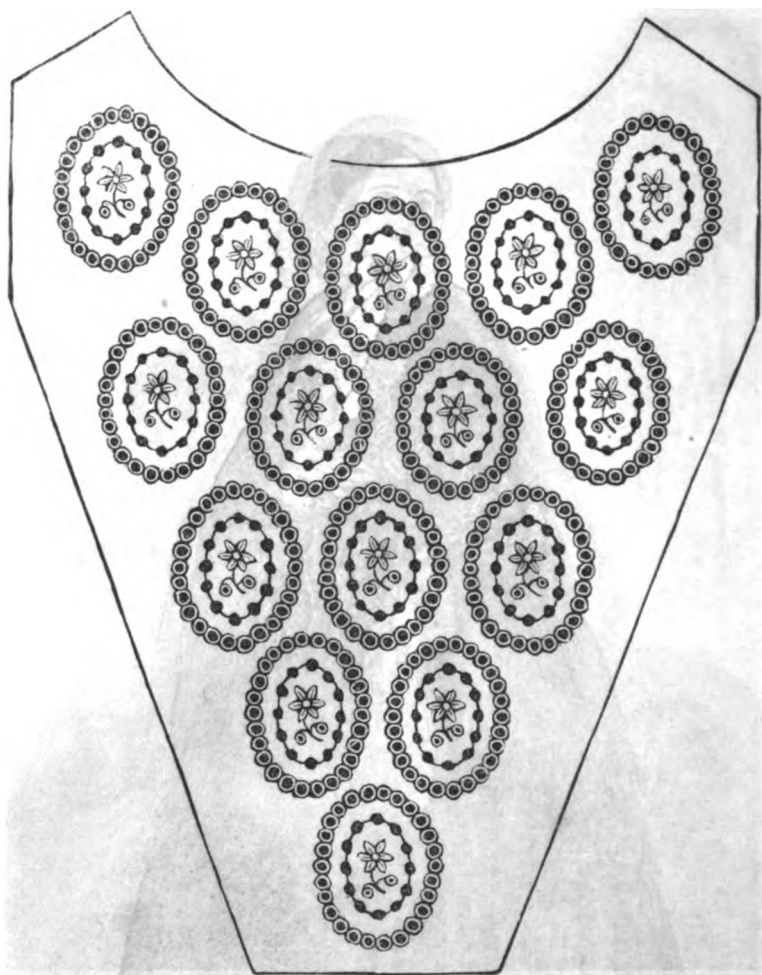
LES MODES PARISIENNES.



**THE EMPRESS,**

**As made by Molyneux Bell, Mantilla and Cloak Importer and Manufacturer, No. 58 Canal St., New York: and sold in Philadelphia, by Boutillier & Brothers, Chestnut St.**











**LA BELLE PARISIENNE,**

**As made by Molyneux Bell, Mantilla and Cloak Importer and Manufacturer, No. 58 Canal St., New York: and sold in Philadelphia, by Boutillier & Brothers, Chesnut St.**

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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## LIFE IN AN ORIENTAL HAREEM.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THIS is emphatically an age of paradoxes. In literature, politics, and even religion, constant attempts are being made to prove that because an idea is old it must necessarily be worthless. Among the absurdities gravely put into circulation, in consequence of this rage for novelty, not the least ridiculous is that which declares the seclusion of the women of the East to be neither degrading to their characters, nor distasteful to themselves.

The originator of this paradox, we believe, was the Egyptian traveller, Lane. Up to his time people were content to credit the results of ordinary experience, and to believe that imprisonment was imprisonment even within the gilded walls of a Hareem. That writer, however, undertook to controvert this idea. His experience of Eastern life gave authority to what he said, and subsequent travellers having adopted his views, it came to be generally, if not universally maintained, that life in the Hareem had been misunderstood. The Oriental female, according to this new version, was no longer the mere plaything of a jealous master, or a listless being devoured by ennui; but was, in all respects, as happy as the European wife or mother. So far from having heart-burnings against those who shared her husband's affections, the Oriental woman was declared to live like a sister with her fellow prisoners. It was triumphantly asserted that life passed as sweetly as a girlish dream within those secluded walls.

But the reader, who knew the human heart, felt that the picture could not be true. The sagacious critic went further. He observed that the visits, from which these rose-hued descriptions had been drawn, had invariably been paid to the Hareems of the great, where pomp and luxury gilded everything with a false splendor. It was always in some vast apartment, ceiled with aromatic cedar, paved with marble, and

surrounded with divans of the costliest damask, that the stranger was received. Sometimes the music of hidden slaves, but always the plash of a fountain in the centre of the room, took captive the imagination. African slaves went about offering coffee in cups of gold. The richest silks and the costliest cashmeres adorned the fair beauties, who lounged on the cushions, or pattered about on their tinkling pattens. In a word, the Hareems, thus visited, were such as Bartlett painted and our artist has engraved. They were, in one sense, true pictures. But they could no more be taken as faithful specimens of Oriental Hareems generally, than the life of a Fifth Avenue belle for that of all American females.

Nor was this the whole. As such visits broke in on the monotony of the Hareem life, the natural listlessness of the inmates was dissipated for the moment. The fair prisoners welcomed the event as a holiday. Their spirits rose. Their eyes sparkled; the color mantled to their cheek; they chatted gaily; they looked supremely happy, and doubtless felt so for the time. It was not so astonishing, therefore, that the guests were deceived. But it was more inexplicable that persons, reading these narratives coolly, did not detect the illusion. To believe that the Oriental woman was really as happy as she seemed, was, in fact, to hold that a half-developed mind could enjoy equal felicity with one more advanced. It was to decry progress as useless. It was to argue really against elevating woman above the condition of a toy for man's pleasures, or a slave to his whims.

Later and more accurate travellers have proved that Mr. Lane was wrong. Among the most reliable of these is Mrs. Mackenzie, the wife of a British officer high in command in India. This lady resided for several years in various parts of Hindoostan, and had opportunities for intimately

observing the Hareem life, not only among the Buddhist Bengalees, but among the Fire-worshipping Persians, and the Mahomedan Affghans. Her testimony is unequivocal that the existence of the Oriental women, as might naturally be expected, is monotonous, childish, full of petty animosities, tortured with incessant jealousies. She describes particularly the wives of Hasan Khan, an Affghan chief, whose Hareem she visited familiarly for many consecutive months. Two of the wives especially figure often in her pages. One was pretty, young, and petted. The other was older, less beautiful, and therefore comparatively neglected. The latter was often unable to conceal the pain she felt at her husband's preference for her successful rival. Even the spoiled favorite herself pouted when she said that Hasan Khan had six other wives beside herself. They all alike sighed, when they spoke of the superior lot of the European woman, in having no one to dispute her husband's heart with her. The envy of those who had no children against the more fortunate who had, is a frequent subject of remark in Mrs. Mackenzie's volumes. According to this lady, one of the wives, in every Oriental household, invariably rules: and the others are practically her servants, and often secretly her foes.

Such is life in the Hareem. How fortunate the female whose lot is cast in America, instead

of in Turkey, Egypt, or Hindoostan! But equally fortunate are American husbands, in having intelligent companions for wives, and not mere submissive slaves. Man approaches to his highest development only where woman is free. As an equal she ennobles him, as an inferior she but degrades. In the one case he is refined, elevated, strengthened in all true manliness: in the other he is brutalized in proportion to the depth of her bondage. The poets feel this. An Oriental bard never rises higher, in his ideal of woman, than to compare her step to that of an antelope, her eye to that of a star, her voice to that of a nightingale. That she can inspire any other sentiment than that of mere admiration he never imagines. But the Christian poet sees, in woman's power to guide man to the paths of right, far more to praise than even her beauty. With the Persian Hafiz she is simply a pretty toy. With the British Wordsworth she is a friend, an adviser, a heavenly messenger descended upon earth.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to counsel, and command.  
And yet a spirit too, and bright  
With something of an angel's light."

Ah! who would not rather be a Christian than an Oriental woman? Who would not rather be loved by Wordsworth's ideal than by that of Hafiz?

## "MIRABEL."

BY PHILA EARLE.

O'er thine eyes, the pale death-angels  
Kissed the lids—thou'rt sleeping well  
Where the dreamless, wakeless slumber,  
Mirabel.

By the sea-side thou art resting,  
Where the dark waves rise, and swell,  
But their moaning cannot wake thee,  
Mirabel.

Dirge-like are their solemn murmurs,  
Mingling with the pink sea-shell,  
As it sings for thee a requiem,  
Mirabel.

O'er thy breast the flowerets blossom,  
Nurtured by large tears, that fell  
From the ocean's briny bosom,  
Mirabel.

Sweet thy sleep; for water-fairies,  
Cast a gentle, holy spell,  
Round thy grave, when moonbeams glisten,  
Mirabel.

And the birds, whose dipping pinions  
Skim the waves, o'er thee shall tell  
Plaintive songs of thrilling sweetness,  
Mirabel.

Sad the night-winds wail above thee,  
Mournfully they breathe a knell  
Over thee, the lovely, love-lost  
Mirabel.

'Mong the dewy leaves, the zephyrs  
From the distant shady dell,  
Softly sigh for thee, sweet sleeper,  
Mirabel!

In the stillly hush of twilight,  
Far o'er hills, the vesper bell  
Sends its thrilling music, o'er thee,  
Mirabel.

Sleep—for here no earthly sorrows,  
Griefs, or shadows, ever fall;  
Beautiful, and sinless, slumber,  
Mirabel.

## A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

BY H. W. DEWEES.

WITH a mocking, coquettish air, the sweetest, but most incorrigible little flirt that ever danced at a pic-nic, was singing.

"I care for nobody, nobody,  
And nobody cares for me!"

She was sitting in a quiet, shady corner, near the side of a small stream, busily employed in weaving together some bright green leaves into a garland. Behind her stood a young gentleman in naval uniform, who silently and absently watched her slender fingers as they played at hide and seek among the leaves she was twining.

At a little distance, a gay and picturesque scene was visible from between the trees. A pic-nic party was there encamped for the day. A cloth was spread on the grass, about which some of the company were seated, partaking of the refreshments; others were scattered round in various groups; some walking—some swinging—some romping—some dancing—all gay and gaily dressed, and making up a cheerful picture.

Every now and then a merry rowing party on the creek passed before the young couple I have described, and their gay songs and laughter floated to the ear pleasantly over the water.

Little Sophy looking up into her companion's face with a saucy, challenging smile, sang again with her mocking voice, the verse of the old song,

"I care for nobody, nobody,  
And nobody cares for me."

"What nonsense is that you are singing?" asked the youth, shaking off his reverie—"not a word of it true!"

"Half, at least," returned Sophy, with mischievous significance.

"Which half?" inquired Lieutenant Atherton, "the last?"

Sophy smiled disdainfully, but instead of replying, the little coquette threw the long spray of leaves which she had just finished braiding together, over her head. The bright, tender, green leaves mingled with her rich, fair curls, making them gleam like gold, and heightening, by contrast, the fresh, delicate colors of her youthful face. She was very lovely, and she shook her bright head with full consciousness of her powers of fascination, as she turned her eyes

on her companion with a glance of saucy malice, as much as to say—"Do you brave me?—then take the consequences!"

Atherton felt the full malice of that look.

"By heaven, Sophy, you know how to use those eyes of yours," he said, laughing; and then added with a sigh, as he gazed at her lovely, roguish face—

"No, Sophy, it is certainly not the *last* half of your song which is true."

A smile of triumph stole to Sophy's lips; she turned partly away, and sang half shyly, half saucily—

"I care for nobody, nobody,  
Tho' somebody cares for me!"

"Sophy, Sophy, how can you be so cruel! A merciful cat would not play with a mouse, as you have trifled with my heart for this year and a half"—there was a tone of earnestness in the youth's voice at variance with his light words.

Sophy answered gaily—

"Because no mouse ever so tried to escape from mistress puss, as you have struggled to escape from me. Had you lain quiet under my paws, you would have seen how I should have patted you."

"No, Sophy," returned the youth, with sudden gravity, "it is because I have lain *too* quiet—been *too* submissive to your every whim, that you have come at last to despise as worthless, a heart so lightly won. Sophy, I should have left you a year ago, when I was ordered to India; but I was too weak—too much in love—I could not bear to leave you; I applied for change of orders, and have been lingering round you ever since. I have been rewarded for my foolishness as it deserved. I have not advanced in your favor one jot during all this time——"

"True," began Sophy, demurely, but her lover was too much in earnest to heed the interruption.

"Now, however," he continued, "I rejoice to say, that I have an opportunity of repairing my error. The former orders have been renewed—to-morrow I leave you—perhaps forever."

Sophy's cheek flushed suddenly—she attempted a jest, but the smile died on her lips, and tears rose to her eyes instead.

"Are you really going away?"—the voice of

the gay, little flirt was very doleful and tremulous, and her lover was beginning to gather a gleam of encouragement from her agitated manner, when poor Sophy, whether from her unconquered spirit of coquetry, or that she feared she was betraying a secret she had long sedulously guarded, added with a tone of mock distress,

"Who *shall* I find to flirt with while you are gone?"

Lieutenant Atherton was deeply grieved and disappointed by the light words. No wonder he was led to conclude, that the girl who could so jest at such a moment, was still mistress of her own heart; no wonder he said to himself—"Fool, you are answered—your suit is ended"—no wonder he commanded himself to think no more of one on whom his affections were wasted; and yet—who shall read a woman's heart?—all his conclusions, however logically drawn, were wrong: the foolish girl who so trifled with his feelings, dearly loved him all the time, and was at that very moment suffering far more than he was.

On the morrow the young lieutenant sailed for the East Indies; but though he met with many strange adventures there, and like all travellers in the East, rode on elephants and fought, or ran away from lions, I have forgotten which, I am by no means tempted to follow him on his travels, or to bore my reader by a narration of them. Neither shall I be so unmerciful as to inflict dull accounts of my moping heroine, whose spirits deserted her strangely about the time of Lieut. Atherton's departure. Let me rather hasten to the time of the return, when I shall have something less uninteresting to write about.

The way and manner of the meeting of the long parted lovers was this:

Our young lieutenant, having vainly sought, during all those years of absence, to banish the thoughts of a certain unworthy little flirt from his mind, had no sooner set his foot on shore, than he found himself full of torturing hopes and

fears on the way to her dwelling. With the right of an old familiar visitor he made his way to the drawing-room unannounced.

It was late in the afternoon—beginning to grow dark. Sophy was seated at the piano with her back to the door. Young Atherton stole softly behind her, and paused; what did it mean? she was crying—yes, really sobbing—and the cause so far as he could see, was a song to which she had just turned in an old music-book. Suddenly a man's hand and arm were stretched forward from over her shoulder, and the book seized and carried off.

Sophy screamed, and started from her seat—and then stood silent, and trembling violently, before her lover, gazing at him as though he were an apparition.

Young Atherton's eyes meanwhile turned from the old song to seek Sophy's face.

Without a word of greeting—"Sophy," he said, laying his hand on the open book—"does this old ballad still tell a true story?"

"As true, as it ever did," faltered Sophy, blushing and turning away her face—"Oh! Edward, must you foolish Sophy say more?"

The darkness gathered round the happy reunited lovers as they sat talking together. Ah, how much there was to say. What tender chidings—what sweet confessions—what reminiscences of the past—what hopes for the future. Fortunately no visitors came to interrupt their converse, and it extended far into the night. Yet when Atherton left her late in the evening, Sophy still lingered at her piano, perhaps recalling all the tender and fond words which had been whispered to her that happy night, and ere closing the instrument, she lightly touched a few soft chords, and sang in a low, frightened voice, which trembled with irrepressible joy, a new version of the old song—it was this—

"I care for somebody, somebody,  
And somebody cares for me!"

## LOVE NEVER WAS BOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Love never was bought, nor in chains was confined!

At least not with those that are forged out of gold,  
Bright rubies, nor gems, nor the wealth of the mind  
Can e'er purchase love, for true love ne'er was sold.

That beautiful boy with his shadowy wings,  
Unbidden may come, and unbidden abide;

Bright flowers of promise he evermore brings,  
But honors and riches doth ever dōrde.

Then never believe that with jewels, or gold,  
You can coax him to stay, for he will not, I'm sure,  
Remain with a heart that is selfish or cold,  
For selfishness, coldness, he ne'er can endure.

# THE ORPHANS FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN after a while, the judge found that Mrs. Farnham was still talking at the children, and dealing him a sharp sentence or two over their shoulders, for preferring the scenery to her conversation, he quietly drew in his head, and gathering up a quantity of the flowers, arranged a pretty bouquet for each of the children, who received them with shy satisfaction. Then with more effort at arrangement, he completed a third bouquet, and laid it on Mrs. Farnham's lap with affected diffidence, that went directly to that very weak portion of the lady's system, which she dignified with the name of heart. Enoch Sharp smiled at the effect of his adroit attention, while the lady, appeased into a state of gentle self-complacency, rewarded him with beaming smiles and a fresh avalanche of those soft, frothy words which she solemnly believed were conversation. From time to time she refreshed herself with the perfume of his mountain flowers, descanted on their beauties with sentimental warmth, and murmuring snatches of poetry over them, very soft, very sentimental, and particularly annoying to a man filled in all the depths of his soul with an honest love of nature.

But quite unconscious that she was not rendering herself peculiarly attractive, the lady murmured out her poetic nonsense, and cast her pale blue eyes over the blossoms to their giver, after a fashion that had proved very effective with the late lamented Mr. Farnham, but which ended in forcing Enoch Sharp to lean out of the window again, for the smiles about his lips were getting too rebellious for anything but concealment. But every time Judge Sharp betook himself to an examination of the scenery, Mrs. Farnham took a sly revenge on the little girls, forcing them to sit upright, scolding them when they drew close together, and bemoaning the crushed feathers with pathetic anger.

Thus half amused and half angry, the judge made fresh efforts at conciliation, that the poor orphans might be saved, a better proof of his noble heart than many a greater act had been.

They were now descending the mountain passes. Broken hills and lovely green vallies rose and sunk along their rapid progress. Never on earth was scenery more varied and lovely. Little emerald hollows shaded with hemlock, and overhanging brooklets that came stealing like broken threads of diamonds down the mountain sides to hide beneath their shadows, were constantly appearing and disappearing along the road. It was impossible for little Mary to sit still when these heavenly glimpses presented themselves. Her cheeks burned; her eyes kindled; her very limbs trembled with suppressed impatience: but she dared not lean forward, and could only obtain tantalizing glances of the sparkling brooks, and the soft, green mosses that clung around the mountain cliffs where they shot over the road.

The carriage passed through several villages winding in and out through the mountain passes, through hills so interlapped, that it seemed impossible to guess how the carriage would extricate itself from the green labyrinth.

Nothing could be more delicate and vivid than the foliage that clothed the hill sides, for the primeval growth of hemlocks had been cut away from the hills, and a second crop of luxuriant young trees, beach, oak and maple, mottled with rich clusters of mountain ash, and the deep green of white pines covered the whole country.

All at once Ralph drew up his horses on a curve of the highway. The carriage was completely buried in a valley along which wound a river, whose sweet noise they had long heard among the trees.

"Now, children, look out," said the judge, laughing pleasantly, "look out and tell me how Ralph is to get through the hills."

Both the little girls sprang forward and looked abroad breathlessly, like two birds at the open door of a cage in which they had been imprisoned. The judge watched them with smiling satisfaction as they cast puzzled glances from side to side, meeting nothing but shoulders, and angles, and ridges of the mountains heaving over each other in huge green waves that seemed to be endless,

and to crowd close to each other, though many a lovely valley lay between, little dreamed of by the wondering children.

"Well, then, tell me how you expect to get out, little ones?" repeated the judge.

"Sure enough, how?" repeated Isabel, drawing back, and looking from the judge to Mrs. Farnham.

But Mary was still gazing abroad. Her eyes wandered from hill to hill, and grew more and more luminous as each new beauty broke upon her. At last she drew back with a deep breath, and the loveliest of human smiles upon her face.

"Indeed, sir, indeed I shouldn't care if we never did get out, the river would be company enough."

"Yes, company enough," replied the judge, smiling. "But would it feed us when we are hungry?"

"It don't seem as if I ever should be hungry here," replied the child.

"But I am hungry now," replied Enoch Sharp; "and so is Mrs. Farnham, I dare say!"

"No," replied that lady, who prided herself on a delicate appetite, "I never am hungry; dew and flowers, Mr. Farnham used to say, were intended to support sensitive nerves like mine!"

"Very likely," thought Enoch Sharp, "I am certain no human being could support them," but he drowned this ungallant thought in a loud call for Ralph to drive on.

The horses made a leap forward, swept round a huge rock that concealed the highway where it curved suddenly with a bend of the river, and before them lay one of the most beautiful mountain villages you ever beheld. The horses knew their old home. Ralph had no reason for urging them forward now. Away they went sweeping up the broad winding sheet between double columns of young maple trees, through which the white houses gleamed tranquilly and dream-like on the eyes of those city children.

### CHAPTER III.

JUDGE SHARP's carriage stopped in front of a noble mansion near the centre of the village. I think it must have been one of the oldest houses in the place. But modern improvements had so transfigured and beautified it, that it bore the aspect of a noble suburban villa rather than a remote mountain residence. The roof lifted in a pointed gable, and supported by brackets, shot several feet over the front, resting on a row of tall, slender columns which formed a noble portico along the entire front.

With a desire to leave the first family homestead

ever built in those mountains entire in its simple architecture, this portico shaded the double row of windows first introduced into the dwelling: and the main building remained entire within and without as it had been left years before by its primitive architect. But modern wings had been united to the old building on the left; and in the rear wings pointed with gables, and so interspersed with chimnies that the whole mass formed a gothic exterior singular and beautiful as it was picturesque. Noble old trees, maple, elm and ash, shaded the green lawn which fell far back from the house, terminating on one side in a fine fruit orchard bending with ripened peaches and purple plums, and broken up on the south by a flower garden gorgeous with late summer blossoms, shaded with grape arbors and clumps of mountain ash, all flushed and red with berries. This noble garden lost itself in the deep green of an apple orchard full of singing birds. The waters of a mountain brook, and sounds of its merry voices as it came leaping down from the broken hills beyond, gleamed and rose through the thick foliage, mingling a sweet, perpetual chime with the rising breath of that little wilderness of flowers.

This was the dwelling at which Judge Sharp's carriage stopped. It seemed like an Eden to the little girls, who longed to get out and enjoy a full view of its beauties from the lawn. But Mrs. Farnham was a guest, for the time; and well disposed to use her privileges, she refused to descend, though hospitably pressed, and seemed to think the few moments required by the judge to enter his own home, an encroachment on her rights and privileges. But the judge cared little for this, and was far more engaged with a venerable old house dog, toothless, grey and dim-eyed, who arose from his sunny nook upon the grass, and came soberly down to welcome his master, than he was with the lady's discontent.

"Ha, Carlo, always on hand, old fellow," he said, patting the grizzled head of his old favorite, "glad to see ma, ha!"

Carlo looked up through his dim eyes and gave a feeble whine, which in his young days would have been a deep-mouthed bay of welcome. Then with grave dignity, he tottered onward by his master's side, escorting him up to the entrance door, and lay down in a sunny spot which broke through the honeysuckle branches on the balcony, satisfied by the soft rush of feet and the glad female voices within, that his escort was no longer required.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Farnham, leaning back with an air of ineffable disgust, and talking to no one in particular—"I wonder how the judge



can allow that old brute to prowl after him in that manner. I'm sure if he were at my house I would have him shot before morning—laying down on the portico indeed."

"But he seems so glad and so still," said Mary Fuller, struck with a thrill of sympathy for the dog, rendered repulsive to that silly woman by his age, as she was by deformity.

"Isn't it the duty of every hideous thing to be still?" replied Mrs. Farnham, casting a look of feeble spite at the child. "It seems the judge has a fancy for uncouth pets."

"Perhaps because they feel kindness so much," answered Mary, in a trembling voice.

"Indeed," drawled the lady, "then I wish he would be kind enough to send us on. This tiresome waiting when one is worn out and half famished, is too much."

Just then the judge appeared at the front door cheerful and smiling; and in the shaded back-ground of the hall two fair forms were visible hovering near, as if reluctant to part with him again so soon.

"Not quite out of patience, I hope," he said, leaning into the carriage, while the ladies of his family came forth with offers of hospitality. But Mrs. Farnham muttered something about fatigue, dust, and the strong desire she had of seeing her own home—a desire in which the ladies soon heartily, but silently joined, for it needed only a first sentence to convince them that the interesting widow would make but a sorry acquisition to the neighborhood.

"Then if you absolutely insist not to get out, madam, the next best thing is to proceed," cried Enoch Sharp, and, springing into his seat, he waved an adieu to his family; and the rather reluctant horses proceeded briskly down the street.

The river which we have mentioned skirted the village with its bright waters; two or three fine manufacturing buildings stood back from its banks: and having supplied them with its sparkling strength, the river swept on wildly as before, curving and deepening between its grim or rocky banks with low, pleasant murmurs, like a troop of children let loose from school.

The highway ran along its banks, sometimes divided from the waters by clumps of hoary old hemlocks, that had escaped the axe from their isolation perhaps; and again separated only by thickets of wild blackberries and mountain shrubs.

As they proceeded the hills crowded down close to the highway, and that ran along the steep banks of the river, which rushed on with fresh impetuosity, and gathering up its waves in a sudden curve of the channel, leaped down the valley

in one of the most beautiful waterfalls you ever saw.

"Oh, one minute; do, do stop one minute," cried little Mary, as the broad crescent of the fall flashed before her. "Isabel, Isabel, did you ever see anything like that?"

"Really, judge, your pet is very forward, and so tiresome," said Mrs. Farnham, gazing down upon the waters with a weak sneer; "one would think she had never seen a mill-dam before."

This sent the poor child back to her corner again. But Mrs. Farnham had struck the judge on a sensitive point when she sneered at that beautiful crescent-shaped fall rolling in a sheet of crystal over its native rock, the sparkling waters all in sunshine; the still basin beneath green with stilly shadows cast over it from masses of tall trees that crowded around the fall.

"Madam," he said, "that mill-dam found its channel when the hills around had their first foundation. At any rate, you cannot find fault with the workmanship, for God himself made it."

"Indeed, you surprise me," cried the lady, taking out her glass and leaning forward, "I really supposed it must be the result of some of those lagging bees that we hear of in these back settlements. I quite long to witness something of the kind; it must be pleasant, judge, to see your peasantry enjoy themselves on these rustic occasions."

"My peasantry," laughed the judge, as much ashamed of the angry feelings with which his last speech had been given, as if he had been caught whipping a lap dog—"my constituents, you mean."

"Oh, yes, of course, I mean anything that you call that sort of people—constituents is it."

"My wife and I call that sort of people neighbors."

"Indeed," cried Mrs. Farnham, dropping her glass and leaning back as one who bends beneath a sudden blow, "I thought you were to be my neighbors."

"If you will permit us," said the judge, laughing; "but here is your house, and there stands the housekeeper ready to receive you."

Mrs. Farnham brightened, and began to gather up her shawl and embroidered satchel, like one who was becoming weary of her companions.

"This is really very nice," she said, looking up to the huge square building lifted from the road by half a dozen terraces, and crowned with a tall cupola; "depend on it I shall make it quite a Paradise, judge. I'm glad it's out of sight of your mill—your waterfall—I hate sounds that never stop."

"How she must hate her own pattering voice,"

thought the judge, as he helped the lady in her descent from the carriage.

"And the housekeeper, I thought she was here."

"And so I am, ma'am," answered a slight, little woman, with a freckled complexion, and immense quantities of red hair gathered back of her head in the fangs of a huge comb that had been fashionable twenty-five years before, "been a waiting at that identical front door full unto an hour, expecting you every minet: but better late than never. You're welcome as scraps to a beggar's basket."

It was laughable—the look of indignant astonishment with which the widow regarded her housekeeper, as in the simple honesty of her heart she uttered this welcome.

"And pray, who engaged you to take charge here? Could no more suitable person be found?"

"Who engaged me, marm, me? why I grew up here—never was engaged in my hull life but once, and then I come right straight to the mark and married the feller off-hand."

"But how came you here as my housekeeper?"

"Well, sort of nat'rally, marm, as children take the measles; bein as I was in the house, I just let 'em call me what they're a mind to; haint quite got used to the name yet, but I'll soon fit on with practice. Come, now, walk in and make yourself to home."

All the time Mrs. Farnham had been standing by the carriage, with her shawl and travelling satchel on one arm. She refused to surrender them to Enoch Sharp, and stood swelling with indignation because the housekeeper did not offer to relieve her. She might as well have expected the cupola to descend from its roof, as any of these menial attentions from Mrs. Salina Bowles, who possessed very original ideas of her duties as a housekeeper.

"Gracious me, I hadn't the least notion that you had children along!" cried the good woman, totally oblivious of Mrs. Farnham's flushed face, pressing close up to the carriage.

"But allow me to hope that you will grant permission now that they have come!" said the widow, with an attempt at biting satire, which Salina received in solemn good faith.

"It ain't the custum hereabouts to turn any thing out of doors, marm, expected or not; and I calculate there'll be room in the house for a young un or two if they ain't over noisy. Come, little gal, give a jump, and let's see how spry you are."

Isabel obeyed, and impelled by Mrs. Bowles' vigorous arm, made a swinging leap out of the carriage.

"Gracious sakes, but she's as hornsone as a pictur, ain't she though? Not your own darter, marm, I calculate."

The flush deepened on the widow's face, and she began to bite her nether lip furiously, a sure sign that rage was approaching to white heat with her.

"Come, child, move on, let us get into the house, if this woman will move out of the way and permit us—"

"Out of the way, goodness knows I ain't in it by a long chance," cried Salina, waving her hand toward the house; "as for permitting, why the path is open straight to the front door: and the house just as much yours as it is mine, I reckon."

"Is it indeed?" sneered the lady, lifting a fold of her travelling skirt, as she prepared to ascend the first terrace, "we shall decide that to-morrow."

But Mrs. Bowles sent an admiring glance, often directed at the beautiful child rather than the lady.

"Well, now, she is a purty critter, ain't she, judge? them long curls do beat all."

But the judge was by Mrs. Farnham's side assisting her to mount the terrace, when Salina became aware that her glance fell inside the carriage again, and she saw Mary Fuller leaning forward and gazing after Isabel with her eyes full of tears. Instantly a change came over the rough manner of the woman—she remembered her encomiums on Isabel's beauty with a quick sense of shame, and leaning forward reached out both hands.

"Come, little gal, let me lift you out, hornsone is as hornsone does, you know. I hope you ain't tired, nor nothing."

Mary began to weep outright. She tried to smile and force the tears back with her eyelids; but the woman's kind words had unlocked her little grateful heart, and she could only sob out,

"Thank you—thank you very much; but I'm not to stop here, it's only Isabel."

"And is she your sister?"

"No; but we've been together so long, and now she's gone; and—and—"

"Gone without speaking a word, or saying good-buy, or—well, I never did!"

And away darted Mrs. Bowles up the terraces, leaping from step to step like an old grey-hound till she seized on Isabel, and giving her a light shake, bore her back in triumph, much to the terror of both children and the astonishment of the widow, who stood regarding them from the upper terrace in impatient wrath; while the judge softly rubbed his hands and wondered what would come next.

"There, now, just act like a Christian, and say good-buy to the little gal that's left behind," cried Mrs. Bowles, hissing out a long breath as she plumped little Isabel down into the carriage. "Mary Fuller, what's the use of long curls and fine feathers if there's no feeling under them? There, there, have a good-buy and a genuine long cry together, it'll be refreshing."

Without another word the housekeeper marched away and ascended the terraces. Her freckled face glowing with rude kindness, and the sunbeams glancing around her red hair as we see it around some of the ugly old saints, that the old masters stiffened on canvasses before Raphael gave ease of movement and freedom of drapery to religious subjects.

"What have you done with the child?" almost shrieked Mrs. Farnham, as the housekeeper drew near with a broad smile on her broader mouth.

"Just put her in her place, that's all," replied Salina: "she was a coming off without bidding t'other little thing good-buy. There she sot with her two eyes as wet as Periwinkles, looking—looking arter you all so wishful. I couldn't stand it: nobody about these parts could. We ain't wolves and bears if we were brought up under the hemlocks. 'Little children should love one another,' that's genuine Scripeter, or ought to be if it ain't."

"What on earth shall I do with this creature?" cried Mrs. Farnham, half overpowered by the higher and stronger character with which she had to deal. "She half frightens me!"

"Still she seems to me about right in her ideas, if a little rough in her way of enforcing them. Believe me, madam, Salina Bowles will prove a faithful and true friend."

"Friend! Mr. Sharp, I do not hire my friends!"

The judge made a slightly impatient movement. He was becoming weary of wasting ideas on the well-dressed shell of humanity before him.

"You will find the prospect very delightful," he said, casting a glance toward the mountains, at whose feet the river wound brightening in the sunshine, and seeming deeper where the shadows lengthened over it from the hills. "See, the spires and cupolaes are just visible at the left; though not close together, we shall be near enough for good neighbors."

The lady looked discontentedly around on the hills, covered with the golden sunset, the river sleeping beneath them, and the distant village rising from masses of foliage, and pencilling its spires against the blue sky, where it fell down in soft, wreathing clouds at the mouth of the valley.

"I dare say it is what you call fine scenery, and all that; but really I cannot see what tempted

Mr. Farnham to think of forbidding the sale of this place; and, above all, to make it a condition in his will that I should live here while Julian is on his travels."

"Your husband started life here, madam," answered the judge, almost sternly; "and we love the places where our first struggles were made."

"Yes, but then I didn't start life here with him, you know. Poor, dear Mr. Farnham was so much older, and his tastes so different, I sometimes wonder how he managed to win me, so young, so—so—but you comprehend, judge!"

"He had managed to get a handsome property together before that, I believe," said the judge, with a demure smile.

"But what is property without taste, and a just idea of style? Mr. Farnham became quite aware of his deficiency in these points when he married me."

"There does seem to have been a deficiency then," muttered the judge, and having appeased himself with this bit of internal malice, he turned an attentive ear to the end of her speech.

"His first wife, you know, was a commonish sort of person."

Here Salina, who stood upon the broad doorstep with the front entrance open, strode down and confronted Mrs. Farnham. She remained thus with those little grey eyes searching the lady's face, and with her long, bony hand lightly clenched, as if she waited for something else before her wrath would be permitted to reach the fighting point. But Mrs. Farnham remained silent, only muttering over "a very commonish sort of person indeed;" and with hound-like reluctance, Salina retreated backward step by step to her position to the door.

#### CHAPTER IV.

MEANTIME Mary Fuller and Isabel had remained in the carriage, locked in each other's arms, and murmuring out their fondness, their grief, and promises of faithful remembrance amid broken sobs and tears, such as they had never shed before even in their first poverty-stricken orphanage.

Something of that deep, unconscious spirit of prophecy, which sometimes haunts the souls of children God-gifted like Mary Fuller, whispered her that this separation would be forever in spirit, if not in person. She had reasoned with this presentiment all the way from the Alms-House, which had so lately been their home, to this the place of their future residence. In the innocence of her heart she had taxed this feeling

as a selfish one, and had heaped herself with self-reproach, as having fallen into envy of the brighter destiny which awaited Isabel, in comparison with her own prospects. But the child had done herself injustice, and mistook the holiest intuition of a pure heart for a feeling of which that heart was incapable.

Isabel merely knew that they were to be parted, that the young creature whose care had been that of a mother, whose patience and gentle love had given a home feeling even to the Alms-House, would no longer share her room, curl her hair, arrange her dress with the devotion of a slave, or in any way soothe her life as she had done. She did not comprehend, as many did, the great evil which this separation would bring upon her moral nature; but her affectionate heart was touched, and the passionate grief, that she felt at parting, was more violent by far than the deeper and more solemn feeling that shook Mary's heart to the centre, but made no violent outcry, as lighter grief might have done. Both Salina and Mary herself had done the child injustice, when they supposed her going heartlessly away from her old companion. Confused by the meeting of Mrs. Farnham and the house-keeper, and puzzled by the strangeness of every thing around, she had followed her benefactress, or adopted mother, without a thought that Mary would not join them; and her grief was violent indeed, when she learned that then and there she must separate from the only creature on earth, that her warm young heart could entirely love.

The children were locked in each other's arms, both weeping, each striving to comfort the other.

"Remember now, Isabel, say your prayers every night, the Lord's prayer, and after that, Isabel, remember and ask God to bless me and make me, oh! so patient."

"Ah! but it will seem so lonesome all by myself, with no one to kneel by me. Mary, Mary, I wish they had left us together at the hospital, I long to get away from here."

"No, you mustn't feel that way, Mary, because Mrs. Farnham is very good, and very kind, to make you like her own child, and dress you up in all these pretty things."

"These are pretty!" replied Mary, examining her plaid silk dress through many tears, "but somehow I don't seem to feel a bit happier in them."

"But this lady is to be your mother, Isabel."

Poor Isabel burst into a fresh passion of grief.

"Oh! Mary, Mary, that is it. You know she isn't in the least like what my mother was, my own darling, darling mother."

"But she is in heaven," said Mary, in her sweet, deep voice, that always seemed so holy and true. "Now, dear Isabel, you will have two mothers, one here, another beyond the stars. That mother—oh, Isabel, I believe it as I do my own life—that mother comes to you always when you pray."

"Oh! then I will pray so often, Mary," cried the little girl, clasping her hands, "if that will bring her close to me."

Mary looked long and wistfully into that lovely face, with only such admiration as one bereft of all personal attractions can feel for beauty. Isabel clung closer to her, and wept more quietly.

"You will come and see me very often," she whispered.

"Yes," sobbed Mary, "if they will let me."

"Where are they going to leave you?"

"I don't know, I haven't thought to ask till now."

"I hope it will be near, Mary; and then, you know, we will see each other every day," cried the child, brightening through her tears.

"But I am afraid Mrs. Farnham don't like me well enough. She may not allow it," answered Mary, with a meek smile.

"But I will," persisted Isabel, flinging back her head, with an air that brought fresh tears into Mary's eyes.

"Isabel," she said, gravely, and striving to suppress her grief, "don't—don't—Mrs. Farnham is your mother now."

"No, she isn't though. She frightens me to death with her kindness. She don't love me a bit, only because my face is so pretty. I wish it wasn't, and then perhaps I could go with you."

"No, no, we needn't expect that. I never did. It's only a wonder they took me at all. I'm quite sure if it hadn't been for Mr. Sharp, I should have been left in the Poor-House all alone. The lady only looked at you from the first."

"I know it, don't you think I heard all she said about my eyes, my curls, and my beautiful face, while you stood there with your mouth all of a tremble, and your eyes growing so large and bright under their tears—I knew that it was my pretty face, that was doing it all; and oh! just then, Mary, I hated it so much."

"It is a great thing to have a beautiful face, Isabel, a very great thing. You don't know what it is to see kind people turn away their eyes for fear of hurting your feelings by a look; and to hear rude, bad persons jibing at you. Isabel, dear, you wouldn't like that."

Mary said this in her usual sad, meek way,

smiling so patiently as if every word were a tear wrung from her heart.

"Oh! Mary, but you are beautiful to me—nobody on earth looks so sweet and good in my eyes, or ever will."

The two children embraced each other, and both wept freely as only children can weep. At length Mary Fuller withdrew herself from Isabel's arms, lingering a moment to press fresh kisses among her curls.

"Now, Isabel, you must go. See, they are looking at us. Mrs. Farnham will be angry."

"Mary, I want to tell you something, I like the red haired woman, cross as she is, a thousand times better than Mrs. Farnham. If she did shake me, it was for my good, I dare say."

"She was kind, at any rate, to let you come back," said Mary.

"To let me? Why, Mary, she shook me up as mamma would a pillow, and shot me into the carriage so swift, it took my breath."

Mary smiled faintly, and Isabel began to laugh through her tears, as she scrambled out of the carriage again. Mary followed her with longing eyes. Something of maternal tenderness mingled with her love of that beautiful child; suffering had rendered her strangely precocious; and that prophetic spirit, which is inseparable from genius, filled her whole being as with the love of a guardian angel.

"Oh, how lovely she is, how bright, how like a bird—if her father could only see her now, poor, poor Isabel. It is so hard for her to be with strange people; but I, I, who never had a home since my father died, I who was so long prowling the streets like a little wild beast that everybody ran away from. Yes, I ought to be so content and so grateful. But—but I should like it so much if they would only let me come and see her once in a while. It's so hard, and so lonesome without that."

Thus muttering sadly and sweetly to herself, the child sat with her little face buried in both hands, almost disconsolate.

She was aroused by a vigorous footstep and the cheering voice of Enoch Sharp. He did not appear to notice her tears, but took his seat, waving his hand to the group just turning to enter Mrs. Farnham's dwelling.

"There, there, wave your hand, little one. They're looking this way."

Mary leaned forward. Mrs. Farnham and the housekeeper had entered the hall; but Isabel had taken off her Leghorn flat and was waving it toward them. The pink ribbons and marabouts fluttered joyously in the air. Mary could not see that those bright hazle eyes were dim with

tears, but the position and free wave of the arms were full of buoyant joy. She drew a deep breath, and choked back her tears. It seemed as if she were utterly deserted, then utterly deformed. While she could feel and admire Isabel's beauty, her own lack of it had only been half felt; now her sun was gone, and she, poor moon, grew dreary in his unaided darkness. Up to this time Mary had hardly given a thought to the fate intended for herself. Always meek and lowly in her desires, the feeling that any place was good enough for her, kept away all selfish anxiety on her own account. Nor did she inquire now. Her only question was while Enoch Sharp was striving to comfort her by caressing little cares.

"Is it far from here that you are taking me now?"

"No, child, it is not more than a mile, you can run over and see her any time before breakfast, if you like."

Mary did not answer, but her eyes began to sparkle, and bending her head softly down, as a meek child does in prayer, she covered Enoch Sharp's hands with soft, timid kisses, that went to the very core of his noble heart.

"Would you like to know how, and what your home is to be, little one?" he said, smoothing her hair with one disengaged hand.

"If you please, but I am sure it will be very nice, so near her."

"Do you wish very much to be with her?"

"Indeed I do, and if they could send us word from heaven, I know her father and mother would say it was best."

"You knew her parents then? I thought there was no relationship between you."

"Relationship, sir," answered the child, with the most touching smile that ever lighted human face, "oh, sir, haven't you seen how lovely she is? And I——"

The child paused and spread her little hands open, as much as to say, "and I! see how crooked and wan I am, *could* two creatures so opposite be of the same blood?"

"I think you more lovely by half than she is, my child," cried Enoch Sharp, drawing the hand, still warm with her grateful kisses across his eyes, "good children are never ugly, you know."

The child looked at him wonderingly.

"You have seen a thunder-cloud," he said, answering the look, "how leaden and dismal it is of itself—but let the sunshine strike it and its leaden edges are fringed with rosy gold, its masses turn purple and warm crimson, it trembles apart and rainbows leap from its bosom, bridging the sky with light; do you understand me, child?"

"Oh! yes, sir, I have seen the clouds melt away into rainbows so often."

"Well, it is the sunshine that makes a thing of beauty, where was only a dull black cloud. In the human face, my child, goodness acts like sunshine on the clouds. Be very good, little one, and the best portion of mankind will always think you handsome."

Mary listened very earnestly, but with an irresolute and unconvinced expression. This doctrine of immaterial loveliness she could not readily adopt; and, strange enough, did not quite relish. Her admiration of Isabel's beauty was so intense, that words like these seemed to outrage it.

"But, if you and Mrs. Farnham's little girl are not related, how came it that you cry so bitterly at being parted?" said Enoch Sharp.

"Sir," said the child, turning her large spiritual eyes upon the judge, "her father and mother were very, very kind to me, when I had no home, no food—nothing—nothing on earth but the cold streets to live in."

"And how came you in that terrible condition, poor child? Where your parents dead?"

"My father was!"

"But your mother?"

The child paused, looked at him searchingly, and grew pale as death.

"I will tell you the truth, sir. My mother—no, no, don't make me tell you about her!"

"It is important that I should be well informed about you, Mary. If your mother is alive, I must know all about her."

"She was alive, when I was at the hospital: but oh! sir——"

She broke off, and her downcast eyelids were crowded full of tears.

"Well, child?"

"My mother drinks!"

The words dropped like lead from her trembling lips, and over her face the crimson shame came rushing in torrents.

"And your father also?" inquired Enoch Sharp, softly, folding her hand in his.

"My father," cried the child, starting upright, and her eyes flashed out brightly, scattering back their tears, "my father was as good a man as ever breathed, good, good, sir, as you are. He did everything for me, worked for me, taught me himself, nursed me in his own arms, my father—oh, my poor, poor father, he is a bright angel in heaven."

"But your mother—did she never act kindly by you?"

The child shook her head very mournfully, and whispered under her breath,

"She made me what I am!"

Enoch Sharp turned pale, almost, as the shrinking child.

"My father was a mechanic, that was what he called himself—he went to his work one day and left me alone with my mother. I was a little thing, just learning to walk. He came home. She was in a heavy sleep at the foot of the stairs, and I lay in a heap by her side, moaning dreadfully. After that I grew into this shape."

"And your father, poor man?"

"It killed him, sir. He was a long, long time in dying, but at last he left me alone with *her*."

The strong arm of Enoch Sharp stole around the child. There was a slight tremor in it.

"And then?" questioned the good man.

"Then things went worse and worse. We never had the same home a week together. Sometimes it was in a garret, sometimes in the basement, and every time we moved our furniture dropped away, till nothing was left. *She* grew worse and worse. One night she brought some strange people home with her, they were noisy, quarreled, I don't know just how, for I was crouching in a corner; but the door was forced, and the room cleared. I followed two men who led my mother away, crying and begging to go with her. They sent me back. It was terribly cold. I stayed all night, all day, another night, and then, almost frozen, and so dreadfully hungry, I crept into the street. Isabel's father was a policeman. He saw me, took me home, fed me. Oh! sir, how good they all were!"

"But how came his child in the Alms-House with you?"

"The Mayor got angry with Mr. Chester and turned him out of the police. He was not well. It made him worse. One night he was brought home dead, his wife—oh! I wish you could have seen her—was ill of a fever. Anxiety drove her wild, she would go search for him, and fell in the street. They took her to the Alms-House hospital. We searched and searched, and at last found her there. It was only three days, and she died. We were left in the Alms-House together. There was nobody to ask after us till you came with the lady."

"Thank God! we did come."

"Oh! we *did* thank God," said the child, eagerly. "Both Isabel and I remembered that it was like talking to the only friend we had."

"That is a good girl. But here we are at your new home. Wipe up your tears and look cheerful."

Mary obeyed, and her effort to smile was a pleasant tribute to her noble friend, as he lifted her tenderly from the carriage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MY EXPERIENCE IN AUCTIONS.

BY FANNY SMITH.

"A HUNDRED and twenty-five, and twenty, makes a hundred and forty-five, and five, a hundred and fifty," and with a sigh I rolled up my bank notes and replaced them in my purse. "Dear me, I ought to have five hundred, to get one half the things I want. I wish it was twice as much, at least."

"Wish what was twice as much?" asked my energetic little friend, Mrs. Roberts, putting her head into the sitting-room door.

"Why this sum of money," was my reply, holding up my purse, "you know papa allowed me a thousand dollars for new furniture, &c., when we moved, and said that was absolutely every cent he could afford after building; and what with velvet carpets, and lace curtains, and brocatelle, I have absolutely not got one half that I really need with my money. Oh, dear! I wish I had the cap of Fortunatus."

"My head on top of yours will make a splendid cap," replied Charlotte, laughing, "and I have come, like the good fairy that I am, just in the nick of time to help you out of your dilemma. I am on my way now down to Watson's auction rooms to look at the fancy articles, &c., which are open for inspection to-day, and will be sold to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. You can get anything you want there for absolutely almost nothing."

Now I had the most unshaken faith in Charlotte's capacity for obtaining bargains. She paid but fourteen cents for sirloin beef, when every one else groaned over each mouthful they ate at the rate of sixteen cents the pound; and the cashmere which cost me a dollar and twenty-five cents, she got for a dollar and a shilling; her embroideries and laces were handsomer than mine, for which I paid twice as much; and her nice little house was furnished elegantly from top to bottom on less money than was put into Mrs. Lyon's tawdry drawing-rooms. No wonder that I looked upon Charlotte Roberts just then, as I suppose Cinderilla did on her fairy god-mother, when she sent the girl from the chimney corner to a ball, dressed like a princess, in a carriage made out of a pumpkin.

"Will it be exactly proper for two ladies to come to auction alone and bid?" whispered I, as we entered the vast saloon; but in a moment the

idea of any impropriety vanished, for walking about examining the articles were a hundred ladies perhaps, with but a small sprinkling of black coats and hats.

"Take your catalogue and mark what you want, and if you are afraid to bid to-morrow, I will do it for you," said Charlotte, as we walked around the room.

Mark what I wanted! Why an insane desire to possess nearly everything I saw, seized me. Parian statuettes, Bohemian glass vases, ormolu clocks, marble card receivers, china, cut-glass, fancy chairs, papier mache tea-pots, &c. &c., all in their turn, seemed to me to be the most desirable things there. Mrs. Roberts peeped over my shoulder, as, with pencil in hand, I gave a long mark opposite each article I deemed absolutely indispensable.

"You innocent child," exclaimed she, as I thought somewhat contemptuously, "why you have hit upon the most expensive things in the catalogue, and three hundred dollars wouldn't buy all those. Where are your *necessaries*?"

My list was, by my friend's advice, considerably reduced, and I at length tore myself away from the show-rooms, having promised Charlotte to call for her early the next morning. I was in a state of indescribable excitement all the evening, tossed on my pillow till nearly one o'clock, arranging, in imagination, my purchases in their proper places, and was awake the next morning quite an hour earlier than usual.

"Whew! what's astir now, Fanny?" asked my father, as he met me on the staircase, duster and brush in hand; but I kept my own counsel, merely saying I had an engagement early that morning, and was obliged to attend to my household duties before breakfast.

With eager steps I hastened to Mrs. Roberts'. Every moment seemed an hour, till the servant opened the door; and when I took out my watch in the hall, I found I was at least twenty minutes before the time.

"Fanny, come up in the nursery," called Charlotte, from the head of the staircase. With a feeling of annoyance that she was not ready, I obeyed, and to my horror I found she was not going.

"It is absolutely impossible to think of it,"

said she; "baby was sick all night, and I can't think of leaving him, the pet," and the mother commenced devouring with kisses the "little angel," as she called what I really thought the most disagreeable baby in Christendom.

My persuasions were in vain. Charlotte was a devoted mother, and she seemed to care so much for baby, and so little for my terrible disappointment, that I was ready to cry with vexation.

"I can never bid for those things in the world," said I, half chokingly, "so I might as well go home again; I had depended so entirely on your bidding for me, as you have been to auction before."

"Depend upon it, Fan, you won't mind it one bit when you get there," replied Charlotte. "Your excitement will make you forget there is another person in the room; and if you can catch the auctioneer's eye, and only nod your head, he will understand that you are willing to give more than those bidding against you, and then you won't have to speak."

I concluded to take my friend's advice. The idea of making a hundred and fifty dollars go as far as three hundred, was irresistible; so bidding Charlotte good morning, in a somewhat better humor, I went down to the auction room. The sale was just commencing as I entered. The auctioneer was perched on a chair, and two of his assistants were holding up a pair of large Bardselia marble vases. "Gentlemen and ladies," said he, "I assure you that those vases are the finest of the kind ever brought to this country: they are worth at least one hundred and fifty dollars. What will you give? a hundred and twenty-five? a hundred? ninety? eighty?" &c. &c., running down the scale of prices, till some one in the crowd bid twenty dollars. "Twenty dollars bid, gentlemen," said the auctioneer. I was shocked at the temerity of a man who would bid only twenty dollars for articles which were worth a hundred and fifty. I listened for a while with a palpitating heart, for the vases were really beautiful, and then I thought as they would cost nothing almost, I could afford to buy them for two niches in the parlor, which now looked sadly vacant. The bidding at last became quite spirited; after various efforts, with crimson face and beating heart, I called out "forty-five." The bidding still went on, and finding no one noticed me, I felt emboldened to make another trial. My opponents were falling off, the vases being evidently above their purses: and at last they were knocked down to me for sixty dollars. My first feeling was one of exultation at getting an article so very much below its value; but dear

reader, the next was that of dismay, when I remembered that I had already spent nearly one half of my money, and yet got nothing that was absolutely necessary.

I found that the next article marked on my catalogue would not be sold for some time, so I withdrew from the tempting proximity of all the pretty nick-knackeries, on which the bidding was going on.

"Ladies! a Cupid," was the next thing I heard. "None of you want Cupid, ladies? He's not dangerous, I assure you; see, he is bound hand and foot, and his arrow is perfectly harmless, for it is broken. The tears are in his eyes, poor fellow, for no one wants him."

The bidding which had somewhat declined in spirit on the previous articles, grew vociferous again, for some bid because they were put in a good humor by the jesting remarks of the shrewd auctioneer, who fully understood *amusing* people out of their money; others bid because they thought they might perhaps get a thing cheap, which they did not want; and some few like myself, really admired the little Parian Cupid.

"Five dollars," called out I, at a plunge, jumping from three dollars, which some one else had just bid. It was a bold stroke of mine to frighten off competitors, and succeeded too, for after but little opposition, the Cupid was pronounced to be mine at the price of eight dollars.

Again my heart sank, when I had time to reflect. Here were eight dollars more, spent on a perfectly useless thing; but I verily believe, dear reader, that the moment a woman enters an auction room she is bewitched to throw away money.

I became frightened at my want of power to resist the temptations which assailed me, so I resolutely withdrew to the other side of the room, to wait for the articles which I really needed.

"Now, gentlemen and ladies, here is one of the finest extension tables in the city, and made by one of the best cabinet-maker's. What's bid?" said the auctioneer.

Here was one of my *necessaries*. Papa had said it was all nonsense to give sixty-five dollars for an extension table, when he could eat just as well off the old-fashioned mahogany one, which he had bought when he was married: but at the numerous tea-parties that I was in the habit of having, I had felt very much annoyed at the old-fashioned proportions of our table, which was exceedingly wide, whereas the present mode was to have it long and narrow; and so I deemed an extension dining-table indispensable, and determined to have it if I could get it reasonably.



"Twenty dollars for an article worth three times the money!" said the auctioneer, to some one who had made a bid; "here Tom and Ben," to his assistants, "just run that table out and let the gentleman see what he bid twenty dollars on; it is sixteen feet long, gentlemen."

The table which had stood so compact, not longer than an ordinary sized centre-table, and beautifully polished, was soon drawn out, each part sliding from out its groove, as the auctioneer said, as if it had been greased.

I obtained the table for thirty dollars, and here at least experienced no companions, for the satisfaction which I felt at this purchase overwhelmed my regrets at my former ones.

Some table linen, a *biquit* dessert service, and a couple of *papier mache* tea-pots completed the list of my articles; not, dear reader, because I was at all satisfied not to become the possessor of nearly everything in the room, but because my funds were almost exhausted, and there were yet numerous kitchen articles *absolutely necessary* to be purchased.

It was long past the dinner hour when I got home, for I had stopped at a second-hand store to sell our old dining-table, and have it removed that afternoon. Papa was waiting somewhat out of humor, for he was as punctual as a chronometer himself, so I did not think it advisable to rehearse my morning's adventures.

My purchases arrived late in the afternoon, and I was eager to have the bustle of arranging them over before my father's return from his office; so those destined for the parlor were carried in, and, to my dismay, I found that when the carman went to lift my vases into the niches they were entirely too large. In truth, they now looked enormous in our parlor, when in the large sale-room they appeared quite diminutive. There was no resource but to put them in the corners, and my other articles were placed about the room with more than indifference, with (I will confess it) a good deal of temper.

"But where are the leaves of the table?" asked I, of the men as they were leaving the house.

"Sure, mam, and thin they haven't come, they're jest at the fairnatur shop yet, mam," replied one.

"But Mr. Watson assured me that the leaves would be sent, and that the table was only kept closed in order to take up less room."

"Och, and sure thin, so you will get the leaves some time," was the reply; "but if thim fairnatur men can sell a thing half done jest, they're in no hurry to finish it."

"Say to Mr. Watson, when you go back, that,

if the leaves are not sent to-morrow, I shall return the table, and expect him to do the same with my money," said I, angrily.

"Yes, mam," replied the man, with a look that meant "that's more easily said than done!"

I was nearly worn out with the day's fatigue and excitement, and should have indulged in a good cry, if I had not heard my father's footstep in the hall.

"Hey! what this?" he called out, as he entered the parlor, and the huge vases loomed up before him. In a moment I heard a wax vesta scrape along the bottom of the fancy match-safe, the whole force of the gas-pipe was turned on the parlor, and through the open door to which I had crept, I saw him turn around on his heel with his hands in his pockets, and with a satirical smile take in all my purchases at a glance.

"I say, Fanny, where in the world did you get all these nonsensical gimcracks from? Positively your parlors, which were really elegant before, look now like an auctioneer's room."

I was so mortified that I burst into tears.

"Tut, child!" said my father, kindly, patting my shoulder, "don't cry. I dare say they will do very well; it's only my want of taste, I suppose. Everything in the room isn't worth one of your tears."

My father's kindness reassured me, so I at once made a "clean breast" of it by confessing the circumstances, and my inability to resist the temptation of purchasing the things; and at the same time acknowledging that I had now but ten dollars left out of my hundred and fifty.

"Well," said papa, coaxingly, "the vases are really handsome, and are worth just about what you paid for them; but then as they are of no earthly use and won't fit the niches, and are rather in the way than otherwise, they *must* be considered no bargain; you must see that yourself, my dear. Your tea-pots you paid about a dollar a piece more than you can buy them for at Moore's; and as to the Cupid, he is certainly a pretty fellow, the darling, but you can get a perfect one at Bailey's for the same price."

"Perfect! Why, what ails this one?"

"Only that one foot has been broken off and cemented on again, and the little toe has entirely disappeared. But 'put the best foot foremost,' Fan, and it will never show."

I was almost ready to cry again. After all this how could I acknowledge that the leaves of my extension-table had never been sent. But with my usual way of ridding myself of a disagreeable thing as fast as possible by plunging right into it, I took papa into the dining-room and showed him the table.

"Well, it is worth about twenty-five dollars," said my father, examining it. "It is very light, and not very strongly built, I suspect; but I suppose it will last as long as we want it. Where are the leaves?"

Now I had to acknowledge that the leaves had not yet arrived; and papa hinted that as I expected some friends to tea in a few evenings from that time, that I would have been quite as wise to have kept the old table till my new one was complete. "You see, Fanny," said he, laughingly, "that poetry is not invariably truth, for it is *not always*

'Well to be off in the old love  
Before you are on with the new.'"

My table linen, he said, might be cheap, but he could tell more about it after it had been washed and the glazing was off; but, dear reader, he gave me some comfort, for although my biscuit dessert-set was not at all necessary, still it was very beautiful, and was worth just three dollars more than I had paid for it.

And what was the sequel to this? Why when the linen came to be washed it cracked all down

the folds in the middle, and had to be darned before it was twice used; and the day of my tea-party arrived, but my table leaves did not, and papa was obliged to go to the cabinet-maker and threaten to expose him if they were not immediately sent. He said that he had not had time to make them yet, but sent others in their place, which were two or three inches too wide, and which I to this day retain, so sick am I of auction goods and those who furnish them.

When my father found that my purchases were no longer a sore point with me, he jestingly proposed to use one of the vases as a bunch-bowl, and send the other, either as a christening fount to our new church, or else give it to my sister Carry for a bath-tub for little Harry; but he at last sent them to auction again and got within ten dollars of what I paid for them. Dear reader, the name of a cheap thing frightens me from thinking of purchasing it; and my father says that after all he considers that hundred and forty dollars well spent, I bought so much wisdom with it, and is rather pleased than otherwise with MY EXPERIENCE IN AUCTIONS.

## LINES.

BY CLARA MORETON.

Slowly stern Winter treads our hill-girt vale,  
His regal brow with heavy locks encrowned;  
Through leafless trees he breathes his sighing wail,  
And the far hills repeat the mournful sound.

The bright-eyed flowers have paled beside the stream,  
That winds across the fields its fitful way;  
But from the woods I catch a crimson gleam,  
Deep as the glowing hues of dying day.

'Tis where the pliant vine entwines the oak,  
Then upward climbs, and wreathes from bough to bough,  
Falling beside the roof, where curling smoke  
Alone I see above the forest now.

Thick gleam its sprays with coral berries fair—  
Its leaves as glossy as June laurels be—  
I knew a maid who oft-times in her hair,  
Braided those clusters all too carefully.

It is a story long, and full of grief,  
That on this page I would not care to tell;  
She faded with the Summer flow'rets brief,  
When Autumn's frosts first on their beauty fell.

Ah, where is he who cast that fearful blight?  
Hath he no share in sorrow he hath wrought?  
Can he escape the voice within, by flight—  
The memories with such desolation fraught?

Breathe to him, Winter winds, of all the woe  
The mother feels within her lonely cot—  
Leave the new grave beside the streamlet's flow,  
And whisper of the clay he hath forgot!

Oh, haunt him with thy wail, thou Winter wind,  
And fill his callous heart with boding fear!  
Give him no rest—let him no mercy find  
Until he sheds the penitential tear!

Perchance it may come other victim save,  
Which even now, his passion marks for prey;  
For little cares he, so that in the grave  
His sins are hidden from the light of day.

Oh, earth! so fair art thou, we scarce can dream  
Of all the secrets laid within thy breast—  
The sorrowing lives that know no joyous gleam  
Until thy faithful bosom gives them rest.

Rest to the dust, consigned unto thy care—  
While far above the spirit wings its way,  
Fettered no more by chains it erst did wear  
Within its helpless tenement of clay.

Wait on, ye Winter winds, above the dead,  
Ye cannot wake her from her dreamless sleep;  
Soft is the pillow to her wearied head,  
And closed for aye, the eyes that once did weep.

## HELEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 76.

### CHAPTER VI.

THERE are many on this earth, who, out of their own hours and weeks of bodily suffering, know what it is to have God and heaven and the Saviour very near them, in the days and in the nights; and to feel their souls brought to a blessed purity and exaltation by the high communion. They know how loving and happy the heart is, when, day by day, the long-felt pain, the long-felt weakness go, so that once more they may be in the sunshine and the clear air; once more set their feet upon the beloved earth, feeling, all the while, how beautiful the world is, and how inexpressibly dear the wise Creator, the beneficent Father. Helen knew and felt it all; her heart swelled and the tears started, when she found herself in the shade of the trees again and in the scent of the flowers. She stood still to listen to the birds singing over her head and to the river murmuring beyond the garden. She looked upon the parents who watched and supported her steps as if she were again their little child, and felt how her lengthened life was better than their own life to them. And then she lay afterward in her chamber, alone, to rest and to bless God; to bless Him out of her innermost soul, that she still lived on the dear earth: to recall some of the words of the prayer, repeated many times in her chamber when it was like a sweet dream to her—remembered now as a sweet dream—"If she lives, may she live to Thee; if she dies, may she die to Thee;" to repeat the prayer again and again, and to think of the child-like fancies connected at the time with the new, the earnest, the tenderly modulated voice. In the midst of her thanks for herself, she wept for others; for the grey-haired, and for the babes with blue eyes and curling locks, that had fallen and were still falling of the scourge that had brought her so low. For it was a time of great sickness and mortality at the Bridge, and in most of the country places and villages about. Among those who had gone, and most lamented of all, was the good, venerable pastor, who had led them long and with tenderest, ablest hands. He was seized soon after Helen was. His long funeral train went

by on the first day that she was strong enough to sit at her window and look out upon the street; and, in her weakness and sorrow, she was shaken by the sight of it, as by a mighty tempest.

The good man's place in the desk and by the sick and dying, had been filled by his own nephew, Percy Phelps, who had just taken his degree. It was seen at once by the people that he was a young man of talent and rare earnestness. It was soon felt that he loved them; and they him, for his kind face and voice, for his large, sympathetic heart, and for his being the relative and favorite of him they had lost. He was installed, therefore, on a beaming September day, when the fruit hung ripe and glowing among the dark green leaves, when the beautiful harvest lay ripened upon the fields, and when multitudes came from near and from afar, came blessing God for the beaming day, for the harvest, for the good, the beloved shepherd He was giving them; and yet came with hearts melted and tearful, in memory of the heavenly-minded one, late in their midst, now gone from them to take up his repose, his crown.

### CHAPTER VII.

HELEN sat in her chamber writing a letter to Luther Gaskell. Now the tears ran, and then hope, courage beamed upon her pale face as if it were an inspiration.

"Before I was sick, Luther," she wrote, "there was something that I felt I ought to say to you. But I dreaded what we would suffer. Now, I am not just what I was then. An experience like mine must always leave its mark on the life; must always, if it does its true work, make us careful to do exactly what is right, even if we and those whom our action concerns, must be severely tried for a season.

"Here in my chamber then, where I have been through so much, here with no one near me but God, with no one knowing what I do but God, I ask you if we ought not, after this, to be just—friends; brother and sister, as you and dear Lillian are. I think we ought. Tell me what

you think; whether you are willing. We will always love each other. This we must do, after what has passed. We will be happier, when the first trial is over, than we ever have been in our present relation; will respect and esteem each other always, will we not, dear Luther? I could not bear anything else. Write very soon, won't you? I can't be at rest until I hear from you. Nor for a while afterward, as I feel, be your answer what it may. But God will help us both to bear if we look to Him, and put our trust in Him. For He is a good and loving Father.

Thine, HELEN."

They did both suffer. Both thought it wisest and best to go apart; but both suffered. And I doubt if there can ever be a sundering of the like ties, how weak soever they are, how dissonant soever the natures they have been holding together, that a time of darkness and disquiet does not follow. The vine that has grown, however lightly to however unequal a support, is bruised and tossed when torn away. The tendrils are broken and a while they bleed. Then it is over. The vine is healed. Daily new stamina comes; daily the vine, swaying to and fro, goes upward; so that soon one sees it clinging to the graceful pillar, the steadfast wall that erst were far above it.

One day, three weeks or thereabouts after the installation, (this is the way the people at the Bridge reckoned; they fixed all their dates for the next six months by Mr. Phelps' installation) Mrs. Dimick came, in her old shoes and gown, and quite out of breath, into Mrs. Spooner's kitchen, where that lady was bending over the stove to fry her pancakes. She tipped her head in the way of a bow, saying with her nasal voice, "How d'ye do, Miss Spooner?" and, without waiting for an answer, dropped into a low, kitchen chair, locked her fingers as she energetically lay them on her lap, began rocking mightily and said—"I guess *you'll* be struok up."

"What about?" Mrs. Spooner looked up, but still bent low over her pancakes.

"I guess you'll say 'what about' when you know."

"When I know what! where've you been?" still bending, and holding still in mid-air the skimmer that should have been moving among the over-done pancakes.

"I've been to Deacon Cushing's, where I go every Monday to wash, as you know." And again she went on with her rocking.

"The land! my pancakes! burnt fairly to a coal! and there goes one on the floor to grease that. And I scoured it on my hands and knees only this forenoon." Mrs. Spooner was always

ecouring, Miss Dimick and other neighbors, as well, were accustomed to say—"If you could only tell, Mrs. Dimick, what you have on your mind!"

The head tossing about as if it were on springs, the black eyes flashing, cut Mrs. Dimick off from farther coquetry over her secret, which was this that the reader already knows—that Helen and Luther were no longer mutually pledged. Mrs. Dimick went into Mrs. Cushing's dining-room closet, as she was accustomed to do "while her clothes were boiling," as she said, to eat her luncheon. And while there, through the sitting-room door that was a little ajar, she heard Helen and her mother talking about it; about the letter that the former had sent, and the answer she had received. This was the secret; and while she was revealing it, (rocking no longer, but with her chin put forward, and speaking between her gesticulating and her snuff-taking) Mrs. Spooner said, "The land!" Then she said, "You don't!" Mrs. Dimick had just been telling her that Helen cried; that she heard her, when she was telling her mother how long her engagement to Luther had been troubling her. She next said, "Goodness! what a time there'll be, when it gets out," forgetting her pancakes altogether. She finally concluded that it was of no use trying to fry pancakes. She would just clap the teapot on the stove. She would let the table be back by the wall; would just turn up a leaf; there, that was it. She would have the cloth on; (she wouldn't unfold it much, just for them; she would lay it over again before it was time for Mr. Spooner and the boys to come.) There! Mrs. Dimick should lay off her bonnet and have some tea and pancakes, and go home upon the strength of them. It was the best tea! She *guessed* the pancakes would be good; and she broke one open, as she talked, to see how it was. They *were* good, and they ought to be, she said; for she put in three eggs, a spoonful of cream, and a half cupful of maple sugar.

Yes, indeed! Mrs. Dimick's bonnet was off and hanging on a post of her chair. She looked smilingly at the pancakes and the steaming tea; she said she *knew* they would be good; every thing that she ever ate on Mrs. Spooner's table was good. She had heard Mrs. Cushing say that she—Mrs. Spooner—was one of the best of cooks. She heard her say it the day that Mr. Phelps was installed. She was there helping them; they had such a houseful. Yes! that pleased Mrs. Spooner. If Mrs. Cushing had said that she was an intelligent woman, a gentle, Christian woman, it would have pleased her less.

A new thought came to Mrs. Spooner. She

sat a few moments in silence over it; and then with slow head wavings, said—"Em! I guess Mr. Phelps has had a thing or two to do with this. I guess he has."

"Not a thing! for Helen—you know I told you that she had been troubled about it all along; even before she was sick; before she knew any thing about Mr. Phelps. Then she dreaded doing anything. But she said that since she was sick, she feels different; like a new creater, as 'twere. She says she don't dread anything that it is God's will that she should do or bear. These were her very words."

"Do you 'spose she's been converted while she was sick?"

"I think so. It seems like that. She looks different. I think of—a martyr, you know; this is what I think of, when I see her face as it looks sometimes. And she said to-day, when she was talking about bearing and doing God's will, she said something about a martyr's life and death seeming glorious to her."

"I should think she'd tell of it, if she is converted. I—I went all through my father's neighborhood and told everybody and give them a good talking to, when I was converted. That's what everybody ought to do. More tea, Miss Dimick."

"Yea. It's such good tea! Where'd you have it?"

"At Farnham's. I always have all my tea there. And we use a master sight of it."

"I do. I can't help it. I can't get along without my tea; without strong tea too, though I know it hurts me. About Helen going round as you did, Miss Spooner," stirring her tea with her gaze in her cup, *she* couldn't do it. Tain't her way. She'll jest go on and look and speak now and then in such a way, that folks will see that—as Mr. Phelps said the next Sunday after he was installed, that she 'has been with Jesus.' Then, after a while, she'll be taken into the church, and come to the communion in a way just as if she was an innocent little child that loved everybody."

Mrs. Spooner did not hear all that Mrs. Dimick said. She was busy with her own thoughts. "The first Sunday that Helen got out to church," she began, in a dreamy way, and with her eyes on a vacancy—"it was two weeks before Mr. Phelps was installed, you know, he was in the pulpit when she come in. He sot where he could see her. And he *did* see her. His eyes grew brighter when she come; and he said a good many things that day, in his prayers and in his sermon, that had thoughts of her in 'em. I remember I thought so at the time. And I

thought it was because she was Deacon Cushing's daughter and had been so sick. We all felt for her, you know. Wall, we shall see what will be going on a year from this."

"No doubt of it;" without leaving the table, taking hold of her bonnet to go. "But we mustn't say a word, not a single word to any body, until it leaks out some other way. The deacon's folks wouldn't like it if they knew that I heard it and then went and told. They have such high kind of notions of what is right, you know. And I'd rather anybody else would talk real hard to me, than for them to *think* that I've done a mean thing. Any day, I'd rather; any day!" She was tying her bonnet to go. "You won't tell anybody; not even your husband."

"Poh! I never tell *him* anything. He don't care any more about such things! Or, at any rate, he thinks it's foolish to speculate about 'em, as he calls it. I shan't be likely to tell *him*!" tossing her head about. "He'd be the *last* person." She was growing indignant. Mrs. Dimick said, therefore—"I 'spose so." And then added, sighing, lifting her eyebrows, and, at the same time dropping her lids—"Husbands will be husbands, and wives *have* to be wives."

"That they do! But about this affair, you'll watch and see how things go, and then come in. Come in any time. I like a good cup of tea a'most any time of day. We'll have one and something good to eat with it, any time when you'll come in."

"You're very good."

But she wasn't very good, was she, reader mine? Perhaps this was in part her husband's fault, though. If he had been companion and friend as well as husband, and talked some of his politics and metaphysics and really strong and excellent common sense at home, and directly to her, perhaps her active brain and tongue would have betaken themselves to better channels.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"I didn't think of stopping to tea, I'm sure. I thought I'd just run in on my way. I wanted to talk it over with you."

"I'm glad you did. I somehow kept thinking you'd come. I've been to the winder ten times, if I have once, to see if you weren't turning up to the gate. I've been so lonesome! Mr. Spooner's gone to-day, down to the convention. I don't know, I'm sure, what makes me miss him any," she added, as she was bringing some dishes out of a closet. "He's in the house so little, you know! and says so little, when he *is* here."

"I know it. But then——"

"But then he's my husband, you see," pausing in the midst of her cloth-laying. "He's my husband. And I was thinking before you come, that, when he's gone away out of the place, half of the world seems gone."

"I dare say. The law!" adjusting her apron strings. "I miss *my* husband when he's gone. But I don't miss him so much as I should if he was such a man as Deacon Cushing, for instance."

"Ready, Miss Dimick. Take your chair right up to the table. Why of course you don't. You can't. He can't expect it. *My* husband can't expect it. You think then that Mr. Phelps and Helen like each other?"

"I know they do. I don't expect they know it. Of course Mr. Phelps don't think anything about it; for he 'sposes that she of a right belongs to Luther Gaskell yet. To-day there was flowers—some little beauties; I don't know what they were, I'm sure—in a dear little glass on the round table where they sat. The sun come in through the leaves, that kept all the time wavering, and made the flowers, and the carpet, and curtains, and everything and everybody in the room look so bright! Tears kept coming into my eyes when I looked; and I wished and kept wishing, and wish it now, that I could any way be like them, and my home could be like their home."

"Were the deacon and Miss Cushing there?"

"Yes. She was talking with me about Charley. His spine grows worse, you know; and she wants me to have something done for him. The deacon was making out my pay. Mr. Phelps was reading to Helen while she sewed; and what makes me think they like each other, is, the way they looked each other in the face, and talked with each other about what he read; and the sound of their voices. Their voices were different from what they are when they speak to others."

"Strange it don't leak out! This about Helen and Luther, I mean," she added, on seeing that Mrs. Dimick looked for a flaw in the teapot, from which she was pouring the last drop of tea. It was Mrs. Dimick's fourth cupful; and Mrs. Spooner had drank as many. "What was Mr. Phelps reading in?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. A very good book though. One thing he read was this; and I remember it so well, because, when Helen asked him to, he read it over again to us; and then they all talked about how good it was that it was so. 'Joy, true joy, always excels sorrow, and with right; for sorrow passes away, but joy remains forever.' Do you know? I keep saying this over in my mind, and it somehow makes me feel different, as if I were better for it. Mr.

Phelps is a dear man; and Helen, if he marries her, will make a dear woman for him."

"Yes. Another piece of this pie, Miss Dimick."

"No." Mrs. Dimick was not very hungry. She somehow felt as if she had been fed by what she had seen and heard at the deacon's. "It somehow made her feel sad too," she said; "her own life was so poor, so different from theirs. She thought her being obliged to work so hard and being so poor, had something to do with it. Still"—and she said it with a heavy sigh and with tears starting—"she had known people poorer than she was, who were like the angels in heaven."

"Ah, yes, indeed!" Mrs. Spooner said. "For her part, she had thought for a long time, that, if she was poor, she should feel her want of God oftener, should pray more and be a better Christian. She thought, that, having such a great house to see to, and so much of everything to see to, made her worldly and wicked." And Mrs. Spooner too had tears in her eyes and penitence in her heart. They parted at length at the door, with this mutually drawn conclusion; that, whether one is rich or poor, it is possible and best for one to love God earnestly, and to live a good, pious life.

But alas! Mrs. Spooner's long-besetting sin tripped her the moment that she seemed to be turning into "the narrow way." She hastened after Mrs. Dimick to the gate, and set it to tripping her also.

"You'll be on the watch at the deacon's," said Mrs. Spooner, with stealthy look and voice. Mrs. Dimick started a little at the interruption. She was thinking how poor Jesus was, when He was on the earth, and what heavenly goodness He had.

"You know," pursued Mrs. Spooner, laughing a little at the start, "you know Luther 'll be coming up to see his folks before long. Be on the watch for that, won't you?"

Mrs. Dimick's eye kindled a little with the low fire that was in Mrs. Spooner's. But her voice was still sad as she replied, "Yes, yes, I will."

We hope she will not. We hope that this foreshadowing of a higher life that she feels upon her, may leave her only as the life itself shall advance and take its place firmly within her.

#### CHAPTER IX.

BUT Mrs. Spooner's strong tea and good dishes tempted her, and she did again eat and drink and take up her foolish, vitiating gossip.

"Tell me all about it, Miss Dimick. Let me fill your cup. Your tea must be nearly cold."

"Wall, you see *I* went to the depot to see 'Manda off. Miss Cushing and Helen went to meet some folks that had been up to the Lake, and were going to stop coming back; them grand friends of theirs from Portsmouth; what is their name?"

"Odell? was it the Odells?"

"Yes! the Odells."

"Perhaps it was the Pinkertons. They live in Portsmouth and are tremendous rich."

"No. It was the Odells. Well, you see they—the Odells, I mean, didn't come out of the cars, all at once. They staid to bid good day to some friends that was going on, I heard them say. And so you see it happened, that, while Helen and her mother waited for them—talking with Major Walton; they were talking with him—who should come along but Luther Gaskell! He come straight along, straight into the piazza, don't you think, saying, 'How d'ye do?' and shaking hands with the men, along; coming nearer and nearer where Miss Cushing and Helen and the major stood. I tell *you*, if I didn't watch with all of my eyes, then!"

"I should think so! How *did* they look, Helen and Luther? I should have thought they would have died, almost."

"Well, when he fust come in sight of her, he started and stopped short off, as if he had been shot. You'd have laughed. She blushed a little bit; then she was pale; and I could jest see by her fingers that she trembled a little. But she come right forward, in her way that is jest like a child, put out her hand to shake hands, and said nothing but 'Luther.' Wasn't that a neat way to do it?"

"She always does everything prettier than anybody else, that ever I see. What did he do?"

"Why, he seemed to hold back a little, for a minute, and looked down. Then he looked up into her face. This mastered him, you see. He smiled and brightensd up more and more; and when she said, 'I'm glad you've come. We all wanted to see you,' he looked as pleased as could be, and chatted with her and her mother, and didn't seem to know that there *was* anybody else. And Helen looked so happy; you can't think! Ah! and then when they stood there talking, who should come along with Deacon Cushing but Mr. Phelps, himself!"

"He did?"

"Yes! Wan't I on the watch then, if ever I was! And I could jest see that he started and stopped, jest a little, jest for an instant; and then it was all over. You wouldn't have known, when he come for'ard to speak to 'em all, that he'd ever been started, or moved, a hair. But,

jest then the Odells come along, and Professor Gaskell; and that kind of broke things up, you know; and they all went away together—together pretty soon—except Mr. Phelps. He bid 'em all good day, in his perlit way; then, after they were gone, stood as still as the house and with his eyes down, a minute or two. When he looked up, the fust thing he see was me looking right at him. I really thought he colored a little. But it was soon over. He came to me, spoke about how beautiful the day was, asked if Charley was better, and then went away alone, looking very sober."

"I sh'd like to tell him that they aint engaged now."

"Don't you, though. If you do, I never will tell you anything again, to the longest day I live!"

"I shan't. I only *said* so. Don't you suppose it'll soon get out now, any way? now Luther is here?"

"I'd know, I'm sure. I don't know who is to tell of it. They'll be together, a good deal—for the Odells go to see both families, you know; and I shan't think strange if Luther goes back without anybody's finding it out. If he does, it don't seem as though I could keep it in much longer. I'd know what I should have done, till this time, if I couldn't have told you."

"Sure enough! We can plague Miss Crane, can't we, when it does get out? She'll come, tired to death, to tell us, and then we can let her know how long we've been having a good time about it. Won't it be good?"

"Yes, I guess it will. I've thought about her a good many times. She'll be kind o' mad, likely as not. She always comes to me with everything, you know. But I must be going! Harriet was gone over to her uncle Ben's, and I left my baby in to Mrs. Locke's. They'll be tired of him, and let him cry, likely as not. I know they have done that thing more than once! more than twice!"

"Well, you'll be in to the deacon's?"

"You know I go to clean house every Saturday forenoon. Day after to-morrow I shall be there."

"Come in when you go home."

"I guess I will. Good day."

## CHAPTER X.

As Mrs. Dimick said, the Odells were friends not only of the deacon's family, but of Professor Gaskell's. They were the friends, moreover, of other families; so that parties were given and excursions made up. Sails were taken on the river, and walks along the pretty paths on the shore. In many of these Mr. Phelps was included;

and he and others listened to hear how Helen sang out of her relieved heart, like a bird; and looked on to see how well united she and Luther were.

"I never saw them so happy in each other," was often said. "I used to think they didn't care for each other. But they do."

And so they did. They had never loved each other so truly. And, yet, they felt, both of them, as they acknowledged to each other, that to go back to the old relation, would be to go back to unwelcome bonds.

"Help me, Luther," Helen said, now, whenever it was necessary. It was not often necessary. He was almost always near, to do, with a friendly, a new composure, whatever needed to be done.

Only, one time, when they were out, together with their families and their visitors, they went down by some mills, where were rafts of logs, floating boards, flues and dams, and scores of lurking-places, great and small, where danger might be and yet not be seen; and Helen and Lillian strayed away from the rest, as they had always liked to do since they were little children, to talk unrestrainedly, to listen to the commingled sounds of the river, the birds and the fluttering leaves, and to nurse their love for each other and for the beautiful earth. They went on, on, until they were beyond the mills, in the narrow path that ran through the hazles between the river and a carriage road over the common, used chiefly by the mill people. Here, at a shelving point of the bank, close to the river, Helen's foot slipped. She caught a twig, which, if it had been a sound one, would have saved her. But it snapped, without staying her fall in the least, and she fell into the water, which there was black and deep. Before the scream had fairly left Lillian's lips, the hazles that came between the path and the road were parted, and Mr. Phelps appeared. In an instant he was in the stream; so that he caught Helen just as she was about to sink the second time. She was insensible, when he brought her out, and remained so some minutes, during which time he employed his free hand, as well as he was able, in rubbing her hands and arms. He put his ear down close to listen for her breath; he laid his hand on her cold cheek, her cold lips, her still heart, and said again and again, with his face close to her's—"Poor Helen! poor, dear Helen." She drew a long, sobbing, labored breath. "Dear Helen—dear Helen!" he repeated, in his thankfulness. And she opened her eyes slowly and smiled a little when she saw the earnest, wistful face.

"Good, kind Mr. Phelps!" she murmured, laying her hand lightly, and for an instant, on his

that put the wet hair back from her cheek and neck.

Meanwhile Lillian had gone to bring help. She went a long way; for tired of their walk, their party had already turned back toward home. When, at last, they came, with rushing and sore affright, they found Helen still in Mr. Phelps' arms, laughing at the whole affair; laughing, especially, that she was in such a plight; that she must stay there where she was, always, for, aught she could do; since she had tried and found that she could no more command herself than if she was a mummy. They all laughed. But her parents and others had tears in their eyes when some one said—"What a mercy that you happened to be near, Mr. Phelps!"

Yes; Mr. Phelps thought that it was a great mercy; but he sighed, now and then; now and then had very sad eyes in the midst of the hearty rejoicing.

Luther had gone up to the village after a carriage and blanket shawls. When he came, he helped Mrs. Cushing and Lillian wrap her in the shawls; and all the rest helped, in fact; for they would all do something for her at *that* moment. When the deacon offered his arm on one side, Mr. Phelps sighed again—a short, quick sigh, but Helen heard it—and was about to move away to leave the other side for Luther. But the little fingers tightening on his arm kept him; and, that time, he sighed no more.

He thought it all over afterward, in his study. He thought it over, again and again, at the same time that he was trying his best to write his sermon. He still called it "a mercy" that he was there to save Helen. He would always call it a mercy, let what would come. But he sighed; and as he wiped his pen, that he might go and walk, and perhaps rid himself of the forbidden, albeit, the delicious remembrance connected with that hour, he murmured to himself, "There must be no more of this. She belongs to another, not to me. I have no right to this thought of her; and God forbid that I cherish it."

Ah, but his walk did him no good. He neither felt the breeze, nor saw the sky, nor heard any of those sounds that were wont to fill his soul with such calm pleasure. He kept his eyes on the path and thought of Helen.

When he left home he said—"I must not go there," meaning to the spot where he saved her. And he did leave the village by an opposite route. But he came back by that same pleasantest of all paths, through the hazles on the river side; came and sat on the very spot where he had sat so long holding her in his arms, as if she belonged to him; as if she were his own. Ah, could he



but have one more hour like that, in his whole future life-time! If he might—

"Mr. Phelps"—he heard a gentle, a thrilling voice say. Helen was coming close to him, in the path.

He held out his hand to her, and smiled his welcome. It did not startle him, abstracted as his thought had been; sudden as was her appearance. She looked so calm, so like a pure child; and it somehow seemed quite natural that she should come to be at his side in that spot. That spot belonged to them, henceforth; and they to that.

For a while, as they stood and talked earnestly, it even seemed to him as if they belonged to each other. He thought, however, by-and-bye, how it was. Then he dropped her hand, drew a half stifled sigh, and, without looking at her, asked abruptly when Mr. Gaskell would return to Manchester. Helen "did not know. She had hardly seen him since their visitors left, two days ago. She believed her father said at breakfast that he would go now, in a day or two." She looked quietly in Mr. Phelps' face as she answered him, and spoke with a calm voice.

"Haven't seen him, for two days? did you say this? Pardon me; but I have heard—you must know, Miss Cushing, that I have heard, ever since I came to the Bridge, that you are engaged to him; that you have been a long time."

"We have been engaged. Now we are not. We are friends, nothing more. This was settled before I left my chamber; it was what we both chose."

Mr. Phelps did not say anything. For some minutes he did not; but his face cleared up into a beaming look of thankfulness. He took her hand in his again; and, after he had drawn it through his arm, kept it near his heart.

Helen was the first to speak. She said something about the morning's being beautiful; and then something about going on over to the Seminary to see a friend; this was the plan with which she started from home. He looked abroad a little when she spoke of the morning, and then back to her. When she talked of going, he held her hand close, with a gentle pressure, a moment, then he let it go, and parted the hazles for her to pass through to the road across the common.

He looked after her graceful figure a moment, as it retreated, and then went back to his seat on the bank to sit a while; to try and school his heart for a severe acceptance of the new, the unlooked-for enjoyment; to try and think of God, and to bless Him for this and for all His mercies; and, at last, to feel sorrowful, that, strive as he would, a beautiful idol was every

moment coming between him and the good Being he loved and tried to worship.

Weeks and months, many months passed, and not a word was spoken between them of the love they had, one for the other. There was no need of words, for eye revealed it to eye, and touch to touch. He called, as he had all along been accustomed to do; only a little oftener, perhaps; and perhaps he made his calls a little longer, some of them. Mrs. Dimick thought that he did; and she "watched" affairs pretty closely.

He had unalloyed comfort in being near Helen; she unalloyed comfort in being near him. This was enough for them. Helen was very gentle and quiet. She read a great deal, out of the books he brought; books of a high intellectual and spiritual order; and became, every day of her life, more touchingly beautiful; not only in face—not, indeed, so much in face, as in a kind, sympathetic, attractive grace, that bound her more and more to others—especially to those who needed to be comforted—and others more and more to her. She still laughed aloud and merrily. That she did! That she hoped she would be able to do, while she lived. She still clapped her hands, as she laughed, and perhaps skipped a little, over the ludicrous, or the glad passages of life; still spoke her own free words, thought her own free thoughts, lived her own free life; but they were, more and more, the words, the thoughts and the life, disciplined and attuned to heavenly harmony and beauty, by what she had suffered; by the new thoughts of life, that, one by one, came with a still, solemn march, and took up their place at her side; by her love for one so noble and good; by her love of God, as if he were a Father daily seen and spoken with; and of heaven, as a *home*, a holy place, close by which she would fain keep herself, with spotless robes, with the cross, not lying heavily on her shoulders, but at her feet, and with the crown that the faithful and loving wear, on her head. And for her, a true child of Eden, the growing graces and generousities and amiabilities, came not, as we are wont to feel, that, what we call acquirements, accomplishments, and so on, do come; namely, from books, good society, and other outward sources. They were not the fruit and flowers taken to her hands from other gardens; but a spontaneous growth of the tree of life blossoming within. And in this most beautiful, most to-be-longed-for of all endowments and attributes, was she the true woman of impulse, of genius.

When Percy Phelps took her, there at his own altar, in the midst of his own people, to be his bride and helpmate, the old and the young, as

they looked on their beaming but tender features, bowed down and did both reverence; and } said, at the door, and on their way home, "They will be a blessing to each other and to us."

## THE CHILD OF SONG.

BY WILLIE EDGAR PABOR.

On the summit of the mountain  
Rising to the "cloud-capped sky,"  
Stands the temple where for ages  
Are enclosed the mystic pages,  
Where the names not born to die—  
First are dipt within the fountain  
To be wreathed with spangled gems—  
Then betinted with the glory  
Of the halo famed in story,  
Shine like golden diadems.

Upward, with his steps unwearied,  
Toiled a youth with calm blue eyes,  
And his long and wavy tresses  
From the zephyr-wooded caresses  
As he thought upon the prize.  
Long the way, and rough, and dreary,  
Many a block encased the way,  
But *Excelsior* was his motto,  
And it rang in cave and grotto,  
With its wierd inspiring ray.

By his side a harp he carried,  
For he was a child of song;  
And his lays were sweet and flowing,  
Like a meandering river going  
Wavy fields and groves among:  
Ever and anon he tarried  
By some bank or in some dell,  
Chaunting from the bards of olden  
Some light lay or carol golden,  
To his harp's notes sybil swell.

Then, as o'er him inspiration  
Threw its shroud of light and love,  
Came the whispers from his spirit,  
As we deem one might inherit  
Gifted from the courts above;  
And he gave a bard's libation  
To the spirits of the air,  
And his witch-notes seemed the sweetest,  
When they were by far the fleetest,  
Like fond hopes lost in despair.

And it seemed as though around him,  
Gathered in a conclave gay,  
Sprites of air, of vale, of mountain,  
Fays and Peris from the fountain,  
Chasing all the gloom away.  
They with cords of magic bound him  
As he swept his sybil strings,  
Till the cadency in ether  
Mingled, mingled all together  
To the myths—sweet offering.

Onward now his course pursuing  
As an eagle wings his flight;  
Day by day and months were bringing,  
In the past their shadows flinging  
As Time hoary stole their flight.  
On in visionary wooing  
Toiled the child of song, to claim  
(When he reached the time-famed portal,  
Where hung laurel wreaths immortal,)  
His place in the book of fame.

"Distance held the view enchanted"  
Till his raven locks grew grey;  
And his merry voice seemed failing  
As he sang a song of wailing  
To the spirit of decay.  
Still his minstrel spirit panted  
To enfold the honored prize—  
And his steps, though slow in measure,  
Bent them t'ward the pendant treasure  
Ever 'fore his longing eyes.

Ah! he nears the fabled fountain,  
And a madrigal of bliss,  
All redolent with his story,  
Of his toiling after glory,  
Of his spanning woe's abyss,  
Floats around the fame-crowned mountain,  
And within the corridor  
Of the temple, where the pages  
Have for ages upon ages  
Tints of brilliant beauty wore.

Now he stands where bards before him  
Many a one in days gone by,  
Have from out the sparkling chalice  
Tasted joys that mortals callous  
Never dreamed bards could enjoy.  
Now his fancy visions o'er shine  
Nymphs of features nigh divine,  
"And the glory of this vision  
Shrouded in a robe Elysian,"  
Cried the child of song, "is mine."

But, as sinks the sun's bright glory,  
So the child of love and song  
Sank beside the stream, whose flowing  
Hath for aye and aye been going  
With its rich shared dower along.  
And, to start a song or story,  
(As he saw life's stream ebb fast)  
Echoed through fame's hallowed portal,  
"I have made my name immortal,  
I have reached the goal at last."

## SOPHIA HARRIS' CHOICE.

BY HELEN H. MAY.

SOPHIA HARRIS was an extremely beautiful girl; tall and elegant in form, with features of perfect regularity; and that bright, ever changing expression which gives to beauty its greatest charms. Her personal attractions received no aid from costly attire or radiant gems, for Mr. Harris was no "millionaire," and on the profit of his business a large family was dependant. Sophia, however, with her cheerful disposition thought not of rebelling against existing circumstances, and being the eldest daughter, readily took charge of the younger members of the household, thus relieving her mother of many wearisome cares, and aiding in the system of economy which in so numerous a family was essential.

Although mingling but little in gay society, Sophia's brilliant charms could not remain unnoticed; and she numbered among her admirers men of rank and fortune, as well as those belonging more to her own sphere. Unaccountable, therefore, seemed her choice of the humblest and least attractive of her suitors, Philip Darley.

"Why, Sophy, what has bewitched you to accept that man?" asked a gay young friend, when she had been duly informed of the fact. "A common, ugly mechanic—when you know that Bob Lee is almost crazy to win your favor. Foolish girl! I wish he would take a fancy to me; you should soon see that I would not be silly enough to refuse him—for a fellow like Darley, too. Excuse me, Sophy; you know I would not hurt your feelings; but I lose all patience when I think of your accepting *that man*."

"I am sorry, Jane, to subject your patience to so great a trial," replied Sophia, with her own bright smile. "But come, now; think and speak rationally on the subject, and tell me what chance of happiness could I have, married to your great favorite, Lee, whose temper is as ungovernable as a woman's?"

"Why, you would have every chance of happiness. You would have a magnificent house to make yourself happy in; you would have plenty of money for whatever you desire; you would have a splendid carriage to take you visiting or shopping; you would have a large circle of friends, and everything to pass away your time;

and, not the least in my estimation, you would have a husband of whom you need not be ashamed. I cannot think that Lee's temper is as violent as you imagine; but there are others whom you could easily get; there is Dr. M——, why not take him if you want a good, quiet soul? Any one rather than the one you have accepted."

"I esteem Dr. M—— highly as a kind friend and an excellent physician," said Sophia, gently. "More than that he never could be to me. The difference in our ages, if nothing else, would be an insuperable objection."

"I should think you would prefer him, notwithstanding his age, to that hideous carpenter," persisted the other. "He is really the ugliest mortal I ever *did* see, with his great grey eyes, and coarse features; just such a man as one would be ashamed to be seen speaking to in the street. Are you possessed, Sophia, or are you blind, that you do not perceive how extremely homely he is?"

"I hope I am not either, Jenny; I know Philip is not handsome, but he has beauty of heart and soul which I can see and appreciate. His ever ready kindness and amiability have long prepossessed me in his favor, and I assure ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup>, Jane, in all seriousness, that I consider myself fortunate in the offer he has made me of his heart and hand, with all his 'extreme homeliness.'"

"And poverty into the bargain," rejoined Jane, with something of a sneer. "It is useless to talk to you, I find; but I must say that I always thought you had better *taste* than to fancy a man like Darley; and better *sense* than to marry one in his circumstances. If he were wealthy one might overlook his personal defects; but so poor, and then a mechanic, too—why, child, I will wager that before five years he will be as old-looking as Dr. M——, and worse than that, he will have a worn, miserable look, and perhaps a stoop in his shoulders—horrible."

Sophia laughed merrily as her companion tossed her head in contemptuous derision of the figure that rose before her imagination. "If such a terrible calamity should occur, I think it would not make much difference in my feelings, provided the loss of symmetry did not extend to his mind. As for poverty, Jane, I do not

apprehend that. I shall probably live as well as I have hitherto done, and if my married life prove as happy as my girlhood has been, I shall have no cause to regret the want of affluence. Not that I would reject wealth if it were in my way; I should be very glad; though not for the splendor in which it would enable me to live."

"Oh, of course not," interrupted Jane, "your principal delight in possessing money, I suppose, would arise from the power of giving it away."

"That would, certainly, be its greatest charm in my estimation," returned Sophia, earnestly. "I should regard but little the costly dress or splendid abode wealth could procure me; but I often have sad thoughts, Jane, when I meet poor children going to church or to school, and when I see women looking distressed and wretched, with only thin, miserable garments, while I, comfortably clothed, shrink from encountering the cold—then I feel sad for these poor creatures, and imagine the homes they have to return to, little better than the bleak street; and oh! I long for wealth that I could make them all comfortable."

"You should marry one of your wealthy lovers then," said Jane, laughingly, "and you would be able to gratify your benevolent inclinations. But are you really going to take Darley, or are you only jesting, Sophia?"

"I should be sorry if it were only a jest, my dear Jenny. But you may assure yourself it is true, and when the day is fixed you shall be the first to learn the pleasant news," said Sophia, with a mirthful smile as her friend left her.

And they were married—the poor, homely carpenter and the beautiful, graceful girl; and Sophia speedily found herself installed mistress of a home very much like that which had from childhood been dear to her. There was sufficient for comfort, but very little of mere ornament or elegance, yet Sophia was happy, and thought her situation an enviable one. She would not consent to her husband's proposal of employing a domestic; the cares of her little household were pleasant duties to her, and she found plenty of time to occupy or amuse herself as she desired. The days passed cheerily away; and in the evening, when the tea-things were put away, and she sat down to sew, the young mechanic was ever there, resting after his willing toil; while he conversed in his quiet, cheerful manner, or read aloud from some book interesting to both. And when another came to claim a share in the affection which made the light and blessing of that humble home—a smiling little boy, the very image of his beautiful mamma—what heart could know deeper or purer happiness than her's!

But who may venture to anticipate an exemption from all the cares and sorrows of earth? who, in a world of changes, hope for a life-time of unalloyed felicity? With the sixth year of her wedded life a cloud gathered over Sophia's bright horizon—a small, faint cloud, yet threatening to overspread that sky of love and happiness. Alas! her's was the old, sad story! The excitement of an election campaign had made a marked change in Darley, under whose quiet exterior ran a latent current of strong enthusiasm. Evening now frequently found him in a circle of party friends, where political matters were warmly discussed, and the health of their candidates drank in flowing bumpers; and though, for a time, Philip had resolutely refused to join in their convivialities, yet, his resolution by degrees wavering, he ended by willingly joining his companions. What possible harm could one glass of punch do? argued his friends; and he repeated the query to himself with something like mortification that he should ever have been silly enough to decline it.

But Sophia—not so easily could she be convinced by this argument, when pressed by her husband, in reply to her gentle remonstrances. With the perception of a wife—a mother—she foresaw the evil to which "one glass" might eventually lead; and, during the long winter evenings, after her child was laid in his little couch, as she sat alone, waiting the return of him who had formerly rendered those evening hours so pleasant, she pondered with sad forebodings on the subject. Still she hoped, even amidst her fears; Philip had never yet been intoxicated; the "one glass" rendering him talkative and sociable, had not, as yet, been exceeded; and she trusted that the election over he would resume his old habits.

One night Philip returned home earlier than usual. It was only nine o'clock, and Sophia was just preparing little Robert for bed, having yielded to his earnest entreaties to allow him to remain up an hour beyond his accustomed time. The little fellow, still bright and wakeful, followed his mother to the door, exclaiming in childish glee as she opened it, "Oh, papa! I am so glad you've come, papa, I wanted to stay up till you came home, and mamma wouldn't let me any longer." Darley was in a strange mood that night, half vexed at his own conduct, and the simple words of the child sounded to him like covert reproaches for being out so long. It was with a harsh tone, therefore, that he addressed him, "What business have you to be up at this hour?" pushing the little hand that clung to his away with a violent jerk, which together with the harsh words and looks seemed to petrify the

affectionate child, hitherto used only to smiles and caresses. He stood an instant looking up at his father, his little bosom heaving, and tears slowly welling to his bright eyes; then with a low, deep sob, flung himself into his mother's arms, sobbing wildly, "mamma, oh, mamma, mamma," in tones of mingled sorrow and affright. The mother did not speak, but she clasped him convulsively in her arms, pressing fond kisses on the bright head upon which her own tears were fast falling.

There was a silence unbroken save by the piteous sobs of the distressed and terrified child; an awkward silence to Darley, who was ashamed of his violence, sat down moodily and ill at ease, every smothered sob falling heavily on his heart. He looked round the neat parlor where every thing betokened the hand of thrifty care; he looked upon his wife, whose fair face was shadowed by sorrow, upon his child, where both he had so rapturously welcomed, and from whose bright eyes were now gushing the sorrowful tears he had caused to flow—and he asked himself what could have brought sorrow to that once happy home. Shrink from the conviction as he might, he could not conceal from himself that he alone was in fault. He could but feel that, but for the new associations he was forming, that evening as well as all others would have been spent in the tranquil enjoyments of home—that but for the "one glass," and the consequent irritability of his reproachful feelings, he would not have been angered by the artless words of the innocent child. And with these slowly admitted convictions came up fond memories of former days, and Darley's heart was again alive to all the love it had ever cherished for her who had entrusted her happiness confidently to his

keeping; for the little one who looked up to him for love, advice, and example.

He sat for half an hour thus meditating, and when he rose it was with the holy and determined resolve that love inspired. Crossing the room, he knelt beside the low stool on which sat his wife, gently embracing her and the little Robert, who, half reassured by his father's tender caresses, threw his arms fondly around his neck, while the tears that had been subsiding again began to flow.

"My boy, my precious child! I have caused those tears; but never shalt thou or thy dear mother shed another tear for my misdeeds. I see my error and my danger now, Sophia; forgive me for the past, and from this night, while God leaves me reason, I shall never again touch the fatal glass, and we will be happy as we once were."

Sophia's forgiveness was readily granted; and smiles of hope and joy took the place of tears as she gazed into her husband's face, brightened by a new and holy resolve.

Years have passed since that night; how well the promise then prompted and strengthened by true and abiding affection has been kept, one glance at the still fair and blooming wife in her happy home reveals. Success has crowned the willing labors of the young mechanic, without altering their simple tastes; and while Sophia enjoys the delights arising from the realization of her girlish schemes of benevolence, and sees her husband now, in his prosperity, respected and esteemed even by those who had once affected to despise, she has even cause for deeper rejoicing that her choice fell not on the most wealthy or elegant, but on the most amiable and worthy of her suitors.

## TO ONE AFAR.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

NIGHT on the mountains, and night on the sea—  
Night bringeth darkness and sorrow to me—  
My heart is o'ershadowed with mem'ries of thee!

Far in the East rises up the pale moon,  
Glassing herself in the tranquil lagoon—  
Star of my heart, wilt thou beam on me soon?

Strange was that meeting, when neither dared speak,  
Words to express those emotions are weak—  
Memory sendeth a blush to my cheek.

Far in the land of the stranger art thou,  
Giving no thought to thy passionate vow—  
At a dimmed altar no longer I bow.

The fires on the hearth of my heart have grown cold,  
The tales of my love are all numbered and told,  
Life has grown weary, and I—have grown old!

Graveward I journey—I meet thee no more!  
Gone are the hopes and the fancies of yore—  
What hath the far distant future in store?

Only a harvest of sorrow and fears—  
An awful baptism of passionate tears—  
A haunting remembrance of happier years.

Night on the mountains, and night on the sea,  
Rayless and starless and cloudless for me,  
Sending this cry of my heart after thee!

## DREAMING AND WAKING.

BY LILLIE M——.

### CHAPTER I.

THE twilight was fast approaching—the twilight of a dreary November day—its fog and gloom hung like a cloud over the city. It was the kind of weather when the rich gather closely around their cheerful fires; when the *poor* dwell fearfully on the coming winter; when the strong, heart-wish for sympathy rises up from many a lonely wanderer, with cheerful, glowing pictures of home and loving faces, that fade, alas! amid the evening darkness.

Among the carriages that drove rapidly along was one that contained an orphan girl and her uncle. The poor child had just landed from a sea voyage; she found herself in a strange city, where all looked gloomy and forbidding, and she shrank back into a corner of the carriage and said nothing; her lips seemed glued together, and to her uncle's well-meant attempts at conversation she replied only in monosyllables.

Glyman Entworth was an excellent, kind-hearted man; and as long as he was provided with a good dinner, he would not put himself out of his way to injure any one. His temper was a little chafed just then; repeated glances at his watch had convinced him beyond a doubt that it was five o'clock, and yet his ears could not be refreshed by that tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell, in consequence of his magnanimous attendance upon his orphan niece; and yet there she sat, sad, shy, and silent. He could not find it in his heart to be otherwise than kind to the poor orphan; for old memories of that gentle, elder sister rose up before him, and he fancied himself a boy again, running to her for protection, when in danger of punishment for his mischievous deeds, and she shielding him so prettily with those white arms of her's; or when moved by his piteous sobs for some youthful disappointment, how kindly she would take him to her own room, and allow him to disturb her drawers as he pleased by way of amusement. It seemed to him then that no one ever had so many things as sister Annie. Then, too, he remembered the pale, sad face, and the large tears that fell upon his cheek, as she wildly kissed him for the last time. She had married a wealthy Southerner, and went with him to Georgia. He was quite a

large boy when she went away, and when, after a few years, the tidings came of her death, he was old enough to feel it as deeply as any one. She had left one child, a little girl, but they knew that it was well cared for by its father's family; and after a little while, when the period of mourning had expired, Annie was almost forgotten.

Before long a letter from Mr. Ludlow announced his second marriage, and then all correspondence between them ceased for some time; until lately Mr. Entworth had received a letter from his brother-in-law in which he spoke of his misfortunes, and unpromising affairs—breathing at the same time very much like a hint for him to claim his niece.

This was not so easy a matter as Mr. Ludlow appeared to think. Glyman Entworth, too, had married, and not a gentle, yielding character, to whom his wish was law. Indulged at home, and spoilt in society, Mrs. Entworth had a will of her own, and a great idea of being mistress in her own house. Entworth, although engaged in a profitable business, was not a wealthy man; and his wife prided herself much on making a great show with little money. When, therefore, the question of the new inmate was first proposed, it did not, by any means, meet with her approbation.

"This Florida Ludlow," said she, "will trouble me in more ways than one. A girl of seventeen can no longer be considered a child, and treated as such; and poor and dependant as she is, the expense of receiving her is another consideration. These Southern girls are the most helpless creatures in existence; so that, instead of relieving me at all, she will only make trouble."

But Glyman Entworth *had* a heart, although not very apt to display the possession; and to his wife's astonishment, his favorite dinner remained unnoticed, while he poured forth a torrent of eloquence in favor of the motherless girl. At length, flushed with victory, and rather surprised at himself, he turned to the creature comforts before him.

"But I do not see," continued his wife, "why we should have all the expense put upon us. Her father, evidently, cares nothing about her; and, with his large family, will leave to her relations

the duty of supporting her. There are your sister and brother, as nearly related to her as we are."

"I will speak to them," said he, "Henry, you know, starts for Europe in a short time—but Emma, of course, will do something. We can give her a home, for the present; and among us all we can easily contrive to furnish her with the necessary dress."

Mrs. Entworth was but half-convinced; and anticipated the arrival of the young Southerner with no very pleasurable feelings.

The carriage drew up at the door of a plain, three-story, brick mansion; and Florida, almost bewildered, was lifted out by her uncle and led into the house. Mrs. Entworth, a handsome but haughty-looking woman, came forward to kiss her, and then led her to the fire. She scrutinized her niece with a curious gaze; but through the multitude of wrappings that enveloped the young Southerner, and the half-twilight, it was almost impossible to distinguish—she could only see that she looked pale and cold.

A stiff figure was seated in one of the windows, stitching away at some linen collars as though her very life depended upon the effort. Florida cast a timid glance in that direction, and she stepped forward rather coldly to welcome her; Mrs. Entworth introducing her as her sister, Miss Douglas.

The rooms were large and pleasant—the coal-fire had a cheerful look—and the furniture was handsome and well-chosen. There was no dining-room on the same floor: and, as Mrs. Entworth despised basements, dinner was served in the back-parlor. Florida heard her uncle address the quiet, plain-looking girl as "Susan;" but the answers that he obtained were as short as possible.

Seated at the dinner-table, and divested of her wrappers, the stranger could now be more advantageously observed. She was extremely slight, almost fragile-looking; but her features were not regular, and the expression of her face, though sweet, was extremely pensive. There was something very winning, though, in the expression of that pretty mouth, with its pouting, childish lips—a something that went to the heart of Glyman Entworth and whispered, "Annie." A profusion of pale brown hair was wound into one rich knot, and her skin was delicately fair, while the slightest tinge of color came and went with every word. These were her only beauties.

Mrs. Entworth soon decided that the great fault of her face was its extreme paleness and want of animation; but Florida felt shy and sad, and scarcely spoke all the evening—while the

conscious color rose and died away in her cheek at every glance she encountered.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, Florida awoke to the consciousness of a strange room and strange company. Susan Douglas stood pinning her neat breakfast collar before the glass, and her companion watched, with a sort of sleepy interest, her anxiety that it should meet exactly in the middle, and that not a wrinkle should disturb its smooth surface. Miss Douglas was certainly a *very* plain-looking girl; and so thought Florida, as she scanned her features in the clear, morning light; but there was an exquisite neatness about her that extended to every fold of her dress. Her beautifully abundant hair shone in one unbroken glossy sheet to where it met the carefully-twisted knot that was wound with artistic taste.

Taking up a richly ornamented book, the glittering cross on the back proclaiming its title, she was soon absorbed in the contents. Florida listlessly watched her proceedings; and at the first pause in reading, she asked, in a sleepy tone,

"Is it time to get up?"

"Breakfast will be ready in ten minutes," replied her companion, adding, "can I assist you in dressing?" as the young Southerner's reputation for helplessness crossed her mind. But no smile accompanied the question.

"No, thank you," replied Florida, hurriedly; and in another moment, she was left alone. Her fine underclothes, trimmed with lace, offered quite a contrast to Miss Douglas' plainer wardrobe; but with *her* everything was in keeping—while poor Florida arrayed herself in a thin, summer morning-dress, throwing a shawl over her shoulders to keep off the chill of a cold, November day.

When she entered the breakfast-room, her lips were blue with cold; and quite moved by her half-frozen appearance, her uncle drew her close up to him, and placing her before the fire, asked her how long it would take her to thaw. Every one's looks proclaimed that breakfast was ready; and with a smile and apology for her shawl, Florida pronounced herself quite warmed.

"Bring up breakfast, Margaret," said Mrs. Entworth, in a tone which implied that it had been kept waiting long enough.

Florida's eyes filled with tears, she scarcely knew why; but she was obliged to control them and answer a laughing question of her uncle's. A weight was resting on her heart—a suffocating

feeling of loneliness that could not be shaken off. Miss Douglas' silence seemed habitual; scarcely a word passed her lips, and very little food.

"I wish that Susan would not do so!" said Mr. Entworth, in a worried tone, after she had left the table, "I do not believe in this constant fasting—it seems scarcely better than a Catholicic!"

"That is because you know nothing about it," replied his wife, "*I* consider it perfectly right to fast on Friday."

"What do *you* think of it, Florida?" asked her uncle.

Florida must have thought it right to fast *all* the time, for scarcely a mouthful had she eaten since her arrival; but she answered absently:

"I do not know." She was thinking of other things.

Mrs. Entworth eyed her rather scrutinizingly; and could not help being struck with the beauty of the soft pink flush which the heat had brought to her cheek. It was like the inner hue of the sea-shell.

When Florida entered their apartment Susan Douglas was busily attiring herself in a plain cloak and hat. The day was cold and raw.

"Could I not accompany you?" asked Florida, timidly; for the prospect in-doors looked rather dull.

"I do not think you would care to go where I am going," replied Susan, coldly, without informing her of her destination.

Florida did not ask it, but looked wistfully after her companion as she departed.

"Ah!" thought Mrs. Entworth, as in passing the parlor, she heard the piano touched as it had never been touched before, "this is probably the nature of her acquirements."

"Are you fond of music?" she asked, as Florida started at the sight of an auditor.

"Very," replied the young musician, while her eyes glowed with enthusiasm, "shall I play for you?" she continued.

"If you please," replied Mrs. Entworth; and a strain of melody filled the room, like the voice of nightingales. The aunt began to think that, after all, she might not prove so very useless an incumbrance, for a talent like that could charm a whole company.

"Very beautiful indeed," said Mrs. Entworth, approvingly, "very few young ladies can play like *that*. Of course," said she, a few moments after, "you are too good a musician to know much about housekeeping?"

"I should be very glad to learn," replied Florida.

"I know what *that* means," thought her aunt.

Florida was not called upon to exercise her talents in the housekeeping line; but her aunt, having discovered that she was an adept in fine needle-work, soon furnished her with abundant employment. Her tasks were so beautifully executed that Mrs. Entworth could not withhold her praise; and the girl's heart was somewhat lightened of its burden of dependance.

Florida's tasty fingers were twisting a bright colored ribbon into various bows, as she wondered all the time what detained Miss Douglas.

"I wish," exclaimed her aunt, "that Susan would select a more congenial day for such errands. She is by no means strong, and will probably come home sick."

"Then she was not *obliged* to go out to-day?" asked Florida, somewhat timidly.

"Not *obliged*, except by her own silly notions of benevolence. This Mrs. Bishop is a poor woman with several children, (of course;) and Susan took it into her head that she might be suffering this cold day for want of fuel. I do not call myself hard-hearted, by any means, and I offered to send a servant—but no, Susan must go herself."

Florida shivered involuntarily as she glanced from the window; she felt an earnest desire to benefit some one more miserable than herself, but her delicate Southern frame was not calculated for cold and fatigue.

Miss Douglas soon after entered, looking pale and cold.

"I do think, Susan," exclaimed her sister, "that you are the most ridiculous girl!"

She drew a chair for her close to the fire, and Miss Douglas sank wearily into it.

"That poor Mrs. Bishop," said she, in a languid tone, "I found her with only a crust of bread, and a little charcoal. I saw her comfortably supplied before I left her; but it is not *that alone* that has wearied me so."

"Have you seen *him*?" asked her sister, earnestly.

Susan gave a faint motion of assent, and Florida modestly left the room. What passed between them she never knew; but, as Mrs. Entworth had predicted, the consequences of this visit were more than temporary. Miss Douglas was confined to her room by severe indisposition for several weeks; and during this illness Florida could not help admiring her uncomplaining patience. Not a murmur escaped her lips; and the nurse's office proved light enough. The young Southerner pleaded so hard to be permitted to attend the invalid, and appeared so happy when she could be of any use, that the



charge of the sickness was consigned almost entirely to her.

### CHAPTER III.

"COULD I not see her for a moment?"

"I think not," replied Florida, "she is not yet well enough to receive visitors."

"Is she ill, then? What is the matter with her?"

The speaker was a remarkably handsome young man, and in his inquiries after Susan Douglas betrayed a degree of interest by no means consistent with the indifference of a mere acquaintance. Florida, who happened to be in the drawing-room, was obliged to receive him in the absence of her aunt; but his close questions embarrassed her, and with a sort of presentiment that his visit would not be agreeable to Mrs. Entworth, she stood waiting for his departure—detained against her will, by his evident determination to ascertain anything she might wish to conceal respecting Miss Douglas.

To his last question she replied:

"She took a bad cold the last day that she was out, and has been ill ever since."

"I thought so!" he exclaimed, "I knew, when I saw her in that bleak, out-of-the-way region, that she would hardly reach home unscathed. Will you give her this?" he asked, placing in Florida's hand a card on which was engraved the name, "Gilbert Weathersfield." There was some writing, in pencil marks, which she carefully avoided reading.

Susan Douglas had read the card, and seemed to fall into a reverie. Florida glided noiselessly to the door.

"Do not go!" exclaimed her patient, "I love to have you about me. If you will not think me too poetically inclined, for so matter-of-fact a person, I will tell you that you remind me of moonlight, or the evening dew—you are so soft and refreshing in a sick room. How do you manage to glide about so, without touching the ground?"

Florida smiled and blushed as, at Miss Douglas' request, she seated herself on the foot of the bed; and her companion watched, with a half sigh, the bright rose color that stole so beautifully to her cheek, and then lingeringly departed.

"Florida," said she, suddenly, "I feel more grateful than I can express for your kindness and attention during my illness; and I feel, too, that it is altogether undeserved, for I have been as cold and neglectful to you as I am to other strangers. You must pardon my negligence, and accept my entire attention to my duties as some excuse; but I should have remembered that you

were indeed a stranger—not only to me, but to every one around."

The tears stood in Florida's eyes, but she repressed them, and answered with a smile that gleamed through them like an April sunbeam.

"You would like to know who this gentleman is?" continued Miss Douglas.

Florida was endowed with a full share of the curiosity which belongs to most girls of seventeen to hear the Alpha and Omega of a love story; so instead of disclaiming any such thoughts, she smiled again.

"I was once engaged to that man," said her companion, with a countenance suddenly grave.

"Why did you not marry him?" asked Florida, innocently. Then, rather thoughtfully, she added: "He is very handsome."

"Yes," rejoined Miss Douglas, with an involuntary smile, "and you are, doubtless, pondering as to what state of his mental organs could possibly have led him to fancy me."

Florida earnestly disclaimed any such reflections; and the color that now mantled in her cheek made her really beautiful.

"Were I a school girl," resumed her companion, "I should, probably, take the greatest delight in telling you this story, as a proof, perhaps, of my own charms; but as they do not exist—at least, externally—my twenty-five years of experience have convinced me that there are very few things which should be left to the imagination. Why Gilbert ever *did* fancy me I do not exactly know. We were brought up together in the country; and I believe that the waving trees, and flowers, and greensward, somewhat soften down the asperities in one's appearance—as in a picture, you know, much depends upon drapery and effect. I believe that he first imagined himself in love with me when I happened to fish a little boy out of a stream into which he had fallen; though he always *would* object to my carrying baskets of provisions to that same little boy's parents. Gilbert was handsome, talented, and rich, while I was neither one nor the other; and his father, who entertained grand views for his son, doubtless considered him quite safe with me.

"But when, as we grew too old to romp any more in the woods, and twist wreaths of dandelions, Gilbert persisted that his affections were firmly fixed upon me, and acknowledged that I had given him mine in return, his father grew seriously alarmed, and forbade all intercourse between us.

"He took Gilbert into the library, whose solemn magnificence inspired an involuntary feeling of awe; he kept him there nearly all night, rousing

his ambition as he pointed to the stern-looking busts around, whose originals had called forth, by their talents and exertions, a nation's plaudits; he showed him portraits of his ancestors, whose proud features seemed frowning down contempt upon their spiritless descendant; and lastly, he opened a small case, when a face burst upon him fairly dazzling in its fresh, youthful beauty. The eyes beamed with light, and a loving smile parted the small, red lips; while a shower of soft curls descended to the slender waist.

"His father told him of losses and bankruptcy staring him in the face—of the thousands which hung upon one word from those girlish lips—*her* money would supply the gilding that was needed to frame his talents and energies so that the world might see them; and he drew a picture of wealth and renown with the beautiful Ada, or poverty and obscurity with me.

"Gilbert repeated to me the whole scene, in the interview he sought after all was over; and then fell on his knees and begged for my love still. He appeared," she added, bitterly, "to consider that a *pour passer le tems*, as long as it did not interfere with his interests. He said that his senses had forsaken him that night in the library—that he did not know what he did; and yet he remembered perfectly well the moment that he pronounced the irrevocable 'yes.' The candles had burned low in their sockets—the lofty apartment seemed enveloped in gloom—and before him stood his father, whose haughty face, stamped with the lines of care and trouble, reminded him of some magician of olden time—and his own features, as he caught a glimpse of them in an opposite mirror, almost frightened him with their ghastliness. He *fell*—and the beautiful, gentle heiress became the bride of Gilbert Weathersfield; while *I*—there was nothing left for me but *heaven*."

Poor Florida! she was young and romantic, and she no longer wondered that Susan Douglas had lost all interest in the world. While listening to another's trials, we do not know how soon our own will come.

"You remember the beautiful woman whom I pointed out to you the other day, as she was alighting from her carriage?" resumed Miss Douglas.

"Oh, yes!" replied Florida, eagerly, for she was a warm admirer of beauty, "I can never forget that exquisite face!"

"That was Mrs. Gilbert Weathersfield."

"Was it possible!" And yet why was she surprised? Because the face was so brightly beautiful in its expression of unclouded joyousness? *She* had never heard the story that was

revealed to Florida, as the two sat there, in their quiet room, by the glowing firelight.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE days glided on, and Florida's young life lost the glad tone of youth; for she felt that she was a *dependant*—felt that she had no home but that accorded to her by strangers—no mother on whose bosom she could weep away transient griefs—no sister to share her troubles and her pleasures—no brother to shield her, with his manly heart, from the life-blasts of adversity. Her uncle was kind to her in his careless way, for the memory of that gentle sister would have protected the lonely orphan; her aunt treated her well, and Susan Douglas seemed more like a sister since she had made her the confidant of her sorrows; and yet a gloom brooded over her heart like the heavy curtain of night. Her father's letters were few and far between; and he seemed entirely engrossed by those at home.

"No one to love me," she would murmur, in the dreamy twilight, "not a single heart to beat one love response to mine—no lips to frame sweet words for *me*." She loved to sit and dream, buried in the recesses of some deep arm-chair; with no companion save the flickering firelight, that threw strange shapes upon the wall, and called up memories of buried loved ones, she would sit and people the world with her own imaginings—unmindful of the daily real that came to destroy the frost work of her girlish fancies.

In the midst of company, and music, and merriment, Florida sat still and unnoticed; her sweet, varying color, and gentle face winning no more than a passing glance, until the slight, timid-looking girl was seated at the piano, and music notes fell upon their ears, sweet and lingering as the last strains of a broken heart; *then* her power was acknowledged, and they awoke from their blindness to see in the kindling eye and flushed cheek the enthusiasm of a noble art.

But Florida shrank from their praise and flattery; they were so evidently intended for *pay*, and bribes for farther amusement, that, hurt and wounded, she would withdraw again to her corner, and read, like some sybil of olden time, the faces of those around. Florida possessed the quick penetration of a delicate nature, and she did not see one that seemed to answer her yearning for love and sympathy. Like a faded flower, she remained shut from the gaze of the prying and indifferent, and gathered her sweetness in her own heart.

She sat thus, one evening, looking, in her snowy

dress, like some faint, white cloud; and as she sat, a rich, warm light seemed stealing into her soul until it glowed again. She listened to the voice near her, and caught tones that seemed like some mysterious strain of music which floods the heart with vague imaginings, and strange feelings that have no utterance in words.

She turned and saw the speaker. A handsome, haughty-looking man, past his first prime, whose dark, melancholy eyes now and then rested on his companion with an indifferent glance, and then turned off as though seeking some object of interest. He looked pale and delicate; and his whole air was that of one forced into a scene to which he was unaccustomed, and in which he took no interest. Florida's timid nature bowed before the pride that sat enthroned upon his curling lip; and yet she admired it, as one gazes upon the sun's noon-day splendor.

She sat reading his features in her shaded corner; and in those few moments she had invested him with every noble attribute. She imagined him like herself, lonely, uncared-for—despising the hollow words of those around him, and seeking in vain for a pearl among the pebbles by whom he was surrounded.

He was gone; and she looked in vain for the tall, dark figure among the crowd. Listlessly she seated herself at the piano, for she had fancied those deep eyes perchance raised with an approving glance at the young musician; perhaps he might even seek an introduction—linger by her side for the rest of the evening; and then what happiness to be handed to the carriage by *him*? But now, she felt disappointed; her heart sank, and her fingers moved wearily over the keys. But her auditors saw no difference in the strain, and sick at heart, she turned from their praises—glad to go home and brood over her disappointment.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Come down stairs, dear, as soon as you can—Mrs. Maberidge is in the drawing-room, and she wishes to see you."

It was the voice of Susan Douglas, but Florida's heart failed her. She shrank from Mrs. Maberidge as from a contact with polished steel. She was her own aunt—her mother's sister—and yet she trembled before the icy coldness of her manner.

It was now spring, and Florida knew that the term of her stay at her uncle Entworth's had expired—she was to spend the summer with her aunt. It seemed like getting into a variety of cold beds on a winter's night; as soon as the chill

was taken from one she might go to another as cold as at first. She knew how Mrs. Maberidge's invitation would be given; the manner would seem to imply that she might have so much to eat and drink and a place to sleep in—but she need expect nothing farther, all avenues to her aunt's heart were imperviously closed against her.

These thoughts passed through her mind as she stood smoothing her beautiful hair; unconsciously putting off the evil moment as long as possible. Tremblingly she descended, and her timid steps scarcely made a sound upon the carpet. Her aunt's face was a little turned from her, and she gazed upon the figure that seemed formed to inspire awe. Large, but well-proportioned, she sat, in all the dignity of her camel's-hair shawl and ostrich feathers, conversing with Mrs. Entworth.

She turned, at length; and somewhat touched by Florida's evident embarrassment, pressed the coldest of kisses on her flushed cheek as she inquired after her health.

"I am well, thank you," replied her niece, in a scarcely audible voice. Her heart clung to her present home—loath to be again thrust out upon the world.

"How would you like to come and make *me* a visit, now?" inquired Mrs. Maberidge.

"You are very kind indeed," replied Florida, without looking up.

"Oh, well, we will imagine all that," continued her aunt, patronizingly, "and it is settled that you are to come to me next week."

Florida could only bow in silence; she felt that she had no right to a choice of residences—and again the bitter feeling of dependance rested on her heart.

"I shall miss you very much, Florida," said Mrs. Entworth, kindly.

It was evening—the last evening she was to spend there; and her uncle's arm fondly supported her trembling figure. He had learned to love the quiet face and gentle voice.

"Remember, Florida," said he, affectionately, "that you will always have a home here. If other places weary, come back to us and remain."

"Perhaps Florida may look down upon such a home as *this*, before a great while," said her aunt, significantly, "your sister is fond of matchmaking, and her position enables her to command more fashionable society than we can collect."

Hopeful young Florida! A pair of dark, earnest eyes seemed looking into her own—a manly hand was clasping her's, and she was happy.

But when she reached her own apartment, the April tears came pouring forth like summer rain;

and she threw herself on the couch in a paroxysm of grief. Again the lonely, dependant feeling was clouding all her sunshine.

"Florida," whispered the gentle voice of Susan Douglas, "there are worse griefs in the world than yours. Time will bring a smile that tears were ever wasted on such troubles as these. When I was a child, I buried a pet kitten—and in a passionate outbreak of sorrow, I knelt by the little grave I had made, and felt that life, for me, had lost all its sunshine. How many times since has the same scene been enacted over again! And how many times more it will be enacted! Each successive grief makes the *last* one appear light."

Florida thought of Susan's own heart history, and felt that *that* indeed could not be borne.

"You are young," said Susan, sadly, "you have youth and beauty, and your future journey may be through a pathway of light."

The rich, warm color rose to Florida's cheek, bringing a train of exquisite feelings. Involuntarily she glanced at the mirror. The description of Katharine, in "The Ogilvies," applies equally well to her.

"In a moment a delicious consciousness of beauty stole over her. It was not vanity, but a wild gladness, that thereby she might be more worthy of *him*. She drew nearer; she gazed almost lovingly on the bright, young face reflected there; not as if it were her own, but as something fair and precious in *his* sight, which accordingly became most dear to her's. She looked into the depths of the dark, clear eyes, ah! one day it might be *his* joy to do the same. Simple, child-like Katharine!—a child in all but love—if thou couldst have died in that blissful dream!"

Susan Douglas gazed with an unconscious sigh on the smile that played around the dimpled mouth, and wondered what beautiful dream was flushing the soft cheek with the hue of an opening rose. But Florida slumbered on; she was smiling in her sleep; and her companion knelt down and prayed, "Lead us not into *temptation*."

## CHAPTER VI.

AGAIN was Florida a stranger, and a never-ending chill seemed hanging over her new home. Cold, proud, and distant, her aunt seemed to repulse all affection, and poor Florida was withering from neglect. The house was a beautiful country-seat, and the romantic scenery a never-ending theme of admiration; but she could not be satisfied with inanimate objects, and longed for some voice that would not speak in cold, measured tones.

There were beautiful children around her, the little Maberidges; and won by her sweet face and gentle manners, they showered upon her their loving caresses, till her heart glowed with love and warmth. Mr. Maberidge was a nonentity; he scarcely ever spoke when in the house, and seemed to think that furnishing money was all that would be expected of him. It certainly was all that his *wife* cared for. Mrs. Maberidge seemed scarcely conscious of her niece's presence; she had never taken the trouble to notice her—her whole time was occupied with novels, and she hardly knew whether Florida was dark or fair.

But, happening, one day, to raise her eyes from the book she was perusing, they fell, by chance, upon the graceful figure of the young Southerner, as she knelt on the lawn to return the caresses of her little cousins. The children had pulled down her hair, and the sunbeams that rested on it made it look like burnished gold; exercise had brought the warm color to her usually pale cheek, and lit up her eyes, until they seemed to dance with light.

All at once it burst upon Mrs. Maberidge that her niece was extremely pretty. Dreams, plots, and reflections crowded into her brain; and her eyes remained fastened upon Florida as though riveted there by a spell. The young girl looked up, and blushed beneath her aunt's protracted scrutiny.

With a strange sort of feeling, she obeyed the beckoning finger; and in obedience to her aunt's request, tremblingly seated herself beside her.

"Yes," soliloquized Mrs. Maberidge, "she really is almost beautiful. She has one of those taking faces that, once seen, are never forgotten. She might almost accomplish anything."

Florida sat waiting, with downcast eyes, for her aunt to speak.

"How old are you, Florida?" asked Mrs. Maberidge, suddenly.

"I shall be eighteen in a few days," was the reply.

"Eighteen!" repeated her aunt, "why, I was married at that age!"

Again that graceful figure rose up before her, and those dark eyes seemed reading her very soul.

"You are really very pretty," continued her aunt.

Her cheeks were fairly crimson now—it almost seemed as though *he* had said it.

"I suppose," continued Mrs. Maberidge, "that you have firmly made up your mind to marry a rich man?"

"Aunt!" exclaimed the young girl, while the

indignant blood mounted to her very brow. The flash in her eye was somewhat at variance with her usual gentleness.

"Nonsense!" replied Mrs. Maberidge, "you have, doubtless, said it to yourself hundreds of times—if you *are* so unwilling to confess it."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Florida, with a burst of tears, "that you can think so dreadfully of me?"

"Why, *I* think," replied her aunt, "that I am paying you quite a compliment to give you credit for so much sense. But since you seem so angry at the insinuation, what did you expect to do with yourself? Do you think of going out as a governess?"

Florida shuddered at the idea; and her aunt laughed as she continued:

"You will get over this, after a while—you have read too many novels. But, ungrateful as you are, I have been thinking of your welfare—I already had you married, and going off in your carriage. I think, too, that you would hardly object to the gentleman—he is just calculated to suit a silly, romantic girl."

Florida looked up with some degree of interest.

"His name, too, is rather taking—what do you think of Ernest Deltrieve?"

"It is beautiful," was the reply, "the name of Ernest always calls up a vision of dark, melancholy eyes, a marble brow, and a pensive countenance that rarely smiles, but when it does, it seems like sunshine on a darkened sky."

The picture was painted from memory.

Florida had forgotten time and place, and her aunt's laugh brought her rather unpleasantly back.

"As to 'marble brows,'" replied Mrs. Maberidge, "I must own that *I* prefer them of substantial flesh and blood. But you have exactly described Mr. Deltrieve," she continued, "where could you have seen him?"

A suspicion, at first pleasant, and then painful, crossed Florida's mind. Her first thought was: "I shall, then, see him again—be near him—perhaps speak to him;" but then she sadly reflected: "How can I ever look him in the face after my aunt's advice that I should captivate him, because he is a good match!"

"Mr. Deltrieve has a country-seat near here," continued Mrs. Maberidge, "and he and I are very good friends. I expect him here soon, and you will then have an opportunity of exercising your charms, for he is a great admirer of beauty. But I give you warning that he is very hard to catch; almost every young girl and widow in the city have tried their hands at it."

Florida slowly left the room, perfectly dis-

gusted. Was she to be placed in the list of fortune-hunters?

## CHAPTER VII.

WHAT was it that had suddenly made Florida's step so elastic, the carriage so easy to spring from, and everything around so lovely? Every object seemed bathed in a soft rose color; and as she ran lightly up the stairs to her own apartment, a glimpse of her face in the mirror almost startled her with its loveliness. It was not the features, they were the same—it was the *expression*.

It was evening, and the soft, summer wind, as it played among the trees, seemed singing a song of love and hope—the beautiful sunset was flooding the room with molten gold—and happiness lit up her face with constant smiles. She rejoiced in her youth and beauty; rejoiced that she had yet counted but eighteen years, and that her eyes were bright, and her cheek flushed with the hue of health.

A single glance from a pair of lustrous eyes had effected this change. They passed Mr. Deltrieve in their drive, a bow for her aunt, and a glance for her were all that they had received; but that look still haunted her. Her aunt had directed her attention to the splendid horses—but she could only see himself.

She still reclined in the arm-chair into which she had thrown herself, and those dark eyes seemed gleaming on her from amid the space: when the noise of carriage wheels aroused her, and putting aside the summer-curtains, she saw the well-remembered figure alighting from a carriage. He was, then, in the house; her heart throbbed so violently at the idea that its beatings were quite audible amid the stillness.

Habit directed her steps to the mirror, but her soft hair was more beautiful in its half confusion than any art could make it—her simple mourning-dress set off her girlish figure—and a peach-like bloom was on her cheek. The next moment her aunt had dragged her to the drawing-room; and she found herself face to face with Ernest Deltrieve.

She could not look up—she could not speak; the spell of his presence was on her, and she trembled lest he should perceive her emotion. His eyes rested admiringly on the fair, Madonna-like face, over which the blushes were flitting in bashful confusion; and she *felt* that he was looking at her, although she dared not raise her eyes.

His voice roused her, at length, from her reverie, and in a scarcely audible tone she

answered his question. Mr. Deltrieve began to think that her timidity was really *natural*.

"This is my little nun," said Mrs. Maberidge, "the poor child has seen so little of the world that the very sight of a gentleman almost frightens her to death—even the sound of her own voice startles her."

Embarrassed as Florida was, she thought that this description must strike Mr. Deltrieve as particularly ludicrous; and, unable to control her risible faculties, she laughed, much to her aunt's astonishment. There was something so catching in the pretty laugh, which showed her dimples and white teeth, that Mr. Deltrieve involuntarily smiled too; and Florida began to feel more at her ease. She could answer his questions now, and even ask others in return; but still the beautiful color mantled in her cheek whenever she encountered the gaze of those wonderful eyes.

Mr. Deltrieve, with his experience and knowledge of the world, could not but smile at Florida's romantic outbursts, her natural, child-like ideas, and her evidently unsuspecting view of human nature. He had found a pretty wild flower, the study of which interested him; and he liked to fathom her heart, which, like a well, became still clearer and purer.

Her beautiful thoughts were freely given to his inspection; and all the while she drank deep draughts, the effects of which could never be erased. He spoke of books, and the beautiful in art; Florida listened like one entranced, and her beaming eyes seemed drinking in his every word.

Mr. Deltrieve was flattered—her beauty and youthful simplicity attracted him; and this silent flattery was so unlike the adulation to which he was accustomed, that he felt a greater interest in the young, unknown girl than he cared to acknowledge. He had been courted for his wealth and position—the treasures of his mind had quite escaped the notice of the gold seekers; and now, astonished at himself, he gave full vent to feelings that had long been suppressed.

Young, unworldly Florida! She had unconsciously used the most potent flattery that art could attain, like a child playing with edged tools, and ignorant of their sharpness. And yet Mr. Deltrieve often smiled at her perfect ignorance of worldly forms—her simplicity appeared to him extreme. But he could see beneath this a rich mine of thought and feeling—an undiscovered talent that seemed waiting for him to bring it forth. He recommended various books, and Florida instantly expressed her intention of reading them; her delight considerably increased when he offered to supply her from his library.

Mrs. Maberidge was surprised at the length and animation of their conversation, and wondered if Florida really *was* so timid, after all. Mr. Deltrieve at length rose to go; his last words were:

"Depend upon it that you will see me very soon again."

These were *spoken* to Mrs. Maberidge, but the accompanying look was bent upon Florida.

"Why, child," exclaimed her aunt, casting a lingering look upon the horses, "you have really made a conquest! How well you look!"

The color deepened on Florida's cheek as she abruptly left the room; and, throwing herself on her couch, she murmured, "Oh! I am so happy!"

Dream on, poor child!—would that there were no waking!

## CHAPTER VIII.

ERNEST DELTRIEVE sat alone in his library. The dark evergreens around seemed to have cast their shadow on his heart, for he sat absorbed in his own thoughts, heedless of the soft, summer breeze that came wooingly in at the window. The bronze busts seemed gleaming sternly down upon him—rich mines of thought were alumbering on the shelves—but he sat as though he saw them not.

He was thinking of Florida. Sometime had passed since their first meeting, and an irresistible fascination drew him to Mrs. Maberidge's oftener than he was aware of. "This," thought he, "cannot go on so;" and then he asked himself if Florida were one whom he would choose to share his name and wealth. A vision of those gentle eyes bent lovingly upon him, and a soft hand clasping his arm would almost decide him; but then a thought of change and indifference—a remembrance of the *match-maker* rose up to mar his dream. Perhaps she had been instructed by her aunt; taught how to win his heart as the Cerberus that guarded the portal to his golden treasures.

He felt, perhaps, that he could win her when he chose—or rather, that she was already won and waiting for his offer. His experience of the world had made him distrustful, suspicious; he no longer felt confidence in any one, and imagined that every cup must be poisoned. Florida still dreamed on, like a happy child; in *her* eyes he was *perfect*, and she looked up and adored.

In the midst of his reverie, he cast his eyes from the window, where rose among the trees a lordly dwelling. He smiled as he thought of his first love. He was *poor* then; and perchance, if she could have foreseen his future wealth, she

would sooner have married him than the soulless block to whom she was chained. *She* had proved false; why should not others? *His* romance had long since crumbled to the dust; poor Florida was still in the full tide of her first rosy dream. He smiled as he called to mind Mrs. Maberidge's efforts to entangle him; her veil was so flimsy that he saw through it at once; and Florida's retiring modesty seemed still more beautiful in comparison.

It was a handsome picture, the cold, proud man in his troubled reverie; his dark, waving hair was thrust back from his forehead, and the noble features seemed perfect in their outline. Memory had carried him back to the days of early manhood. Again he was bending to catch the low tones of that well-remembered voice; again the flash of those bright eyes chained him to the spot; again a word or a look recalled his wavering allegiance. And she, all beauty and fascination—for even those bursts of petulance were charming, it was a pleasure to win back the smiles to that beautiful mouth—where was she now? Where was the day-dream that had colored his youth with its rosy tinge? Could he believe in such things now?

And yet a vision of happiness rose up before him. Florida, with her soft, girlish beauty, her gentle, loving heart was the star that gilded his existence, and smoothed away every thorn in his path; again love beamed upon him with its bewildering smiles, and he sat and pictured scenes for the future till he awoke to smile at his own imaginings.

Taking up a book which he had lately lent Florida, he looked for the pencillings he had requested her to make upon the passages that she most admired. Every glance gave fresh proof of a mind of no common order. Little she thought that the book was his—the composition of his lonely hours; and yet so it was. Ernest Deltrive, the poet and accomplished author, now bent over his own writings with all the pleasure of a school girl. A paper fluttered among the leaves. He took it up, and saw his own verses copied out in a girlish, trembling hand that seemed unsteady from emotion.

A flush of gratified vanity rose to his pale cheek; and he read them as though for the first time. Florida could, then, appreciate his gems—she would look up to it as something beautiful and sublime; such a wife, meek and distrustful of her own powers, and blindly reverencing his, would gratify his ruling passion; and on the impulse of the moment, he seated himself at his writing-desk.

Already the paper was spread out before him—

already the ink was in his pen—a little time more, and Florida, poor, dreaming child! would have thought this world a Paradise. A step sounded close to his door; there was a low knock—and trembling, as though detected in a guilty act, Ernest Deltrive hastily swept back his writing implements before giving the permission to enter. His servant man stood in the doorway—his carriage waited to convey him to the city.

Almost rejoicing in the interruption that had prevented him from committing himself, he quietly turned the key of his library, and soon after was whirling rapidly away from the scene of his momentary weakness. That day and that hour have since risen up before him, like the dreams in which one seems near heaven—near enough, almost, to see its glories, but an invisible influence draws you back forever.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"FLORIDA!" exclaimed Mrs. Maberidge, as she looked up in surprise from the paper she was reading, "Mr. Deltrive has sailed for Europe!"

She could not have heard aright—or it was some other name that her aunt had mistaken for his; the color had entirely left her cheek, and like some pale statue, she stood waiting for her aunt's next words.

"Very singular, to say the least of it," she continued, bending a scrutinizing glance upon her niece, "you certainly have not played your cards well—or, perhaps," said she, doubtfully, "you have been silly enough to refuse him."

Florida could bear no more. With a wild, appealing look, that haunted Mrs. Maberidge like an uncomfortable dream, she rushed to her own room, and pressed herself down firmly on the bed as though to prevent her heart from bursting. Poor, poor Florida! she was young in years, but she had dreamed away the sunshine of a life-time. Her belief in the world was gone; and when she awoke, it was to find a cheerless blank, in lieu of the flowers and sunshine.

The change had extended even to herself; she looked in the mirror and saw only a pale, sorrow-stricken girl, in place of the bright young dreamer—every vestige of joy had departed from that rigid face—her hair grew damp and lustreless—her eyes were heavy with their gathered tears—her mouth had ceased to smile—and the figure glided about in its mourning robes like a gloomy nun in her convent-prison.

She thought of Susan Douglas; and she seized the little, golden-clasped book, expecting that one draught at the healing fountain would restore

her to light and life. It was cold—dark—a dead language; there was nothing to still the tempest within; and the tears came raining down like summer showers as she again buried her face in the pillow.

She was lying in a tearful stupor; hours had passed since she entered the room; and she woke as if from a sleep, and wondered at the weight that rested on her heart. She sprang up lightly as before, and resolved to throw it off; but then came *memory*, and chained down her footsteps. She glanced from the window upon the cheerless lawn. An autumn storm was wailing among the trees; and the sad voice of the dying summer seemed like a spirit singing the requiem of her frozen heart. She gazed with a half smile upon the dreary landscape—it seemed to sympathize with her own feelings; and she counted the falling leaves, and thought that so had the brightness of her life been swept away by the winds of sorrow.

And yet, too, in the midst of her despair, the warm color came back as glowingly as before when she asked herself what right had she to indulge this grief? What claim had she upon Mr. Deltrieve? What reason was there to suppose that she had ever been more to him than any other stranger? She could repeat no words of his that confirmed the fact—and yet she had *felt* it. He had *looked* it, if he had not *spoken* it; and she remembered those glances which had seemed to breath such volumes of tenderness.

She opened some books, and gazed still fondly upon the pressed flowers which had once rested in *his* hand; *then* they were fresh and blooming like her own heart. She looked at the books which he had sent her; and found a sad consolation in recalling the words, and the look, and the tone with which they were given. Her memory was powerful, and like a moving panorama appeared the whole picture of that blissful dream.

"Would that I *could* forget," she thought; but the more she wished it, the more intense and vivid became each recollection. The warm color burned in her cheek; for although there were the flowers and books he had given her, and though deep in her heart were engraven those looks and tones that had lured her on to forgetfulness, yet *words* had been wanting; he had not committed himself, and might even smile at her folly. Life, she felt, could have no more potent misery than this; and again she sunk despairingly upon the couch.

Mrs. Maberidge knocked softly at the door, but, receiving no answer, she entered the room; and even *her* heart was touched by the young girl's utter despair. So pale and spiritless in

her grief that she seemed a weeping Niobe changed to stone. Her aunt had at first approached her with the conviction that *she* was the one who had been wronged, and that she was, at least, entitled to an explanation—supposing that Florida's emotions were only those of wounded vanity; but when she saw that the wound was in her *heart*, she pitied while she wondered.

She stood beside the bed for some time, scarcely knowing how to proceed, for her niece seemed unconscious of her presence; at length she said, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing," was the reply, in a tone *so* hopeless, as though there was nothing in the world worth caring for.

"This is really foolish, Florida," said her aunt, "the man would have been a very good match—but he is not worth caring for; especially since he does not care for *you*."

"I thought that he *did* care for me," sobbed Florida.

"So did I," replied her aunt, "I was thinking how pleasant it would be to have you settled in that handsome place; but men are such slippery characters that it is perfectly ridiculous to care about them until after you are married—you are not sure of them till then."

Florida only sobbed afresh, apparently quite unconsolated by her aunt's philosophy; and Mrs. Maberidge continued:

"I would have more sense than to spoil my eyes for Mr. Deltrieve; there are plenty of other good matches in the world—and you do not know how soon you may be called upon to exercise your charms."

Florida felt her indignation rising, but she was too weak to give way to it; she resolved, however, that she would no longer be the object of such half contemptuous pity; and hastily bathing her eyes, she soon wiped away all traces of emotion.

"That looks like coming to your senses," said her aunt, approvingly, "now look your very best, for I expect some one to dinner."

When her aunt left the room, Florida would have sunk back again to her tears and despair; but pride kept her up; and while the canker was gnawing at her heart, outwardly she was pale and calm.

## CHAPTER X.

It was now late in the autumn. Henry Entworth had returned from Europe, and in consequence of the earnest solicitations of himself and his wife, Florida found herself an inmate of their establishment. She did not regret leaving her



aunt—there she had learned and suffered a painful lesson; and the place was connected with such melancholy recollections that she felt glad to leave it.

"Is she not pretty?" exclaimed Mrs. Henry Entworth, as she led Florida, smiling and blushing, to her husband.

"No," replied her uncle, as he bent his tall figure to gaze into her dark eyes, "not 'pretty'—that is not the proper term."

Florida's color deepened, but a half sigh accompanied the blush; she remembered the time when such words could make her heart beat wildly.

The drawing-room in which they were assembled was a splendid apartment; everything spoke of wealth and taste, and the soft, rich curtains that swept the ground with their heavy fringe, imparted an air of warmth and grandeur. Henry Entworth had married "a fortune;" his wife had no beauty—she was uncommonly plain-looking—but her wit was as sharp as steel, and this, tempered by a good disposition, made her a most entertaining companion. She had no children; and, interested by Florida's youth and girlish charms, seemed disposed to make a complete pet of her.

Though rather overcome, at times, by her aunt's exuberance of spirits, Florida appreciated her kindness, and felt more at home than she had done before. Her uncle was affectionate; and she had quite lost the feeling of dependance. There were some things, though, that could not be forgotten. Could a veil have been thrown over the past—blotting it out as completely as though it had never been—she might have felt happy; as it was, she experienced a sort of dreary inactivity—a listless indifference to everything around. Her aunt dragged her into company with her, loaded her with presents, and seemed determined to make her happy, after her own ideas of happiness; her uncle had long conversations with her, in which she could speak unreservedly of books, and feelings that Mrs. Maberidge would have laughed at; and yet she felt a void.

"Now," said her aunt, laughingly, as the door bell was vigorously pulled, "just please to discard that long face of yours and put on something a little brighter. Here comes one of the stiffest old bachelors in creation, and I wish you to make a conquest of him, just for the fun of the thing. Though, what you would do," she added, "after you had got him, is more than I can tell."

"Do?" replied her husband, merrily, "why, spend his five hundred thousand dollars, to be sure."

Florida smiled faintly, but her thoughts were with other things. "If they only knew," thought she; but then the color rose to her cheek as she felt inwardly thankful that they did *not* know.

"I am glad that I made you put on this crimson dress," whispered her aunt, "the warm glow lights up your complexion so prettily."

The discarded mourning robes would have been more in accordance with her feelings; and quite indifferently she returned the elaborate bow made her by Mr. Chatford, the rich bachelor.

The handsome dining-room was illuminated with wax candles—the heavy curtains excluded every breath of cold air—the table was loaded with silver, and cut-glass, and expensive viands. Mrs. Entworth's wit sparkled as brightly as the wine; Mr. Entworth was the polite, gentlemanly master of the house to perfection; and Mr. Chatford appeared to enjoy himself exceedingly.

Florida sat there like a timid, young school girl; her cheek pale, save where the crimson dress cast a glow upon it, and her eyes drooping beneath their long lashes. She had not yet looked at the visitor, and when she did glance up it was to find his eyes riveted upon her. The pale, sad young face had evidently fascinated him.

Mr. Chatford was about fifty years of age; tall, bony, and matter-of-fact-looking, he was as different as possible from her *beau-ideal*, and the girl scarcely bestowed a second glance upon him. Mrs. Entworth intercepted his furtive looks with considerable amusement; she could scarcely conceal her merriment.

Mr. Entworth now spoke of some poor family whom Mr. Chatford had assisted; and the visitor's embarrassment at this public mention of his good deeds attracted Florida's attention. She began to believe, almost against her will, that there were noble-hearted people in the world; and the lustrous glance which beamed upon the bachelor from the hitherto downcast eyes completed his enthrallment.

"Poor Mr. Chatford!" said her uncle, laughing, as he came in from accompanying him to the door, "his lonely state is quite to be pitied. I asked him why he did not get married, and replied, so despondingly, that 'he was afraid no one would have him!' Can't you take pity upon him, Florida?"

"He is following the example of the Laird of Dumbiedikes," said Mrs. Entworth, "and trying to stare Florida into matrimony."

Florida felt uncomfortable and wished herself away. Her weary air was not lost upon her uncle, and he rose to hand her her bed-room candle.

"I may as well go, too," said his wife, "for I shall not find *you* very delightful company."

Florida found herself waylaid, and drawn into her aunt's dressing-room.

"This is comfort!" exclaimed Mrs. Entworth, as she sank into a luxurious arm-chair.

And "comfort" it certainly was. The spacious room was filled with all that could delight the eye; lace curtains drooped gracefully over the windows; the toilet-mirror was set in a frame of filigreed silver; and a cheerful coal fire blazed in the large grate—diffusing warmth and brightness all around.

"Well," observed her aunt, after a pause, in which she had been endeavoring to peruse Florida's face, "what do you think of Mr. Chatford?"

"I do not think anything at all of him," replied Florida, "except," she added, after a pause, "that he appears to be very charitable."

"Shall I tell you what *I* think?" continued Mrs. Entworth.

Her niece made no answer.

"I think that you might turn him as you pleased. That merino dress has done execution."

"Please do not talk so, aunt," said Florida, sadly, "I assure you that I never entertained such thoughts—and the idea of Mr. Chatford in the light you mention is extremely disagreeable to me."

"You are a queer child," said her aunt, "entirely different from other young girls."

"Perhaps I am," replied Florida, with a melancholy smile, "few girls are situated as I am."

"Poor child!" murmured Mrs. Entworth, as the door closed behind her, "she has no *mother*."

That one sentence is in itself a volume.

## CHAPTER XI.

The days had glided on calmly enough, and Florida's heart almost recovered its youthful tone. Kindness had done much to heal her wounded spirit; and she had almost learned to look upon the past as a melancholy dream.

Before long, however, affairs began to change. A little while that home seemed almost as pleasant as earth could afford; and then came new troubles to mar her happiness. Mrs. Entworth's mother, a stern, haughty woman, with the most repulsive of manners, and the most impenetrable of hearts, came to take up her abode with her daughter; and poor Florida was soon deluded of her belief in permanent sunshine.

From the first, the young girl shrank from the

cold, piercing eye of Mrs. Dillings; it exercised a serpent-like influence upon her, and she feared it, though she knew not why. Every present which Florida received from her aunt was regarded by the mother as so much taken from herself; and she was at no pains to conceal her displeasure. She was continually speaking of dependants in the most contemptuous manner; and often would the poor girl seek her own room with burning cheeks, and a bursting heart; feeling that, if she were only fit, how gladly would she die, and leave a world that offered to her so few inducements to remain.

"I am surprised at you, Virginia!" exclaimed Mrs. Dillings, one day, "for being willing to harbor this needy, young adventurer. Adventurer she certainly is, and a pretty artful one, too, for she manages to blind you and Henry completely, and get all that she wants."

"But, mother," replied the gentler voice of Mrs. Entworth, "the poor child is an orphan, and so very sweet and gentle that it is a pleasure to have her with me. As to what we spend upon her it is not missed; and it is a real pleasure to me to have a young girl to dress."

"You need not go so far to find one," replied her mother, shortly, "there are your cousin Linden's daughters—any one of whom would be glad of the office."

"They are perfectly disgusting!" said Mrs. Entworth, "their flatteries and insincerity are so apparent that I really hate the sight of them. They are not in want, as Florida is—and I see no reason why I should take one of them to the neglect of so much more worthy a person."

"I never liked the girl," rejoined Mrs. Dillings, "and I think that the sooner she is out of the house the better."

Florida heard this conversation, and it stung her to the quick. Her first impulse was to gather up her clothes and leave the house at once; but then the question arose where could she go? Her uncle Glyman had left the city with his family; and all before her was an untrodden wilderness.

In the midst of these tumultuous feelings, a letter was placed in her hands that soon directed her thoughts another way. It was from Mr. Chatford; and it now rested with herself to continue a life of dependance, or become mistress of one of the most splendid establishments in the city. Her head was almost bewildered; and she sat crushing the letter in her hand, endeavoring in vain to collect her thoughts. Her brain seemed reeling; a sick, giddy feeling came over her, and she fell to the floor insensible.

Mrs. Entworth had entered the room; she read

the letter, and then gazed compassionately on Florida's pale, immovable features. She had recovered from her swoon; but a burning spot was on each cheek, and she was soon raving in all the wild delirium of fever. Gentle footsteps glided about the sick room, and nurse and doctor passed each other with solemn faces. Death hovered at the portal; but, disappointed of his prey, he passed on to desolate other hearth-stones. Youth and a good constitution triumphed; and the patient was soon pronounced convalescent.

A few weeks after, Florida sat thoughtfully in the grand drawing-room, where the immense mirrors reflected her figure until she grew weary of beholding it. Mrs. Entworth and Mrs. Maberidge were seated near her; and she listened wearily to her aunt's persuasions.

"I do think, Florida," exclaimed Mrs. Maberidge, "that you are the greatest fool in existence, if you refuse such an offer as this! I might have tried all my life-time without being able to get you such an establishment—and, now, when it comes in your way, you do not seem disposed to accept it!"

"I think," observed Mrs. Entworth, "that it is decidedly the best thing you can do. Mr. Chatford is by no means a disagreeable man, and you can probably have your own way in everything. Still, I advise you to consult your own inclinations entirely."

"An excellent recommendation for a husband," thought Florida, "that he is by no means a disagreeable man!"

"There he is now!" exclaimed Mrs. Maberidge, as a ring at the front door bell caused her to start from her seat. "Now, Florida, don't make a fool of yourself, I beg!"

The ladies left the apartment; and Florida passively awaited the entrance of Mr. Chatford. What passed during the interview her aunts were not informed; but they easily ascertained that it was not a very long one.

Florida was not visible until dinner time, and when she made her appearance at the table, nothing was said on the subject; but Mrs. Entworth's quick eyes soon caught the glitter of a heavy diamond circlet on one of Florida's slender fingers, from which she drew her own conclusions.

"And so," exclaimed her uncle, one evening, "our little Florida is really going to be married?"

A beautiful color glowed in her cheek at this address; but the accompanying smile was a melancholy one. Mr. Entworth was not exactly satisfied with the expression of her countenance—his scrutinizing glance increased Florida's confusion.

"Tell me, darling," he whispered, "are you quite satisfied with this marriage? If not, I will get you off, yet—you shall not be married against your will."

"I am quite satisfied, uncle," she replied, faintly.

"You are very young yet, Florida," continued her uncle, half doubtfully.

"I am nineteen," she answered, as though she had already lived a life-time.

"And Mr. Chatford is *fitting*. Are you not afraid, Florida, of yet meeting with some one whom you will like better? Of falling in love after you are married?"

A beautiful, surprised look was on her face; and a half contemptuous smile curled her lip as she firmly answered, "No." *Love!*—the very name was a thing to laugh at.

"Stop that mysterious whispering!" exclaimed her aunt, "and come to me—I want you to try on these pearls."

Florida meekly bent her head while the magnificent wedding present was twisted in her soft brown hair, clasped around her neck, and bound upon the scarcely less white arms.

"There is a wedding over the way," said the tenants of the opposite house.

"Quick! quick!" exclaimed a little girl, the youngest of the party, "there comes the bride!—isn't she beautiful? What a splendid veil!"

"Yes," observed a gentleman, indifferently, "it is Henry Entworth's niece—a girl without a cent—whom Chatford, the millionaire, fell in love with."

"Where's the bridegroom?" inquired the little girl.

"There he is—don't you see that gentleman with her?"

"*That!*" she exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment, "I thought that was her father! Why does she marry that old man?"

The young ladies called her a silly child, and the gentlemen laughed; but now they all left the window—for Florida had entered the carriage—the door was closed—and nothing now remained to be seen.

## CHAPTER XII.

A *SPLENDID*, rather gloomy-looking house, magnificently furnished, was occupied by a solitary couple, almost lost in immensity—alone, with the exception of servants. A great many envied Florida—looked up at the house with longing admiration—and wondered if the time would ever come when they could call such an one their own.

Let us look in upon the two in their lonely grandeur. The spacious rooms are enriched with all that money can procure, or taste devise; and the rays from splendid chandeliers fall on couches of crimson and gold, and mirrors, and pictures, and linger there like a child bewildered with a multitude of toys.

On one of the sofas Florida leans in a weary, half reclining position, playing with the sparkling rings on her fingers, or glancing indifferently at the rich folds of her dress, that glow beneath the light in one deep crimson sheen. It is Mr. Chatford's favorite color—perhaps in remembrance of the day when he first saw her.

The master of the house is seated at a table, busy with drawings and designs. His face wears a look of care as he bends over his papers; his wealth is a source of never-ceasing trouble. How to invest his money to the best advantage—how to obtain the largest returns for sums lent out, are the subjects that occupy his mind.

Florida sits and dreams, not of the future, but of the past; and wakes and wonders to find herself there, and thinks that she must be dreaming still. She feels almost alone in the world—with no relative, who can be termed such, except her husband. Since her marriage she has received a letter from her father, in which he congratulated her upon her choice, and appeared extremely well pleased to have her off his hands. Her happiness in the marriage was evidently with him a matter of very little consideration.

She could not complain of Mr. Chatford; he was kind and attentive, proud of his young wife, and lavish, to her, at least, of his money and presents. The rich and influential courted her society; the intellectual and refined appeared suddenly alive to her merits; the poor and needy blessed her, for she was ever kind and charitable. And yet she sometimes wondered why people were born.

"Florida," said Mr. Chatford, "I want you to look at these designs."

Languidly she rose from her sofa and approached the table. She never could feel interested in his imaginary blocks of houses, and listened wearily to his descriptions and suggested improvements.

"Why, in twenty-five years," exclaimed her husband, in delight, "these houses would fairly treble their cost! Property is rising there every day."

Florida smiled an assent to his inquiring look, and stood playing with the tassel of the table-cover.

"I shall put them in *your* name, dearest," he continued, "and some years hence, when you are

a gay, young widow, you will be the Croesus of the community."

"I shall never be a *gay* widow," replied Florida, "and I may not survive you. People die daily who are younger than I."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Chatford, "of course you will be a widow; and a *young* one, at least, if not a *gay* one."

His voice trembled with natural feelings, and the tears came into Florida's eyes. She felt, as people often will feel, a consciousness of her deficiencies in the line of duty, and a wish to be better.

"Look at this, Florida," continued her husband, as he handed her a paper tied with red tape, "I have been doing this to-day."

It was his will; and when Florida read it, in obedience to his request, she found that, at his death, she would become the entire possessor of his almost countless thousands.

"You are too good," said she, "too kind. I do not deserve it—and a much less sum than this would suffice for my wants."

"I have no one to leave it to but you," said he, with a smile, "you shall do with it as you choose."

The conversation had imparted a still more gloomy tinge to Florida's feelings; and she went back to her sofa in silence. Mr. Chatford endeavored to amuse her with the evening papers.

"Married, on the 20th inst., Gilbert Weathersfield, Esq., to Miss Susan Douglas."

"Why, how is this!" exclaimed Mr. Chatford, "I thought he had just lost his wife?"

"She has been dead about a year," replied Florida.

A remembrance of the nun-like life to which her fancy had consigned Susan Douglas, on hearing the recital of her lover's perfidy, crossed her mind, and almost raised a smile at the fallacy of her own conclusions. It seemed but yesterday that she had listened to Susan's story, and admired the strength of mind that cast off forever the recreant lover; and now, at the first opportunity, pride, indignation, all were forgotten, and she was smiling on the very man who had once deserted her. The more Florida saw of the world, the more she was disposed to wonder at it.

Mr. Chatford was all this while occupied with "passengers from Liverpool."

"Ernest Deltrieve and servant," he read, "*Deltrieve*? It must be the same one. A tight fellow, that, in making a bargain—not very easy to outwit *him*."

"But was he really stingy?" asked Florida, still unconsciously clinging to her first impressions,

"I should think that a person like him would go about doing all the good he could, with his money."

Her husband at first surveyed her in a kind of blank surprise. Then, he laughed outright.

"Why, Florida!" he exclaimed, "you are as silly as a school girl! Such ideas have, probably, never entered his head; and if they did, he would not act them out. No, indeed! he looks after his money too closely for that!"

Florida woke to find that she had been worshipping an idol made of clay—decked only in the trappings of her bright imaginings.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"You want a change, darling," said Mrs. Henry Entworth, as she gazed compassionately upon Florida's pale, languid face, that looked still whiter from the contrast afforded by her deep mourning, "Mr. Chatford's death has completely prostrated your energies; but it is not right that a wealthy, young widow like you should give up so entirely. This same old scene makes you melancholy—you must go with us to Europe."

To Europe accordingly they went; and Florida's heart lost something of its heaviness amid the new and varying scenes through which they passed. It was impossible to feel such a heavy load of sadness while gazing on the beautiful Rhine, or to think off every-day sorrows in the solemn aisles of Westminster Abbey. Mr. Chatford's death had left her lonely—a loneliness which his money could not overcome; and this constant passing from scene to scene brought momentary forgetfulness of the void within.

They remained abroad for sometime; and when they returned, the improvement in Florida was a theme of wonder to all who knew her. She had looked into her own heart—she had examined her feelings—and became convinced that life was not given to waste in a mere empty dream. Her girlish figure had acquired dignity; her face a calm, serious expression; and the treasures of her richly-stored mind astonished with their brilliancy and depth of thought.

Such was she when Ernest Deltrieve again beheld her. Five years had elapsed since their first meeting. Then, she was a young, timid girl, poor and undistinguished; now, she was a wealthy widow, whose society was everywhere courted, and whose charms, independently of her golden ones, would have gained her the attention of any community. Often, in his travels, the remembrance of that enthusiastic, young face, with its love-beaming eyes, had haunted him

unpleasantly; and the question had more than once arisen in his mind whether he had not thrown away happiness that was just within his grasp.

She was now wealthy and distinguished; he should gain, instead of losing, by linking his name with her's; and under the influence of these feelings, he approached her as an old friend—fully prepared for embarrassment that would only endear her in his eyes.

His vanity was wounded by her perfect self-possession; the time was past when the name of Ernest Deltrieve could arouse emotions, and she received him with a quiet indifference. Somewhat mortified, he thought the whole scene over on his return home: and was more than half persuaded that the indifference had been assumed to hide the intensity of her real feelings.

Under this impression, and impelled by his own involuntary admiration, he seated himself at his desk to write the very letter he had nearly written five years ago. Had he *then* written it, the whole current of Florida's life would have been changed; perhaps, though, not for the better. *Then* it would have been a very easy matter for him—secure that her girlish admiration could see in him nothing that was not *perfect*; *now* his doubts caused corrections and repetitions; and it was with a trembling hand that he, at length, sealed the letter.

And yet he thought that she could not be indifferent to his representations. He had spoken of his love of five years before, now strengthened and improved; and he hoped to find some answering echo in her own heart. He was restless, after he had despatched it, until her answer was received; and then, impatiently tearing it open, he read:

"I do not hesitate to say that, had your letter been written *five years ago*, my answer would have been very different. *Then*, I saw only with the dreaming eyes of inexperienced girlhood; *now*, years have revealed much to which I had rather still be blind. *Then*, I believed in perfection—it seemed to me a thing composed of looks, and smiles, and fair words; *now*, I have learned to look at *deeds*.

"But you, too, speak of 'five years ago'—of 'love that you then experienced, now strengthened and increased.' Your words have brought a smile where smiles are not now as common as they once were. Could *love* have waited *five years* for time to improve its flavor? and *is* love always improved by *time*? Is not love that waits to be *increased* more like a burning taper, that, having reached its end, expires in darkness? You are deluding yourself with vain phantasies—

and now let me undeceive you. You do not experience for me the love that you profess—I have not so much to awaken *love* as I had five years ago; I was then young and hopeful, and enthusiasm is more attractive than a cold serenity. You find me ‘altered and improved,’ you say—the improvement is *five hundred thousand dollars*. I cannot forget this, if I would—the fact is constantly forced upon me by others, as well as yourself; and I can only say that I write my refusal more willingly, because I believe that it will inflict no deeper wound upon you than that of a temporary disappointment.”

Florida had written bitterly, perhaps; but all the contempt she felt in her heart for such love as that just offered to her acceptance remained unexpressed.

Ernest Deltrieve sat reading the letter over and over again, as though unable to believe his own senses. But when he, at length, comprehended that he had been proudly and coldly refused, his conscience murmured:

“I have deserved it!”

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE hollow bustle of the city seemed ever singing, in a voice of melancholy sadness, the dirge of the Past; and Florida turned from it with a weary heart. Her wealth left her at liberty to select her own residence; and a pretty, quiet village, that lay, like an unseen jewel, on the bosom of earth, shut in by its trees and its hills, was chosen as a retreat.

Here she resolved always to live—alone, but not lonely; the communing of her own heart, the companionship of books, her visits to the poor and lowly, with whom she could divide her overflowing wealth—these would abundantly lighten her solitude. Those around her were only simple farmers, and they did not annoy her with visits of prying curiosity; they saw the lady, quiet and sad, clinging to her voluntary imprisonment, and they forbore to disturb her.

Florida had now become accustomed to her nun-like life; she scarcely remembered that there *could* be any other—and busied herself with her flowers and books, in quiet indifference to the world without. But she was yet young; and sometimes, perhaps, as she gazed upon the moonlight, and felt oppressed by a sense of loneliness, she thought of what life *might* be with one in whom she could confide; or when the summer wind came laden with a shower of blossoms, it seemed to bring upon its wings her youthful dream; and she sighed to think that it was past.

The only time that she emerged from her

solitary dwelling was on the Sabbath. The simple village church, with its air of quiet reverence, had become beautiful in her eyes; and she listened, unconsciously fascinated by the deep tones of the voice that Sabbath after Sabbath gave forth the holy imaginings of a mind that ever turned heavenward.

At first, the voice, like a strain of sweet, yet melancholy music, had attracted her in itself, without bringing a thought of anything beyond; her own trials were then too fresh in her mind to be interested in things around her: but the pleasant tones soothed her weary spirit—lulling her, like a tired child, asleep to all the rest.

But gradually she came to look upon the features of the speaker, and they interested her. The face was pale, and melancholy in its expression—the dark hair threaded with silver—and, except the eyes, there was no indication in the appearance of the minister of those powers which riveted his listener in almost breathless attention. Those wonderful eyes! What a depth of expression spoke in their concentrated glance.

Florida would return home and weep, she knew not why; those images of heaven rose in their calm beauty before her, and she knelt to pray, and rose to mourn her own insensibility.

The minister had observed his wrapt listener; her earnest attention could not escape his notice; and the gentle face, with its upraised eyes, was often pictured before him as he sat alone in his study. She was a stranger, and it was his duty to visit her; why did he shrink from that first call?

He was poor and unfriended, with nothing save his own talents to depend on—*she* was a wealthy widow; and yet, as he passed up the gravelled walk in front of her mansion, thoughts and feelings, which he dared not acknowledge, crowded into his mind, and caused his hand to tremble when he rang for admittance.

Florida’s voice, too, spoke of emotion; there was a certain degree of awe connected with the pleasure of her visitor’s presence, and she scarcely trusted herself to speak. But again those deep tones fell upon her ear; again that voice was breathing forth beautiful thoughts; and, unconsciously, she listened with the same wrapt attention.

Neither felt calmer after that visit; the minister locked himself up in his study and prayed for strength; and Florida gazed, that evening, upon the moonlight with something of the old feelings of her girlhood.

The next Sabbath the minister’s eyes were irresistibly drawn toward his most attentive listener, whose soul-speaking eyes were upraised to

him as if by a spell; the next week the minister's feet were irresistibly drawn to the iron gate, beyond which lay his earthly elysium. He struggled with his feelings, but in vain; like a smothered flame, they only burst forth the stronger; and with a sensation almost of delight, he listened to the report, which Florida herself, perhaps, had carefully spread, that, in the event of her marrying again, the immense wealth of which she held possession would pass to another. Perhaps she wished to try him; experience had made her cautious.

The minister's step was more elastic, now, as he entered the trellised porch; and two happy beings sat in the quiet parlor, hand clasped in

hand—for thus were they to continue their pilgrimage.

It was a proud and happy moment for Florida when she placed in her husband's hands the possession of almost countless wealth. The smiles of olden time illuminated her face as she watched his surprise, and heard his exclamations of astonishment. The fetters to his genius were removed; a wider field was opened to his talents; and he folded her to his heart with a blessing.

She was proud to be hailed as the minister's wife; proud in the love of a venerated husband; and meekly grateful that she had awoke from her dream to a blissful reality.

## THE POETESS.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

She loved the green earth in the morning,  
Where Nature her tear-drops had shed,  
And night's azure pathway in Heaven  
With flowerets of gold overspread;  
When the moon like a silver-leaved dahlia  
Bloomed bright in the clear centre space,  
And cloudlets as pure as white lilies  
Reflected the smile of her face;  
She loved the deep sound of the ocean,  
With the peach-tinted shell-cup that came  
From its depths like a beautiful exile,  
With a murmur of home in its frame.  
She loved the old trees of the forest,  
When Autumn with golden-hued rod  
Tinged their leaves with the shades that were fashioned  
By the hand of the angels with God;  
She loved the pure warblers that nestled  
Amid them, or soaringly sung,

While the stream murmured low to the blossoms  
That o'er it enchantingly hung;  
She loved all the lovely in Nature,  
Those holy and beautiful things  
That tinted her heart with their colors,  
And thrilled to such music its strings  
But the harp of that heart is now broken,  
'Twill sing never more unto thee,  
Its last plaintive lay has been spoken,  
And earth hushed its minstrelsy;  
But in the far regions of Eden,  
Where the good and the sainted belong,  
In strains that are rich and immortal,  
It trilleth its happier song;  
For the spirit has passed the dim valley,  
Though cold lies the turf o'er that breast,  
But the rainbow of Fame in its glory  
Shall span the green bed of her rest.

## LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

Oncom, in years, the elder born,  
Stood one amid the "alien corn."  
Weary was her step, and slow  
Through her veins, the pulse's flow,  
Pale, and sad, her bended brow;  
Yet pure thought, with signet rare,  
Ever kept her dwelling there;  
As, beside the glacier's form,  
Angel-watchers, 'mid the storm,  
Far above the crag and fell,  
Hold their mountain citadel.

Sad, while death her path bereaves,  
Gleaned she 'mong the stranger's sheaves.  
Sad, yet strong, for God gave strength  
Through the weary harvest's length;

He, in love, her heart thus tilled,  
Till she found its granary filled;  
And, my gleaner Harriette,  
Though some tears Life's paper wet,  
He will not your work forget!

## ORNAMENTS IN RICE SHELL WORK.—NO. II.

BY MRS. E. K. BOWEN.

IN the January number, we described the whole process of preparing the shells, and making all those separate portions necessary to form a wreath; the same instructions apply equally to



SPRAY IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

the present branch of our subject; but then we only spoke of the "Simple" form of this work, or that composed merely of shells and silver wire. It is doubtless the most chaste, from its extreme purity; but it is also the most perishable, for we all know how quickly silver tarnishes; it likewise is not so convenient for wear, especially in the hair, for, be as careful as ever we will, we cannot entirely avoid roughness and projecting points.

The "Composite form," which we are now about to describe, admits of the ornaments being made to match, or contrast with, or set off, any hue of dress or complexion. In the making of composite rice shell-wreaths, &c., various mate-

rials are brought into use; as, floss silk, fine wire-chenil; roman-pearl beads, and beads of a similar kind of coral color, turquoise, pink, green, or yellow; flower seeds; velvet or satin, or silver leaves; and silver bullion.

To make a wreath, and a set of sprays for a bridal-dress, we should use white floss silk, white chenil, and silver bullion. The shells are to be "wired" as directed in our former article; but, in making them up into leaves and flowers, instead of using the fine wire we use the floss silk to wind or bind them; and thus, instead of the wires being all exposed, they are hidden, and the stems present a smooth silken surface.

For making a simple, or single flower, we use the five shells as before, but we cut half an inch of silver bullion, thread it on one of the cut lengths of wire, (of which we directed there should always be a supply) fold it into a loop, twist the wire to keep the bullion firmly in form and place, and put this in the centre of the flower, arranging the five shells round it, and binding the stem with the silk.

In making the "double flower," we use twenty instead of the seventeen shells before directed, viz: five for the flower, and fifteen for the five leaflets of three shells each; in the centre of the five shells we put the loop of bullion just described, and between the flower and the leaflets



we arrange five loops of fine wire chenil at equal distances, as in this cut, allowing each loop to project nearly half an inch, and binding them on with the fine wire; the leaflets are then arranged round the stem so that the centre shell of each one appears between, and just beyond each two loops; the whole is bound together with silk, and the stem covered to its extremity. The "bud" may either have a loop of chenil standing up on each side of the shells of which it is composed, or it may be formed solely of two or three loops of chenil bound on to a stem of wire with floss silk. When the flowers are colored, by adding chenil and beads, or seeds to them, green leaves and green buds have a very pretty effect.



The leaves for the bridal ornaments we were speaking of may either be composed of shells and wound with white silk or silver, or white satin or velvet, or crepe leaves may be used. We need scarcely add that silk must be used to bind all the parts together.

Let us imagine now that a *brunette* desires to dress her hair, and decorate her snowy ball-dress with wreaths, and sprays, &c., of scarlet or coral color.

The shells must be prepared, and wired in the ordinary way, and half a dozen reels of floss silk, and a knot of chenil of the desired hue, and four strings of small coral colored beads, and two of beads about the average size of peas, got. These beads must each be threaded separately like the shells, but on rather shorter lengths of wire, and the wire folded and twisted to make it hold its beads firmly. One of the larger beads should be put in the centre of every double flower, and three of the small ones in the centre of every single flower. The flowers may be made simply with the five shells and five loops of chenil, omitting the leaflets. If the leaves are to be made of shells, the stems must be bound with this colored silk; but velvet, or satin, or tinsel leaves of the same hue may be substituted for, or intermixed with the shell leaves with good effect.

Ornaments for blue, pink, green, or maize *toilettes* may in like manner be formed *en suite* by substituting beads, silk, and chenil of the chosen shade for the color we have given. Mourning wreaths, &c., may likewise be made by using black silk, chenil, and beads; or grey silk and chenil with pearl beads, and grey or white satin leaves.

When once our readers have begun to carry our directions into practice, they will perceive how possible it is to create an infinite variety of tasteful articles, all differing in style, form, and hue. Coronets, wreaths, and head-dresses of every conceivable pattern may be made; sprays for the dress of any size, length, or shape; bouquets for the waist or bosom; trimmings for the *corsage*; tiny wreaths to put between quilled ribbon or *blonds* for the purpose of ornamenting gloves, or sleeves, or the top of the dress; flowers for caps; studs or buttons for the front of a dress; in short, more things than we have time or space to name. And all these may be made very economically, for less than one-third of the ordinary cost of such decorations.

We have given, at the commencement of this article, a cut of a spray, or rather of a portion of one, for want of space compelled us to shorten it: it has green velvet leaves; the flowers are

surrounded by chenil loops, and have in their centres, flower seeds; it is wound with silk.



BOUQUET IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

This cut represents a small bouquet to be worn brooch-fashion in the bosom of the dress; it is composed of shells and turquoise beads, and wound with light blue silk. The leaves are of shells, and gradually increase in size toward the end of it.

The advantage of using silk instead of the fine silver wire for binding the stems, &c., is, that not only are all points and inequalities thus smoothed over, but, with ordinary care, the articles wear much longer—for even if the small portions of silver wire left exposed do tarnish, they cannot mar the beauty of the whole, forming then so very trifling a portion of it, instead of the leading feature, as they do in “simple rice shell-work.”

We said just now that studs or buttons could be formed with shells; we will now explain how this may be done.

Cut out a set of circular pieces of white cart-ridge-paper, or very thin card-board of the size it is wished the buttons should be; from the diameter of a crown-piece to that of a shilling is the ordinary scale. Have ready wired some middle-sized, and some small shells, and a pearl or colored bead the size of a pea for each button.

With a good-sized pin perforate a circle of

holes, about a third of an inch in, all the way round, and pass the wire of a middle-sized shell through each, bending the shells down, so that they lie evenly round with their backs upward, and their points projecting just beyond the edge of the card-board. Without disturbing the wires on the wrong side, now make another circle of perforated holes, and put in another round of shells, bending them so as just to overlap the outer ones. Still leave the ends of wire, and pierce a third circle of holes, and into those put small shells, and bend them in like manner, to fit on the former rounds. Three circles will generally be sufficient for a good-sized button. Pierce a hole in the centre, and put in the wired bead, which will fill up and complete the surface. Now carefully flatten down the wires at the back, and cover the back with silk, arranging any shells which may have become misplaced afterward.

The floss silk may be obtained at any large Berlin wool shop; it is sold on small reels, of which from two to six or eight will be required, according to the quantity of work which has to be wound.

The chenil is procurable at the same place; one knot goes a great way. It is the small wired chenil we use, not the fine embroidery chenil.

The beads are sold at most fancy repositories. It is not the crystal glass, or the seed bead, which we use, but those French colored glass beads that have lately been so much worn. It is not absolutely necessary that they be only round; for there is a long, or rather, an oblong variety, which is very effective.

The leaves and flower seeds may be bought at any artificial florist's; but the best way is to

obtain them from the makers, then they can be ordered of any color or pattern.

There is a small pink pearly bivalve shell, one of the *Venus* tribe, that can be combined with the rice-shell with very good effect. These are to be obtained of most conchologists. They must be cleaned; but as they cannot, from their form and fragility, be rubbed dry, the moisture must be evaporated from them by gentle heat. A tiny hole must be pierced in each one with a strong but fine needle, by laying them on a soft cushion and then perforating each shell separately. They must then be wired. A very graceful and elegant wreath may be made by forming flowers and leaves of rice-shells, and groups or flowers of these tiny rosy-hued shells, and winding all the stems with very delicate pink silk.

A circular wreath of simple daisy flowers, like the third flower cut given in our last article, has a very chaste and graceful appearance; or these flowers may be combined with the wheat-ears with good effect.

But we have said enough to open the path to our readers; and once entered therein they will find the work infinitely suggestive, and offering scope for every graceful and tasteful vagary. So we will only add a little word of advice—aim at lightness, not only of appearance, but of actual weight, and never crowd or load any ornament with too much work. The leading principle of artistic excellence in every department of art is, simplicity; and this may be attained by close and severe attention. The eye is most pleased when it can retain at a glance the chief points of attraction.

In our third article we shall give instructions for making baskets, &c.

## TO EMELINE ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

SWEET Emeline!—sweet Emeline!

Thy pictured form I trace

In every soft, expressive line,

Replete with living grace;

The high, fair brow and beaming eye,

The darkly waving hair,

Proclaim that woman's loveliness

In life-like tints are there!

Those lips like sister rose-buds seem

As wooing to be prest;

The slender waist and small white hand

With beauty are impressed;

And worthy should the bosom be

That beats with love for thine:

A faithful heart alone should win

The love of Emeline!

Yet all the beauties of this flower,

Tho' charmingly combined,

Are shadows to the sunny beams

That light her radiant mind;

And she hath whispered gentle words

Of hope that she is mine:

May guardian angels fold their wings

Around my Emeline!

## WHERE WE NEED A SEWING SOCIETY.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

Mrs. JONES is a pattern of economy. She is as charitable, too, as she is saving. She often says, dear creature, that if it was not for the union of these two qualities in her, she would be unable to give as much as she wished, for "with six children, and an extravagant husband," as she pointedly remarks, "a woman must be very rich, or very thrifty, to have much to spare in benevolence."

It is for this reason that she is so fond of sewing societies. Others may give money, but she gives her time. Besides, these reunions afford a healthful relaxation from the onerous cares of a household. Indeed, she finds them so pleasant, and has so many arguments in their favor, that often I am tempted to wonder why Providence instituted the family relation at all. A grand, world-wide sewing society, in which all the sex might have participated eternally, it appears to me would have been a far wiser arrangement, if my wife and her friends are right.

This winter she has been particularly enthusiastic in behalf of her favorite charity. Early in the season, she pronounced, after inspecting the breast-bone of a goose, that the weather would be unusually severe: and she set about, accordingly, arranging for extra meetings of the Sewing Society, so as to make up an unusual supply of clothing to give away. In the ardor of her zeal, after the first snow in December, she joined a second Sewing Society, besides devoting one afternoon a week to begging materials from our richer neighbors. In this way the tender-hearted creature has managed, all winter, to indulge in charity about a third of her time without spending a cent.

It is true that my own wardrobe has suffered a little in consequence. Last week, I could not find a pair of stockings in my drawer, which had not a hole in them. My overcoat has long had two of the principal buttons off, so that it is impossible for me to keep warm in it. I lately missed my silver change, all at once, and, on investigation, found that my pocket was worn through. But these are trivial matters. Every body must suffer in some shape, or there is no merit in their charity: and so I flatter myself I thus share vicariously in my wife's benevolence.

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The other day, on coming home at an earlier hour than usual, I found the servant, who had charge of the children, in quite a fright. Little Harry, a child still in petticoats, was ill, and with the croup. He had been getting rapidly worse, ever since dinner; and the poor woman had no experience of the disease. "Shure," said she, "I'd have run after the mistress long ago, if I'd known where she was. But she's gone out, she says, in search of poor little children, that have no warm clothes the day."

I looked at my suffering boy. To my surprise, I saw that his little arms were bare, for his apron was a thin summer one, with short-sleeves. I turned sternly to his nurse, and accusing her of carelessness, told her I did not wonder Harry had the croup, if she allowed him to go dressed in that way, during such bitter weather. "Holy Mother," she said, lifting up her hands, "it's not the fault of meself; for them same are the warmest aprons he has, shure; the blessed child," she continued, kissing him, "he's been blue with the cold this two months."

"You don't mean to say," I cried, "that he has no better clothing?"

"Indade I do," she answered, vehemently, "and I'll take my oath to it. Nor the other children ayther, for that matter. The mistress hasn't the time, yer honor knows, to make aprons for them, seeing that she has a 'mission,' as she says, for the distitute entirely."

I could not make up my mind, whether this was simplicity, or satire. But there was no time to speculate about it. The little sufferer was growing worse every moment. Fortunately, from having shared so long the care-taking of the children, I knew pretty well what to do: and so, while I despatched the other servant for the doctor, I and the nurse began to sponge Harry's chest and bathe his feet. Thank God! the child came around at last; his breathing grew more regular; and when the physician arrived, all danger was over.

Mrs. Jones returned about dusk, by which time the invalid had sunk into a peaceful sleep, and was smiling sweetly in his dreams. She was quite affected, at first. But she soon rebuked herself for this weakness, saying that it was perhaps her very absence, since that absence

was in a good cause, which had saved the child's life. For Mrs. Jones, being a bit of a theologian, says that there is retribution, as well for good as evil, in this world, even if not in the next.

Yet, somehow, I am prejudiced enough to wish that she would stay more at home. But when I once expressed a desire to this effect, she said I wanted to make "a law for *her* conscience," and

to degrade her into a mere household drudge. "Woman," she added, "has a higher mission."

Perhaps she has. I own that I don't know much about such abstruse questions. Only, if some Sewing Society would take pity on my poor children, I would receive it as a favor; for I know no place where a few warm garments are wanted worse.

## SERENADE.

BY EDWARD D. HOWARD.

Oh, lady, sleep not yet to-night,  
The stars are out above,  
And thy soft eyes more dearly bright,  
Should light the Heaven of love!  
I reck not if those distant orbs  
Shine sweetly on me now;  
There's not a planet in the sky  
So near my heart as thou!

Then listen, lady, while I sing,  
And touch my soft guitar;  
And let our souls together wing  
To Fancy's realm afar,  
There thou shalt be my spirit bride,  
Queen of a world of bliss—  
Perchance thou'lt let the ties remain  
When we return to this!

Oh, sleep not yet!—the hour is come  
When tender thoughts awake!  
My soul is trembling with their power,  
And waves of feeling break  
Each moment on th' enchanted shore,  
Where blissful surges roll,  
And melt and gush in music o'er  
My warm enraptured soul.

There's a Heaven of beauty in my soul,  
Like that of a Summer night,  
And the starry sheen that suits it best  
Is thine eye's bewitching light;  
Then let me gaze on its tender beam  
'Till its radiance is mine own,  
As the diamond still retains the gleam  
Of the sunlight on it thrown!

## RAIN DROPS.

BY J. G. CHACE.

It rains, it rains, the pattering rain,  
Comes down on mountain, wood and plain;  
It softens the earth with its gentle flow,  
And spreads, and murmurs in vales below.

It gurgles along on the grey mountain sides,  
And on, and still onward it ripples and glides  
It dances in music 'midst forests of trees,  
And anon it is swept by the swift passing breeze.

Yet onward it widens, and widens its way,  
From brooklet to streamlet, from river to bay;  
Till it welcomes the ocean and wafts on its waves,  
The treasures of kingdoms, their lords and their slaves.

Hath the rain any father, ye sweet gems of dew?  
If the rain has no father, no father have you!  
Hath the dews any father, ye sweet drops of rain?  
If the dews have no father you lose what I gain!

## THE VALENTINE.

I GAVE my love a Valentine,  
It was a stolen kiss,  
Said she, with such a pretty pout,  
"I want no gift like this."

"Oh! he!" I answered, "sassy one,  
The Valentine's too plain.  
It did not cost enough, well then  
Just give it back again."

R. J. Y.

## THE BRIDAL. AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

OURS was a great family for festival days, and anniversaries. Christmas, New Year's day, and Thanksgiving, were all kept; and no birth-day, wedding day, or holy-day of any kind, was allowed to escape without notice.

What gay rogues we were, I and my brothers and sisters—how glad of an excuse for a frolic!

Accordingly one merry Christmas day had been celebrated with all due festivities—with romps, and games, and presents. Toward nightfall, when we were all beginning to be tired of so much noise and gaiety, my sister Sophy suddenly exclaimed,

"Let us go to aunt Julia's room, and sit by her wood fire."

"No," said I, "you forget—this is aunt Julia's day for dressing up in her funny old white dress, and mamma will not have her disturbed. Beside I am always afraid of her on *this* night."

"Afraid," cried brother Fred, "who's afraid of an old silk gown? Come on, all of you, I'll lead the way!" and up stairs to aunt Julia's room he stalked, and Sophy, Charles, little Lucy, and I, timidly followed him. Fred knocked, but hearing no reply, boldly turned the latch and walked in; the rest of us crept on tip-toe over the threshold after him. But none of us presumed to stir a step farther—we were struck by what we saw.

By her bedside knelt our aunt Julia's tall and slender figure, looking ghost-like in a long white satin robe, made in a strange ancient fashion. It was a garment of rich fabric, and with its short waist, and sleeves, seemed such as would have befitted some young bride of by-gone times; but it looked strangely out of place on the form of our pale, sad aunt, whose usual, and familiar dress almost resembled a widow's weeds. A necklace, and bracelets of pearls encircled a neck and arms whose faultless form, and still lingering beauty, betrayed what must have been their loveliness in the days of youth.

The noise of our coming caused her to rise from her kneeling posture, and, turning, she revealed to us a face bathed in tears. The deep sorrow of her countenance awed and impressed us; we turned with one accord to leave the room, but she held out her hand to us, saying,

"Come in, children; you have never feared or shunned me, and shall not, even on this day.

Come in, and sit by my fire; your gay company will cheer me."

"Dear aunt Julia," cried little Lucy, springing into her arms, "why are you so sad? and why do you always wear that queer frock on Christmas day?"

Aunt Julia hid her face in her hands for a moment, and then, raising her head, said gently, "Would you like to know why, children?"

We replied by an eager assent.

Aunt Julia seated herself in her low arm-chair by the fire-side, and, taking little Lucy in her lap, made us sit down quietly near her, and then, after a pause, began.

"It is a very sad story I am going to tell you, children; did I not know that I am about to leave you soon, I would not cloud your gay Christmas, but delay telling you my mournful history till your older hearts could better bear to hear of grief and suffering. Yet after all, sorrows fall lighter on young hearts, and leave less trace there than on older ones; and, I wish to know that you understand me before I die, that I may be sure you will sometimes think with pitying love of your poor aunt Julia when she is gone.

"Your mother and myself were the only children of a clergyman who resided in the country near Philadelphia. Our mother died early, but our childhood passed in unclouded happiness. Our father bestowed the utmost pains on our education; we both excelled in many pleasing accomplishments, and as we grew older, we gradually drew round us a delightful circle of friends. I was the youngest, but at eighteen I had already found many admirers; nor were flatterers wanting to tell me of my personal advantages.

"About that time a young gentleman from England called at our house, having letters to my father. He was a young man of fortune, who had come to the United States, not on a flying trip, but with the intention of becoming thoroughly acquainted with our country, by a residence of some years in it. At the time I first saw him he was residing in Philadelphia; but finding himself cordially welcomed to our happy home whenever he came, his visits became very frequent, and much of his time was spent with us.

"He was possessed of great manly beauty, and

though very young, being not more than twenty-two, his cultured mind was older than his years. As he gravely conversed with my father of European politics, or American institutions, I sat apart and listened. I wondered at the knowledge and depth of thought the young politician displayed. I glowed with his eloquence—I revelled in his wit. Day by day I understood better the deep hidden enthusiasm of his reserved nature—his earnest longings for freedom—for truth—for goodness. In short, ere I had reason to believe he had cast a thought on me, I had penetrated into his most secret feelings—his innermost heart; understood—revered—admired—loved him.

"I could not disguise my feelings from myself—I fancy no woman who *really* loves can, (spite of what novels say to the contrary)—but I was ashamed, and mortified at my discovery, and resolved no human being should ever guess it. With stern self-discipline I forbade myself the pleasure of his converse; and as often as possible made excuses to absent myself from the room during his visits.

"One afternoon, having, in pursuance of my new line of conduct, left him alone with my father, I found myself unable to command the nervous restlessness I felt while in the house, and strolling forth, I took my way toward a favorite little brookside corner which I loved. On reaching it, tempted to self-indulgence by the perfect solitude of the scene, I threw myself on the mossy ground and wept bitterly—it was so very hard for me to obey my own mandates.

"I know not how long I had thus remained absorbed in my grief, when I was aroused by a step close beside me. I looked up hurriedly, and saw Clarence standing with folded arms before me. His attitude was stern, but the expression on his features I dared not interpret.

"Confused and agitated, I turned my face from his earnest gaze. I feared lest he should read my soul—ah! he had already done so.

"The next moments were the happiest of my life.

"To you, children as you are, it would be vain, to speak of the blissful emotions, which filled my soul, when I heard from the noble being I had so hopelessly loved, that his heart had long been mine—that in silence—for his proud and reserved nature ever concealed its deepest feelings—he had observed me, weighed my qualities, and finding in me all his heart required, he had yielded me, as he said, 'the deepest and strongest love man ever gave to woman.' He told me, too, that ere joining me that blessed afternoon, he had already spoken to my father and won his consent to sue for his daughter's hand.

"Oh, how happy I was—how happy I was—why could not those blissful days last? Why was I doomed to encounter *that* terrible hour!—this gloomy future?"

Poor aunt Julia paused, and her tears fell like rain on her white satin gown, and on the little sleeping Lucy's golden hair. We wept, too, and pressed close to our gentle, sorrowing aunt; she resumed—

"Our engagement was a short one, for Clarence had received letters requiring his return to England, and he demanded the right to take me with him. It was the last of October when he first spoke to me of love—Christmas day was appointed for our marriage. My preparations were necessarily hurried, but they were completed, and the wedding day arrived.

"My dear father was to perform the ceremony, and my sister was to be my bride's-maid; our little parlors were gaily decked with flowers; the guests were assembled, all was ready, but Clarence had not come.

"I had not seen him the day before, as was usual; but supposing that some important business connected with his speedy departure for Europe had detained him in the city, I felt no anxiety.

"The bridal hour arrived; the guests waited below; I sat in my room, robed as you see me now, (these pearls were his gift for the occasion) but Clarence did not come. A visible consternation was beginning to be apparent on the faces of all around me. I never thought for a moment to doubt my Clarence—thank God, I never doubted him—but I felt that something was wrong; a dread of some terrible calamity oppressed me, and I was nearly fainting, when a sudden sharp ring of the door bell aroused me.

"'If that is a messenger, bring him here at once,' I said.

"In a moment more, a physician from the city stood before me—in another, my impetuous questions had wrested the whole truth from him.

"Clarence had been attacked the day before by a violent malignant fever, caught probably on the wharf, whither he had been several times to make arrangements for our voyage. He was now dangerously, almost hopelessly ill.

"Without a word or an instant's delay, I flew down stairs, and stepped into the carriage which waited at the door; the doctor followed. A half an hour of intolerable agony brought me to Clarence's apartment.

"I flew to his bedside—I took him in my arms, I laid his fevered head on my bosom, and then for the first time I wept.

"He knew me, my poor Clarence, and I saw

his eyes rest on my bridal garments, but he could not speak. At first I was brave and hopeful—alas! in a few hours more I was, or *seemed*, brave still, but hopeless.

"Let me pass over those moments of despairing misery; enough that ere night I held in my arms the lifeless form of him I had more than loved—adored.

"A moment before he died, recovering his voice and consciousness, he took my hand, and with his last strength placed this ring on my finger, ~~and said~~—

"My ~~dear~~—our wedding day—be true to me—I should have been so to you—we shall meet—"

"It was over; but a merciful unconsciousness which fell upon me, veiled my sorrow from me during the severe illness with which I was attacked. When I began to recover my memory with recovering health, a dangerous fainting fit followed each successful effort to recall the dreadful past. My intellect gave way under my sufferings, and for several years I was an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

"Time, however, restored me to sanity, and partial health. My sister, your dear mother, having meanwhile married happily, took me into her peaceful home, and by her tender love and care sought to impart strength and calmness to my troubled spirit. Her gentle ministrations have in part succeeded, but no art has ever sufficed to remove the deep sadness which ~~then~~ settled on my soul. My health, as you know, has ever been delicate, but death has been long in coming to restore me what I lost. Yet during all these long years that I have waited, I have been his true and faithful wife; yes, that death-bed was our bridal; I wedded him there, not for life, but death—not for this world, but the next."

Again aunt Julia paused, she seemed absorbed in thought—a beautiful enthusiasm glowed on her face; her eyes had a strange look of inspiration in them, such as we had never seen before. Her cheeks, usually so pale, were flushed with a brilliant color; she seemed to have recalled her youth and beauty by that recital of the past.

After a short time she broke from her reverie, and again spoke—

"Dear children, my story is done. It has cost me some pain to tell it, but I am rewarded by knowing, that henceforth you will better under-

stand your poor aunt Julia, and her queer ways, at which you have, perhaps, sometimes laughed. You know now, why, ever on this sad anniversary, I dedicate the day to prayers and tears—assume my wedding robes, renew my wedding vows, and consecrate myself anew to him."

We crowded weeping round our beloved aunt as her voice ceased; we embraced and tried to comfort her. She seemed greatly moved and excited; her breathing was short, and her color ~~went and came~~. Suddenly she pressed her hand ~~on her breast~~, as though she felt a throb there, and she motioned us to ~~remember~~ little Lucy.

As we ~~left~~ she rose from her chair, and stood ~~up~~ to her full height.

"God bless you, my dear children," she said, solemnly; "God will ~~be with~~ I tell you my time is nearly come—yet ~~not~~ nearer than I thought."

She turned her face upward—her eyes were raised and fixed; her whole countenance and figure had a look preternatural, almost sublime. We children gazed at her awe-struck, wondering what she was about to do.

Suddenly she stretched her arms upward, saying in a thrilling voice of joy,

"At last—husband—at last—our wedding day has come."

Her eyes closed, and she would have fallen backward had not my brother Fred and I caught her in our arms. Greatly alarmed, we called for help, and pressed round her seeking to revive her. It was long ere we could believe that our dear aunt Julia had indeed left us forever.

Great was the sorrow and consternation in our house that Christmas night. And children though we were, we mourned more deeply to think that the tender and noble heart which had now ceased to beat, had never till that night been fully appreciated. Oh, if we could but have recalled her long enough to show her how much love and reverence we felt for one whose sorrows had been so deep—whose fidelity so unswerving. Alas! for the vanity of such wishes!

Our mother, with tender sympathy, which made her divine what would have been aunt Julia's wishes, caused her to be arrayed for the grave in those same bridal robes—her wedding ring unremoved from her finger, and laid her beside him to whom she had been so constant ever.

## SUNSET.

"Come here and see this sunset, Potts. Although 'tis Christmas day, I never saw a finer—no, a little more this way.

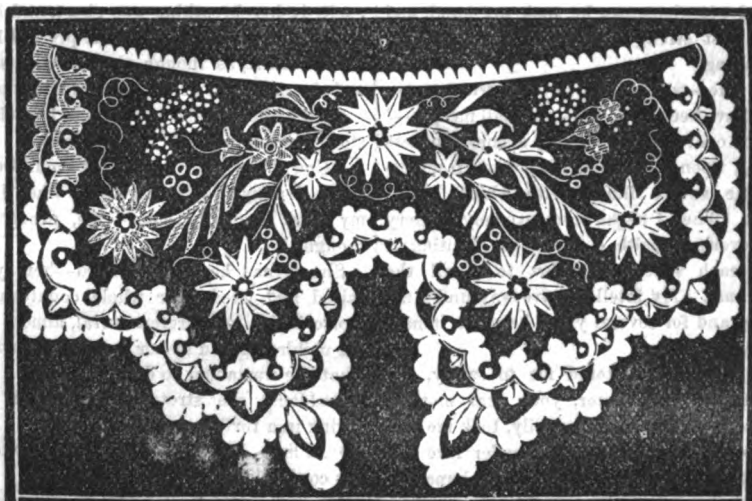
Look at those lovely purple streaks, mix'd with the red and gold!"

"Purple! no wonder, Mrs. Potts: they're purple with the cold!"

# OUR WORK TABLE.

## MOUSQUETAIRE CUFF IN MUSLIN EMBROIDERY.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—French muslin, and Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 60.

This is one of the patterns for a Mousquetaire sleeve, which is worn, more than any other style, in morning dress: The sleeve itself is a full, plain bishop, with a narrow band at the wrist, and to this the cuff is attached. It falls back over the arm. It is particularly becoming to a small hand, besides being both more elegant and more suitable for morning wear than the mandarin and pagoda sleeves, which leave the entire arm, up to the elbow, unprotected.

The design must be enlarged to the size required, exactly to fit the wrist. It should be fastened by double gold buttons.

It is worked almost entirely in raised button-hole stitch, the centre of the flowers, and the clusters of eyelet-holes only being pierced with a stiletto. The holes in the border are pierced, and worked round in button-hole stitch. The flowers in satin-stitch.

Our readers will, we think, be pleased with the novel and beautiful design which is now submitted to their appreciation.

## MEDALLION CHEMISETTE AND COLLAR.

[SEE ILLUSTRATIONS IN FRONT OF THE NUMBER.]

**MATERIALS.**—French muslin, with Messrs. Evans & Co.'s Royal Embroidery Cotton, Nos. 40 and 60.

We have selected this design, because being able to give one perfect pattern, from which the whole can be drawn, it will be found particularly useful to those of our correspondents who are so far from large towns to have many facilities for obtaining novelties.

The medallion style (of which this is a specimen) is just now extremely fashionable in Paris, and is worked in two ways, suitable either for the novice or the practised needlewoman. The medallion itself is always of rather a solid, heavy character, the sprig within being in satin-stitch instead of broderie; but the spaces between the medallions, both in the chemisette and the collar, are either left of the plain muslin, or worked in



bars, with the muslin between them cut away. The former effect will be seen in our engraving. The latter has the appearance of Irish guipure, the ground looking like that of some of our specimens of point lace.

The present design can be worked in either manner.

In order to draw the pattern, first cut out the collar and front of the habit-shirt in muslin; (leaving ample margins) then, in the latter, mark with a pencil the portion you wish worked. Cut out a piece of tracing-paper the size of the collar end of the embroidered part of the habit-shirt, and copy off the full-sized medallion, which we give, on a separate piece. Lay this under the tracing-paper, to draw the centre of the five medallions round the neck. When this is traced,

shift the pattern for the neck, and so on till all are completed. The collar is to be drawn in the same way, beginning with the centre.

From the pattern thus prepared, any number of collars may be traced on the muslin with a taper brush or soft quill, dipped in a solution of indigo and gum water.

The outer circle of holes in the medallion is done in button-hole stitch, with No. 40 cotton; the inner ones are simply sewed over with the same. The petals and stem of the flower in satin-stitch, with No. 60; the eyelet-holes with the same cotton, overcast. The scallop is in graduated overcast stitch, with No. 40. Should the ground between the medallions be barred, the bars must be done in the irregular way seen in mousquetaire collars

## THE TREASURE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

A VINE-DRESSER, while dying, said,  
To his dear children round his bed,  
"A treasure in our vine-yard lies;"  
"Where? where?" cried all, with great surprise.  
"Go dig," the failing man replied,  
And turning on his bed, he died.  
Scarcely was the father under ground  
Till pick-axe, hoe, and spade were found,  
And all commenced to scratch the field  
In search of treasures there concealed.  
They drew the hoe transverse and straight,  
Turned ev'ry stone on the estate;

Each clod of earth a blow received,  
And then the soil was nicely sieved.  
But, lo! the gold could not be found,  
And all with disappointment frown'd.  
But when the coming fall appeared,  
The wondrous mystery was cleared:  
For ev'ry vine bore three times more  
Than ever it produced before!  
The heirs suspected now the trick:  
Again they used the hoe and pick,  
And, see! could they believe their eyes?  
Just as they dug, the crops would rise!

## THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

BY S. HERBERT LANCY.

THE Autumn is passing away, Lilly,  
And the Winter will soon be here,  
And the leaves that now are green, Lilly,  
Will then be brown and sore.

'Tis thus with our Autumn of life, Lilly,  
It is slowly passing away,  
And the Winter of life will come, Lilly,  
With its slow and sure decay.

The flowers will fade and die, Lilly,  
The birds seek a sunnier clime,

And all will be sad and dreary, Lilly,  
In the cheerless Winter time.

But our Winter of life need not, Lilly,  
Be to us so cheerless and drear,  
In the loved of our hearts and homes, Lilly,  
Our "Winter days" will cheer.

Then improve the Autumn of life, Lilly,  
And when the Winter shall come,  
No murmur will break from thy lips, Lilly,  
If thy Father calls thee Home.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT WE INTEND TO DO.—Our January number is conceded, on all hands, to have been the most beautiful number, issued for that month, by any Magazine, no matter what its price. We announced beforehand that it would be so, and though the gauntlet was thus thrown down, and our contemporaries did their best, we gained the victory nevertheless. That number is a standing monument of what "Peterson" could do, and would do *every month*, if his was a three dollar, instead of a two dollar Magazine.

Yet, even at two dollars, we intend to give the really cheapest Magazine in the country. Each number for 1854 will contain one of our superb mezzotints, or line engravings, and occasionally two; besides a colored fashion-plate, and a dozen or two wood engravings. The number of pages will be much greater than last year; in all, at least eight hundred, as we advertised in our Prospectus, in the December number. In the January number, we gave, according to custom, thirty-two pages extra. Formerly these hundred page numbers used to be double numbers; but we cannot call them such any longer, as we have so greatly increased our reading matter. Should our subscribers ever come to prefer more pages, at the sacrifice of the colored steel fashion-plates, we will undertake to give them a hundred pages monthly; for each of these steel fashion-plates, as we get them up at least, cost a much as thirty pages of literary matter. This we wish the public to bear in mind. Ours is the only Magazine that gives these costly plates regularly, and not merely in January and December.

In a word, those who subscribe for this Magazine are sure to obtain six several things. 1st. The most original of all the illustrated Magazines. 2nd. The only one that gives colored steel engravings for fashion-plates. 3rd. The most beautiful mezzotints that taste and artistic skill can furnish. 4th. Eight hundred pages of literary matter yearly. 5th. From two hundred to three hundred illustrations in wood. 6th. The greatest variety of patterns in crochet, embroidery, netting, &c., the present number being *below the average* in this respect.

Now, fair readers, do your best to persuade your friends to subscribe, as, the more we get, the better will be the Magazine. Send us enough names, and we will even exceed our promises. We want *that* hundred thousand.

KEEPING PROMISES.—We have always made it a point to equal, and if possible exceed, the promises made in our Prospectus. To this fact, more than to any other, we attribute the steady annual increase

in our subscription list, while other Magazines were "going up like rockets to come down like sticks." The public and press know this. The Shippensburg (Pa.) News says of us:—"This publisher always goes ahead of what he says he will do." The North Carolina Whig remarks of us:—"We like to note the gradual improvement of our periodicals, and especially when it is done quietly, without the everlasting din of noise, brag, and fustian, which some publishers find necessary to employ in vending their wares." The Morris (Illinois) Gazette notices us as follows:—"Peterson promised to make his Magazine, for 1854, second to none in this country, and he has been as good as his promise. We regard it as the Magazine of the age. The number before us contains several beautiful and splendid steel and mezzotint engravings; and the fashion-plate far excels anything of the kind we have ever seen. Every lady should have this book." We quote these as samples of scores of similar notices, and in justice to ourselves. Meantime, we thank editors for their handsome treatment, and promise to spend our time for 1854 in making a good Magazine, instead of "blowing our own trumpet" amid an uproar of "noise, brag and fustian."

POSTMASTERS AND POSTAGE.—We hear frequent complaints that country postmasters refuse to make the fifty per cent deduction, when the postage for three months is offered in advance. They say, we understand, that the postage, in such cases, should be paid at the office where the Magazines are mailed. To set this matter at rest, we quote the following from the New York Brother Jonathan, which paper took the trouble to write to Washington on the subject. "It is absurd," says the Jonathan, "for country postmasters to transact their business by the first version of the New Postage Law, which requires postage to be pre-paid at the place of mailing, in order to have the benefit of the fifty per cent reduction. By an after amendment, Congress altered the law so that pre-payment could be made either at the place of mailing or by the subscribers themselves. The postmaster at New York refuses to receive advance payment for papers sent by publishers, on the ground that subscribers can receive them at the same rates. When will this law be well understood by country postmasters?"

THE ONLY RELIABLE FASHIONS.—We find, in the January number of a contemporary, a fashion for cloaks identical with one we published in "Peterson" for September, 1853. These sort of things are continually occurring. Are we wrong, therefore, in claiming to give the *latest* fashions, as well as the

most beautiful fashion-plates? Yet the cotemporaries, whom we are continually beating, continue to advertise their six-months-old engravings as *just from Paris*.

**ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.**—This gifted young authoress is preparing a volume of tales and sketches, to be issued in the spring from the press of Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. The book will be much sought after, or we have over-rated the ability of our contributor.

# REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**The Priest and the Huguenot.** *From the French of L. Bungener. 2 vols. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.*—In these fascinating volumes, we have, perhaps, the best picture of French society a century ago, especially in its religious aspects, which has ever been put into a popular form. The work, indeed, has all the vivacity of Dumas combined with the accuracy of authentic history. In character painting particularly it excels. The Encyclopædists, the King, Madame Pompadour, the Duke of Richelieu, and other prominent personages, who figure in the narrative, stand out in such bold relief that we appear almost to hear them talk and see their very gestures. No novel could be more interesting, nor any chronicle more reliable. A somewhat similar work, from the same pen, "The Preacher and the King," was noticed in these pages a few months ago. As this describes the age of Louis the Fifteenth, that depicted the times of Louis Quatorze: and the two form parts of a series, of which Gould & Lincoln design to reprint the whole; two being yet to come, one of which is devoted to the period of the Regent Orleans, and the other to that of the first French Revolution. We have few books in our library which we prize more than this series, so far as it has come out: and we shall, therefore, await the future volumes with impatience. "The Priest and the Huguenot" is neatly printed and bound.

**Hufeland's Art of Prolonging Life.** *Edited by Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This valuable work was written about sixty years ago, by Dr. Hufeland, a German physician. It long since became a standard book on the subject which it discourses, no other, indeed, embodying near so many trustworthy hints as to the best means of prolonging life. The present is a particularly elegant translation of the original, and is issued in the neat style in which Ticknor & Co., publish all their books. The inducement to purchase is, therefore, unusually great. We consider it a work that every family should have. Mothers, and women generally, may derive especial advantage from its perusal.

**Alice Seymour.** *By Mrs. Gray. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—Few authors are so deservedly popular as Mrs. Gray, and this new fiction is one of her very best. The publisher issues it in a cheap, but neat style.

**Passion-Flowers.** 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.—This volume comes before us anonymously. But we should have read it in vain, if we had not been impressed with the conviction, that the writer, thus unheralded, is, or perhaps was, one of unusual powers. That she is a wife, and mother, and destined to an early grave, the volume reveals. There are whole pages which read as if written in the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. But who the author is we have no information. Yet the artistic handling displayed in many of the poems, the rare mastery over rhythm, the earnest tone, the nervous language, and the nobleness of soul constantly revealed, awaken a natural curiosity on this subject. If, however, as we suspect from the title, the writer is no more; if, indeed, these Flowers of her genius have been made holy by the Passion of her death; then neither the world, nor we, will, perhaps, ever hear her name. Yet it is one that, under other circumstances, would have risen in American literature. Such poems as "Rome," "From Newport to Rome," "Heloise and Abelard," and "Pentecost," are not often written: They elevate their author far above the sentimental versifiers of the day. One cannot but say to himself, in laying down this volume, "alas! here is a great heart, a true woman's heart, gone to rest."

**Hot Corn: Life Scenes in New York Illustrated.** *By Solon Robinson. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.*—Such of our readers as have met with the affecting story of "Little Katy," originally published in the New York Tribune, will need no further inducement to purchase this volume, than the knowledge of its being by the same author. The story of "Little Katy," indeed, was but an episode in a more extended tale, the whole of which we have in these pages. Mr. Robinson has long been familiar with the pauper classes of New York, as well as with the haunts of misery and vice in which the destitute and inebriated harbor in that great city: and in this volume he has described them with a fidelity only equalled by its power, and with a power only surpassed by its pathos. Few more absorbing books, perhaps, have ever been issued from the press. Every one who has a heart to sympathize with misery, should possess himself, or herself of this work. Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport have issued the volume in excellent style, and with numerous illustrations.

**The American Family Robinson.** *By D. N. Belisle. 1 vol. Philada: Willis P. Hasard.*—A charming narrative for the young is this elegant volume. The author has supposed a family to be lost in the great desert of the West, and following out this idea, he entertains his readers with a series of adventures, told with that skilful minuteness of detail which has rendered "Robinson Crusoe" world-famous. The style is simple, but forcible, good old Saxon words predominating: it is just the style, in fact, for a book of this character. The volume is prettily illustrated with numerous steel engravings. We congratulate author and publisher alike; for the work, unquestionably, will have a great run.

*Little Ferns for Fanny's Little Friends.* By the author of "Fern Leaves." 1 vol. Auburn: Derby & Miller. Philada: T. B. Peterson. As its name implies, this is a book for juveniles. "Fanny Fern" has become a name in American light literature, so that the volume needs no guarantee of its merit from us. In all that this writer publishes, there is a readiness of style, which places her far ahead of most of her cotemporaries. We cordially recommend this little work to parents, as certain to be both interesting and instructive to children.

*My Two Sisters: A Sketch From Memory.* By Emily Judson. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A neat little volume, containing two biographies by Mrs. Judson, told in a style at once beautiful and pathetic. We commend it particularly to our female readers.

*The Testimony of the Poets.* 1 vol. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A beautifully printed volume, containing selections on religious themes, from British and American poets.

#### HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

**NECESSITY OF EXERCISE AND FRESH AIR.**—We have no doubt that a large proportion of the delicate females, with which our cities especially are filled, owe their ill-health to a neglect of exercise and fresh air. Take the daughter of a family in good circumstances. From her very infancy she is guarded as if the least breath of air would injure her, never going out without being wrapped up to the chin, and often being sent to school even in a carriage. Her natural instinct to exercise is restrained as a vulgarity; she is called a tom-boy, a romp, and a dozen other contemptuous names: and thus, at last, she is drilled into a mere social machine, finally losing even the spirits to wish to take active exercise. Her days are spent in learning enormous lessons, or in practising crotchet work or embroidery, varied with an occasional children's party, where she is allowed whatever she pleases, and to dance herself into a fever. When she leaves school her existence becomes even more monotonous. Perhaps, if it is winter, and the family keeps no carriage, she is weeks without being out of the house; and in the house she does nothing but dawdle over a novel, stitch at a bit of fancy work, or sit over the register of the furnace. If her father keeps a carriage, she may ride out occasionally; but she is always furred to the throat; and so things are no better. In a word, she is a hot-house plant, forced, like it, to a premature development; and like it deemed, in consequence, to a premature and unnatural decay.

Surely, if there is a reform in social life needed, in one particular more than another, it is required in the education of our daughters, and in the life we allow them to lead afterward. They are dying, by hundreds, for want of fresh air; and yet we take almost no note of the fact. When the English prisoners perished, in the Black Hole in Calcutta, from the foul atmosphere they were compelled to breathe, the whole

civilized world cried out with indignation at the perpetrators of the deed; and though nearly a century has since elapsed, the story is still never told without exciting horror. But we permit our daughters, and to a certain extent our wives also, to die, by slow degrees, equally for want of pure air. In fact, where the Black Hole of Calcutta stifled its hundreds, the close rooms inhabited by American females alay their thousands.

#### FIRE-SIDE AMUSEMENTS.

**SHADOW BUFF.**—Hang a sheet across one end of the room, and place a table with a lighted candle upon it about a yard behind the screen. Choose "buff" from the party, and place him in front of the screen, with his face toward it; then let each of the party pass between the table and the screen in any way they please, such as on tip-toe, or on their knees; and, as the shadows of each will be disguised by their gestures, "buff" must endeavor to name each person as they pass behind the screen; and, if he is successful, the person first named correctly becomes "buff," and the game commences again.

#### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

**To Clean Alabaster Ornaments.**—Let the fumes of chlorine be applied a short time, and afterward being bleached in the sun, and then sprinkled over with a diluted solution of chlorinated soda, commonly called chloride of soda. Care must be taken not to expose the alabaster too long to the action of the chlorine, or its color will be injured, and we need scarcely add that care must also be taken by the person superintending the process not to inhale the fumes.

**Celery Sauce for Boiled Fowl or Turkey.**—Take the inside leaves of two or three heads of celery, wash well, and cut across into slices about a quarter of an inch thick, and boil them for five minutes and drain off the water. Beat up a teacupful of cream, two teaspoonfuls of flour, and two ounces of butter; as soon as this is warm put in the celery, and keep it well stirred over the fire for ten or twelve minutes.

**To Clean White Satin.**—If the white satin is not too much soiled its brightness may be restored by strewing on it some French chalk in very fine powder, and then brushing it off with a hard brush. Repeat the process if once is not sufficient.

**Lemon Brandy for flavoring Sweet Dishes.**—Fill any sized bottle lightly with the very thin rinds of lemons, and cover them with good brandy; let them remain three weeks, then strain off the spirit, and keep it well corked for use.

**To Restore Feathers.**—A feather damaged by crumpling may be restored by immersing it in hot water, and then shaking and drying it with care before a fire.

**A Simple Remedy against Asthma** is to heat common salt in a frying-pan, quite hot, then put it in a flannel on the breast during the frosty weather.

*Amandine for Chapped Hands.*—Instead of soap use oatmeal, and after each washing take a little dry oatmeal and rub on the hands so as to absorb the moisture. A little honey is also useful. The common yellow soap should never be used, as it has turpentine in it, which roughens the skin.

*Pois de Pommé.*—Boil a dozen damppling apples till they are soft; peel and core them, break them up, and force the pulp through a coarse sieve; mix this with twice its weight of dough; make the whole into small loaves, and bake in a slow oven.

## FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF FAWN COLORED SILK, the skirt woven with wreaths around it a *disposition*. Corset (not seen in the plate) plain and high; sleeves nearly tight to the arm, with a deep cuff turned up. Cloak of black velvet, with a hood, and trimmed with sable fur. Bonnet of currant colored velvet and black lace, and trimmed on each side with large flowers without foliage. The inside of the bonnet is lined with satin, and has white full-blown roses as a face trimming, with white satin strings.

FIG. II.—A DINNER DRESS OR A DEMI-TOILET FOR EVENING, of rich dove colored silk, having two skirts, each of which is edged with a satin ribbon, matching the color of the silk exactly, and put on the edge in puffs. Corset nearly high behind, and opening very low in front. The corset is trimmed to match the skirt, and has around the neck a very rich row of Brussels lace. Sleeves demi-long, not very wide, and trimmed around the edge and up the back of the arm as far as the elbow with satin ribbon, like the corset, and with bows of ribbon from the elbow up to the shoulder, and also on the inside of the arm. Head-dress of Brussels lace and small white ostrich feathers.

FIG. III.—THE EMPRESS.—The material of this graceful cloak is of rich mulberry colored velvet. The body falling straight and plain from beneath the cape, and edged with three rows of piping. The cape is large, folding at the arms, and of a favorite mantilla form, deep behind, and slightly pointed and rounded in front. The collar is small, square in front, and slightly pointed behind. The cape is embroidered in a beautiful vine of roses, grape leaves, and tendrils entwined together. The grape leaves are half silk embroidery, the remainder of lace stitch, which gives a blended richness and grace, unique and beautiful. A fringe half twisted, fifteen inches long, surrounds the cape, falling almost to the bottom of the garment.

FIG. IV.—BONNET L'IMPERATRICE.—A front view. This is so called from having been originally made for the Empress of the French. It is made on a foundation of groselle colored silk, covered with black lace, and the trimming is composed of straw, black velvet, and black lace edging. The rows of trimming are composed of double vandykes formed of velvet,

edged with straw and narrow black lace. The rows of this trimming pass round the front of the bonnet on the outside, and two other rows are disposed across the crown. At each side are two small tufts of feathers, groselle and black. The under-trimming consists of a small wreath of white flowers, which pass across the forehead, and terminates on each side in small bows and ends of ribbon. A ruche of blonde at each side.

FIG. V.—BONNET L'IMPERATRICE.—A back view of the bonnet just described.

FIG. VI.—YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.—Dress of green silk, the skirt trimmed with five flounces scalloped at the edges, and the scalloping finished with silk of the same color as the dress, or of a tint harmonising with it. Bonnet of pink satin, trimmed with bands of black velvet. On one side of the bonnet a bow with flowing ends, composed of pink satin and black velvet ribbon. A small round cloak of black silk, trimmed either with black plush or feather trimming. White cambric trousers edged with needlework. Grey cashmere boots, tipped with black leather.

FIG. VII.—COSTUME FOR A LITTLE BOY BETWEEN SEVEN AND EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—Small caraco jacket of black velvet, edged with broad silk braid. The sleeves descend just below the elbow, and are loose at the ends. Under-sleeves of fine lawn, with plain wristbands. A cambric collar edged with needlework. Waistcoat of white pique closing up to the throat and descending rather long at the waist. Trousers of fine slate colored tricet, and glazed leather boots, with a black velvet band.

FIG. VIII.—LA BELLE PARISIENNE.—This graceful cloak is among the most favorite patterns of the present season, and has the great advantage of beautiful adaptation to any material, cloth, satin or velvet. The material we have chosen for illustration is of rich tan colored cloth. There is considerable fullness in the back, where it follows the curve of a neatly rounded yoke to the shoulders. There the plaits cease, and in front it falls plain and even from the yoke. A bertha cape surrounds the yoke, and long, slender lappets fall down the sides, covering the openings for the arms, and descending almost to the bottom of the cloak; two or three pendent clusters of buttons run down these lappets, and an embroidery of vine leaves, woven with drooping clusters of flowers, superbly ornaments the cloak.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Jackets, or casacas of black velvet, made to fit the figure, are worn with silk jupes. One of the newest of these jackets has three basques, one above the other, each scalloped at the edge, and trimmed with black lace of graduated widths, that on the lowest basque being about six or seven inches wide, on the next above four or five, and on the one nearest to the waist about three inches wide. The lace is set on in slight fullness, and follows the undulating lines of the scallops. The sleeves are demi-long, and in the pagoda form, scalloped at the ends, and are edged with a triple row of lace. The corset is close in front, and fastened by buttons from the waist to the throat. White under-sleeves, and a

large collar, edged with deep vandykes, descending almost to the shoulders, should be added. We may here observe that though large collars have become fashionable, it must not be supposed that small collars are altogether discarded. They should be conformable with the style of the dress. Small collars should be worn with cloth or merino dresses, and also in out-door costume, as a large turning-over collar does not sit well on a mantelet.

BEAVER BONNETS are still in high favor; the variety in them this year is that the hair is long; the colors most worn are black, grey, dark blue, maroon, and green. White ones are usually lined with white satin and trimmed with plaid plush. Generally, the only trimming on the outside is a little crisp curled feather of the same color as the bonnet on each side; the capes are of velvet.

FURS are this year most important objects in the dominion of fashion. Ermine, sable, chinchilla, and even squirrel, are applied to all purposes for which fur can be employed. Muffs are favorite accessories to fashionable costume, and of small size. Fur cuffs are worn rather deep. Cloaks of black velvet and black cloth, or of colored cloth of dark hues, are trimmed with a band of fur about a quarter of a yard in depth. The *pardessus* form is peculiarly well fitted for fur trimming; and the style usually adopted is two bands of fur—a broad band at the edge and a narrow band above it. A large fur collar and a band of fur at the edge of each sleeve should be added. Some cloaks of dark blue, dark green, or ruby colored velvet, destined for the carriage drive, are lined throughout with ermine.

THE NEW PLUSH TRIMMING which we have before alluded to, has met with universal approbation. Not only are bands of plain and chequered plush of all colors employed to trim cloaks and jackets, but plush of plain grey or pearl grey shaded with black, have now been introduced as a trimming for articles suited to mourning costume. We have seen some black velvet cloaks trimmed with bands of shaded grey plush, presenting a close resemblance to chinchilla fur. Muffs are also made of plush in imitation of chinchilla and other furs. Cloaks and even jackets are being made of plush, and for children's out-door costume a *pardessus*, or cloak of colored plush, is novel and pretty.

FEATHER TRIMMING is much in favor for dresses, sometimes matching the color of the dress, or of a tint harmonizing with it, and is used for flounces, basquines and sleeves. Of course this is not suitable for anything but an evening dress, and sometimes there is jet mingled with it. It is also very generally employed as an ornament for bonnets. Some of the new black velvet bonnets have narrow bands or rouleaux of feather trimming placed at the edge of the brim. One rouleau is placed across the bonnet, and is terminated at each side under bows of velvet ribbon intermingling with lace. The cape is small, and edged with a very narrow rouleau of feather trimming. Dresses of plain black satin are again very fashionable.

Among the latest novelties in lace and needlework, we may notice some new chemisettes intended to be worn with open dresses; but instead of being worn within the corsage, they are placed on the outside of it. They consist of a turning-over collar, and a front diminishing to a point as it approaches the waist. These chemisettes are made in lace, and in worked muslin, and they impart a stamp of elegance to that sort of demi-toilette in which an open-fronted dress may be worn.

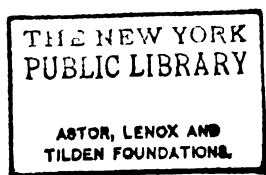
A new style berthe styled the *Eugenie*, is very becoming. It descends in a point in front and at the back, and the points are fastened by bows of ribbon. The berthe falls over the shoulders low enough to cover the short sleeves, and to join the top of the lace with which they are trimmed. The berthe is finished at the top by a narrow lace, set on in slight fulness, and between this lace edging and the berthe there is a bouillonne with a narrow ribbon run through it. A bow with long ends, fixed on each shoulder, gives additional elegance to the *Eugenie* berthe.

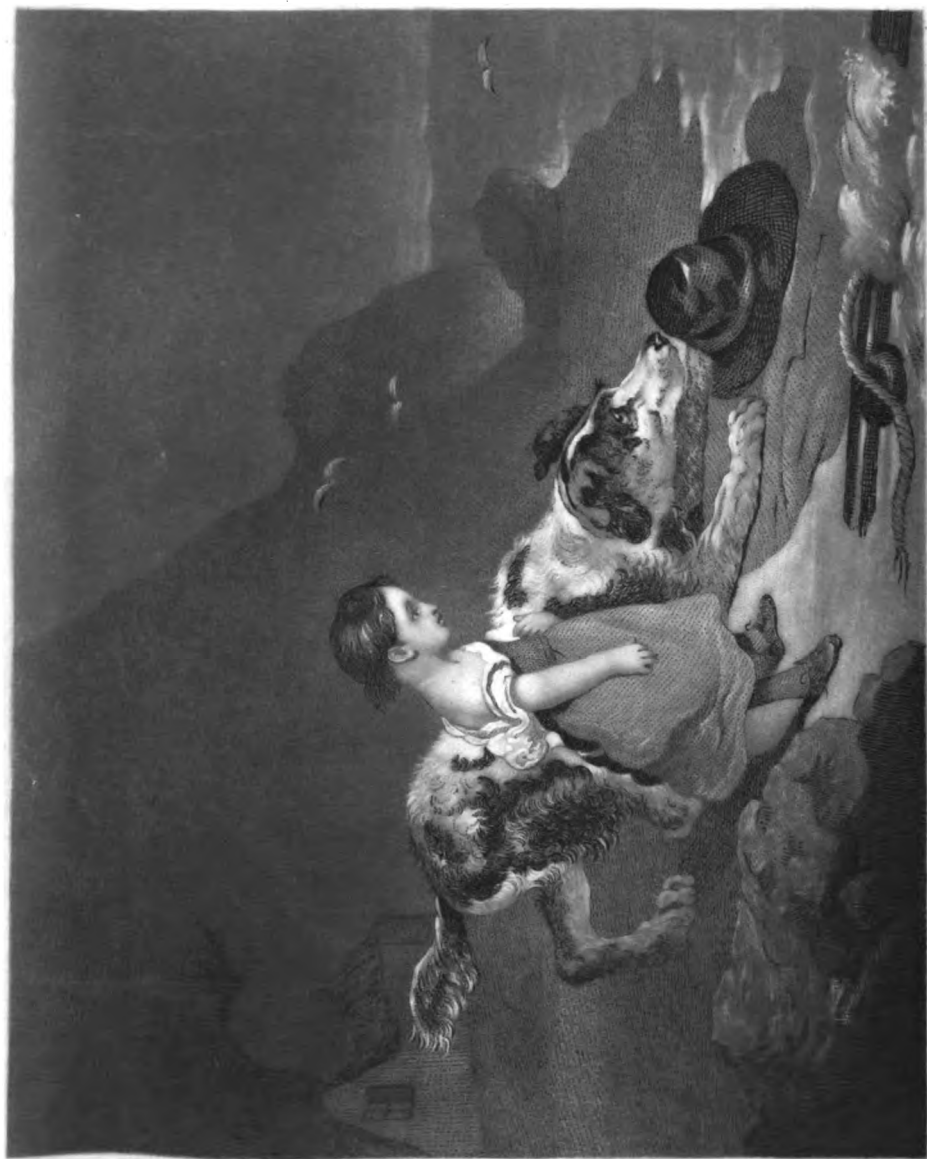
RIBBON, which has always been admired as a trimming, will this season be more in favor than ever, especially for the adornment of ball-dresses. The ribbons of the present season surpass those of any previous period in pattern and texture, and there is an almost endless variety. Some of those intended for trimming ball-dresses have a ground of gold, ornamented with a mosaic pattern in various colors. This ribbon is placed at the edge of the flounces or jupes of dresses of white tulle; bows of the same being employed to ornament the front of the corsage, and loop up the sleeves. Dresses of steel color, and other plain colored silks, have the flounces ornamented with ribbon of a chequered pattern in bright colors. The sleeves and corsages are trimmed to correspond. Plush is also used in the same way.

FULL DRESS ROBES have all their share of gold, either in ribbon, lace or embroidery; the vogue of ribbon trimmings is increasing; nearly all ribbons are of a plaid pattern, of a variety of bright colors with broad gold stripes and of great width; they are used as borders to crape or tulle flounces, and to make sashes with long floating ends.

SOME splendid cashmere scarfs, embroidered with gold, silver, and colored silk, have just appeared. They are destined to be worn at evening parties. In full evening costume, the most elegant addition that can be made to a white dress, is a scarf of scarlet or light green cashmere, enriched with embroidery in gold.

ALL POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS are round at the corners, and are profusely ornamented with embroidery and lace. In Paris the fashion is somewhat fantastic, there they are trimmed with a broad lace edging, upon which colored ribbons, with long ends, are placed at intervals. The fashion, which is purely Spanish, has obtained much favor. Cherry colored ribbons and sky blue are most in vogue. They give an incredible grace and finish to the toilet, and accompany the movements of the fan with great harmony.

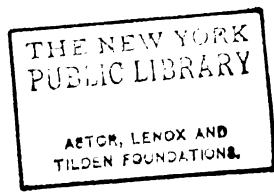




THE FISHING BOAT.







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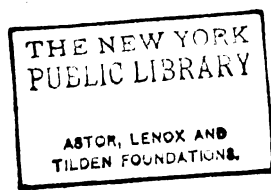


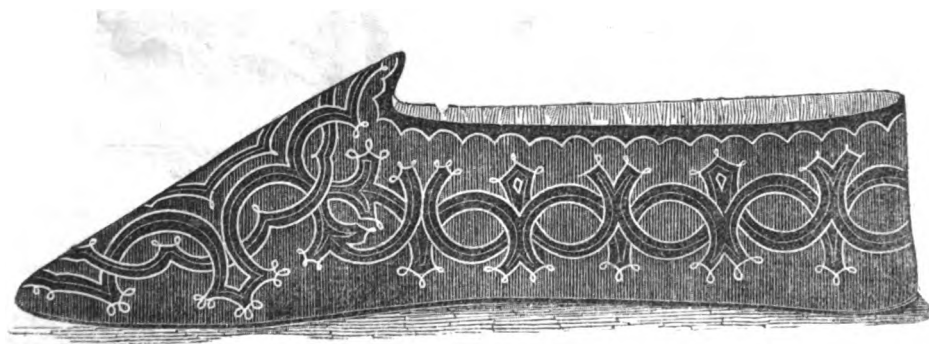
**ETNA: ASCENDING THE CONE.**





**ETNA: DESCENDING THE CONE.**









**"EUPHROSYNE,"**

Fashions furnished by Molynaux Bell, Importer and Maker of Mantillas, Cloaks,  
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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

## THE FISHERMAN'S HAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c.

THE awful winter of 18— was very similar to that which has just passed. The newspapers were filled with tales of shipwreck and loss of life, the consequences of the terrible tempests which swept the ocean.

It was toward the close of the winter, one morning, that a little child toddled toward a wild beach, in one of the sea-beaten states of New England. The sky was dark and lowering, for the storm, which had shook the cabin all night, had not yet entirely blown away. The waves thundered on the rocky promontory within sight, throwing their spray often clear over it: and surged and resurged, in tumultuous flow, up and down the narrow strip of sand that afforded a landing spot in the little bay before the fisherman's cabin.

A superb Newfoundland dog accompanied the child, now frolicking around it, now scampering gaily away, and now returning again to its little charge. Suddenly the child paused in mixed wonder and terror, for the receding wave had just brought to its feet, a large felt hat, which seemed even to its almost infant mind, not totally strange. The dog also, on perceiving the hat, drew back, uttering a low whine.

It was at this crisis that the mother, in the neighboring cabin, first missed her child. She had left the boy, a few minutes before, sitting on the floor and playing with the Newfoundland. But happening now to look up from her work, she gave a slight scream to see the child missing, and rushing to the door heard simultaneously the melancholy whine of the dog. As the spot, to which her little one had gone, was invisible from where she stood, the worst apprehensions took possession of her, and she rushed frantically toward the shore, shrieking, "my child, my child, oh! God, is my child to be lost too?"

For, in truth, she had been all the morning, in

a state bordering on distraction. Her husband, who was a fisherman, had been absent for two days, a period far longer than he had intended: and the frightful gale, which had raged for the last twenty-four hours, rendered the cause of this delay only too clear. During the preceding night she had not slept a moment; indeed had not even undergone the mockery of going to bed; but keeping a light burning at a window that could be seen out at sea, had watched and prayed through all the weary hours. Often, in the momentary lulls of the gale, she had cheated herself into the fancy that she heard the hallo of her husband: and more than once had actually flown to the door to admit him. But when morning broke at last, without bringing him, she had given up the hope of ever seeing him again. "He will never, never come back," she said. "If his boat had lived, he would have been here before this." As she thus spoke, her child, woke by her heart-broken accents, began to cry. She snatched it from its cradle, covered it with kisses, and bursting into tears, sobbed, "poor orphan, you have no one but mother now, no one else, no one else."

When she missed her child, therefore, and heard the melancholy whine of the dog, the conviction flashed across her that the little one had wandered to the beach, and been carried away by a breaker. So, with the shriek, and exclamation we have described, she rushed to the shore.

It took but a moment to traverse the space between her and the water, and to catch the boy in her arms. It was not until she had done this, that she perceived the water-soaked hat at her feet, at which the dog was now gazing, with a low cry of grief and recognition.

She almost let the child fall. Indeed, only the instinct of the mother saved the boy, for she

sank at once on the wet sand, with a groan, her eyes fixed, in a glassy stare, on the hat, and on a bit of a boat's mast and sail, that had been washed up with it. For well she knew the battered hat, to be her husband's, the very hat which she herself had placed on his head, two days before, when he bade her farewell.

Sense and feeling left her, indeed, for a while. How long she lay there, she never knew. But she was roused, at last, by the cry of her child, and recovered to find the dog pulling at her dress, for the advancing tide was almost at her feet. She rose, and, taking up the hat reverently, moved slowly toward the cottage.

The day wore on. The sun finally succeeded in breaking through the clouds, and all without doors was bright: but nothing brought comfort to the heart of the widow. Seated in a low rocking-chair, she remained, for hours, in a state of stupor, from which she was only aroused by the cries of her child, when the little one woke from its slumbers. Or, with the boy in her arms, she would pace the cabin floor, murmuring wild words to soothe him to sleep. Occasionally she would pause, and look out of the window. But she saw not the golden sunshine, nor the bright waters: all seemed to her black; for the blank despair of her heart communicated its own hue to everything in Nature.

The cottage was situated nearly a mile from any other human habitation, and therefore it is no wonder that, for hours, she was alone. But a little village lay on a larger bay, around the promontory, and as her husband was in the habit of visiting it frequently, she began to think, as night fell, that it was singular his long absence was unnoticed, and that no one had come to inquire what was the matter. At this thought, which increased her feeling of loneliness and despair, she sat down, and began rocking herself to and fro, weeping wildly, and apostrophizing by turns her dead husband, and the child she held on her lap, and who gazed up at her, in terrified silence, with his large blue wandering eyes.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "if I had but known it was the last time I was to see him. Father Almighty," and she raised her face, in agonized pleading, to heaven, "give him back to me but for an hour—only for one hour! Or, if that cannot be, let me see his dear face, even though in death." Here a gust of weeping, that shook her figure as a hurricane shakes a tree, convulsed her for a while. When it had passed, she addressed her child, but in the same frantic strain. "Poor orphaned one," she said, gazing sadly at him, "you will never know what a father

is. But you will recall to me," she added, straining him to her breast, "that father; for you have his eyes, bless God for that! Oh! darling, darling, you are the only comfort left me. If it was not for you, I should pray to die. But I must live to take care of you, dear, dear little orphan." And she almost smothered it with wild kisses.

Lost in this, her first grief, she had not observed that somebody from the village was at last approaching. As she spoke these last words, the visitor had even gained the cottage door, and his broad shadow fell directly across her, though without her being aware of his presence. But the child, looking over his mother's shoulder, beheld the intruder; and his face instantly lost its half wondering, half terrified expression: while he stretched his little arms out, and springing up, began to crow gleefully. Simultaneously the dog, which had been slumbering on the hearth, started up as if some mysterious influence had roused him, and with a joyful bark, sprang, at one bound, upon the intruder.

"Down, Carlo, down," cried a cheerful, manly voice. "Ah! Johnny, you know father, do you? Why, Hetty, dearest," added the speaker, as the startled woman sprang up with a shriek, drawing her into his arms, "you didn't think I was lost, did you? There, don't look at me as if I was a ghost—you frighten me—I came near being one, I know. Why, I declare, if she hasn't gone off into a dead faint."

It was, indeed, as he said. After one long, almost incredulous gaze into her husband's face, her nerves, so long strained to their utmost tension, gave way, and she would have fallen to the floor if his stout arm had not fortunately supported her.

An hour later, while the wife bustled about to prepare supper, the husband, holding the child in his arms, told how he had been rescued. It was a broken story, it is true, for sometimes the crowing of the child, who seemed beside himself with delight, interrupted the narrator, and sometimes the tearful questions of the wife as she paused in her labors.

"You see," he said, "when the craft was capsized, I thought all was over: and, as I went down, my last thought, Hetty, was on you and the boy." Here his voice grew husky. But clearing it, with a brave effort, he went on. "I came up, at last, however, and the first thing I saw was an oar, which I clutched. And now I began to have some hope of life. I had been making for the bay, carrying everything I dared, when I went over: and I knew, though the night was the darkest I ever saw, that I couldn't be far at sea. At last, after fighting for an hour with

the waves, I saw a light looming up ahead. I halloed, again, and then again. The third time I was answered. The light now came down toward me, and I saw a fishing smack, immediately, shoot out of the gloom."

After a moment, he resumed. "Well—there, don't cry, Hetty—I was soon on board. The smack made port, at her harbor, some dozen miles down the coast, this morning; and I came home as fast as possible, fearing you might be alarmed. But I little thought that the tide had swept my hat, and part of my poor old craft, to

my own door. It was no wonder you believed me lost."

What a contrast was that happy night at the cottage, to the one which had preceded it. To this day, though many years have passed, its anniversary is celebrated religiously. And the tears of the wife still fall, as the husband, at evening worship, returns thanks for the mercy which once saved him from "the deep waters," or begs that He, "who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand," will succor those "who go down to the sea in ships."

## SONNET.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

"Light! More light still!"—GÖTTER.

DEATH to the poet came to give his spirit sight.

When, weary of the strife, he oft to Heav'n would raise

His eyes to find them holden; scarce one ray of light

From the great inner temple met his earnest gaze,  
As on he struggled still, to reach the *Mighty All*.

Oh! in that hour of need how powerless was his will.

How far-off the Unseen! 'Tis then we hear him call

On God for "light" to pierce the veil—for "more  
light still,"

And his last pray'r is granted. Leaning on that  
arm

Which saves when fails the earthly, did his soul  
arise,

To grasp the Infinite, and, ransom'd, feel the charm

Of basking in the light—"the light that maketh  
wise."

Thus may all great souls soar, to find the light they  
love,

And having found, to doubt and fear no more above.

## A FRAGMENT.

BY M. P. MARBLE.

"Borne destruction ever goeth Pride;

An haughty spirit hasteneth to its fall;"

None but the humble, who in Heaven confide,

Shall stand secure, amid life's sin and thrall.

"God never made an independent man"—

Boast of his independence as he may;

Inheriting disease and sure decay,

His pride and glory opening fair to-day,

To-morrow, stricken, all shall disappear—

Shall like a fitful meteor pass away,

And not a trace be left of all his greatness here.

The mercenary smile—the loud applause,

Shall cease forever when his race is run;

When none so poor as o'er his dust to pause,

Or shed a tear for the departed one:

But they who praised him living—dead shall shun,

Nor mention of his name shall reverent make;

Reft of past honors, and belov'd by none,

He falls at last—and all at last forsake!

## SONNET: TO KATE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

WHAT is this witchery about you, Kate?

Is it the saucy sparkle of your eye;

Or step with conscious victory elate,

Spurning the suppliant earth in passing by;

Or smile that seems all comers to defy:

Or sportive wit? 'Tis all of them combined;

And voice that varies with each fancy wild,

Playing, like hill-side sunshine, o'er the mind.

As wilful art thou as a petted child,

Fickle, alluring as an April wind.

None ever yet have touched that heart of fire,

Burning far down, with all this dross above—

Ah! that were prize where bold heart might aspire,

'Twere worth a world to tame thee into love.

MARGARET NESBITT'S STRATAGEM;  
OR, A NEW LOVE TEST.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

PARTY Margaret Nesbitt had two unexceptionable lovers, and sadly puzzled was she to choose between them—at least so she pretended, as she gravely debated their respective merits, with her cousin and confidant, Phoebe Field. Certainly if she had a preference, she kept her secret well guarded.

A tall, handsome girl was Margaret—well formed and graceful. Full of mischief and spirit, she delighted in a frolic or a jest, and some there were, who, judging her merely by some of the mad freaks in which she had been engaged, held her to be but a thoughtless, giddy girl. Yet the friends who knew her best, discovered beneath her merry humor, a fund of plain, good sense, and true feeling, which won her both respect and love.

One evening, after returning from a party, where she had met both aspirants for her favor, Margaret sat thoughtfully by the fire in her dressing-room, her little white slippered feet resting on the fender, and for the hundredth time debated the merits of her two lovers with cousin Phoebe.

"You see, Phoebe," she continued, gravely, knitting her brow with an air of great perplexity, "each has his advantages. Hamilton Myers has so much talent—is so handsome—of such a good family—and withal flatters me so charmingly, that I find him—very agreeable; on the other hand, though Winthrop North talks so much less, and lets me fairly pine and pout for a compliment, there is something so open, genial, and manly about him, that I think I like him almost, or quite as well as Mr. Myers."

"Mr. Myers is far the handsomest," said cousin Phoebe.

"I don't know about that," returned Margaret, quickly—"Mr. North has the most manly and expressive face, and I never did care for regular features. Yet, as you say, Mr. Myers would be thought the handsomest, and he certainly does make himself very agreeable. After talking with him half an hour, I began to feel that my old notion that I am pretty much like other people, is all a mistake. He seems so assured of my infinite superiority, that he almost succeeds in bringing me to the same agreeable

conclusion. Heigh-ho—I do wish I could decide."

"Then you are not in love with either?" asked Phoebe, a little annoyed by her friend's unromantic indecision.

"Not a bit, cousin—and what is more, I intend to keep myself heart-whole, at least till I ascertain which of my admirers loves me most worthily and sincerely. I wish I knew of some way to test the question."

"I heard of a case a few days ago, where the strength of a husband's affection was severely tried," said Phoebe. "My friend, Mrs. C——, had the small-pox during her husband's absence from home. Knowing herself to be frightfully disfigured—not a vestige left of her former beauty, she looked forward with dread to his return, fearing his feelings toward her might undergo a change. But I hear that on the contrary, he seems more attached to her than ever, and seeks by a thousand little cares and attentions, to show her that her misfortune has but made her more dear to him."

Tears rose in Margaret's clear hazel eyes at her friend's recital.

"That is *true* love," she cried, with enthusiasm—"it is so that I want to be loved. I care little for the affection which springs from mere admiration of beauty. Oh, Phoebe, if I could but meet with *such* love—*such* a lover! Phoebe, I'm in love with your friend's husband!" She rose as she spoke, and began to lay aside her party habiliments, in preparation for bed: and so the friends parted for the night.

On the morrow Margaret woke with a strange oppression in her head, a pain in her face, and a stiff neck; it was evident she had caught a severe cold at the party the night before.

Though feeling very miserable, she rose, and began to dress. Going to the glass to arrange her hair, she was shocked at the image it presented to her. The disproportionate swelling of one cheek had entirely destroyed the fair oval of her face; her eyes were dull and languid, and the color had fled from her cheeks to find a lodging-place in her nose. While she was still gazing at herself in consternation, Phoebe entered the room.

Margaret drew her attention to her own rueful face in the mirror, exclaiming—

"Did you ever see such a fright?"

Phoebe burst out laughing, and answered emphatically—

"Never! Oh, Maggy, if your lovers could but see you now, what a fine chance to test the strength of their affection!"

She spoke in the merest jest, but the idea seemed to take hold of Margaret's mind. A wild project had entered her head, which she was determined to carry out. Cousin Phoebe was easily persuaded to enter into her plan, and become chief aider and abettor therein.

For about two weeks Margaret's cold, which was a very severe one, confined her to her room; during this time Phoebe occasionally saw, and replied in person to the inquiries of the two anxious lovers, who, on hearing of Miss Nesbitt's illness, daily called to ascertain the state of her health. I am sorry to say that Phoebe, with wanton cruelty, and little regard for truth, constantly represented that illness to be of the most serious nature, and the daily visits of two physicians gave confirmation to her statements.

In course of time, however, Miss Nesbitt was pronounced convalescent. Both lovers heard the good tidings with great apparent delight, and on the following day, Mr. Myers entrusted to Phoebe's care the following note—to be conveyed to her cousin—he waiting for an answer.

"CHARMING MISS NESBITT—I have suffered unspeakable anxiety on your account. When may I hope to see you? I am impatient to whisper to you a secret which has long hovered on my lips. Dearest Margaret, can you not divine it?"

"Grant me an interview at once, I beseech you. Ever most faithfully yours,

HAMILTON MYERS."

Margaret returned for answer the following hurried lines—

"I will see you this evening at half past eight o'clock—but prepare yourself to find me much changed by my illness."

It was already late when these words were written, and but an hour was allowed to our heroine to prepare her toilet to receive her lover. It was commenced at once, and it must be confessed was rather a singular one.

In the first place, she withdrew all her rich, dark hair from her face, and hid it beneath a close fitting cap, such as sometimes disfigures ladies when some misfortune or illness, compels them to have the hair shaved from the head.

Next a loose wrapper of unbecoming style, and of a make which concealed the figure, was donned. So far had the toilet proceeded, when Phoebe entered the room; staring at the odd figure before her, she laughed long and merrily.

"You fright! you Medusa!" she cried, "you are enough to scare away the crows, let alone your lovers! Never fear but your trick will succeed."

"I have not yet done," cried Margaret, laughing as heartily as her friend. "Pray get me a raw beet root from the kitchen—I have my saffron leaves here."

The beet was soon produced, and Margaret proceeded amid peals of laughter from both herself and cousin, to dye the tip of her nose a dark red with the beet juice, and to stain her pearly teeth yellow by chewing a few leaves of saffron. She next produced a small green patch, which she placed over one eye, as though she had had the misfortune to lose it through her illness, and her toilet was complete. When we add, however, that she was still pale from her late indisposition, and her face yet slightly disfigured by the swelling which had not entirely subsided, the reader will have no difficulty in realizing that she did look, as Phoebe said, like a perfect fright.

Before this unique toilet was entirely made, a ring at the door announced the arrival of the impatient lover.

Margaret delayed to have one more hearty laugh with her cousin, and then proceeded demurely down stairs. As she opened the parlor door, Mr. Myers sprang forward to meet her. He gained the middle of the room, and then stood as if spell-bound.

Margaret advanced with grave self-possession, and extended her hand.

The courtly Mr. Myers had not even presence of mind enough to take it.

"You find me greatly changed," said Margaret, in a tone of concern, (she was something of an actress, and fully equal to the part she had undertaken,) "I see you are shocked—I thought I had prepared you for the alteration in my appearance. Did you not receive my note this afternoon?"

"No—yes—I don't know," began Mr. Myers, so much confused that he did not know what he was saying. He was engaged in now glancing furtively at the gargon before him, and then looking hastily away. At last partial self-possession returned to him. He seized his hat, stammering something about his time being short, and took leave.

"I trust you will not go till you have told me the secret you were so anxious to communicate,"

said Margaret, mischievously, managing to cut off his retreat to the door. "It is not late—pray return and make me the confidence you desired."

Poor Mr. Myers looked really alarmed.

"Not to-night—not to-night," he exclaimed, hurriedly, trying to effect an exit, and finding his attempts were frustrated by Margaret's manœuvres. "It was a mere trifle—quite a mistake—any other time will do." And at last gaining the door by a swift and dexterous movement, he fairly fled before the advancing Medusa, who still pertinaciously urged the revelation of the promised secret.

As the hall door closed on him, Margaret's merry peals of laughter brought her cousin to her side, and the whole late scene was faithfully rehearsed for Phœbe's amusement. While the merriment of the giddy girls was at its height, and Margaret was just showing how Mr. Myers tried to dodge her at the door, another ring announced another visitor.

"There! that is surely Winthrop North—your other admirer," cried Phœbe.

Margaret's laughter suddenly died away; she grew very pale, and turned to fly precipitately to her own room. Thither she went, only pausing on the stairs long enough to decide by the sound of his footsteps, that it was indeed Mr. North. Phœbe followed her.

In vain Margaret endeavored to affect the continuance of her late merry humor. Her uncontrollable agitation revealed even to the unsuspecting Phœbe, that the question she was now about to test, was to her a far different one from the last. Perceiving this, she sought to divert her friend from her intention. But Margaret was determined to carry her whim out—saying, "If it was fair for the one, it is fair for the other—the love is worthless that will not bear my test." She desired Phœbe, however, to go down and see Mr. North, inform him of her intention of receiving his visit, and prepare him for a change in her appearance.

Phœbe soon returned from her errand, and then Margaret, gathering up her fortitude and composure, descended the stairs.

Notwithstanding the amusement she had derived from Mr. Myers' precipitate retreat, its lesson had not been lost upon her; she trembled for the result of her wild stratagem, for though unconfessed to all, even to herself, the secret of her heart now revealed itself to her, by the tumult which agitated her bosom when she thought of how much she had staked on that venture.

On reaching the parlor door, she paused with her hand on the lock—she wished for one moment more to calm the beatings of her heart,

but while she yet lingered, the lock turned beneath her hand, and Winthrop North stood before her face to face.

Involuntarily, Margaret sought to conceal her disfigured countenance in her hands, but she was too late, Mr. North had seen all.

With a tenderness, such as he had never yet manifested toward her, he drew her arm within his and led her to a sofa—telling her of the anxiety he had felt during her illness, and of his thankfulness and joy in her recovery. Other words he said of still tenderer import, but Margaret scarce understood—scarce dared listen to them; she was saying to herself over and over again—"He has not yet seen me—he will change when he sees me!" So entirely had her feelings entered into the situation she had assumed, that she actually forgot that she was playing a part.

The blessed words she dared not accept as her's, were still falling on her ear, and at last she exclaimed in desperation—

"Stay—you have not yet—looked at me. I am greatly changed. Pray—pray know the worst."

It is true that hitherto, from a motive of delicacy, Winthrop had refrained from looking at Margaret's altered face; but he now turned his eyes full upon her, saying in his cordial, manly way—

"Margaret, there is no *worst* to me, where you are concerned. Change—alter as you may, you will ever to be me *best*—dearest. Do not weep, my love—your face, though it was pleasant to look upon, did not gain my affections; they were won by something better—your noble, generous nature, which is still left you, and of which no misfortune can deprive you. Dear Margaret, tell me that I have not loved in vain."

But Margaret was unable to speak, so violently was she weeping—happy, blissful tears they were, but they compelled her to fly from the apartment to regain her composure.

On reaching her own room, however, she lost not a moment in flinging from her the disguises which disfigured her. The red disappeared from her nose, the yellow from her teeth, and the patch from her eye in a marvelously short space of time. Her rich, beautiful hair was released from the ugly cap, and folded simply round her elegantly formed head. A white robe replaced the shapeless wrapper; excitement had brought a bright color to her cheeks; but the tears were yet sparkling in her clear brown eyes, as she reappeared before her lover.

Winthrop North was pacing up and down the room when she entered; she approached him unperceived, and laying her hand on his arm, looked up in his face.

Winthrop turned and gazed at her in astonishment. Never had she looked so perfectly lovely. Tears and smiles—tenderness and merriment were struggling for mastery in her bright face.

"Forgive me, Winthrop," she said, in a low, sweet voice, full of tenderness—"forgive me a jest—too serious, perhaps—but one I can never regret, since it has revealed to me how manly and generous is the love of a truly noble heart. How glad I am not to be obliged to accept the sacrifice you showed yourself so capable of making, since at best, I am not worthy of such love as yours."

As Mr. North's circumstances were such as to justify his immediate marriage, and as there was no reason for his engagement with our heroine being kept a secret, it was soon very generally known; and, as is usual, made the topic of much conversation for a day or two.

Hamilton Myers, among others, was discussing the subject the morning after the engagement "came out." He was standing with a group of young men at the corner of the street, and had just said,

"Well, I wish North joy of his bargain, for I can attest, from ocular demonstration, that the late pretty Miss Nesbitt is at present a perfect fright—a mere wreck. I tremble when I think of the escape I have myself had—for I was nearly caught, I assure you. Never saw any body so much changed by an illness in my life—why she has lost all her teeth, and her hair,

and one eye; her nose was as red as an old toper's, and her skin the color of a dandelion—she looked like a caricature of one of the witches in Macbeth. 'Pon honor, I feel like a man who has but just escaped being caught and eaten by an ogress."

So far had Myers volubly proceeded in his description, when one of his companions touched him—he turned, and saw, close beside him, Miss Nesbitt leaning on her lover's arm, and looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her.

Mr. North had delayed her a moment to speak to an old friend of his, whom he recognized in the group, and while he was doing so, Margaret had time to say to Myers, with a malicious smile, her bright eyes dancing with merriment,

"I fear it is too late for you to confide your secret to me, Mr. Myers, but perhaps with my resemblance to witches, I am also endowed with enough of their attributes to divine what it might have been, had not fortune rescued you from the hands of the 'ogress.' And henceforth you will know how to beware of witches and ogresses."

Leaving the discomfited and puzzled Mr. Myers, (whose brains on this subject have never cleared) to reply as he best can to the indignant queries of his companions as to the meaning of the representations he had been making them, and to solace himself as well as he is able, for having lost the hope of obtaining the sweetest and prettiest girl in the city for a wife, we take our leave of him, as well as of our happy heroine, and the lover who so nobly stood the love-lost.

## "SWEETLY ON THE MOONLIT LAKE."

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

SWEETLY on the moon-lit lake  
Sound soft music's numbers,  
As the dark gondola glides  
Where the shadow slumbers;  
Echo on the distant shore  
Where the pines are meeting,  
Each dear word in beauty's song  
Gently is repeating.

Thrilling voices die away  
As angel-notes ascending,  
Now lost a while—now bursting close,  
In tender beauty blending!  
The song—a true and mournful tale  
Of love and war was telling;  
A gallant knight a lady stole  
From her stern father's dwelling.

Her father, with his men-at-arms,  
Pursued his flying daughter:  
Her boat put off—the storm grew wild,  
And loudly roared the water;  
The lover still out-braved the storm,  
While on his neck reclining,  
With piercing shrieks the maiden hung,  
His neck her arms entwining!

"Oh, we have loved, as none have loved—  
I fear not storm or weather;"  
He kissed her pale cold lips, and cried,  
"Then let us die together!"  
Her fair soft cheek to his was pressed,  
His faithful heart her pillow,  
Amid the roarings of the storm  
They sank beneath the billow!

## SEVENTEEN AND THIRTY-SEVEN.

BY FRANK LEE.

SUCH a bird's-nest of a room! Why one glance into that delightful snuggerly was enough to steal the heart of any bachelor living—no matter how cross and crabbed he might be—even without a sight at its occupant. Though the possessor of that gem of a boudoir with all its elegant trifles and luxuries—to say nothing of the six lace flounces on her light silk skirt, and the wreath of blue corn flowers in her blonde head-dress—was an item by no means to be passed over in silence.

Very pretty looked Mrs. Jenny Derwent as she leaned back in her purple *fauteuil*, with her favorite pug reposing on a footstool at her feet—she had a fondness for dogs—and turned the rings upon her white, plump fingers round and round, with the air of one absorbed in deep, yet pleasant thought.

Very bewitching too she was, with that peculiar manner which it is given to widows only to attain, and the soft lamp-light stealing through rose colored shades, and restoring to her yet rounded cheek the bright, delicious bloom of early youth. A very sensible woman was she, and like a prudent widow of thirty-seven—not a day older, no matter what Mrs. Stubbs across the way might whisper—abhorred the *unrefined* glare of shadeless luminaries.

For at least the one hundredth time, she picked up a little note lying on the table before her, and glanced over the bold, masculine-looking lines, with a soft, birdie laugh, which, in spite of her efforts, would end in a sigh. Like all of her sex, the fair relict of Joseph Derwent, banker, had wandered through a little romance entirely unconnected with the aforesaid Joseph Derwent, a fat, asthmatic old prim! But long before had she given up her pet dream for connubial felicity with a creature who looked like a bale of wadding stuffed to repletion with green turtle soup.

Let us unravel the little mystery which had been tied up in old Time's bundle of relics, to grow musty along with divers other heart histories; and which Mrs. Jenny flattered herself that she had bestowed her last thought upon—though there she was somewhat mistaken—but no matter.

Ten—Lord bless me, is it possible!—twenty years ago, our heroine was seventeen, and like

any other chit just let loose from the thralldom of boarding-school, ready to make herself chief character in any sentimental episode which might turn up in her way.

Where she first met Pomfret Leniter I am unable to say, and with that we have nothing to do, it is the *sequitire* to that important or unimportant—according as one believes in Fate—which concerns us. But speedily a flirtation of the most desperate kind sprung up between them, and one night at a military ball where Jenny danced all her partners down—amid the intoxication of waltzing and flowers, the gilt-buttoned lieutenant drew from her a frank avowal—you all know the rest, I can't stop to be sentimental! Home went Jenny, congratulating herself on being that fortunate specimen of femininity, an engaged young lady, and dwelling on the perfection of her lover—all the while stabbing the toilet cushion with her pins as mercilessly as if she delighted in the operation.

But alas! the "best laid schemes of mice and men oft gang a-ga'e," or as Viola more poetically expressed it—"The course of true love did never yet run smooth," and Jenny found her fate no exception to the general rule. The very next day, while pale and pensive—she thought from the effects of first passion, though a wiser person would have set it down to the oyster-soup—it was revealed to her by her watchful mother that she was to marry Joseph Derwent. Poor Jenny! Of course she wept and vowed she wouldn't—what else could any girl do under the circumstances?

"A fat, gouty, old primp! Marry him indeed!" and then she wept again; but mamma stood the pelting of the summer shower with a degree of firmness worthy of a better cause, and when night came, re-echoed her determination with tones unchanged as the chime of a bell from morn till eve. What remained for Jenny but to reveal the secret of her betrothal with as much solemnity as if she had been communicating the fact that a clandestine marriage had taken place.

"Fudge!" said mamma, when the daughter vowed with a tragic air, imitated from Fanny Kemble, "that she would live and die true to"—sob—"to her"—sob-sob—"own Pomfret!"

"Up go her colors," cried uncle Phil, the sailor.



"The deuce's in the girl, she's a perfect water-spout."

Mrs. Lantry reminded her that even affection cannot exist long if it has nothing but itself to feed on, and quoted Keats, the muff—

"Love in a hut, with water and a crust,  
Is—Heaven preserve us—cinders, ashes, dust!"—

or would have done so, only she never read poetry, though her daughter did.

Well, the consequences were, that after much useless shedding of salt water, and many heart-breaking vows and protestations, back to his post went the lieutenant, and up to the altar went Jenny with the banker, while mamma stood by, piously arrayed in lavender satin, receiving with a smile, whose sadness did her infinite credit, the congratulations of her friends, who all whispered among themselves—"The luck of some folks!"

We will pass over the interlude of her married life in the silence it best deserves. She had laid her banker in the family vault, from whence, according to common-place philosophers, he was exhaling in the form of noxious gases to poison the air for his *not* inconsolable partner. Very ungrateful in the old fellow—when she got him under the ground, why couldn't he lie there quiet!

Whether Jenny's grief survived the hum-drum existence she led for eighteen years—a dinner party to the same prosy six old bachelors and plumed dowagers every Thursday, followed regularly by long whist in the evening, without even the consolation of knowing that her partner was dishonest—I cannot say. But if such was the case, suffering certainly agreed with her, for during those long years she was so quietly vegetating, she, once slender as a sylph, increased to more pounds avoirdupois, than we care to mention. And now, we have arrived at the point where we laid down the thread of our narrative, but let us "return to our mittens."

The fair widow was reading again the dainty note, over which she had puzzled so long before opening—true to her sex even then, for she was so busy wondering who it could be from, that she quite forgot how easily her curiosity might be satisfied, by just breaking the seal.

As this billet is the hinge on which our story rests, we give it here without apology.

"Has Jenny Lantry wholly forgotten the memories of a life gone by? I would fain hope not, therefore am I writing these lines. Twenty years since we have met! Twenty years since you wept the last tears of parting on my bosom ere they made you the bride of another. I think of you only as when I last saw you, with eyes speaking such sweet tales, and those long curls

falling round the waist this arm has so often encircled. But let me not brood over these memories, though they have comprised the sum of my existence during these lonely years since we parted. I am not married, Jenny—can you guess why?—and it is to ask permission to visit you, that I am now writing.

"If I receive no answer to this note, I shall know that you grant me leave, and shall, therefore, be at your house this evening.

"As of yore—and well you know how that was.

Yours, POMFRET LANITER."

That was the letter which had slightly discomposed the pretty relict's usual calm demeanor, and during the slow hours of that day had she been turning leaves in the long-closed book of her past.

Strange to say, she thought of her old lover only as he was when they parted—a tall, straight, graceful youth, with perhaps six hairs in his moustache—and such a figure she quite expected to see now.

Many times during every hour did she glance at the clock, and marvel that "the wheels of time worked heavily." At last it beat right. Suddenly the door was flung open—a tall, erect man, his air decidedly military—was ushered unannounced into the room.

The widow started up. She had not heard the door-bell, and expecting no visitor but her former flame, was naturally astonished at the apparition which appeared before her. The gentleman seemed to share her feelings of surprise and embarrassment, and bowed without speaking in return to her slight gesture of courtesy.

"I beg pardon," he said, still standing in the centre of the room, "but I expected to see Miss Jenny Lantry—I suppose I should say," and he smiled and colored, "Mrs. Derwent."

That voice! how natural it sounded—could it be? Oh, impossible, her nameless guest was forty-five at least.

"I am Mrs. Derwent," she said, in a rather faltering tone.

"You? I don't wish to seem rude, but it can't be."

"Perhaps you know best," returned she, with a slight acerbity; "pray, may I take the liberty of inquiring your name?"

"Certainly—Colonel Laniter."

The lady sank back in her chair perfectly aghast; the officer stood regarding her with a very puzzled expression on his countenance. The silence last several moments, then the widow's natural love of fun overpowered every other emotion, and screaming out—

"Bless my soul, the man is bald!" laughed

until the tears ran down her cheeks, and then she wiped them off, and laughed again. The gentleman all the while standing erect as one of the pillars to her mantel.

"You are very merry, ma'am; I see nothing so amusing."

"Oh, you don't?—well, there isn't, only—I am Jenny Lanthim. Ha! ha!"

It was too much for human nature, there was no use to be sentimental, and the colonel just sat down and laughed as hard as she did. Between them both they made such an uproar that the pug was roused from his slumber, and added his shrill bark to the general tumult. By the time he was quieted, their nerves became more composed, and all embarrassment having been rubbed off during their cachinatory trial, they seated themselves to look things in the face as they really were.

"I expected to see a young girl," said he.

"And I a lieutenant of twenty-two," returned she.

"Only a scawred colonel of forty-five!" sighed the officer.

"And a fat woman of thirty-seven," whispered the widow. Then she smiled—was she thinking that "Mrs. Col. Leniter" would look well on a wedding card? There's much in a name, Miss Juliet Capulet to the contrary notwithstanding.

Of course the gentleman contradicted her assertion; and when she looked at him again, he didn't seem so very old after all. They plunged at once into old recollections, the hours flew unheeded by, and when the prim maid entered with the tea-things unbidden, Mrs. Jenny was just snatching her plump hand from the military gentleman's grasp. The cheek nearest him wore too deep a color for a shadow from the lamp—probably he had been communicating some important army secret. Of course he staid to tea, and the long and short of it was, that thenceforth poor pug was forced to divide his kisses and caresses with the epanletted stranger, a state of things by no means pleasing to his dogship's feelings.

## LIKE FLASHES OF SUNSHINE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

Like flashes of sunshine your mirth sparkles bright,  
And sallies of genius take wing,  
'Tis the pure attic salt, 'tis the diamond's clear light,  
Wit pointed, but robbed of its sting;  
And courtesy softens each tone of your voice,  
And clothes you with interest and grace;  
What taste most approves is by instinct your choice,  
While its finest perceptions you trace.  
No harshness of outline, in form or in mien,  
Repel where you fain would attract,  
Expression and manner by culture refined,  
Lend zest to your talent and tact.  
If your theme should be grave, and your subject severe,  
Your hearers are fully repaid;  
If sentiment breathed in one listening ear,  
'Tis sweetly and playfully said.

And yet if the icebergs of Lapland reflect  
The radiance and sunshine of Heaven,  
There's a cold mocking light in the rays they collect,  
No warmth from their bosom is given,  
Their glittering surface alluring the eye,  
No hope and no comfort impart,  
'Mid their glory and brightness humanity dies,  
Their touch sends a chill to the heart.

Thus all your emotions by worldliness schooled,  
Have left but the polish of steel,  
Affection, and feeling, and kindness all ruled  
By whatever is wisest to feel;

Society's puppet so formed for display,  
So formed for the world to approve;  
An impulse that sprang from good feeling alone,  
Through your well tutored pulse never moved.  
And all that is noblest, and truest, and best,  
In a fine and a well gifted soul,  
Has been chained in its flight, driven back and repressed,  
Or held in a servile control;  
How well it could soar if it dared to be free,  
If its tones some heart feeling could fill,  
Could it love, could it hate, or be cruel or kind,  
From the strength of its own native will.  
As if some mosaic, the product of art,  
With careless indifference we gaze,  
And feel you are ready arranged and prepared,  
The expectant recipient of praise;  
As if to fulfil the unspoken demand,  
A calm admiration all prove,  
But none could e'er breathe in that critical ear  
The weakness of friendship or love.  
Not yours the low voice that would whisper to woe  
The comfort it sadly would crave,  
Not yours the last glance by the death bed of pain,  
Nor yours the last step at the grave;  
Affliction or sickness, or sadness must shrink  
From so brilliant a form with distrust,  
And feel that fastidiousness fears to avow  
Its portion with sorrow and dust.

## THE SLEDDING PARTY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

SIXTY years ago, when many of the citizens of Boston, now most noted for their intelligence, enterprise and wealth, were farmers sons, doing farm-work, or cabin-boys in merchant vessels; sixty years ago, there was a generation of stirring, vigorous hearts, to whom action, energetic action, was as great a necessity as the breath of their nostrils. They could work all day to earn their bread from the stony soil of New England, and then, on those evenings when they were not studying, (perhaps Greek or Latin, perhaps more practical branches) they would put on snow-shoes, and walk ten miles to dance all night at a quilting party.

It was a bright evening, when the crisp snow reflected back the moonlight in undiminished brilliancy, and even the rabbit track could be seen down the corn-field, when the shadows behind the stones were clear azure, and the gate-posts looked like two drowsy Mussulmen, with white turbans in danger of falling off, that four of Farmer Maule's stalwart sons stretched their long limbs under the supper-table, from which even *they* had not been able to clear its load of hasty pudding and pumpkin pies, asking, "What was the fun to-night?"

"Can't the boys do without fun till Thanksgiving is over? Rest till Thursday and you'll be the fresher for a frolic," suggested the mother, from the huge chimney, where after swinging out the long black crane, she had been dipping water from the boiler to wash the tea-things.

"Mother," cried Jack, "two days without fun would be the death of me!"

"Don't go out to-night, boys," rejoined the mother. "Are not the girls coming home from school? You would feel proper flat to be out of the way, if the stage should upset, coming through the drifts, and you should be wanted to harness up a team, and give some help. I guess you had better be about."

"Is it by to-night's stage the girls come home?" cried Ephraim, starting to his feet.

"Yes, you know they couldn't come on the Sabbath, and Saturday the ox-teams were breaking the snow on the roads for the stage. The poor girls will be very cold, for it will take at least three hours to come the ten miles from S——, and that is the last place they can stop to warm at."

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"Who are to come home with their 'educations finished' this time?" asked Jack, his face scarlet.

"Oh, Mabel Munroe will be here, never fear, Jack," cried Nathan, with a wink to his brothers—"but who else, mother?"

"Well, Mary and Hetty are coming."

"Of course, mother, they would come home to Thanksgiving. You always take care our girls shall have a part in all the fun that is going—but who besides our sisters?"

"Well, several of the prettiest girls of the village, so don't be out of the way, boys!"

"They will be half frozen," said Benjamin, thoughtfully. "Suppose we put on our skates, boys, and go up the river to S——, it is only half as far that way, as by the road——"

"And take the ox-sled," interrupted Nathan.

"And skate home with the girls—hurrah boys!" cried Jack, springing up the ladder which led to his sleeping apartment, to make hasty preparations.

"I think it would be better to take our small sleds," said Nathan, "we couldn't skate together enough to pull that large one, and if we came to an air-hole or anything, the risk is not so great. We can call in some more of the boys, and get enough sleds to bring the girls home singly."

"Let us have all the fellows," said Benjamin. "Those who don't get one of the girls, can have the fun of skating."

"Make haste then!" and in a few minutes mufflers and overcoats were donned, and with a signal whoop to "the fellows," the four young men took their way down the village street, overtaken frequently by some of their companions, who hurried out at the well known call to fun.

Assembled on the bank of the river, the boys consulted as to their plans, and while the younger ones who were sent for sleds and skates were hurrying on their errand, the others appropriated some pine-knots, which had been procured for some political occasion, that those who were not so privileged as to have a lady to sled home, might have something to do as torch-bearers to the company.

"All ready?" cried Ephraim's powerful voice.

"One, two, three, and away!"

The skaters bent forward, and skimming over

the ice like sea-birds, seemed to leave the ringing sound of their skates far behind them.

At the little village inn, a stage load of blooming girls from boarding-school, were crowding around the fire, some crying with cold, others with heat, having inconsiderately put their benumbed feet too suddenly near the fire, others complaining piteously of the ten miles they still had to travel in the bitter cold, before they could greet their own warm firesides. But others were laughing merrily, for it takes long continued suffering to quell the gushing joy of some hearts.

Among the laughers was Mabel Munroe, a rosy brunette of sixteen, who was just giving up a warm chimney nook, to a slim, half-frozen, gentle girl, one of those who always suffer keenly from cold, whether it be cold weather or cold hearts. Fortunately they have generally that exquisite sweetness of manner, which soon opens the warmest nook to them in both homes and hearts. So it was now. Louise Ames was made comfortable, while the merry Mabel covered the goodness of her act, by some very provoking remarks on the blue noses and red hands of the company.

But we have no time to spend with the girls, for the skaters were coming on swift as the wind, and soon there was heard in the bar-room a great noise of stamping feet, loud laughing, and merry greeting. In a few moments, while the girls were in a state of the greatest curiosity, the noise subsided into what appeared to be a consultation in an under-tone. In about a quarter of an hour, the door was opened by the smiling landlady, who was all mystery, but "would advise the girls to get as comfortable as they could, to take off their hoods and cloaks, and let the fire get to them, for the stage would not be round just yet," also, "to smooth their hair, and look proper nice." The girls were astonished. Were they to be visited by a school committee?

They lost no time, however, in doing as they were told. By the time they were warm, and the color had retired from their noses to their cheeks, and the tips of their chins—by the time their eyes had taken in enough firelight to sparkle for the rest of the evening, and their curls were shaken out, after the cramping in hoods they had undergone—the kitchen door was thrown open, and there, before the long table steaming with most delicious odors, the delighted girls, saw advancing to greet them, such a host of friends, cousins, brothers and lovers, that they were at first abashed. But this momentary embarrassment was soon terminated in a manner that raised a laugh, and set all at ease again.

Mabel having descried Jack, and turned but one bright glance upon him—he made such a

spring forward toward her, that, his boots having still a little snow on them, he slipped, and came down rather suddenly at her feet, fortunately for his future prospects in that quarter, not in an awkward sprawl, or ungainly squat—but upon one knee; and as he saved himself from farther fall by grasping her hand, and then had the presence of mind to kiss it, he rose up amid roars of applause, and was the hero of the evening.

Then followed joyous, noisy greetings between the brothers and sisters, more subdued but not less tender ones from the lovers, with many an odd word of welcome from the cousins. While Ephraim's two sisters were still clinging to him, his eyes were wandering abstractedly in search of a sweet face, which he at last found gazing as eagerly at his.

I have not time to describe the somewhat boisterous supper, nor the joy of the young ladies when they heard how the rest of their journey was to be performed. Indeed, I hardly dare describe these things, for now-a-days they would not sound well, though in these times of ungovernable spirits, a rather rough sally, or a boisterous laugh, only increased the general hilarity, and wounded no over refined feelings. Nothing was thought of Ephraim's taking Louise's hands in his, and keeping them so, while she sat with her beautiful profile almost reposing on his shoulder.

One thing, however, is necessary to my story, and I must mention it. When wrappings had been donned, and the party was assembled on the river, just about to set out—just when the line of nine sledders was awaiting the signal, and the torch-bearers, two to each sled, stood in rank forming a double line, through which the sleds were to pass—all the noisy ones were silenced by Benjamin, who proposed, that as the torch-bearers had so insignificant an office, its desirableness should be enhanced by their each receiving a kiss from the lady he lighted on her way. But this proposal was received with such a storm of indignation by the sledders, that it was almost withdrawn. It was finally agreed, however, that each lady should bestow a kiss upon the one who drew her, but that if either of the torch-bearers were to witness the act, she was to grant a similar favor to both of them. The girls, who felt secure with two watchers, did not object, and with a shout that made the woods ring again, and startled the stage horses from their unexpected beds, the party set out, keeping for a time beautiful order of procession.

But this did not continue long, for each sledder wished a wide field for manoeuvre, that he might win his kiss without risk of sharing it, and

the river soon looked, for a distance, like a pond in summer over which the fire-flies were flitting.

I cannot follow all the sleds, so will for a while watch Jack and Mabel. Full of mirth, and not apparently very much concerned about the promised reward, Jack skated carelessly along under the keen eyes of his torch-bearers, till he saw a clump of alder bushes growing near the shore, and hoping there was ice all around them, so that he could put them between him and his enemies, he made a sudden swift dart, and had reached them before he could check his impetus, although alas! his quick jerk had thrown Mabel from the sled, and the torch-bearers were assisting her to arise, and inquiring tenderly if she were hurt!

It is quite probable that if Jack had returned with humble apologies, and looking miserable, he would never have regained lost ground with Mabel. But with a sweep graceful as a swallow on the wing, he circled round her, and when at full speed letting go the rope to his sled, it flew like an arrow to the opposite bank. The good-natured torch-bearers feeling some compassion, for what seemed to them his awkward predicament, and anxious that he should soothe the offended Mabel, darted off to recover his sled, while he made an apology—and behold! he had time to whisper to Mabel some very sweet words, and give three kisses, the last of which was returned with good-will, before they even turned to come back.

Though they watched narrowly for the rest of the way, they did not see even an attempt, though Jack would often pretend to be seeking a chance to elude their vigilance, thus knowing that he and Mabel were enjoying a laugh in their sleeve at the useless exertions of their companions.

But how did gentle Louise like this sport? Not very much. And how did she fare? Thus. I am sorry to say that though Ephraim's heart beat high, it was not altogether with pleasure, and that as he saw the gaze of his two spies fixed so mischievously upon him, he muttered between his teeth some not very complimentary remarks. Indeed his temper grew worse and worse. He was angry because rather than share his privileges, he would forego them, and this was not very agreeable. Such little tricks as that by which Jack accomplished his purpose, did not suit him, and this very evening he had hoped to hear from Louise what he had waited years to be able to ask. He had earned a home to which he would be proud to lead her, and, no longer a very young man, he could not easily brook being thwarted in his will by a foolish frolic. His broad chest heaved with its one engrossing, yet repressed feeling, as he saw her eyes timidly seek

his face, with a look trembling between fear and hope. That *now* he should have two spies at his elbow!

Ah, Ephraim, it is better to keep your good-humor, for presence of mind almost always accompanies it, and by being sullen you lost a fine chance.

While passing a dense wood, a deer, alarmed by the lights and shouts of those who had gone before, plunged from the bushes, and, bewildered, darted up the river. It was too tempting—more so than the kiss, and both the torch-bearers dashing down their torches, gave it chase. Now—if Ephraim had had his wits about him! But his feelings, so lately only of irritation and anger, would not instantly prompt words of love, and before he spoke back came the spies. The deer had escaped, and so had Ephraim's opportunity. The torches were no loss, for the moonlight was bright enough to have made the kiss visible, had it only been a written one.

Louise, as was natural, felt slighted, and even more deeply alarmed, lest she had not read aright all these expressive looks which had long since won her heart.

Suddenly, under their very feet, a sharp crack was heard, and with all his force Ephraim threw from him the rope to the sled, and then, trying in vain to check himself in time, he disappeared beneath the ice—and with him his foremost companion. The other, who was by Louise's side, seized the rope, and, with a sudden twirl, sent the sled some distance from the air-hole, then returned to save his friends. Ephraim was still under the ice, but his companion had partly raised himself from the water, and was easily extricated.

Louise had sprung from the sled, and though afraid to venture on the cracking ice, where the swift skaters went with impunity, she ran toward the shore, and was almost near enough to give her hand to Ephraim, when his head and struggling arms first made their appearance above the water. His feet were on firm ground, but he was so chilled and exhausted that he could hardly stand. He was dragged ashore and laid upon the snow, while his friend rubbed his benumbed limbs. Meantime the other unfortunate fellow had hurried on to keep himself warm, and with the other skaters was out of sight.

Ephraim, from his long exposure and wet clothes, grew colder and colder; he seemed fast sinking into the lethargy of death, when Louise begged his friend to hasten after the others, and halloo for assistance, while she watched by Ephraim. He complied, and Louise, left alone with the almost dying man, felt her heart grow

strong within her. Taking from the sled the small robe, she wrapped his feet in it—and throwing her own cloak over him, crept close to him, laying her gentle, warm head upon his bosom, and holding him closely in her arms.

Ephraim was not yet quite asleep, and warm blood could still gush from his heart, overcoming the sluggish current in his frozen veins.

"Louise," he muttered, indistinctly, "is any one here?"

"No, not now."

"Louise—I cannot—will you kiss me?"

Instantly, the warm tears trickling from her face to his, she did as he asked, and at that instant fresh life seemed to wake in him, for he clasped her in his arms and returned her kiss many times.

"You have awaked me," he said, "you have saved my life"—and indeed he had time to grow quite warm—in his eloquence at least—before assistance arrived.

The party safely at home, all fears and disasters over, merriment reigned supreme. By Thanksgiving day the "Intention of Marriage of Ephraim Maule and Louise Ames" was posted on the church door, according to custom, four weeks before the ceremony, and nothing ever more delighted the villagers.

As for Jack and Mabel, it was not many years before their names appeared in a similar announcement in the same place, but many a wise old head was shaken with the smiling remark, that so gay a couple should hardly venture on such a serious affair as matrimony.

## THE LEGEND OF THE SNOW-FALL.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

WHAT sayeth the storm-wind sighing,  
It bloweth with might, and main,  
And its touch on my aching forehead  
Cools the throbs of my deathless pain!

It tells of a grave by the hill-side,  
Where the wild winds madly blow,  
And a heart that is cold, and pulseless,  
'Neath the fall of the hurrying snow—

And I think of a time in my cabin,  
By the pine-fire's flickering light,  
When I clasped his hand with my fingers,  
The whole of a wearying night.

And he said, "Bend over and kiss me,  
Oh, friend, thou art dearer than all,  
I would have thy kiss on my forehead  
While the hurrying snow-flakes fall!"

But my eyes were dim when I kissed him,  
For well, in my soul, did I know  
To the beautiful country of shadows,  
His feet would be first to go!

The wind was aloft in the chimnies,  
And the snow was aloof like the wings  
Of a cloud of descending angels,  
Or the blooms of a thousand Springs!

But his thoughts went back to the Summer,  
And followed the pleasant ways  
Where our footsteps had wandered together,  
In the long, bright Summer days—

They gathered flowers on the uplands,  
Where he never more might stray,  
Till he cried, "My thoughts they are angels  
Baptized in Eternal day!"

Then, there came to his forehead a glory,  
By the pine-fire's flickering blaze,

While I told 'twixt my sobbings the story  
We had learned in those happier days—

How the good God was born in a manger,  
And over the wearying earth  
Walked with footsteps patient and toilsome,  
To the day of his death, from his birth—

And 'mid shadows of darkness and sorrow,  
That gathered around Him the while,  
The God-life dwelling within Him  
Blessed all mankind with its smile—

And when He went back into Heaven,  
O'er the hills of Eternal snow,  
He promised His children should follow,  
Where He had been first to go!

And my love rising up from the pillow,  
Said low, with his head on my breast,  
"Oh, friend, I go forth in the morning,  
To the fields of Eternal Rest!"

And when the grey shadows of morning  
Swept over the cabin floor,  
He said, "I am weary, and weary,  
And cannot come back any more!"

Then the heavy, fringed eyelids were folded,  
Close over his lustrous eyes,  
And I heard 'mid the storms and the tempest,  
A summons from Paradise.

'Twas sweet as the sorrowful closes  
Of earth-hymns sung at night,  
Or the breath of the folded roses  
On the dead man's shroud of white

And alack! when there stole o'er the snow-flakes,  
The gold-shodden morning's tread,  
The embers had faded to ashes,  
And I was alone with my dead!

# ADA LESTER'S SEASON IN NEW YORK.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

## PART I.

NEW YORK, January 5th.

DEAR MAGGIE—

PAPA has told you, before this, of our journey hither, and our hair-breadth escapes. This is absolutely the first moment since I left home that I have had time to write a word. Whilst papa was here, every minute he could spare from business was devoted to taking me around to the various institutions, and other places of interest, to which I now find fashionable people do not go. Indeed my cousins look upon it as one of the strongest marks of my village, or "country" breeding, as they call it, the interest which I take in these things; and I verily believe that they know less now about New York than I do, in that respect.

Well, Maggie, do you know that it almost gave me the heart-ache to let papa go home without me. All the pleasure that I had promised myself in my visit to a great city, seems so trivial compared with the love and comforts of home, that had it not been for very shame at seeming so like a baby, I should have packed up and returned with him. Do you know that there seems to be no *home* in New York? No domestic happiness, I mean. The men live in their counting-houses, think of nothing but the "almighty dollar," and one would scarcely know that their families belonged to them if they did not bear the same name. But the men are not to be so blamed, after all, for such a life is an irresistible necessity, the way in which society is constructed here.

The women spend the money as fast as the husband and father can make it, (some faster, I suspect, from gossip that I hear now and then, which sounds very much like scandal to uninitiated ears,) scarcely seem to know the meaning of *home*, except as a place elegantly furnished where they sleep and eat sometimes, and give balls, and receive calls once a week. The hearty, healthy interest which our village matrons, even the wealthiest of them, feel in their household duties, is unknown here, that is among the fashionable people who are New York *par excellence*. The rooms are all drawing-rooms, halls, boudoirs and chambers, splendidly, but not *cosily* furnished, and there is no family

circle where mamma presides, and the daughters gather around with happy faces and useful work. It is true that in the rose-wood and brocatelle furnished *boudoir*, there may stand an easel or a drawing-table, but the brushes are untouched and the pencils uncut; or there may be a *papier mache* work-stand inlaid with pearl, lined with crimson watered silk, and furnished with gold sewing implements, scent bottles, &c.; but the work accomplished is in accordance with all the rest, for it consists of a tiny piece of linen cambric, with a few pencil marks on it, and about a hundred stitches done in embroidery cotton; (worsted work is antiquated now, Maggie, and a lady who says "zephyr" is tabooed) and the fair occupant of the boudoir opens her stand about the hour of receiving morning calls, and if a gentleman is sufficiently intimate at the house to be introduced into this *sanctum*, he is wonderfully edified by the industry and elegance of the young lady who plays gracefully with her work, and takes a stitch now and then to show her rings, in a most bewitching manner.

But there *are* boudoir consultations, Maggie, of the utmost importance. These consist principally of "ways and means;" the to-be-invited and excluded guests of the next party, the color of a bonnet, the trimming of a ball-dress, or the probability of an offer to Amanda Malvina from the Baron Krautenbeer.

If there is anything for which a New York fashionable lady returns thanks at church on Sunday, I suspect it is that she *is* a New York fashionable lady, and not the jealously guarded wife of a Turk. As I before said, the principle use which they make of their homes is to sleep in, eat in, and receive calls in, for it seems to me that they almost live in the streets, or rather in their carriages, in the stores, and on the door-steps of their friends.

Now, Maggie, *ma chere*, imagine these beautiful butterflies on a stormy day, when nobody can go out, and nobody can come in, and the hours are so long till it is time for Therese to begin dressing the hair for the evening's ball or opera. I have been behind the scenes and know all about it. Such a rumming against the window-panes and wondering when it *will* clear; such yawning and turning over of tasseled, eider-down cushions,

in order to find a soft place whereon to lay the weary head and sleep away a little of the tedious time; such practising of piano, and harp, and voice; and then such energy (the only time when energy is displayed) with which the poor fluttering thing declares that this detestable weather which seems inclined to last forever, (it may have been raining since day-break only, mind you,) has ruined the piano keys, and harp strings, and made her as hoarse as a frog.

Maggie, Maggie, this life is really pitiable. I believe they think it vulgar to read a book that has genius above a trashy annual, or that is not written by Sue and Dumas, and are inclined to pronounce those who in any degree keep up with the literature of the times, as *blues*, and have vague ideas that they *may* take snuff, *ought* to wear glasses, and *must* be slovenly in their dress.

Yet I am not as famished in the way of intellectual food as you might imagine. My cousin George, who, you know, was married some time ago and went to Europe with his bride, it seems is a very intelligent man, from what I hear, and can judge from the expensive and well-selected library which his room contains, and to which uncle Hinton has given me free access. By the way, this same marriage is a sore point with aunt and the girls, I suspect, for Mrs. George Hinton, the younger, is not of their Brahminical *caste*, but a lovely, intelligent girl, not at all rich, whom master George met at Newport, where she was nursing a sick father. The whole thing was such a novelty to a man educated as he had been, that he fell desperately in love with her for variety's sake. As aunt said in speaking to me of the circumstance, he had such odd notions of things, and was so head-strong, that they knew they might as well make the best of it, and let him marry her.

I believe that her gentle, dignified manners have rather softened their feelings toward her, and uncle speaks really very affectionately of her.

I am afraid, Maggie dear, that I have given you an unfavorable opinion not only of New York generally, but of my relatives also. Now this would be most unkind, after receiving their hospitality, but I have said all to them, about my opinions of society that I have written to you. They acknowledge it, of course, but say that they must do as the world does. The old story! Uncle Hinton is very kind to me, talks more to me than to either of his daughters, and is pleased to say that he loves to have me by him, for I look so much like mamma did when she was the belle of C—. I think that he sometimes looks back with regret to the days when he was only the

son of a village lawyer, with enough money for his comparatively few wants, the first for a picnic, singing-school, or sleigh ride; and I fancy that he sometimes sighs over invoices and bank accounts, and looks forward to the time when he will pronounce all this "unprofitable, and only vanity."

Aunt Hinton is naturally a good-hearted, characterless woman, but terribly afraid of the world; whilst Louise, the eldest daughter, has a good deal of her father's native intelligence, a good deal of selfishness, and has been very much spoiled by her beauty, her position in society, and the useless life she leads.

Ella, my youngest cousin, has not yet gone through the terrible ordeal, through which Louise has passed, for she has been in society but a short time, and is a frank, good-natured girl, willing to "live and let live."

I was going, dear Maggie, to tell you about the New Year's calls and a dozen other things, but find that I have already stretched my letter to a most unreasonable length; and it is near post time, so for further particulars inquire of mamma, to whom I wrote yesterday. Say to her that I got her letter this morning, and though I am delighted that they are well, my vanity is somewhat hurt that they do not appear to miss me more.

Yours ever, dear Maggie,

ADA LESTER.

NEW YORK, January 25th.

MA CHERE AMIE—

I do not wonder that a good intention is scarcely ever fulfilled in New York—there is never time for it. The school book story of busy-idleness is amply illustrated here. One is constantly doing something, but nothing is ever accomplished, and yet so much do we set with the current, that the round of inane occupations which so wearied, and seemed so trivial to me when I first came, has now grown quite easy, and I was near saying almost interesting.

But I was going to tell you about the New Year's calls, was I not? Well, for the last few days of the old year, the girls were talking of the probability of several interesting and distinguished foreigners, as they said, being added to their list of acquaintance on New Year's day, when every one who wants to know a lady, or has ever had a bowing acquaintance with her, is privileged to call.

"We shall be sure," said Louise, "to see Horace Blanchard then. He has been home for several days, and I think it strange that he has not called before now."

Now this Horace Blanchard, it seems, is an



intimate friend of George's, and has just returned from Europe. I soon discovered that he was one of the *exceedingly eligibles*, by the respect with which the girls spoke of him.

We commenced the New Year with an unusually early breakfast, and as we left the table to make our toilets, Ella cautioned me to be sure to appear in full dress. Now, Maggie, what they call full dress in New York, is anything but what we should call *full dress* in C—; in fact, it took a long while for me to think it anything at all but about *half* dress, for the neck and shoulders are most shamefully uncovered, (a rigid following of French fashion plates) but what is taken from there is added to the train of the skirt.

Ella was in a perfect fever of excitement. She has just "come out," you know, so this is the first time she has ever "set up" to receive calls on her own account, and been admitted to the full privileges of young lady-dom. She flew into the drawing-room as we passed, and pushed a chair back here and there "in order," she said, "to give the gentlemen more bowing room."

In truth, this seemed to me to be needed, for the furniture in fashionable houses seems all to stand in the middle of the room, and not against the wall, nor even near it. Did papa tell you of my *naïve* remark the morning we arrived here and were shown into the drawing-room? It was about one o'clock, and I said to him, "goodness, what lazy servants and bad housekeeping, they have not dusted the parlor and put it to rights yet." Papa shouted with laughter, and told me that it was the fashionable way of furnishing, which I have since found to be true; but I really thought that they had had company the night before, and that the room had been left in this confusion, and not since attended to. To this day though, I walk through the drawing-rooms here somewhat nervously, having an uncomfortable feeling about the ankles, in steering among the lounging chairs, *tele-a-teles*, tea-poya, &c., which strew the apartment. Now you know, Maggie, that I don't like anything squared by rule in a room, but I like some regularity in the irregularity of furniture; but here one might judge that it was a mathematical rule of upholstery never to place an article nearer than three feet from the wall, and to congregate as much in the middle of the room as possible. But all this has nothing to do with the New Year's calls.

Louise and Ella were in the drawing-room before me, as I had set down to write a letter home previous to dressing. Louise looked really

elegant in a gold and black brocade, which was very becoming to her brunette style of beauty; and Ella equally showy in a pink silk trimmed with white illusion. My dress of simple white tarletane was of course very plain beside those of my cousins, and Ella good-naturedly offered to add to it, by going to the conservatory and bringing a couple of superb white camillas for my hair, and a crimson and a white one with their glory-leaves for my *bouquet de corsage*. Uncle stopped on his way to his sleigh, which was awaiting him at the door, (as he too had his round of calls to make) gave all our appearance a hearty commendation, kissed us affectionately, and departed. I went to the window, and stood behind the heavy curtains to see him off. You cannot imagine how animated a scene the street presented. It was a glorious day, with the brightest sunshine, and the bluest sky one ever saw, and the air was just frosty enough to keep the snow which covered the ground from thawing; and along the gentlemen glided in their cockle-shell sleighs, with their spirited horses and tinkling bells, seeming to forget, for that day at least, there was such a thing as care or sorrow in the world.

Did I tell you that they *shave* the horses here? It seemed to me a most cruel thing at first, to deprive them of the good warm coat with which kind nature had provided them for winter, but I am told that there is no danger of their taking cold if they are properly covered when not travelling. It certainly adds very much to their appearance, they look so smooth and glossy.

Of course on New Year's day there is not a lady (in the conventional sense) to be seen in the streets.

I had not been at the window long before a sleigh whirled up, from which alighted a couple of gentlemen, and the white cravated, white vested, and white gloved waiter James, soon ushered them into the parlor. In a few moments others, and still others arrived, some of whom made quite long calls, whilst others rushed in, said a few words, and then rushed out again, as if they were crazy.

A table of refreshments, consisting of coffee, wines, oysters, boned turkey, &c. &c., was set in the tea-room, opening out of the drawing-room, to which some did not go, and some did. Several, I thought, partook more largely of wine than the early hour seemed to warrant. Others, who were cold from their ride, but more temperate, took only coffee or chocolate.

I had been sitting beside aunt Hinton, who shone resplendent in black velvet and diamonds, merely bowing to the gentlemen whom she intro-

duced to me, when I heard her whisper, "there is Mr. Blanchard."

I looked up and saw a fine, tall man, with brown hair and eyes, and of a much more intelligent and dignified air than I thought most of my cousin's visitors possessed. Aunt arose and greeted him very cordially, and as I found he was telling her and the girls about George and his wife, I withdrew a little behind them to a table on which some books were lying. These I pretended to look at, but I will confess, dear Maggie, hypocrite that I was, that I was in reality listening to the conversation of one of whom I had heard so much.

Presently he said to Louise in a somewhat lower voice, "Pray, Miss Hinton, who is that young lady at the table?"

"A connexion of papa's from the country," was the reply, in a low, constrained voice, yet loud enough for me to hear. "It's her first visit to the city. I will give you an introduction, if you wish it, you will probably be amused, as she is something of a blue."

And with this flattering description I was summarily dismissed, Louise *la superba*, being evidently aggrieved by my want of style, and my only redeeming point, dear Maggie, being that I was a "connexion of papa's," not his niece, mind you, for "papa" is universally respected and looked up to as a monied man in New York.

"She is really a charming girl, but quite deficient in style," put in my aunt, in her compromise way.

Ella in the meantime had been chatting away now to Mr. Blanchard, and now to the group of gentlemen who surrounded her, caring little for the impression she was making, which was really a favorable one, for she was fresh in the world, and a "fresh girl" in New York is really a novelty.

"Now, Miss Ella," said Mr. Blanchard, "I must get you to introduce me to your friend, as Miss Hinton is engaged with *the count*," and a satirical smile lighted his face as he glanced at Louise, who was receiving some Don Wiskerando with the greatest *empressement*.

"This is your first visit to the city, I think, Miss Lester," said he, after the introduction took place, "and of course the first time you have ever seen the system of New Year's calls in perfection. Pray what do you think of it?"

"That there is too much wine drunk, and that those who start out as gentlemen in the morning, do not return home as such," replied I, sharply, for I felt that he was trying to read me. "And, moreover," I continued, "it gives every man who chooses to do so, the liberty to call and become

acquainted with a lady, and thus many disagreeable, and, I suspect, often injurious acquaintances, are made."

Maggie, do you know that the man provoked me beyond endurance, he absolutely sat there and showed his white teeth, and smiled as if he compassionated my petulance, and would excuse it, for I was only a "country girl," so it was not to be expected that I should know any better.

After a few more desultory remarks, he said, "How do you like New York society, Miss Lester?"

"It might be better than it is," replied I, still in my sharp way, "if it was not composed principally of silly boys and girls, instead of intelligent men and women; and it seems to me that these young gentlemen, who are made up mostly of shirt collars and sleeves, and the young ladies, who are only automatons to advertise Stewart and Beck, would both be better off in the school-room."

Mr. Blanchard gave a gay laugh, the most natural thing which I have heard since I came to New York, and said that it was easily to be seen that "young America" was not in favor with me.

I laughed from sympathy, and replied that—"As a school girl, boys in roundabouts had been my particular aversion, but that I found them no more agreeable in premature coats; why," said I, with a good deal of energy, I suspect, "they seem to me to have sprung from babyhood into society, as full grown as Minerva was when she emerged from the teeming brain of Jupiter."

"The great fault of our fashionable society," replied my companion, "is that there is nothing in it. It is just like the froth on the can of porter to which some one likened English society, there is nothing of it when you come to taste it. One could forgive our fashionables if there was any heartiness even in their follies, but they seem too satiated even to enjoy that."

"Yes," said I, "I have not been to a concert or party since I came here, that I have not thought of old Froissart's remark about the English, hundreds of years ago, 'Every one takes his pleasure sadly as is their custom.'"

"Froissart!" and with this Mr. Blanchard drew his chair nearer to the table by which I was sitting, leaned his elbow on it, and said,

"I am so glad, Miss Lester, that you have read the quaint old chronicler; I have a superbly illustrated copy which I have just brought home, that you must see."

And, will you believe it, Maggie? that man actually talked with me two hours to my great delight then, but to my mortification subsequently,

when after he was gone, I remembered that Louise had told him I was "a blue," and knew that he only did it to amuse himself and draw out a "country girl." I bit my lips till the blood almost came, with sheer vexation.

The calls continued till quite late in the evening, and I think that but comparatively few of the gentlemen were entirely sober by ten o'clock, and I *know* that some of them were most decidedly and shamefully otherwise.

But, my dear friend, I had a thousand other things to tell you, only those New Year's calls have run away with me at locomotive speed.

Yours ever,

ADA LESTER.

NEW YORK, February 16th.

MAGGIE, Maggie, I have absolutely seen and heard Sontag. It is really a luxury which you cannot even *half* appreciate, no one can, till they have seen and heard her. She is here performing in Opera, and uncle has taken seats for the season, so I shall always have an opportunity to go if I wish.

You must know that the theatre where she is playing will contain ten times as many people as the little one at C—, and just imagine a house of that size filled from floor to ceiling with ladies in full dress, (New York *full dress*, I mean, of course,) glittering with diamonds; plumes waving with every motion of the fan; head-dresses that cost as much as poor old widow G—'s yearly house rent does; opera cloaks that are marvels of beauty and extravagance; ermine fit for a princess; laces, a yard of which it takes a poor girl six months to make:—Imagine all this if you can, with the wonderful assortments of colors, the brilliant gas-lights, and the bewitching little overture to *La Fille du Regiment*, all combined.

The first time I saw Sontag was as "The Daughter of the Regiment." Her voice, though failing, has been so thoroughly trained, that one must be hypercritical to find fault with it, and then her acting is just perfection. One cannot believe that the bewitching girl of eighteen, as she appears on the stage, is a grandmamma. It is marvelous. As the play went on I got quite hysterical, laughed and cried in one breath, and I suspect to Louise's disgust, who thinks it vulgar ever to betray feeling. The only redeeming point which I have, in her estimation, is, that I am naturally so reticent. Well, Maggie, I thought Sontag's "*La Fille du Regiment*" charming, but it was baby play to her "*Lucie de Lammermoor*." I am becoming fashionable too, you must know, since papa's last remittance, with its consequence, some new dresses, and in order to keep

up with the world around me, I determined that I would *not* cry, so I bit my lips till the blood nearly came, but it would not do, and like poor old uncle Ned, the tears run down my cheeks like rain. Mr. Blanchard, who was with us, kindly tried to shield me from the observation of *la belle* Louise, by leaning over and talking to me, but I suspect he did not entirely succeed, as she was quite cross afterward. But such acting, such acting, Maggie, you cannot imagine! What happy appreciation and strong sympathies Sontag must have to be able to render that terrible story so vividly. Verily, Maggie, the sorrows of poor Lucie almost crazed me. I used to think that nothing could equal the story as told by Scott, but ah! there is nothing but music that can interpret the wail of a broken heart.

Sontag, and a most provoking thing which occurred this morning, are all that I shall think of for a week, I suspect. After breakfast the carriage was ordered as usual, for the morning's routine of calls, shopping, and luncheon at Thompson's saloon; but as I find my health is not so good in consequence of late hours, and the want of my usual active exercise in the open air, I told my cousins that I would prefer not accompanying them, but would take a long walk instead; so running up to my room I wrapped myself up warmly in my furs, and off I started.

It was a glorious day, the air clear and frosty, the sky blue and sunshine bright, and I went on in high glee, for I felt like a child just out of school.

I walked for at least two hours, and then returned home quite wearied with the unusual exercise. I smoothed my hair and prepared for dinner, then picked up my book, and made my way into the drawing-room. We do not dine here, you know, till five o'clock; so although it was not nearly dark, the heavy curtains gave the room quite a twilight appearance; that fact, I suppose, combined with the warm room, my fatigue, and the long walk in the frosty air, made me most deliciously drowsy. I threw my head back, therefore, and settled myself comfortably in the great lounging-chair for a nap. I know not how long I had slept, but I awoke with a start, and my mouth *wide open*, (you know what a *horrible* habit I have of sleeping with my mouth open) and who should I see standing before me with a scarcely suppressed smile, but that Mr. Blanchard. It makes me laugh now, to think how angry I was *with the man*, because he had seen me so. "Well," said I, in my usual *brusque* manner, "I hope you admired the view." To my indignation this almost convulsed him with laughter. Thanks to dame Nature, for endowing

me with a stock of inborn impudence, which serves me admirably here, in lieu of a fashionable education, I again settled myself easily in the chair and went on, "I acknowledge, Mr. Blanchard, that my position was much more comfortable than elegant, but then I had a good precedent; you know Marie Mancini, who so fascinated the fastidious Louis XIV., always slept so." He made no direct reply, but leaned over, still with that smile which he *could* not suppress, and took from my hand my book. The volume happened to be De Quincy's "Opium Eater," which has been bewitching me lately.

"Oh," said I, determined to carry the thing off with a high hand, "it was nothing soporific in the book, as the name might indicate, but an unusual quantity of exercise which I took this morning in the open air, that was the cause of my drowsiness." All this was said indifferently enough, but I really wished the fellow at the bottom of the sea. I would give anything to know how long he had been watching me, and with the usual justice of human nature, I could really find it in my heart to *hate* him for seeing me in that ridiculous situation. Do you think too, he had come to bring me that illuminated edition of Froissant, that he had mentioned on New Year's day! When aunt and the girls returned from their drive, Louise seemed rather inclined to sneer at my *penchant* for walking, and hoped I had enjoyed myself; but when I told them at the dinner-table of my afternoon's adventure, she was not nearly as much mortified as I expected she would be, and in fact seemed to enjoy it vastly.

Valentine's Day, you know, dear Maggie, is almost a myth with us, but here the custom is most rigorously kept up. At least what they call the custom here; for it really has nothing to do with the old-fashioned *actual* love letters, filled with Cupids, and hearts and arrows, and the sighs of despairing swains, such as we read of, but seems to be a licensed day, for more nonsense and vulgarity, and extravagance to pass through the post-office, than the other three hundred and sixty-four days together could furnish.

For a week previous to the fourteenth, the shop windows of the lower kinds are filled with the most abominable caricatures, which are sold from the price of three cents upward, things within the range of everybody's purse, tended to wound by their coarseness; whilst the stationers of the better class have their windows crowded with elegant vellum paper, sometimes exquisitely painted in wreaths and bouquets, or actual wreaths of fine French artificial flowers, with

the love verses already indited; others have borders which beautifully imitate the finest and most elaborate lace; whilst others again have little pockets, as it were, compactly put on, in which is usually placed a ring or some other piece of jewelry, or concealing a minute mirror.

Well, on our return from our drive on Valentine's Day, we found the drawing-room table strewn with these pretty nonsenses, addressed of course to my cousins. Verses, to Louise particularly, so adulatory that you might judge from them that she was Minerva, Venus and Juno combined. To me the laughable part of the thing was, that these effusions were not from the heart or brain of the lover, but were bought already beautifully printed for a good round sum. Louise turned over those addressed to her, with an air of calm indifference, as though all this incense was a matter of course, and nothing more than she *ought* to expect, but I thought she was somewhat disappointed in some way, though one of her's had a most valuable emerald ring in it. Ella, less accustomed to such sweet flattery, was in a flutter of delight, and evidently rose a hundred per cent in her own estimation. On opening one of her's, with its delicate lace border, she discovered a splendidly embroidered handkerchief within, which must have cost fifty or sixty dollars. The child gave a cry of delight, and has vowed, I believe, to marry the man, whoever he may be, that had the taste to send her anything so exquisite.

As I entered my dressing-room, a gush of fragrance met me, and I espied on my table one of the most perfect bouquets I ever beheld. I knew that uncle Hinton's gardener would never suffer his green-house to be robbed of such a wealth of beauty as that, for he is quite a tyrant in his own domain; and thinking the servant must have made some mistake in placing it in my room instead of Louise's, I was about to carry it in to her, therefore, when I found attached to it a card directed to "Miss Ada Lester." Oh, Maggie, emerald rings, embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, and rapturous love verses were nothing compared to this beautiful floral Valentine. It was very large, and almost perfectly white. There were splendid, wax-like camillas, with a green leaf here and there; odorous daphnas, with their pale pink blush, having a perfume so subtle that it seemed to steal away one's senses; white rose-buds just opening, so that you could see far down into their very hearts; feathery laurustinus; and to crown the whole, a majestic white calla, that looked like velvet traced with silver veins, as I held it against the light.

I fairly *bounced* into the girls' room with it,

exclaiming, "look at my Valentine, look at my Valentine. *Isn't it exquisite?*"

Louise raised her eyes incredulously.

"For *you?*" asked she, with a shadow of a frown, I thought, on her fine brow. "Let me see."

And she examined, minutely, the card that was attached to it.

"Who can it be from?" I queried, excitedly, for I was really very much flattered by *this* tribute.

"Oh! from Mr. Blanchard, of course," said Ella, laughingly, "he is your most devoted cavalier, you know."

"What nonsense, Ella, why Ada scarcely knows Mr. Blanchard. You had better persuade her that he is in love with her at once," answered Louise.

"She knows him as well as she does any one else," returned Ella, "and he knows how very found she is of flowers."

Louise made no reply, and I rather inclined to Ella's opinion, first, because Mr. Blanchard has been so kind to me since I have been here, and again because I know no one who has such an exquisite taste. Besides, *caro mio*, at that time, you know, he hadn't seen me asleep with my mouth open.

My bouquet still looks very fresh, and last night when Mr. Blanchard called, I took an opportunity in a casual way to speak of it, and say how much it had delighted me, for I thought that if he *had* sent it, it was but proper he should know how much pleasure he had given.

"Well, Ada," said Louise, when he had gone, "you may expect another bouquet soon, after your rhapsody. Even if Mr. Blanchard didn't send that, he cannot fail to think that another would be acceptable, and he is too gentlemanly not to take a hint." She spoke calmly and jestingly, but I could not fail to see that she was angry.

"I hope he *will* 'take the hint.' I know no one who would appreciate him or his flowers, more than myself," replied I, sharply.

In truth, dear Maggie, this fine lady cousin of mine, makes me feel so much like "the fretful porcupine," with her sarcasm and innuendoes, veiled under such calm politeness, that I could find it in my heart to pack up and be off home by the first opportunity, if I did not know how it would distress my uncle, who has set his heart upon carrying me back to C—; and I could give no reason for my hurry, for no one but myself can detect anything in all this but Louise's natural manner. I do wish I was at home though, Maggie!

Yours ever,

ADA.

NEW YORK, February 28th.

THE winter is going out with a great flourish of trumpets, dear Maggie, and, as I write, the sharp sleet comes tinkling against the window-panes like thousands of needles, and the wind howls down the street most pitifully, like something human, as if it was the voice of all the sick and sorrowing and destitute ones combined. Not with the wierd sound which you and I know so well, that we used to listen to, half in awe, as it came from the dry tongues and long arms of the old elm trees around the house; the sound, you know, that on that winter twilight made the reading of the opening part of Macbeth so *eerie*. Just like the fine overture to a fine opera. Not like that, dear Maggie, healthful to the spirit, with all its witch-like wildness, is the thousand tongued wind that comes over this great city. It seems to bear with it, wails from all breaking hearts; moans from the sick beds of little children; sighs and tears from oppressed widows and orphans; curses from the sick and famished, on those who raise not a hand to help them; horrible blasphemy from the lips of the lost, with no knowledge of a Saviour; to my fevered imagination to-day, it seems to me to carry all these to the foot of Jehovah's throne, laying them there for judgment.

All this perhaps is morbid, but I suppose it is produced by something which occurred the other evening, and a pale face and sad eyes have been haunting me ever since.

Nearly three weeks ago we all received cards for a large party at a Mr. Vernon's, one of the millionaires of New York. Everybody was to be there, that is everybody who is anybody in the fashionable world, and I have no doubt that many husbands and papas sighed over the notes of invitation, that were to turn their hard earned gold into new ball-dresses and sets of jewelry.

Uncle, who can well afford it, is most generous to my cousins. So when this party was under discussion one morning at the breakfast-table, he handed each of the girls and myself a bill of a large amount to buy any "gim-cracks," as he termed it, that we might want.

I of course refused the money, and protested that my new pink silk was quite good enough for me, and that I had worn it but twice; but uncle seemed so hurt because I would not accept it, that I rolled the money up without saying any thing more, but inwardly chafing at the obligation. His parting admonition to me, as he left the room, was, "remember, Miss Independence, you are to buy the handsomest dress you can find, and if with that and your saucy face, we can't get a husband for you, why I shall just

pack you off to your mother as worthless goods. Mind you! you are to outshine all the girls in the room."

"Get me a husband, indeed!" said I. "In the first place, uncle mine, I wouldn't be a woman if I couldn't get one for myself; and in the second I want a man, and not a tailor's advertisement. Get a husband from a fashionable party! why there isn't a man in New York that I would marry except yourself—if you weren't my uncle!"

Louise raised her eyebrows as only she can raise them, and asked, "are there no exceptions, Ada?"

I took no notice of the question, but went up stairs to prepare for the shopping expedition.

The whole morning was spent at Stewart's counters. Aunt Hinton selected a dove colored *moire antique*, with bouquets in silver thread; Louise a gold colored satin, over which was to be worn a superb black lace dress; Ella a delicate blue tulle, embroidered with silver; and I a plain white illusion, with a white satin under-dress. I could not find it in my heart to spend all of my uncle's gift on one dress and its accompaniments, and my robe did not cost one-fifth of Louise's.

Aunt Hinton and Ella objected strenuously to my choice, it was so plain; but Louise decided with me, as she said I was of a style to which much dress was not becoming. I don't quite understand *ma belle cousine* yet!

Well, our purchases were carried to Madame Deschampe, who holds her vice-regal court in Broadway, and than whom there is not a better authority on dress this side of Paris! Madame, of course, was overflowing with work, all for the grand party; but our dresses were promised if she had to sit up all night to finish them.

A couple of nights before the party, the dresses were sent home; they were all beautiful; but to my notions, mine, the decoration of which I had left to madame's French taste, was really the most elegant, except, perhaps, Ella's.

The white illusion dress was made very full in the skirt, and floated around my person like a fleecy cloud, revealing gleams of the pearly satin, through it, with every motion. Depending from the waist on each side, down the skirt to below the knee, were long branches of the crimson trumpet creeper, with its golden stamen, and its green foliage made of crape, hanging gracefully in flexible tendrils; whilst accompanying the dress, was a *bouquet de corsage* and a head-dress of the same flowers, to correspond.

The whole effect was most beautiful, but imagine my vexation on trying it on, to discover that it was what I considered indecently low

in the neck. In vain they all protested that Madame Deschampe's unrivalled, indescribable "cut" would be spoiled by the alteration; the next morning I sent the dress back, to be made more respectable. Through all her politeness, I could see that madame thought me a fool and a prude, and in spite of her flattery with regard to my "magnifique buste," and "de tonoure of de shoulder," I very firmly said that if the dress was not altered I should not wear it. Somehow, when I am in earnest, people never seem to doubt me, and madame, really fearing that her bewitching dress would not flourish at "de grand parti," reluctantly consented to spoil it, in her estimation.

The party was to be on Thursday evening, and by dinner time on that day I was in some trepidation, as my dress had not yet returned from Madame Deschampe's; Mr. Blanchard was to be one of our escorts, and he has such an artist eye, that I was sure that my costume could not fail of meeting with his approval.

The night was terribly stormy. The sleet rattled like shot on the glassy pavements, and the wind sounded fearfully, even to us who were seated by warm fires, in thickly curtained rooms. Eight o'clock came, and the girls had already commenced the mysteries of the toilet, and I, with a good deal of disappointment, was laying my pink silk dress out to wear, when aunt came into my room and insisted upon sending James, the waiter, up to Madame Deschampe's. She had proposed this frequently during the afternoon, but I had argued that if my dress had been done, madame would most certainly have sent it home. Just then there came a feeble ring at the hall door, and I flew out anxiously and looked over the bannister, to see if it was the much-longed-for dress. James came up the staircase bearing a large, oblong basket, tightly covered with an oil-cloth, which I knew at once contained the desired article. I was about untying the strings of the cover, when I heard such a deep, hollow cough in the vestibule that it made me start. I called to James, who was already descending the stairs, to bid the person who brought it come up. He returned in a moment, and said it was *only a little girl*, and that her feet were so wet she did not like to tread on the carpet.

I left the basket in my room, and went down myself. Maggie, I shall never forget that poor pale face, and slightly clad, shivering form, as long as I live. I took her cold, ungloved hand, and without waiting for a word, I drew her along, saying, "Come up stairs to my room, my child—no matter about your feet."

The tears come now, when I think of her. I

forgot all about my dress, and hurriedly drew a low chair to the bright grate fire. "I am too wet, Miss, to sit down," said she, plaintively.

"So you are," replied I, not for her reasons though; but I was afraid she would catch cold; so I bade her take off bonnet, shawl, shoes and stockings; and soon had ramsacked my wardrobe to supply her with something dry. Dresses of course would not fit, but I took out a warm flannel skirt, dry shoes and stockings, a pair of over-shoes, and my warm Rob Roy shawl which I travelled in. The poor little thing looked perfectly astonished, but never said a word, though great tears were rolling down her thin, white cheeks. I rang the bell when all that was done, sent the wet clothes down stairs, and ordered some hot tea to be brought to my room immediately.

The child could not have been more than thirteen years old, and had walked two miles, that dark, stormy night, to bring my dress home. You cannot tell how my heart smote me, and how ashamed I was of all my impatience. How paltry seemed my anticipated pleasure of the evening, compared with the terrible realities of this child's every-day life.

"Do you live far from here, sissy?" asked I, as I was again kneeling on the floor, busy with the strings of the basket cover.

"Yes, Miss, down in Anthony street." It was two miles at the very least, dear Maggie, from my uncle's Fifth Avenue residence.

I gave the dress a pull from the basket, tossed it on the bed, and went into my aunt's dressing-room.

"I came to ask a favor, aunt," said I, "and you are too kind, I know, to refuse me."

"What is it? but bless my heart, child, what's the matter? why I thought your dress came home half an hour ago. To be sure. Therese will be done here presently, and then she shall come and help you."

"Oh, it's not that," replied I, quickly, "I shall be ready all in time, but won't you let Thomas drive the poor little girl home that brought my dress, before he takes us to Mr. Vernon's? She lives away down in Anthony street, and has such a dreadful cough, that I am sure she can't live. And to think of her being out, and alone too, on such a stormy night." I felt my voice grow husky as I spoke.

"Dear me! how very dreadful, to be sure. Therese, that lappet falls too far back, you must alter it." And here, with an unchanged countenance, she pointed to a part of her head-dress, composed of blonde, that looked like a piece of fairy frost-work. I almost stamped my foot with

impatience. I waited a moment in silence, and then was about closing the door to find my uncle, in order to make an appeal to him, when she happened to see the reflection of my figure in the glass.

"Dear me, Ada!" exclaimed she, "I was so worried with my head-dress, I had forgotten all about that child. I don't expect Thomas will like it, but you are a great favorite with all the servants, so you can ask him if you choose," and she adjusted the plume which decorated the other side of her head, with all the anxiety of a young girl just about to make her *debut*.

I rang the bell for Thomas, put something in his hand, which I suspect made him forget it was a stormy night, (you can bribe a servant to anything here) and with the most elaborate reverences he assured me he would "carry the child home all comfortable."

I went back to my room and commenced my toilet with a somewhat lightened heart. The poor little girl was drinking the warm, fragrant tea eagerly, but every now and then she would pause, and fixing her large, sad eyes on the glowing fire, seem lost in reverie.

Whilst waiting for Thomas I gathered something of her history. Her mother is a widow, of the name of Richards, who takes in plain sewing, to support herself and her only child, though, as little Anna said, she could find enough work to do, but the ladies paid her so little, and sometimes didn't pay at all, that she could not live on it.

So Anna was considered fortunate to get a situation at Madame Deschampe's, as errand girl for the establishment, at a dollar a week, with some faint hopes of advancement as apprentice by-and-by.

"But," said I, "you are not strong enough, to be out in all kinds of weather, you should try to get some other situation, not so exposing."

"I was very thankful to get that, Miss," she replied, with a sad smile, "there are so few places that a girl of my age is fit for, and my wages are considered very good. We are very thankful, Miss, and if I was only well, we shouldn't mind."

Thankful! Maggie, this poor child for whom I already feel a kind of reverence, so near does she seem to me to be standing to the gates of Eternity; thankful for the dollar a week earned through cold and wet, fever, and racking coughs; thankful for the sum that nine-tenths of the fine ladies of New York squander, each day, for luncheon and bon-bons, at Thompson's saloons. God help them! they care not for the famishing sisters at their doors.

In a little while the carriage was ready. I could not forbear stooping down and kissing the pale white forehead, as I wrapped the shawl around her. Tears came to her eyes, and her lips quivered as she said, "You are very kind, Miss. I'll start earlier to-morrow, to my work, and then I'll bring your things home."

"I don't want them," replied I, "you must keep them, for I have plenty more, and I am coming to see if your mother can do me some sewing. Here is something to pay you for your long walk," and as I put the money in her hand, I shall never forget the look of gratitude which the child cast upon me.

My elegant ball-dress afforded me no pleasure, in comparison with that "cup of cold water" given in His name.

A new world seemed to open to my view for the first time that night. I had never before so comprehended the necessity of the humanity of our Saviour, that the poor and sick in heart

could turn to Him, with the full assurance of His divine compassion, inasmuch that He "was in all points tempted like as we are," and that he is the great "High Priest, after the order of Melchizedek," making an expiation for our sins. A brighter halo seemed to glow around the lowly manger of Bethlehem, and the prayer-hallowed garden of Gethsemane. I thanked God that night, dear Maggie, in the name of all heart-broken, famishing souls, that our Redeemer had suffered in all things like as we do, and that he had not come clothed in purple and fine linen, and unapproachable majesty.

I was going to tell you about the ball at Mr. Vernon's, but I have no heart for it to-day, dear Maggie, with all these things crowding on me like a new revelation, and this wind sweeping down the street, bearing so many sorrows to our door.

I will write again in a few days, should nothing prevent. Yours ever, ADA.

## THE MAID FROM O'ER THE SEA.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

It is but a Summer or two ago,

But it seems long time to me

That a maiden fair with golden hair

Came over the wide, wide sea;

And the beautiful light of her violet eyes,

As soft as the tint of the evening skies,

Fell, like a spell, on me.

She sang me songs in her wild, strange tongue,

Of her land beyond the sea;

And my heart with an unwont rapture beat

As I heard this melody;

And I deemed that the songs of the angels above,

Less thrilling and sweet must be.

Ah, she was as fair as the poets dream

The sprites of her own land be,

That lure with their songs and their golden smiles

Whoever their face may see,

Till their souls are fired with love, as was mine

By this maid from o'er the sea.

I thought no more of the beauties rare

That once had charms for me,

For my soul seemed meshed in the glorious hair

Of this maid from o'er the sea:

I gazed on her beauty all day, and at night

Like a star, through my dream, flashed she.

And so the Summer flew swiftly by,

An enchanted time to me;

For as I looked upon river and sky,

The woods and the sun-lit lea,

More rare and more fair did they gleam on my sight,

As if, like my soul, they had borrowed a light

Of this maid from o'er the sea.

But ah, when the frosts of Autumn came,

And the winds blew drearily,

And the leaves of the forest seemed tinged with flame,

A sad change came to me;

For the one that I loved I saw no more,

The maid from o'er the sea,

But whither she went, or why she went,

Could no man tell to me.

And a frost came down on my soul; the winds

Blew evermore drearily;

And the blooms of hope all faded away,

Like those that decked the lea

In the beautiful Summer that fled with her,

The maid from o'er the sea.

But one sweet flower is blooming still,

The flower of love that she

In my heart did plant, which no frost can kill,

No Wintry storms nor snows can chill,

In the years that are to be;

And memory's light, like the sun's, will shine,

And illumine still the days divine,

When I happily dreamed the love was mine,

Of the maid from o'er the sea.



## A CURE FOR HYPOCHONDRIACS.

BY FITZ MORNEY.

"O-h-h-h—d-e-a-r!"

The walls of the dismal old room would, under common circumstances, have echoed the drowsy exclamation of the miserable, peevish, self-tormented hypochondriac, as he sat propped up by cushions in his easy-chair; but even the antiquated plastering had become so imbued with the laziness of the tenant, and the exclamation had acquired such a repugnant tone from age and reiteration, that the room was silent. The walls of the chamber were papered strangely, in accordance with the character of him who groaned without cause therein, being alternately a picture of a grim, old face, with a long beard and mouth drawn down like the arches of a bridge—an odd-looking coffin, originally intended to represent a cocked-hat—and an owl that sat on a dead log, looking for all the world as though he had the cramp in his left jaw, or was strangely blind in one eye. In one corner stood a side-board, with a complete assortment of bottles upon it—from the blue quart bottle down to the two-inch vial. On a table by the window, covered with a greasy black cloth, was a copy of Scott's Bible, with dust on it so thick that one might take his finger and write on its cover; and around it were standing more bottles. On the mantel a porcelain mandarin solemnly nodded his head, amid a gloomy array of—bottles. A light-stand stood near the invalid's chair, and all that one could discern of its surface was the interstices between the—bottles. And there sat the grunting old cancer on the face of society, with his bloated cheek lying on one shoulder—his fat hands folded calmly on his big belly, stuffed with all manner of luxuries—his feet resting on cushions—his eyes rolling imploringly from one side of his head to the other, and from one side of the room to the other—beginning at the portrait of his grandfather in one corner, and traveling from there over to the closet-door opposite, thence back to the portrait.

"O-h-h-h—d-e-a-r!"

He meant it to be very plaintive and gentle, that would-be wail, but one could almost hear it across the street. Reaching out his hand for his cordial, prepared by a quack, who wore huge spectacles, and whose hair stuck up stiffly all over his head, Oliver suddenly coughed. You think

it no matter if he did cough. Oliver would disagree with you; he feared it—worse than he ever did a tailor's bill in his younger days; for he could not cough without violently shaking himself; and knowing this, you will readily surmise that he shook himself now. He did. And the consequence was, he upset the light-stand, bottles and all, with a crash.

"Washington! Washington!" he bellowed, with all his stress of voice, which was by no means insignificant, as we have intimated, and which seemed to jar the walls, so that the portrait was in danger of descending to keep the light-stand company.

Straight way the door was thrown open, and a negro showed his polished countenance.

"What a want, massa?"

"Washington," wheezed out old Ferment, reproachfully, "why—don't—you—come—more—gently—when—I—call?"

"B'g p'dn, massa!" said Washington, pulling his woolly forelock.

"Big pudding, sir!" said Oliver, starting up, and turning completely round in his chair, with a gaze of astonishment—"what put into your head that I wanted a big pudding, sir? Say, who gave you authority to—ah—presume, eh?"

Washington returned the gaze, with interest.

"Why don't you answer me?"

"A—a—a, I'n't say n'fn about a puddin, sah! A—a—a—"

"Didn't, eh? Didn't?" and then sinking back in his chair, he whined—"oh, you wretch! it's lucky for you that your poor master's so weakly, or your impudence might cost you a chastisement. Oh, well, pick up them bottles, stove-pipe, and then run for Dr. Foolemall!"

With a groan Oliver sank back on his cushions to muse on his servant's expression, and to endeavor to comprehend what induced him to say big pudding. He thought it strange, very! He was sure he didn't want any pudding, at all—nor any mutton either, for that matter—for such a desire would be preposterous in one in his situation—a man whose feet had become encrusted with stone, and yet which were as tender as—chickens! What put that into his head? He was certain he couldn't tell. Chickens were tender—so was veal; but he didn't want any—not

he! A man in his condition—an invalid, want chi—poh! he scouted the idea.

Washington soon departed on his errand, and ere long Dr. Foolemall entered the hypochondriac's apartment.

"O-h-h-h—d-e-a-r!" he sniveled, "I feel terribly to-day, doctor, terribly. I am afraid my legs are becoming encrusted as well as my feet. Oh! how horrid it is!"

"Poor man! poor man!" said Foolemall, sympathetically; "what will become of you? Let me see!" and stooping over, he felt of the extremities mentioned, "worse and worse, I find! The petrification is gradually encroaching upon the corporeal pomposities, and I fear that ere long the bivalvius auricularius will become completely coagulated. The hyphenugen is as tergiuous as a calcareous animalcule!"

"What's that?" groaned Oliver.

"Oh! excuse me, sir—with speak more plainly—we professional men become so—habituated—you understand, sir? I meant to say," he continued, tapping the leg with his fore-finger—"simply, hard as bricks!—or more properly adamant, sir. Resemble one faction of the Democratic party strongly—he! he! he!" attempting to be witty; adding in an under-tone, as he pretended to be busy with the bottles on the sideboard—"and his head resembles the *other* faction, I apprehend!"

"Doctor," said Oliver, "don't you think I had better discharge my present servant? He is getting so very impudent that I shall be ruined by him yet!"

"Discharge him? By all means!" said Foolemall; and pursued in a confidential tone, "fact is, my dear Ferment, I have long secretly wished that you would discharge him; fearing as I do that his stupid bluntness will be the means of producing a very bad effect on your disorder. But I had not mentioned it, lest it might wound your feelings—not knowing what relations there might be existing between you and him."

"Re-la-tions!"

"Ah, don't mistake me, sir. Social relations I alluded to—merely social relations!"

There was a pause, during which Foolemall took a phial from his pocket, and mixed up a draught. This operation completed, which Oliver had watched with anxious eyes, the professor of physic arose and repeated—

"Yes, sir, discharge him, sir! by all means discharge him!" and then giving a few directions he left, telling our hero to be careful and not let his legs get jarred.

Well, Washington was discharged. He shed a few "unavailing tears," and then bid the hypo-

chondriac a reluctant farewell, but taking care to provide against want by borrowing Oliver's well-filled pocket-book from the bureau-drawer, as he slept.

But soon another made his appearance—a Yankee, and, moreover, a perfect embodiment of wit and shrewdness. After having been in his master's employ for about two weeks, disgust overcame policy, and Zedekiah resolved to either cure his master's foibles, or incur a discharge from his service.

One morning as Zedekiah entered the room to brush it up and arrange the bottles; approaching the invalid's chair, he was as usual warned by that gentleman to beware lest he should hurt his legs.

"Well, now," said Zedekiah, coolly, "to come smack to the point, what in Jerusalem's the matter with yer ole legs, anyway?"

"Matter!" said Oliver; "what do you mean to insinuate, you rascal?"

"Oh! nothing—nothing *at all*, scarcely. I never inquired what was the matter, yu know! Thort I would, that's all!"

"Oh! yes!" said Oliver, much relieved, and then stooping over, he proceeded to elucidate to Zedekiah that his pedal extremities were encrusted with stone.

"The dickens they be!" said Zed, indignantly; "what! them legs? So's yer ole granny mustard and stone! Them legs is as perfect as mine, sir! Can't suck me! Hold on a minute! let's see how a knife 'll fit on 'em. Dare say it'll turn the edge—quickness greaseln'—I'll try!" So saying, Zedekiah produced a big jack-knife, sharpened to cut a hair. But Oliver stayed him in dismay.

"T-t-take care! Please understand that Dr. Foolemall says they must not be bruised or injured in any manner, lest the immediate petrification of the entire body ensue!"

"Oh! he says it'll *en-sue*, does he? Well, I'll risk it—I reckon *en-sue* don't mean happen—ef it does, I'll pay damages!" and with this he seized the astonished Ferment by the heels and dragged him out of his chair. Then grasping him by the neck he set him on his feet, and exclaimed—

"Wall! Don't *en-sue*, does it?"

"Miraculous preservation!" gasped Oliver.

"Miraculous granny!" said Zedekiah, as he retreated from the room, well satisfied with his management.

Zedekiah and Oliver had a private little conference next morning, which resulted in the following scene:—

About ten o'clock Foolemall visited his patient, and found him standing in the door.

"Ah! well—really! I am astonished! I am delighted to see you out this morning. Had not anticipated so pleasant a result for my prescriptions," said Foolemall, with a dolorous expression of would-be congratulation on his face.

"Zedekiah," said Oliver, sternly, looking calmly over the head of the quack at the Yankee, as he stood complacently smoothing his hair at the head of the stairway—"show the gentleman into the street!"

The æsculapian stammered out a few words of astonishment, but followed the Yankee to the door, and quickly descended the stately steps, assisted in the process by the broad toe of Zedekiah's boot.

Time flew. Zedekiah's remained with Ferment many months; but one day he told the old bachelor that he must leave him, and return to Vermont without delay. The intelligence was received with deep regret by Oliver, who tried his best to induce Zedekiah to remain. Finding all efforts in vain, he turned his attention to devising some means as a substitute for the faithful Yankee; and he and Zed laid their wits together, when the following conversation ensued:—

"Wall, Mr. Ferment," said Zed, "ef I ain't mistook, you know very well what is the cause of all your trouble?"

"Yes," responded Oliver, "I suppose I do.

It's all imaginary, I have not a doubt, but it's none the worse for that; and the hang of it is, I can't help it, unless I can have somebody near me—some one in whom I possess confidence—to keep me continually warned. Do you see?"

"I du," said Zed, looking intently at the floor, and sliding his pen-knife back and forth in his fingers; "yes, I du see—the fact; but no way to get round it; unless—unless you can get a good servant."

Exactly! But I can't do it. They're mere torments, as a class, and as such I always regard them. Consequently, I should soon find myself swearing at 'em, if they ventured to remind me of my weakness—and so, you see, I'd slide back!"

"I see," answered Zed, as he put his thumb aside his nose, apparently engaged in deep thought. "By turnip-tops!" he suddenly exclaimed, springing from his chair, "I've got it!"

"You have? Good! What is it?"

"It's all in three words, Mr. Ferment, three blessed words—*get a wife!*"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared Oliver.

"Ha! ha! ha!" echoed Zed, slapping him familiarly on the back.

The advice was followed, dear reader, and—it answered. Oliver Ferment declares that he is now the happiest man that walks the planet called earth.

## VISIONS OF DEATH, FAITH, HOPE, LOVE, AND IMMORTALITY.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

As I sat in the chamber of thought,  
From its window life's visions to see,  
A form with dark shadows all fraught  
Appeared in its terrors to me.

I felt by the dim, sunken eye,  
The hollow and laboring breath,  
The gasping and quivering sigh,  
That I gazed on the phantom of death;

But another, far brighter than day,  
Came forth in a mantle of love,  
And the Terror-King vanished away  
As she pointed her finger above.

By her side, in an azure-mist form,  
There was floating an angelic thing,  
And bright as the bow of the storm  
Gleamed the hue in her transparent wing;

She was linked with a creature of light,  
Enveloped in sunshine and flowers,  
And they told, as they smiled on my sight,  
They were couriers from Canaan's bowers.

But brighter than all came at last,  
One with harp that in Heaven was strung:  
As the others all radiantly passed,  
It to me harmoniously sung—

Sung of rest in a land that is far  
From the bounds of Mortality's shore,  
Where the soul, pure and free as a star,  
Finds repose, and is weary no more;

Then I knew, as I heard the last strain,  
That the angel which sung unto me,  
As it soared back to Heaven again,  
Immortality's herald must be.

## MR. WAKELY'S MATCH-MAKING.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

On a pleasant morning in June, Mr. Wakely, the Episcopal clergyman at Middlebrook, (never mind the map) sat in his study, ostensibly engaged with some important papers, but in reality buried in a reverie of a very different nature. The lounging-chair near the window was occupied by a young lady, whose handsome features were clouded by an expression of the most intense ennui; and from over the leaves of the book in her hand she took sly peeps at Mr. Wakely, and wondered how he contrived to exist.

This, however, was not half so surprising as that Edith Cammersford, a fastidious heiress, and something of a beauty beside, should have become the inmate of that country parsonage. She glanced from the window upon the substantial figure of Mrs. Wakely, who was a strong-minded woman, hurrying off to some Dorcas meeting, for the relief of somebody somewhere, and then remembered the three little Wakelys, turned out to pasture in the parsonage-grounds, who were fairly going to seed for want of a restraining hand. She looked up and down the principal street of Middlebrook, but every man who passed was square-shouldered, and had a sort of dogged look in driving oxen or pigs, as though he meant to pursue the same routine forever, and the idea of making a Webster of himself would never enter his head.

Edith was haunted by vague notions of farmers' boys studying by firelight, and composing poetry while following the plough; but now she began to think that "nature's nobleman" must have gone to a first-rate tailor. Her perfect independence was rather a dangerous gift in such hands; for being constantly on the look-out for rough diamonds, she would have bestowed herself and her fortune on any individual in whom she chose to fancy certain qualities that constituted her standard of perfection. No matter what he appeared to others—*her* preference was sufficient to raise him.

This somewhat head-strong young lady was an orphan, under the nominal charge of relatives, who stood too much in awe of their ward to interfere with any arrangements she might choose to make. So they contented themselves with observing that "Edith was queer" and followed

"The simple rule, the good old plan  
That they should take who have the power,  
That they should *keep* who can,"

and as the keeping of Edith was rather an impossible thing, if she had once made up her mind to go, their surprise at her announcement of an intention to visit her old friends, the Wakelys, was only expressed by an increased elevation of eyebrows, and a whispered wonder as to what Edith would do next.

Had she not refused De Lancy Brown, whom all the girls adored, and who was unexceptionable in every way, upon the silly plea that his vests were too bright, and his gold chains too heavy? And when he mentioned his intention of dying in consequence of her cruelty, hadn't she the rudeness to ask him if the place of his demise would be a debtor's prison? thus actually throwing the poor young man's misfortunes in his face! What *could* one expect from a girl like that? It was perfectly surprising that she should get on at all; but Edith *did* get on, as far as being made love to by everything in a hat and coat from seventeen to seventy comprises the term. She was perfectly sick of notes commencing with, "Dear Miss Cammersford," and ending with, "Yours, as you choose to determine"—she had a nervous horror of young men with long hair and wild eyes, who write verses—and flowers she shrank from as though they had contained the asp of the Egyptian queen. She was weary of this unvarying routine; and being taken with a sudden fancy for seeing how country ministers live, she accepted the Wakelys' often-repeated invitation, and soon found herself buried in the retirement of Middlebrook.

She had now been there a week, and felt quite ready to exclaim, "Oh! solitude! where are thy charms?" for the place seemed like the palace that contained the Sleeping Beauty, or the island where Crusoe trembled to find the marks of another's feet.

Mr. Wakely, good, simple man! had suspended the composition of an electrifying sermon to ponder upon the means of amusing his guest; and at the identical moment at which he is introduced, he had been favored with an idea so much to the purpose that he wondered it had never occurred to him before. Beside, he felt

an ambition to perform a marriage ceremony, in which his part should include something more than the usual questions, "Wilt thou have this man?" &c. In short, the quiet, unworldly Mr. Wakely had been suddenly seized with a match-making mania of the fiercest kind. That Edith must be disposed of at the shortest possible notice appeared to strike him as a sort of moral necessity—but who was to be the favored individual?

Mr. Wakely's recipe for a match would doubtless have been: equal quantities of everything, whatever it is; and under the influence of this impression his choice was soon made. His cousin, Tom Hamilton, had always appeared to him a high and shining mark in various ways; and his feelings toward this paragon were precisely of that nature which a sly, distrustful, good character entertains for one who, with more of earthly dross, makes his way through every difficulty with a combination of talent, assurance, and good looks, that is perfectly irresistible. Tom, although considerably his junior, had from early boyhood succeeded in impressing his retiring cousin with a perfect conviction that whatever he did was done better than any one else could do it; and Mr. Wakely instantly decided that he was just the one for Edith.

His ideas upon the subject were arranged very much like a merchant's account of "profit and loss;" for he sat and reasoned thus: "Nothing could possibly be better, they were so exactly matched in everything; Edith was handsome and haughty-looking—so was Tom; Edith had quite a fortune in her own possession—so had Tom; Edith was talented and intellectual—so was Tom; Edith would brook no opposition—neither would Tom; Edith rode beautifully, could drive splendidly, and despised cowardice—so did Tom; Edith talked a great deal and talked elegantly—so did Tom; Edith had a sort of way with her so though she knew herself to be superior to every one else—so had Tom; Edith despised moping and quiet pleasures—so did Tom; were not the two made for each other? It never entered the good clergyman's head that between two bodies so equally charged in every respect there must be a grand collision; there was no originality in either character into which some originality of the other might fit like a well-assorted puzzle—all was straight, and square, and even.

Mr. Wakely roused himself from his reverie to prepare for a journey. Of course, he had only to say to Tom, "My dear cousin, I wish you to come home with me and fall in love with Miss Cammersford, a very charming friend of mine," and that accommodating young gentleman

(although never before remarkable for docility) would rub up his susceptibility, pack his carpet-bag, and, on seeing Edith, instantly subscribe himself, "Yours, to command"—thus remembering the excellent precept instilled in the nursery, "Come when you're called, and do as you're bid." As for Edith, Mr. Wakely arranged her behavior as though he had been writing a story, in which she was the heroine, and Tom Hamilton the piece of walking perfection whom fate had assigned to her as a lover.

Without imparting to any one a word of his intentions, Mr. Wakely went to the city, ostensibly on business—but in reality to capture Tom, if possible, and carry him off to Middlebrook. Tom Hamilton's nominal residence was in the gay metropolis; but being very much addicted to aimless wanderings, and walkings to and fro upon the earth, he had left town that very morning upon a fishing excursion. He might, however, return in a day or two; and the country clergyman concluded to accept the invitation of numerous friends, and enjoy the interval in sight-seeing.

Edith arrayed herself in a fresh white dress with a great many yawns, and thought, as she twisted some fuchsia blossoms in her rich, dark hair, that she could sympathize with the feelings of actresses when they perform to empty benches. Still, there was a sort of satisfaction in making herself look as lovely as possible, if only for her own edification; and after two or three somewhat unnecessary glances at the mirror, she descended to the parlor, almost wishing that she could find it occupied by even a middle-aged minister.

She seated herself by the window, around which the roses formed a natural trellis-work, and merely from the want of other objects of interest, watched the movements of the old, lumbering stage that diurnally dragged its unwieldy proportions through the village of Middlebrook. It stopped in the middle of the dusty road; and Mrs. Wakely watched the result with anxious eyes. That worthy woman was not partial to visitors who came in family groups, and she had for sometime past been haunted by a vague fear of a cousin who counted at least seven olive branches; but, with a sigh of relief, she exclaimed, "It is Sidney, I do believe!" and ran to the door.

Edith caught a glimpse of the visitor's back, and noticed a very rusty-looking coat; but she did not see the face that was turned toward Mrs. Wakely, or the beaming smile with which he greeted his aunt. She scanned his attire narrowly, and saw that his gloves were ripped in various places—that his boots had been selected

more with a view to use than ornament—and soon decided that he was entirely unacquainted with the inside of any fashionable tailor's establishment. Still *any* kind of a man in that lonely place was something; and when the new arrival was introduced to Edith as Mr. "Colbrook," that haughty young lady favored him with an examining glance, as though he were some newly-discovered specimen of the human family submitted to her inspection.

He was as much surprised at the sight of Edith as a traveller would be to find a princess in a hovel; and the heiress felt quite provoked at herself as the color rose to her cheek under his admiring glance. He certainly *had* fine eyes, and his face was something quite different from what she had ever seen before; still, Edith was quite sure that, had any one else been present, she would not have noticed him.

She was mistaken—from a character like herself Sidney Colbrook would have received notice anywhere. He had one of those countenances that are generally grave, as though the rough realities of life had overshadowed the joyousness of youth, and yet light up with a smile that seems like sunshine on a cloudy day. Edith felt interested; she could see that he was poor, and to the petted heiress poverty stood first in the catalogue of misfortunes. These thoughts passed through her mind as she sat with downcast eyes, strewing the floor with rose-leaves; and quite unconscious of her condescension, Mr. Colbrook talked to *his* aunt, and caressed the children who all clustered around "cousin Sidney." Edith retired that night with a new subject of contemplation—little deeming, from his quiet manner, that her image was making sad havoc with Mr. Colbrook's slumbers.

The white morning dress (Edith was partial to white dresses) was arrayed with more than usual care, and decorated with a half-blown rose; and the poor young lawyer sighed over his poverty for the fiftieth time, as the lovely vision of Edith Cammersford entered the breakfast-room. Unusually quiet, the heroine sipped her coffee in silence; but her eyes were irresistibly drawn to the glowing face of her opposite neighbor, as he described in eloquent terms the scenes through which he had lately passed; and although he was rather overgrown for a protegee, Edith felt a strong desire to shape the destiny of Sidney Colbrook, and help him on his way with the golden key that seldom fails to unlock every difficulty. Talking, however, was not Sidney's forte; and he shrank back into his usual gravity, except when the brilliant sallies of Edith called forth a smile, while, flattered by the admiring

attention of those earnest eyes, the heiress rattled on in one of her gayest moods.

Before breakfast was over, Mr. Colbrook seemed quite like an old friend; and as they stood looking over Mr. Wakely's books together, Edith suddenly exclaimed, as she rested her white hand on an old, rusty-looking volume.

"I have been very much interested in some sketches in this old magazine, that seems to have been published at college many years ago—they all have the signature S. C., but having read one, I could easily identify the others from the exquisite purity of style and elegance of language that characterizes them all."

There was a deep flush on the face of Sidney Colbrook as he took the book from her hand, and it occurred to Edith that he must be the author. He saw her eyes fixed upon him with an expression of admiring interest; and extremely confused, he replaced the volume and spoke of something else.

But Edith was now quite satisfied that Sidney Colbrook was well worth studying; and resolving to examine through a pair of spectacles that should point out every flaw, if there were any, she commenced the task in earnest. Moonlight seems to cast a sort of halo over *every* face, but under this silvery veil the features of Sidney Colbrook acquired an expression of lofty thought and high purpose, like that sometimes seen in the finest productions of the chisel; and as Edith wished to study him in every light, it was perfectly natural to take moonlight walks. Mrs. Wakely never had time for "such nonsense." Our heroine was not in the least aware that she had donned a pair of spectacles of a very different nature from what she intended; and every time that she mentally applauded Mr. Colbrook's sentiments, she smiled benignantly upon herself for being so sharp-sighted.

Mr. Wakely spent two or three days very pleasantly; but time passed, and his hero came not. At last, he despatched a letter, setting forth the case in the most natural manner, and inviting him to come to Middlebrook, and dispose of himself as soon as possible. That accomplished, he went home, perfectly convinced that Tom would lose no time in following.

But master Tom happened to be engaged in a particularly interesting concern of his own, and his cousin's very unexpected letter excited a smile that soon deepened into a hearty laugh.

"So exactly like Jerry!" said he, "all his geese are swans, and this unknown beauty and heiress is probably some hum-drum damsel with a few thousands in her own possession. However, if she were Venus and Croesus combined,

it would be nothing to me, *now*, and what do I care for money?"

Here he glanced from the window of his apartment in the comfortable hotel, and became quite absorbed in some object of interest.

As Mr. Wakely approached the parsonage on his homeward route, he very naturally began to look about him for familiar objects; but it was with a sensation of most pleasurable surprise that he beheld the graceful figure of Edith, accompanied by a gentleman whose identity at first puzzled him. But then how could he be so stupid? Who could it be but Tom, who had hastened hither on the wings of the wind, and fairly outstripped the speed of the puffing locomotive that had rolled so lazily along?

Jumping at conclusions was the only performance in which our worthy clergyman manifested any degree of quickness; and he now mentally rubbed his hands with delight at what he deemed the success of his scheme. But, alas! he soon realized the enchantment lent by distance; for, just as he would have bestowed upon Tom an embrace to assure him of his perfect satisfaction, the glowing face of Sidney Colbrook met his eyes, and his hand was wrung with an intensity of fervor that would have expressed the deepest gratitude on the part of his nephew, had there been the least occasion for any.

Mr. Wakely noticed rather uneasily the glance with which the young lawyer's eyes were constantly seeking Edith's; and it was in a state of considerable bewilderment that he entered the house. What had become of Tom? And what could possess his nephew to come just then? Mr. Wakely was beginning to see through things; and from the manner in which he used his eyes that evening, a stranger would naturally have inferred that he had been blind all his life before.

"I cannot imagine," said the puzzled clergyman, when he and Mrs. Wakely were left in quiet possession of the best parlor, "why Sidney should have taken it into his head to make us a visit just now—it is very strange!"

"People generally do go into the country in summer," replied Mrs. Wakely, who was somewhat matter-of-fact, "it does not seem to me half so strange to come in cherry-season as if he had waited until December. Edith is here."

"That makes it still more singular," observed her husband, unconsciously speaking his thoughts aloud.

Mrs. Wakely thought differently, but she only purred up her mouth with the resolute manner of one who had an important secret that she would not for the world divulge. Mrs. Wakely was firmly convinced that she was making a

match; and if Edith became Mrs. Sidney Colbrook, it would be entirely owing to *her* excellent management, and Sidney ought to be everlastingly grateful to her for advancing his interests. The good woman had floating visions of a silver breakfast-service as the reward of modest merit, for she owned to this little vanity, clergyman's wife though she was.

The heiress, in the meanwhile, followed her own inclinations, as usual, without troubling herself in the least about the opinions of others; and Sidney was too much absorbed in a blissful dream to notice that he had become an object of the deepest interest. For Mr. Wakely contemplated his nephew in surprise, and wondered that he had never been struck by his perfections before. He was now convinced that Sidney was one of those rare beings who can triumph even over the disadvantages of poverty; and when he heard him talk to Edith, he no longer marveled that the fastidious young lady should listen with every appearance of pleasure.

Edith strolled into the hall, one morning, when she knew that Sidney was engaged for sometime in copying a poem for her, and there, on the table, lay the straw hat which but a short time ago she would have pronounced "vile." No other man *could* look decent without being properly thatched; but this combination of straw was really a triumph over hatters. She turned it over with a sort of reverence, and a pair of black gloves fell to the floor.

Edith was not given to pressing such things to her lips—her conduct was much more rational, for she examined the ripped seams, and formed the benevolent resolution of repairing them with her own fair fingers. In five minutes more, she was seated on the cane sofa, with gloves and sewing implements; and she smiled to herself as she pictured Sidney's surprise on finding them mended. Of course, he would not be able to imagine who had done it.

It so happened, in the perverse order of things, that, before the gloves were finished, Sidney came down stairs and was seized with a sudden desire for those very articles, that threw Edith into a most alarming state of not-know-what-to-do-activeness. In vain she concealed the gloves, and tried to look unconscious; a tell-tale color overspread her face, and the haughty heiress felt very much like a naughty child detected in some misdemeanor.

One of the black fingers peeped forth from its hiding-place; and, as if to prove the fact that man is an insatiable animal, it suddenly entered the gentleman's head that, since the beautiful heiress had mended his gloves once, she might

possibly be willing to perform that office for him during the term of her natural life. So he threw himself upon the mercy of the court, which seemed to be situated near Edith's feet, and pleaded his suit so eloquently that he gained the first cause he had the good fortune to try.

One of the little Wakelys, who had taken a peep at the scene, declared that "Cousin Sidney had tumbled down in the hall, and Miss Cammersford was trying her best to pick him up." Mr. Wakely did not move to offer assistance, although the expression of his face plainly implied that he anticipated the most serious consequences. *Mrs.* Wakely looked triumphant; for the good woman really thought that she had made a match. How much she had done for Sidney! And she tried to think of some other deserving individual whom her foresight might direct to draw a prize in the lottery of matrimony.

The next morning Mr. Wakely sat wondering over Tom's non-appearance, and pondering upon the excuse he should offer, when he *did* arrive, for having deluded him so far under false pretences, when a letter, with the well-known flourishes, directed to the "Rev. Jeremiah Wakely," was placed upon his study-table. The clergyman's face, as he proceeded in its perusal, was a perfect exclamation note; and well it might be, for to those initiated in Tom's style of writing it ran thus:

"MY VERY DEAR COUSIN—

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, clergyman that you are, to be holding out temptations of strange women to me who am as good as private property? Oh, Jerry! If you could but see! But never mind—you *shall* see, one of these days; for the present, you must be content with hearing. I have found the sweetest little violet of a wife in this out-of-the-way place that you can possibly imagine—violets, you know, always do grow in sequestered nooks. I am really getting quite poetical; but when I wish to speak of Lillas, it seems to me like sacrilege to think of anything less refined than flowers or stars. I am almost afraid to indulge myself too much in looking at her, for fear that she will melt away, like a snow-flake, beneath my gaze.

"But I suppose that I must tell you how I found her: I came out here to fish, (nicely the tables have been turned, by the way—I hope the fishes enjoy their revenge) and somebody told me to be sure and put up at Harry Bruce's—the only hotel out here that is worthy of the name. I followed this advice, (that fellow deserves public honors) and found myself as pleasantly situated

as one could desire. The truth is, setting vanity aside) such stray stars as myself don't often wander into this sphere, and when friend Harry saw me, he acknowledged my superiority at once. The best room—the cream of the house in every thing was at my disposal; and I began to experience the exquisite pleasure which modesty *does* now and then enjoy—that of being appreciated.

"The next morning, as I was making my toilet for breakfast, I heard voices in the adjoining room—one easily recognizable as that of mine host, the other so sweet and low that I almost stopped breathing to catch the silvery accents. '*Listening, Tom!*' I hear you exclaim, 'shame on you!' '*Guilty, my lord,*' but if I were not, perhaps you would never have heard this interesting story.

"*'Oh, father!'* said the voice, '*I really cannot go to the table before those strange men—do spare me this!*'

"*'Now, Lillas,'* replied the deep tones of Mr. Bruce, '*no more of this nonsense, if you please—these are your fine, boarding-school airs. The strange men, of whom you are so dreadfully afraid, happen to be your father and one young gentleman from the city, who arrived last night, and to whom I wish to show all possible attention. All that I ask of you is to pour out coffee for us, and look as pretty and amiable as usual—no great hardship other girls would think.'*

"*'Yes,'* thought I, as I cast an *accidental* glance in the mirror, '*Miss Lillas will certainly be rewarded if she does come,*' and I mentally pronounced myself a very good-looking fellow.

"That was *before* I entered the breakfast-room; when I found myself opposite a fair vision in a pink gingham dress, I wondered if I bore any resemblance to the ogre who is always represented in fairy tales as devouring little children. I found my hands too many for me—my feet seemed made for no earthly purpose but to be in the way—and, in short, if Harry Bruce had just then opened a trap-door and let me down out of sight, I should have been eternally grateful to him.

"A pair of deep blue eyes stole a timid glance around, from behind the burnished coffee-urn—long, golden ringlets drooped over a fair young face—and two of the sweetest little hands in the world trembled visibly in dispensing the steaming coffee. I drank it as though it had been nectar handed by Hebe. Nothing could I extract from my fair neighbor beyond a timid '*yes,*' or '*no, sir;*' and if she met my glances her face was like sunset on a bed of snow.

"As soon as possible, she made her escape; and in a very indifferent frame of mind as to



whether I had a bite or not, I seated myself by the pretty lake, and pondered on the mysterious occurrences of the morning. For mysterious it certainly was to find such a vision of beauty and refinement in a country hotel, far away from the usual haunts of civilization; and I wondered how the riddle would be solved.

"A lazy-looking countryman lounged up to me, and in an interrogatory tone, observed, 'Fishin', stranger?'"

"I nodded an assent, fully prepared for a string of questions.

"'Stayin' at Harry Bruce's, I s'pect?'"

"I 's'pected' that I was.

"'Seen his darter, may be?'"

"I turned around at this. 'What do you know of her?' said I.

"My would-be companion took advantage of this condescension to give me a somewhat staggering blow on the back, and then burst into a hearty fit of laughter. I wish some of our city people could have seen that man laugh. It was a perfect explosion, and reminded me of Sam Weller's fears for his father, when indulging in a similar luxury.

"'I thought I'd wake you up,' said he, at last, 'but it is queer, now, ain't it? You see,' he commenced, seating himself in a confidential manner, 'Miss Bruce died when Miss Lillas was quite a little shaver—and Harry, not knowin' what else to do with the young un' clapped her at boarding-school in the city. The fine madam who tuk care on her larned her a'most everythin' that warn't worth larnin'—and when Harry came to fetch her home, Miss Lillas was quite amazed like to find out where she lived. She ain't got used to our ways yet, and the very best thing that Harry can do with her is to wrap her up in cotton, and have her sot in a glass-case. A great shape she is for the country—a good, high wind might take her clean off.'

"My heart felt sad, I can tell you, as I pictured the daily trials of this young girl, so differently brought up, exposed to the companionship of such as the specimen before me; and in a very short time I was decidedly in love. Lillas, however, retreated as I advanced, and encased herself in a shell of such impenetrable reserve that I almost despaired of obtaining the least notice.

"I never admired your dashing women—I hate great talkers—and it makes me perfectly nervous to be in company with girls who know a little of everything. Last winter I met a Miss Cammersford, a beauty and heiress, whom obliging friends were perfectly determined that I should marry—'she was just the one for me.' But the great, brown eyes of the queenly Edith seemed perpe-

tually flashing defiance at me—a challenge to beat her if I could. She could ride as well as I—she could drive, I believe, four in hand—and she could talk down the greatest pedant in the universe. I might as well have made love to my own shadow; and as to our being *one*, I am afraid that *one* would have been Edith.

"Lillas, to my great delight, is afraid of horses, says very little, and is one of those gentle creatures who seem made to be waited upon and admire their husbands. I have frightened her half to death by telling her that I love her to distraction—that she *must* be mine—and that I only wait for a word from her to blow my brains out. Harry tells me, in confidence, that he thinks she will prevent this catastrophe; but the proud little monkey keeps herself at such a distance, that, for want of more attractive metal, I was obliged to bestow an ecstatic hug upon my father-in-law elect.

"Wont all the relations be hopping, though, when they hear of my back-sliding? But 'papa' has consented to give up his hotel—and if any injurious facts *should* leak out, why should he not be added to the crew of interesting widows who take boarders for company, and teach school for amusement? This letter is *long* enough to satisfy; and having, I hope, convinced you how very inconvenient it would be for me to come on and fall in love with your paragon, accept my last adieu as a singular pronoun."

Edith had intended to keep her engagement private, but love, like murder, will out; and she was obliged, at last, to understand Mrs. Wakely's significant looks, and still more significant observations.

"Sidney," said Mr. Wakely, as he wrung his nephew's hand, "you will be a happy man. I had destined your treasure for some one else—but—there, just read that letter."

The eyes of the bridegroom elect sparkled with their most mischievous expression as they travelled over Tom's effusion; and as those may laugh who win, his uncle's ear was soon greeted with an outburst of laughter that was really aggravating.

"He really must tell Edith;" and the two laughed, in concert over Mr. Wakely's unceremonious disposal of his visitor.

"Poor man!" said Edith, while her bright eyes were almost tearful with merriment, "it must be a little disappointing, though—do let us see if we cannot console him."

"*We!*" Was there ever a sweeter word? The lover gallantly lifted a fair hand to his lips, and the two composed their faces to a proper degree of regret as they entered the study.

"Mr Wakely," said the musical voice of Edith, "I am afraid that you have been very much disappointed in me, for I am sorry to say that I should have regarded your cousin in the light of a lover with very much the same sentiments that he entertains toward me. Still, I cannot but be grateful for the trouble that you have taken on my account—and if you will consent, you really *shall* marry me, but it must be to one who can appreciate such a treasure."

Late in the autumn, Mr. Wakely performed two marriage ceremonies; and when he caught a glimpse, through her bridal veil, of the lovely features of Mrs. Tom Hamilton, he wondered not that his match-making project had fallen to the ground like a castle in the air.

It was at this marriage that he made a resolution, which he has since scrupulously kept, of never again interfering in other people's affairs—particularly when they happen to be what the

fortune-tellers call "affairs of love and marriage."

Among the late arrivals at the Metropolitan were the "Hon. Sidney Colbrook and lady"—the talented and distinguished Senator from Georgia. *There* he won for himself a name and a position; for, when pleading his first important case to a crowded court, "the great, brown eyes of the queenly Edith," of which Tom Hamilton spoke so disrespectfully, led him on in his eloquent defence of the *right*, until the very walls of the room shook with applause, and every head in the assembly was thrust eagerly forward to get a glimpse at the excited lawyer.

He bowed, and his eyes were eloquent with gratitude—but they sought the face of Edith; and like words set to sweet music were those that evening whispered in the ear of his wife.

"My own! my guiding star! Behold what *thou* hast made me!"

## FOR MY UNSEEN LOVE.

BY WILLIE EDGAR PABER.

BEAR ye, wind, in your perfumed grasp

The story of my love to her!

Tell her the golden links I clasp,

And bid my thoughts along them stir,

As lightning speeds along the wire,

And hasten swiftly as they may,

Bearing the record of desire

That floats in me as light in day.

Tell her—I sweet communion find,

And draw, as from a magic well,

Hope—from the tracings of her mind,

Bliss—from the magic of her spell.

It comes to me in dream, and when

My heart is lost in reverie,

And forming 'fore my spirits ken

A vision—beautiful to me.

But—shall the record yet declare

Loved, but unseen for aye she'll be?

Will I still breathe Hope's delusive air,

But never reach reality?

Hasten and bear my love—oh, breeze,

Lay ye it at her peerless shrine,

Returning, give the spirit ease,

By whispering she will be MINE.

## LEAH'S GRAVE.

BY MARTHA CAMERON.

AND Leah in Macpelah's cave,

Her dim eyes closed to light and weeping;

By Lahai-roi's transparent wave,

In deep forgetfulness is sleeping.

Life had for her one thought, one care,

One hope, one unattained blessing

One morning wish, one evening prayer;

The love she died without possessing.

Now far away from Mamre's plain,

Whose palms above her grave are sighing;

The Patriarch so beloved in vain,

In his Egyptian home is dying.

"And carry me, my sons," he said

As life's sad pilgrimage was ending.

"To where my father's bones are laid,

And Leah's form with dust is blending."

Oh, patient, weary, faithful heart,

Bearing through life love unrequited;

Death gave to thee a kindlier part,

Thy dust with thy dear lord's united.

## "DON'T THE LAMBS GO TO REST AT NIGHT?"

BY PHILA EARLE.

Yes, little one, the lambs do go to rest at night; and the angels must have whispered that blessed thought to you, as they folded their silver wings around you, to take you to your rest. Beautiful must have been the words they breathed to you, and sweeter their tones, than any to which mortals ever listened; for a saintly smile lingered around your pale lips, as they kissed down the blue-veined lids over your eyes, and left the shadow of their white, snowy wings on your fair, young brow. What though tearful ones gathered around the bedside, and smothered sobs gushed up from anguished hearts? What though the death-dews rested damply on your polished brow, what though the struggling breath came shortly, gaspingly through the white tremulous lips—were you not going a lamb to your rest?

It was at the close of a beautiful sunny day, when the golden sunbeams were fading from the hill-tops, and smiling a good-night to vine-o'-er-covered valleys, dreamy streamlets, and waving forests, when the warbling birds hush their joyous songs, and the stilly hour draws nigh, when memories of the olden-time come stealing into the heart, and we listen in fancy to voices long since silenced, gaze into eyes long ago darkened, and feel the pressure of hands that grew cold and motionless, many and many a year ago; and we dream again the dreams that once made life seem ever so fair and beautiful, golden-hued and bright. It was such an hour, precious one, that grief-stricken friends drew nearer to your bedside, for they knew the gates of heaven were opened to receive their cherished one, and the conviction fell chillingly on their hearts that you were dying.

For many weary, painful days, you had lain weak and suffering, and loving ones would fain have sheltered you in their hearts, and shielded you from so much agony, as you lay on your little couch tossing restlessly, while a burning fever crimsoned your face, and the warm life-blood rushed wildly through your throbbing veins. In vain did they bend tearfully over you, and gaze pityingly on the flushed face, and painfully beating temples. But now it was all still; the purple blood retreated to the heart, and a coldness crept over you. The departing

sunbeams crept through the partially closed shutters, and fell warmly and softly on your dark waving hair, which was brushed gently back from your pale forehead. Meekly your little hands were folded over your faintly heaving bosom, and your large, black, spiritual eyes were turned toward the fading sunlight, which seemed to spread a halo of glory around you. Slowly the white quivering lips parted, and murmured, in broken whispers, "Don't the lamb go to rest at night?" Blessed child! Even while the words trembled on your lips, the angels bore thee heavenward—a lamb to be folded to the bosom of the great and merciful Shepherd.

"Dead," moaned the stricken mother, with hands clasped tightly over her throbbing heart, as if to still its anguished beatings, "dead, oh! my beautiful boy," and she wept bitterly in the desolation of her heart. "Nay, a lamb gone to rest," whispered the good pastor, soothingly, and in a low, solemn voice, he uttered a prayer for the bereaved. For oh! how desolate and lonely their home would be. How would they miss the light of those beautiful eyes, and tho joyous, ringing laugh that was ever on the lip? How would they miss the light bounding footstep, and the clear musical voice, and turn sadly from the vacant chair? God help you, fond parents, and give your submissive hearts to think calmly that your darling has passed away to the Eden-land, in his lamb-like purity and innocence. The Father sent his angels to gather him, an opening bud, to unfold its tiny leaves with blossoms long since transplanted to heaven. In his happy, sinless childhood, while yet the rose-leaves, which were scattered along his early pathway, grew fresh and fair beneath his lightsome tread, and he had never rested heavily enough upon them to have the thorns pierce them through. While the sunbeams of a few golden summers had fallen on his forehead lightly, and ever so warm and sunny, and nestled softly among the dark locks that clustered around his temples. While gushing up from the heart smiles lingered around his lips, and tears had never dimmed the lustre of his jetty eyes. While buds of hope twined in the garland that fancy was wreathing for him, and shadows and blights had never fallen on their brightly unfolding leaves.

Angel child! Before you had grown earth-weary, or way-worn, or the cares and sorrows of life rested heavily on your spirit, your's plumed its ethereal wings, and soared away to the spirit-home. And they laid you away among singing birds, and fragrant flowers, with rose-buds in your folded hands. And the balmy zephyrs, and perfume-laden mist-winds go sighing softly, plaintively over the green turf that is laid over you, where dewy tears lie gently on the tiny leaves of bright green grass. And the blue sky

bends over all, with its fleecy sunlit clouds, and the moonlight falls on your still grave, with a pale and silvery gleam, in the stillly hush of twilight, while the stars down-gaze with their meek, holy eyes.

'Tis a beautiful spot, little one, for lambs to go to rest, and there's many and many a one gone from aching hearts to sleep there; for the quiet night-fall often comes when angel voices call them one after another to their holy, dreamless, tranquil rest.

## THE PROMISE.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

A YOUTH reposed on the rustic bank  
Of a rippling, meandering stream,  
Where the silvery fishes played many a prank,  
And basked in the sun's bright beam.

The Summer skies were so charmingly blue,  
And not a cloud could be seen,  
And the noonday breezes refreshing flew  
O'er the fields so luxuriantly green.

The daisy and the butter-cup smiled  
In the silent embrace of delight;  
And the humming bee and the butterfly wild  
Did from flower to flower alight.

On the highest bough of a forest tree,  
That stood at the verge of the lawn,  
The wood-thrush warbled his song of glee,  
Since the hour of earliest dawn.

The breast of the youth heaved a longing sigh  
As he gazed at the neighboring grove;  
And then looking up to the azure sky  
He whispered his song of love:

"In yonder cot, by the streamlet's side,  
Beneath the tall oaken tree's shade,

Where the blooming ivies the doorways hide,  
And the roses their fragrance spread—

There throbs a heart in concordance with mine,  
In a bosom expanded with love—  
Pure love, the choice gift of the Maker Divine,  
The emblem of pleasure above.

Her eye is as bright as the Northern star,  
So full of affection—so kind!  
And on her soft cheek in full harmony are  
The rose and the lily entwined!

Her curls with the raven's plumage can vie,  
As round her fair neck they are hung;  
Her words are as calm as the noonday sky,  
And her voice like the nightingale's wing.

Yester-eve, as the rays of the rising moon  
In their glory and splendor did shine,  
She said that her love was for me alone—  
That her hand and her heart were mine!

And a kiss—how my soul in wild ecstasy reels!—  
A kiss from her lips was the token  
That the faith and affection her bosom conceals  
Can never—no, never!—be broken."

## ISIDORE.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Of beauty eloquently bright!  
Rich ruby lips, and velvet cheek—  
Soft sunny eye so mild and meek,  
Eclipsing e'en the star's soft light.

Fair tresses parted o'er a brow  
As pure as woman's brow can be;  
A silvery voice which tuned to glee  
In memory—charms me even now.

A matchless form; as near divine  
As e'er a sculptor could desire,

Or might the poet's pen inspire  
To blazon in immortal line.

All lovely things must fade away!  
The beautiful and brightest first;  
These mortal chains which bind them burst,  
Releasing soul from cumbrous clay.

Death drew her to his cold embrace!  
Beneath the mossy stone she lies,  
Her gentle spirit sought the skies  
And found a happy resting-place.

## ORNAMENTS IN RICE SHELL WORK.—NO. III.

BY MRS. E. K. BOWEN.



BASKET IN RICE SHELL-WORK.

We have hitherto only described those Rice-shell ornaments which are adapted for wear. It is time we proceeded to describe some of those ornamental articles for the drawing-room which can be manufactured, and which from their delicacy, lightness, and rarity are admirably adapted for presents.

Baskets of various kinds and forms may be made, either of the shells only, or of shells and card-board. Perforated card-board is the best when that material is used, as it saves trouble, and forms the pattern more evenly.

If we would make a card-basket or tray, for the reception of visitors' cards, the requisite number of pieces to form the article must be shaped out from the colored perforated card-board, and the pattern or arabesque, which is to be worked on it with the shells, pencilled. Colored card-board should be used, because that throws up the pure white of the shells. Having

joined the different pieces together which form the basket, by sewing them with fine chenil, or silk twist, we take about half a yard of the finest silver wire, and attach it to the basket at the place we purpose commencing the pattern, and bring it through one of the holes or perforations just there. We then thread a shell on it, and pass the wire through another hole so situated, as when the wire is drawn tight, to cause the shell to lie in that direction, which will make it fall into its right position in the pattern. The wire must then be returned to the right side again, and another shell threaded on it, and the same manœuvre gone through; or, if it be intended to work a shell pattern inside and outside the basket, a second shell must be threaded on the wire before it is returned to the right side, and that adjusted into its place by a similar proceeding to the one just described. It is, however, difficult to manage the two patterns at

once; one is sure to mar the other to a greater or less extent; therefore it will always be best either to make the basket very open and tray-shaped, and to work the pattern on the inside, which will then be the only one much seen; or else to make it rather close and upright, so as to show chiefly the outside, and to work the pattern there.

Baskets may be made of un-perforated cardboard by gumming the pattern with a very thick solution of gum-dragon, and then sticking the shells on in their proper places.

In all kinds of baskets made with rice-shells, the back of the shell is to form the surface, and the opening to be turned inward.

The basket, of which we have given a cut, is composed of shells, and the coarsest of the three sizes of silver wire. It is made in lattice-work, or squares, and requires some art to mould, or shape it into form.

We commence at the bottom and with the central square. A length of wire, measuring twelve or fourteen inches, must be taken, and the small shells used. Thread four shells on the wire, arranging them so that the point of the first meets the point of the second, and the end of the second meets the end of the third; while the point of the third meets the point of the fourth. Push them along the wire to within about an inch of the end, then bend them into a square, and twist the short end of the wire firmly and neatly with the other, and cut off the superfluous bit. Now thread three shells on the wire, so arranged that the end of the first and the point of the third shall meet the corresponding end and point of that shell of the square already formed, which, when these three are bent into their positions, will constitute the fourth side of this second square. Loop the wire through the corner of the foundation square, and we have the second completed.

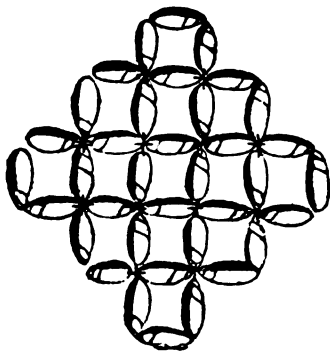
A certain firmness, divested however of tightness, is requisite in performing these manipulations; for if the shells are jammed too closely together, the work will have an uneven, stiff appearance, whereas if they are left too loose the fabric will never set in form, and will look slovenly. The drawing the wire through the corners of the preceding squares, in order to complete the one which is being worked, too, is a nice operation, which must be gently done, or we may crack the work; and securely and neatly managed, or the squares will not be firm and compact.

Three shells are now again to be symmetrically threaded, and formed into a square, and fastened down to the central one. Two other squares are

then to be formed in like manner, and we now have five, or one on each of the four sides of the foundation square. All the sixteen shells used for this should be small, and as nearly as possible of a size.

The wire is now passed up through the inside of the shell nearest to it, and it will be found that the next round of squares will be formed, first, by threading two shells, and bending them into position, and fastening them down at the corner, over the place where the preceding round has left us two sides of a square, and then by threading three shells, and bringing them into shape, where we have only one side ready for us. The two shells, and the three shells, used alternately, will produce another round, consisting of eight squares. Care must be taken to use shells of equal size for a round, although in each fresh round the size of the shells should be in a slight degree increased. The backs of the shells must all lie one way, and the openings the other; the latter constitutes the inside of the basket, as they do not look so uniform and handsome.

The following engraving will give an idea of the appearance of the fabric in an early stage.



When it is necessary to take a fresh length of wire it must be joined on close to the corner of a completed square, by twisting it firmly and neatly with the end of the length just used up, and cutting up the superfluous point.

The third round is formed as the second, by using alternately the two and the three shells as required to complete the squares.

The number of rounds which are to be worked for the bottom depends entirely upon the size which we design to make the basket. In general, these three, or at any rate, four rounds, will be sufficient to make a very pretty sized one.

The next round is to be worked exactly in the same way, and with exactly the same sized shells as the last one of the bottom, and after it is

worked it is to be turned up, like a rim, all round. This commences the basket itself.

These rounds are now to be added with the small shells, and shaped into form; and then the middle-sized shells, in rounds of gradually increasing size, are to be used for about six rounds; and then the large shells in gradually increasing size, are to be brought in use and continued until the basket is finished.

It will soon be perceived, while working, that it will occasionally be necessary to miss a square, or to add one or more here and there, in order to preserve the raised, and opened, and rounded form requisite for the oval of a basket. The symmetrical arrangement of the points and ends must be carefully attended to, or else the star-like combinations, which add so materially to the appearance of the fabric, will be marred or lost.

A pair of tweezers, or very small nippers, may be used for twisting the wire when fastening on a fresh length, as the fingers will thus be saved, and additional firmness obtained.

Having raised the basket-work to the required height, which, when the bottom consists of four rounds, should be about six inches, a piece of round silk wire, either white or colored, and exactly the size, but not larger than the circle of the top of the basket, must be taken, and firmly attached to the edge of the basket with middle-sized wire; this is to give shape and firmness to the work, and to this another piece of wire is attached, to form the handle.

The basket must now be trimmed, and for this purpose we make two light and graceful wreaths, one long enough to go round the top of the basket, and the other as long as the handle. The single flower, the bud, the spiral group, and leaves of seven or nine shells each, are what will be required for an ordinary sized basket. When the wreath is made in simple Rice Shell-Work, the stems must be twisted, and the wreath bound together with fine silver wire, and attached to the handle and to the circular wire with the same; the silk wire used must be white.

If, however, the wreath is to be made in the "composite" style, light flower-seeds or small glass beads may be introduced into the centre of the flowers, and the stems may be wound, and the wreaths put together with floss silk, and then they are to be attached to the handle and circular wire with fine chenil. The following combinations are pretty and effective: beads or seeds of pink, or yellow, or coral, or blue, and the stems of the flowers and buds wound with silk to match, the stems of the leaves wound with green, and

the wreaths attached in their places with green chenil. There should not be more than two colors, the green and one other, used at a time, and these should be delicate shades; for the shells have so pure and light an appearance, that anything in the least degree showy or gaudy, spoils the effect of the whole.

Pendant from below each end of the handle, should be a grape-like bunch of shells, not set on so closely together as in the wheat-ear, or so far apart as in a leaf, and reaching about half way down the basket.

When completed, the article should be placed under a glass case to preserve it from dust and injury, and a few wax or artificial flowers may be tastefully arranged in it with advantage.

A square basket, or a long, straight-sided one, or one in almost any given shape, may be made in this lattice-work, by manufacturing each piece separately, and in the required shape, and then lacing them together with silver wire, chenil, or twist. There is, however, no trimming more graceful, or better adapted for them than the wreath.

If thought fit, the wreath, however, need only be put round the top of the basket, and the handle made of a succession of squares of the kind we have described.

Light wreaths, either of "simple" or "composite" Rice Shell-Work may, with very pretty effect be entwined around alabaster vases or baskets.

For wedding cakes, rice shell wreaths and bouquets, with silver bullion in the flowers, are both tasteful and appropriate.

Intermingled with groups of the wax, or artificial, or feather, or paper flowers, the shell-leaves and double and daisy flowers look very pretty.

As the shells never wear out, when any ornament is crushed, or soiled, or tarnished, it can be cut up, the wires picked out, and the shells, when washed and dried, will be ready to be used again and again.

But we are sure that we have suggested quite enough to our readers to enable them to devise for themselves many other pretty and fanciful uses for this work; and we feel convinced, that when once they have overcome the first difficulties of learning it, they will find pleasure in seeing the graceful articles that will, as it were, develop themselves under their busy fingers.

And so we now take our leave of this subject for the present, commending it to the favorable attention of those who may have taken the trouble to peruse what we have written.

## THE PHANTOM OF THE BOTTOMLESS LAKE.

BY MRS. COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

### I.

It was a wilderness of dwarf trees and tangled briars.

The young sportsman, advancing, slowly and with difficulty pushed aside the branches, and making his way between them, stood on the border of a large pond or lake, perhaps some ten miles in circumference. The water was nearly black and perfectly still—and around it as far as his eye could reach, the young man saw but the same interminable wilderness of bushes and briars. It was an isolated and a desolate spot, fit haunt for spirits of evil. The waters of this lake were unfathomable.

The sun was far on the decline—and a deep shadow fell around the spot where stood the sportsman. A strange shudder came over him as he seemed chained to the damp turf under his feet—his gun slid from his shoulder to his side—his arms became nerveless; had his life depended on the act, he could not have raised them—and thus he remained, awe-struck, bewildered and motionless until the sun had set, and deep, dismal darkness settled around him.

Then, apparently from the centre of the lake, there arose the shape of a human finger, perfectly defined, yet luminous, shining with a sort of phosphorescent light. At first it remained motionless, but as the young man's gaze continued fixed upon it, it moved slowly toward him, pointing in the same direction, until it came so near that it almost touched him. As it passed his cheek, a deadly chill shocked his whole frame; and in obedience to a power inexplicable as it was mysterious, he turned and followed the phantom finger. Onward it led him—through the briary thicket into a wild and barren plain—then over rocks and brooks and stone walls into a mighty forest. Rudolf, for such was the youth named, was perfectly aware of the nature of every place he passed through, although all was midnight darkness around him, save the light emitted by his fiery guide.

Onward through the waving and creaking forest went Rudolf, his gun clenched in his hand, until suddenly he found himself in an open plain; and in a few minutes more he was standing on the threshold of a large building. The fiery finger

had disappeared—but the door stood open, and the youth entered mechanically.

In the wide vestibule hung a dim lamp, the faint rays of which showed him another door half shaded by a crimson curtain. Rudolf hesitated not to step onward, and found himself in a superbly furnished parlor lighted by three splendid chandeliers depending from the frescoed ceiling. While he stood gazing around him with wonder and admiration, he was startled by the tones of a voice sweeter than a fairy melody—

"Stranger! what wouldst thou?"

Turning quickly around, his eyes fell upon a young lady, not more than twenty, elegantly attired, and most beautiful. He endeavored to reply to her, but his voice failed him. Smiling at his apparent awe, she resumed—"fear not! I am no fairy. Lay aside your fowling-piece—seat yourself and tell me what brought you hither."

She spoke so kindly and sweetly that Rudolf was charmed beyond measure. In obedience to her commands, his hat and gun were laid aside, and seated near the lady he began in these words:

"My name is Rudolf. I dwell many miles from here with an aged uncle and my only sister. I have no other relatives.

"I left home this morning, as is my custom at this season, to hunt among the hills and through the forests. I had no luck to-day, which is a very unusual thing with me—and had gone farther than I had intended, when I came to a lonely spot—a dismal lake. I could not go from the place where my eyes first rested on it—and so remained until the darkness gathered around me. Then, from the water rose a finger of fire—it passed me—and, in spite of myself, I followed it a weary way, through fields, over brooks, stone walls, and a deep, dark forest, until it brought me hither. That is all I can tell you, lady."

She had listened to him with intense interest in her soft and pensive eyes—and when he finished, drew a deep sigh.

"Listen to me now, Rudolf. Three years ago, I was a blythe and happy girl in this, my childhood's home. An aged father was my only protector, my only friend. I had many suitors, but as I cared for none, I would not marry—and my father never urged me to do so.



"At last there came one who was no longer young, and far from good-looking or agreeable: indeed, he was the very opposite—and he wished to make me his wife. I recoiled at the idea—and my father would not listen to his proposals.

"One day my father went from home—and—and—*never returned.*" Here the young lady could not repress her tears, and Rudolf, almost unconsciously, took her small hand in his own and pressed it sympathizingly. Irena started and drew it from him—but continued:

"The next night, Guentín, the man I mentioned, came to me accompanied by a priest and a black man—and in spite of my tears, and cries, and prayers, forced me to marry him. Since that hour I have been kept closely confined to these chambers, and, in very fear of death, obliged to submit to the caresses of a man my soul abhors. No human being ever enters these doors save *him* and the black man, his confidential servant. As for the rest, I am supplied with every luxury, but condemned to a life of wretchedness. More than this—I have good reasons for suspecting that Guentín is a robber, a bandit."

## II.

SHE was silent—and Rudolf remained for a few minutes wrapt in thought. "How strange!" he at length exclaimed. "Fair lady! would that I could do aught to serve you."

"Perhaps you can," she returned, with so sweet a smile that it warmed him to the heart. "But," continued Irena, "you must be hungry as well as weary—I will get you some refreshment." So saying, she left the room for a few minutes, but returned bringing with her a tray filled with delicacies, and also a flask of wine.

"Thanks! lady, thanks!" said Rudolf. Then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he resumed—"I hope there is no danger to you or to myself in my remaining here. Do you think so?"

"I think not. There is no one in the house but ourselves, and the doors are all secured. To make you more at your ease, however, I will bolt the doors of this apartment." She rose as she spoke, and having made them fast, returned to the side of the youth and helped him to partake of the contents of the tray. The moments glided by, uncounted, and they still remained conversing on the strangeness of Irena's fate, never noting that the old time-piece on the mantel had chimed midnight.

At length it occurred to them both that they were doing wrong to converse together so familiarly, when but a little time previous they were perfect strangers—and then, this very consciousness told them that a strange, magnetic power had

bound their hearts together, in plain language, that they were in love with each other.

He took her hand, and it was not withdrawn. "I must leave you—I must go back to my home," he said, sadly.

They were startled by the opening of a window, seemingly in the adjoining room. Rudolf sprang to his feet.

"Oh! fly! fly!" cried Irena, in terror, "it must be *him*—my husband! Heavens! we shall be murdered." And she wrung her hands with affright.

Rudolf darted to the door—flung it open—and reaching the vestibule, unbarred the outer entrance and sprang out into the open plain. The moon was some two hours high, giving sufficient light to show him the dark forest through which he had been led in the early part of the evening. To this he now bent his steps; and though he knew himself to be many miles from his home; he hoped to reach it, provided he did not lose his way before the approach of the next day. However, he had not proceeded far when he heard a sound as if somebody was walking in his rear, and had just time to conceal himself behind a dwarf cedar, when two men appeared, conversing earnestly together.

"I tell you, Diogenes," remarked the taller, "that there is some strange fatality hanging over me, I fear that our midnight deed will yet——"

"No, no, master!" hastily interrupted the other, who was a black man, "I fear it not. The body was too well concealed beneath the waters of the bottomless lake. No eye saw us—no ear heard us but our own. We are secure."

"But," replied Guentín, the robber, "do the dead never arise—do they never betray?"

A solemn voice, which seemed to issue from the depths of the earth, sounded fearfully upon the ears of the two murderers—"they do!"

Appalled, they started and recoiled for a few moments—but gathering courage, Guentín cried, "It is but the echo of my own voice—let us onward. There is much to be done this night——"

"Aye?" cried Rudolf, springing from his concealment, "the world is to be rid of a villain!" and drawing a stiletto, which he usually carried at his side, the youth aimed a blow at the heart of the robber, which entered that of Diogenes, who had suddenly thrown himself between them. The man fell heavily to the ground—and Guentín, jerking a pistol from his belt, fired—and the ball whizzed past Rudolf's head. Before he could seize another, the robber fell beneath the well-aimed blow of Rudolf's keen weapon—and lay panting and struggling upon the greensward.

"Confess!" cried the young man, placing his

foot upon the robber's breast, "did you not murder the father of your wife, Irena, and cast him into the bottomless lake? Confess! for you have but a moment to live."

"I knew it—I knew it," gasped the dying man, "retribution has come at last—stranger—I confess it—I did murder him for the sake of his daughter—God forgive me!—I die."

They were his last words.

### III.

IRENA was still seated on the crimson covered sofa—in deep thought. Her husband had been with her the hour previous, and had gone again, as he said, on important business.

The clock on the mantel again chimed musically upon her ear and half started her from her reverie. It was the hour of two.

Suddenly, to the surprise of Irena, the lights in the apartment were extinguished—and in the midst of the darkness glowed the fiery finger, fearfully distinct. It was pointing upward—and as the eyes of the awe-struck lady were fastened upon it, a deep sepulchral voice uttered these words:

"Dwell in peace, my daughter. Thy father's death is avenged—he is happy. Dwell in peace."

The phantom finger dissolved into thin air—there was a dead silence—and as suddenly as

they had been extinguished, the lights were again made to burn as brightly as before.

While Irena yet remained bewildered by the suddenness and strangeness of this spiritual manifestation, the door gently swung upon its hinges, and Rudolf entered the apartment.

As her eyes fell upon him, she uttered a scream and turned deadly pale. Springing to her side, he spoke—

"Irena, Irena, listen to me? Happier days are in store for you—but oh! pardon me, pardon me, beautiful one—I have killed—your husband."

Without a word in reply, she shuddered violently, and sinking back, fainted entirely away. He took her gently in his arms and gradually kissed her back to consciousness; when, with a painful sigh, she burst into a passion of tears. He endeavored to soothe her.

"Calm thyself, dear one! Can you weep the death of a villain, the murderer of *your father*? You should rather rejoice that his death is avenged."

"You are right, Rudolf. I will weep no more."

As she became more tranquil, the glowing light of her soft eyes shone sweetly upon him, and as he drew her closer to him, his warm heart thrilling with happiness, he whispered very gently, "My own! my own!"

## HAUNTED GROUND.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

"It is the soul that sees."

THE rest have wandered on—

Stay thou with me, dear friend, a while, a while;  
This air is full of voices, leading on,  
As o'er enchanted isle.

This ground is writ all o'er

With the soul's history; I may not choose,  
Spell-bound, but pause above this living lore  
To linger and to muse.

We give of what we take

From life of outward things; our spirits leave,  
Where they have been, a glory in their wake  
More bright than they receive.

And this was once my home:

The leaves, light rustling o'er me, whisper clear—  
"The sun but shines where thou dost roam,  
It smiled upon thee *here*."

And these are of the things

That God hath taken from me, safe to keep;  
Sometimes to let me look on them, he brings  
Them to me in my sleep;

And I have been in sleep

So oft among them, ~~now~~ their aspect seems  
The vague soft glow evanishing, to keep,  
Of half remembered dreams.

Thou shouldst have been with me

Of old, dear friend, as now! and borne a part  
In all that was—then Life were filled with thee  
As wholly as the heart!

Then hadst thou won mine eyes

My soul to look through—half it angers me  
To think a sweetness on the years can rise  
That is not mixed with thee!

## THE ORPHANS FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112.

### CHAPTER V.

THE house at which Judge Sharp stopped was long, low, and terribly weather-beaten. Once it had been coated with red paint, but time had beaten this off in some places, and washed it together in others, till the color was now a dull brown, with patches of red here and there, visible beneath the eaves and around the windows. The highway separated this dwelling from the river, which took a bold, graceful curve just below the house; leaving a broad expanse of meadow land and some fine clumps of trees in full view on the opposite shore. Directly in front, ran a picket-fence, old, uneven and dilapidated, but in picturesque keeping with the building. The gate hung loosely on its hinges, just opposite a tumbling, old-fashioned porch, that shot over the front door, much after the fashion of that hideous thing called a poke, with which English women disfigure their pretty travelling bonnets and protect them from the sun. An immense trumpet-flower overrun this porch, whose antique mossiness was in fine keeping with it, for the straggling branches shot out in all directions, and its coarse blossoms, then in season, seemed to have drank up all the red paint as it vanished from the clapboards. Long, uncut grass, set thick with dandelions, filled the narrow strip between the front fence and the house, except just under the eaves, where it was worn away into a little, pebble-lined gutter, by the water-drops that poured from the roof every rainy day.

A few of those old-fashioned roses, broad and red, but almost single, so common about old houses beyond the reach of Dunlap, or Flagg, struggled up through the grass, spreading their branches low down, and creeping along the lower portions of the fences, and on each side the porch. A garden, at one end of the house, was red with love-lies-bleeding and coxcombs, their deep hues contrasting with great clumps of marigolds and bachelor's-buttons, all claiming a pre-emption right over innumerable weeds and any

amount of ribbon grass, that struggled hard to drive them out.

With all its dilapidation, there was something picturesque and attractive about the old homestead—a mingling of rude taste and neglect, unthrifty, but suggestive of innate character. Mary Fuller looked around her, with that keen relish of gay colors and rude outline, that a rich uncultivated taste appreciates best. The glow of those warm-tinted, bold garden flowers seemed like a welcome; and the soft flow of the river, which she had so feared to lose, seemed like the voice of an old friend following her among strangers.

She had some little time for observation, for the gate opened with difficulty, groaning on its hinges, scraping its way in the segment of a circle upon the ground, and tearing up the grass by the roots in its progress. Evidently the front door was not in very frequent use, and the stubborn old gate seemed determined that it never should be again. A wren shot away from the porch, as the judge and his protegee entered it, and went fluttering in and out through the green branches waving over it, quite distractedly, as if she had never seen a human being there in her whole birdhood before.

"Poor little coward," said the judge, "it's afraid we shall drive its young ones from their old home."

Mary had followed the fugitive with sparkling eyes, and she now began peering among the leaves, quite expecting to find a nest full of darling little birdlings chirping for food. For aught she knew, poor alley-bred child, the birds built nests and filled them with eggs all the year round.

Judge Sharp rapped upon the door with his knuckles, for the old iron knocker groaned worse than the gate when he attempted to raise it. After a little, the door opened with a jerk; for, like the gate, it swung low, grating upon the threshold. In the entry stood a woman, tall beyond what is common in her sex, but slender and slightly stooping, not from feebleness, however,

but habit. The woman might have been handsome once, but there was little remnant of beauty left in that cold, grave face, threaded with wrinkles, and shaded by hair of a dull iron grey. Yet her eyes were keen, and intensely black; they must have had fire in them once; if so, it had burned itself out years before; for now they seemed clear and cold as her face.

"How do you do, aunt Hannah?" said the judge, reaching forth his hands, "I have brought the little girl, you see."

"What little girl?" inquired the woman, casting her cold eyes on Mary Fuller, "I know nothing about any little girl."

"Then uncle Nathan didn't get my letter," said the judge, a little anxiously.

"He hasn't had a letter these three years," was the concise reply.

"Well, I must see him then. Where is he, aunt Hannah?"

"In his old place."

"What, on the back porch?"

"Yes!"

"Well, aunt Hannah, just see to my little girl, while I go and speak with uncle Nathan," and the judge disappeared from the entry, through a side door.

"Come into the out room," said aunt Hannah to Mary, leading the way through an opposite door.

Mary followed in silence, chilled through and through by this iron coldness.

The room was chilly, and meagre of comforts like its mistress. A home-made carpet, striped in red and green, but greatly faded by time, covered the floor; a tall, mahogany bureau, with a back piece and top-drawers, stood on one side; a long, narrow dining-table, of black wood, with slender legs and claw-feet grasping each a small globe, stood between the two front windows. Over these windows were paper curtains of pale blue, rolled up with string and tassels of twisted cotton, just far enough to leave the lower panes visible. Half a dozen chairs, of dark brown wood touched with green, stood around the room; and over the dining-table hung an antique looking-glass, in a mahogany frame rendered black by time.

Mary sat down by an end window that overlooked the garden, and peered through the little panes to avoid the steady gaze that the woman fixed upon her. A sweet-briar bush grew against the window; but she caught bright glimpses of marigolds, and asparagus laden with red berries, through the fragrant leaves.

All at once she started and turned suddenly in her chair. The woman had spoken.

"Who are you?" was the curt question that had aroused her.

"I—I—ma'am?"

"Yes, I mean you. What's your name?"

"Mary Fuller, ma'am."

"What brought you in these parts?"

"I came with Isabel and Judge Sharp."

"What for?"

"To live with somebody, ma'am, I, I thought at first it was here!"

"Where did you come from?"

Mary blushed. Poor child! She had a vague idea that there was something to be ashamed of in coming from the Alms-House. As she hesitated the woman repeated her question, but more briefly, only saying,

"Where?"

"From the Alms-House!"

Aunt Hannah's eyes fell. A faint color crept through the wrinkles on her forehead, and for a few moments she ceased to interrogate the child. But she spoke at length, in the same impassive voice as before,

"Have you a father?"

"No, ma'am."

"A mother?"

"I, I don't know."

"Who is Isabel?"

"A little girl that was with me in——" She was about to say in the Alms-House; but more sensitive regarding Isabel than herself, she changed the term and said, "that was with me in the carriage."

"The carriage," repeated aunt Hannah, moving toward a window and lifting the paper blind, "did it take four horses to drag you and another little girl over the mountains?"

"Oh! no, ma'am, there was a lady."

"A lady! who?"

"A lady who lives down the river, in a great square house, with a sort of short steeple on the roof."

"What, Mrs. Farnham?" said the woman, dropping the blind as if it had been a roll of fire, while her face turned white to the lips, and a glow came into her eyes, that made Mary's heart beat quick, for there was something startling in it, as the woman stood searching her face for the answer.

"Yes, that is the name, ma'am."

Aunt Hannah's lips grew colder and whiter, while the glow concentrated in her eyes like a ray of fire.

"Is she coming here to live?" broke in low, gasping tones, from those cold lips.

"I heard her say that she was!" replied the little girl, gently, warmed by a touch of sympathy;

for even this stern betrayal of feeling was less repulsive than the chill apathy of her previous manner.

"And this Isabel. Is the girl hers?"

"No, not hers, she is like me—no, not like me—only in having no father and mother—for Isabel is—oh! how beautiful."

"And what is she doing here?" questioned the woman, still in her stern, low tones.

"Mrs. Farnham has adopted her," answered the child, "and no wonder; anybody would like to have Isabel for a child."

"Why?"

"Because she is so lovely."

"Why didn't she adopt you?" said the woman, without a change in her husky voice.

"Me, ma'am! Oh, how could she?"

The child, as she spoke, spread her little hands abroad, and looked downward as was her touching habit, when her deformity was brought in question.

The woman stood in the centre of the room, pale, and still gazing upon that singular little face, with a degree of intensity of which its former coldness seemed incapable. At last she strode up to the window, and putting her hand on Mary's forehead, bent back her head, while she perused her face.

"And who will adopt you?" she said, at length, as if communing with herself.

"I don't know," said the child, tremblingly, "when I came here I thought perhaps this house was the one that Mr. Sharp expected me to live in."

The woman continued her gaze during some seconds, then her hand dropped away from the throbbing little forehead, and she returned to her seat.

That moment the door opened, and Enoch Sharp looked through, with a smile that penetrated into the room like a sunbeam.

"Come, aunt Hannah," he said, "we can do nothing without you."

## CHAPTER VI.

AUNT HANNAH arose, and walked with a precise and firm step from the room. Enoch Sharp led the way into a low back porch, that overlooked that portion of the garden devoted to vegetables. In one end of this porch stood a huge cheese-press; and on the dresser opposite, a huge wooden churn was turned bottom up, with the dasher leaning against it. Several milking-pails of wood, scoured to a spotless whiteness, were ranged on each side, while nicely kept strainers hung over them. There was a faint,

pure smell of the dairy near, as if the porch opened to a butter and cheese room; but the exquisite cleanliness of everything around made this rather agreeable than otherwise.

The principal object in the porch, however, was an old man seated in a huge armed-chair of unpainted oak, with a splint bottom worn smooth and bright by constant use. This chair stood near the back entrance, and the old man seemed quite too large and unwieldy for any attempt at exercise; but his large, rosy face was turned toward the door, as he heard Enoch Sharp and his sister coming through the kitchen; and one of the frankest smiles, you ever beheld, beamed from his soft brown eyes over the broad and benevolent expanse of his face.

"Well, Nathan, what do you want of me?" inquired the austere lady, in her usual cold tones.

The good man seemed taken aback by this short address. He looked at the judge as if for help, saying,

"Hasn't he told you, Hannah?"

"Yes, he wants us to keep this little thing in yonder, and let him pay us for it. I don't sell kindness—do you, Nathan?"

"No, no, certainly not; but then, Hannah, you must reflect; the judge's own house is not exactly suited for a person like this little girl; and if we don't take her, who will?"

The woman stood musing, her cold face unchanged, her eyes cast thoughtfully downward.

"You see, sister," persisted uncle Nathan, "this little girl isn't, as the judge says, a sort of person to make a pet of, like the one Mrs. Farnham has adopted."

Aunt Hannah started, and looked up with one of those sharp glances, that we have once seen disturb the cold monotony of her face. There was something in the name of Mrs. Farnham, that seemed to sting her into life.

"She isn't handsome, you know," persisted the good man, "but you won't care for that, Hannah. The judge says she's a bright, good little creature, and she'll be company for us, don't you think so?"

Aunt Hannah looked at the judge, who stood regarding her with some degree of anxiety.

"Judge," she said, "that woman yonder? She is rich, and these two children loved each other—why did she send this girl to me?"

"She did not, I brought her without her knowledge," said the judge.

"But why were they put asunder?"

"Mrs. Farnham seems to have taken a dislike to poor Mary," was the reply. "The other child is very pretty, and this was a great recommendation, for a lady like her, you know."

The quick fire once more came to aunt Hannah's eyes. She drew herself up, and looking sternly at Enoch Sharp, said, with a degree of feeling very unusual to her,

"Judge Sharp, you can go home. I will take the girl and bring her up after my own fashion; but as for your money we are not poor enough—my brother and I—to sell kindness."

The judge would have spoken, but aunt Hannah waved her hand, after her usual cold, stately fashion, saying, "take the girl—or leave her with me."

"But she will be a burden upon you!" he began to say.

Aunt Hannah did not answer, but going into "the out room," removed Mary's bonnet and mantilla, then taking her by one hand she led her into the porch directly before uncle Nathan.

"Talk with her," she said, "I have the chores to do up yet."

"Yes, yes, talk with uncle Nathan, Mary: you will feel at home at once," cried the judge, somewhat annoyed that all his benevolent plans could not be carried out, but glad nevertheless that his poor favorite had found a home.

There are faces in the world which a warm-hearted person cannot look upon without a glow of generous emotion. Those faces are seldom among the most beautiful. Certainly, I have never found them so; but this power of waking up all the sweet emotions of an irrepressible nature is worth all the beauty on earth. Uncle Nathan Heap's face was of this character. Full and ruddy, it beamed with an expression so benevolent, so warm and true, that you were ready to love and trust him at the first glance.

Mary Fuller had too much character in herself not to feel all that was noble in that face. Her eye lighted up, the color came in a faint hue to her cheeks, and without a word, she placed her little hands between the plump brown palms that were extended to receive her.

Uncle Nathan drew her close up to his knees, pressing her little hands kindly between his, and perusing her face with his friendly brown eyes.

"There, that will do, you are a nice little girl," he said, "I'm glad the judge thought of bringing you here."

Mary was ready to cry. This reception was so cheering, after the cold interrogations of aunt Hannah.

"Go, bring that milking-stool, yonder, and sit down here while I talk with you a little," said uncle Nathan, pointing toward three or four stools, that hung on the picket fence in the back garden.

Mary ran across the cabbage patch, and

brought the milking-stool, which she placed near the old man.

"Close up, close up," he said, patting his fat knee, as if he expected her to lean against it. "There, now, this will do. Sit still and see how you like the garden as the sunshine strikes it."

Mary looked around full of serious curiosity. The sunshine was striking across the cabbage patch, which she had just crossed, tinging the great heads with gold. The massive effect of this blended green and gold; the deep green of the outer leaves, lined and crimped into a curious network; the inner leaves folded so hard and crisp, in their lighter hues; all struck the child as singularly beautiful. Then the dun red of the beet leaves, that took up the slanting sunbeams as they strayed over the garden, scattering gold everywhere; and the delicate and feathery green of the parsnip beds: these also had a charm for her young eyes, a charm that one must feel for the first time to appreciate.

"Don't you think it a pleasant place out here?" said uncle Nathan, looking blandly down upon her.

"Oh! yes, very, very nice. I never saw so many things growing at once before?"

"No! Don't they have gardens in New York there?"

"Some persons do, but not with these things in them: but they have beautiful roses and honeysuckles, and sights of flowers: don't you like flowers, sir?"

"Like flowers? Why, yes. Didn't you see the coxcombs and marigolds in the front garden?"

"Yes," said Mary, a little disappointed; for, to say the truth, she found more beauty in the nicely arranged vegetable beds, with their rich variety of tints, just then bathed in the sunset; besides a taste for rare flowers had been excited, by many a childish visit to those pretty angles and grass plats, bright with choice flowers, that brighten many of our up-town dwellings in New York. "Yes, they are large and grand, but I like little tiny flowers, with stems that shake when you only touch them."

"Oh, you'll find lots of flowers like that in the spring time, I can tell you. Among the rocks and trees up there, the ground is thick with them."

"And can I pick them?" asked the child, lifting her brightening eyes on uncle Nathan, with a world of confiding earnestness in them, but still doubtful if she would dare to touch even a wild blossom without permission.

"Pick them!" repeated the old man, laughing till his double chin trembled like a jelly. "Why the cattle tramp over thousands of them

every day. You may pick aprons full, if you have a mind to."

"I shouldn't like much to pick them in that way," said the child, thoughtfully.

"Why not, ha?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Call me uncle Nathan!"

"Well, I don't know, uncle Nathan," repeated the child blushing, "but it seems to me as if it must hurt the pretty flowers to be picked, as if they had feeling like us, and would cry out in my fingers."

"That is a queer thought," said uncle Nathan, and he looked curiously on the child.

"Is it? I don't know," was the modest reply, "but I always feel that way about flowers."

"She is a strange little creature," thought uncle Nathan, who had a world of sympathy for every generous emotion the human soul ever knew, "what company she will be here in the old stoop, nights like this."

Then, in a quiet, gentle way, uncle Nathan began to question the child, as his sister had done: but Mary did not shrink from him, as she had from his relative; and the sunset gathered round them, while she was telling her mournful little history.

The old man's eyes filled with tears more than once, as he listened. Mary saw it, and drew close to him as she spoke, till her little clasped hands rested on his knees.

Just then, aunt Hannah came into the porch, with a pail in her hand foaming over with milk.

"Oh!" exclaimed uncle Nathan, lifting himself from the arm-chair with a heavy sigh, "I oughtn't to have been left here, in this way, while you are doing up the chores, Hannah. Give me the stool, little darter, I must do my share of the milking, any how."

"Sit still! The child's strange yet; I can do up the chores for once, I suppose," answered aunt Hannah, placing a bright tin pan on the dresser, and tightening a snow-white strainer over the pail. "Sit down, I say."

Uncle Nathan dropped into his capacious chair, with a relieving sigh, though half the authority in aunt Hannah's command was lost in the flow of a pearly torrent of milk which soon filled the pan.

"Can't I help?" inquired Mary, going up to aunt Hannah, as she lifted the brimming pan with both hands, and bore it toward a swinging shelf in the pantry.

"Not now; when you are rested. Go back to Nathan," answered aunt Hannah, looking sideways over the uplifted milk pan.

Mary drew back to her place by the old man's

knee. And they watched the sun as it set redly behind the hills, covering the garden and all the hills with its dusky gold.

"See!" said uncle Nathan, pointing to an immense sunflower crowning a stalk at least eight feet high. "See how that great flower wheels round as the sun travels toward the mountains; and stands with its face to the west, when it goes down. Did you ever see that before?"

"The great, brown flower, fringed with yellow leaves—does it really do that?" cried Mary, with her bright eyes wandering from the stately flower to uncle Nathan's face. "Oh! how I should love to sit and watch it all day!"

"I do sometimes, Sundays, when its too warm for anything else;" said uncle Nathan, "but supposing you go to bed early, and get up in the morning, sure as you do, that sunflower will be found looking straight to the east."

Aunt Hannah, who had bustled about the porch and pantry sometime, appeared, after a short interval, from the kitchen. Uncle Nathan understood the signal, and taking Mary by the hand, led her into a kitchen, neatly covered with a rag carpet, and furnished with old-fashioned wooden chairs. A little round tea-table stood in the middle of the room, covered with warm tea-biscuit, preserved plumbs in china saucers, and plates of molasses-pound-cake, with a plate of golden butter, and one of cheese, set at equal distances.

Aunt Hannah, took her seat behind an oblong tray of dark japanned tin, on which stood a conical little pewter tea-pot, bright as silver, and a pile of tea-spoons small enough for a modern play-house, but so bright that they scattered cheerful gleams over the whole tray. Three chairs stood around the table, and in one of these Mary placed herself, obedient to a move of aunt Hannah's hand. A bowl of bread and milk stood by her plate, to which she betook herself with hearty relish, while aunt Hannah performed the honors of her pewter tea-pot, mingling a judicious quantity of water with Mary's portion of her favorite beverage, while uncle Nathan reached over and sweetened it with prodigality, observing that "it was the nature of children to love sweets," at which aunt Hannah gave a cold smile of assent.

After tea, uncle Nathan withdrew to his seat on the porch again. Mary would have made herself useful about the tea-things, but aunt Hannah dismissed her with an observation that she might rest herself in the porch.

It was very pleasant to keep close up to the side of that old man, and find protection, from

loneliness, in the shadow of his great chair. Still, a sadness crept over her poor heart, for with all her simple-hearted courage, the place was strange, and in spite of the cordial voice of uncle Nathan that came cheerily through the gathering darkness, she felt a moisture creeping into her eyes. The very stillness and beautiful quiet of everything around had elements of sadness in it to a creature so sensitively organized as she was. She thought of her father, and fixing her meek eyes on the stars, as they came one by one into the sky, began to wonder if he knew where she was, and how much like a father that good old man was acting toward his little girl. Then she thought of Isabel; and of Judge Sharp; of the great, good fortune that had befallen her in being so near them both: and her poor little heart swelled with a world of grateful feelings. I do think the sweetest tears ever shed by mortal, come from those grateful feelings, which, too exquisite for words, and too powerful for silence, can find no language to express themselves in but tears.

Mary Fuller began to sob. She had for the moment forgotten the old man's presence.

"What is this?" cried uncle Nathan, laying one hand over her head, and patting her cheeks with his broad palm, "home-sick a'ready."

"No, no," sobbed Mary, "I, I was only thinking how good you all are to me, how very, very happy I ought to feel?"

"And can't. Is that it?"

"I don't know," answered the child, wiping her eyes, and looking up, searching for uncle Nathan's face in the star-light. "There is something here that isn't happy entirely, or a bit like sorrow, but sometimes it almost chokes me, and would quite if I couldn't cry it off."

"I used to feel that way once, I remember," said uncle Nathan, thoughtfully, "but it wore off as I grew older."

"I shouldn't quite like to have it wear off

entirely," said the child, fixing her eyes on the stars, and clinging to the golden dreams that so often haunted her, just before this fit of weeping came on, "altogether, I don't think one would like to part with one's thoughts, you know."

"Not even when they make you cry?"

"No, I think not—those are the thoughts that one loves to remember best."

"Come, Nathan," said aunt Hannah, coming into the porch with a tallow candle in her hand, "it's almost bed time."

Uncle Nathan arose and entered the kitchen. Seating himself at the little round stand, he opened a huge, old Bible, that lay upon it, and putting on a pair of iron spectacles began to read.

Mary, seated by aunt Hannah, listened with gentle interest; her little hands folded in her lap, and her large grey eyes dwelling earnestly on the face of the white-haired reader.

When the chapter was done, they all knelt down, and uncle Nathan poured forth the fullness of his faith in a prayer, that went over the child's heart like the summer wind upon a water-lily, stirring all its young thoughts to their gentle depths, as the fragrant leaves of the lily give forth their sweetness. Two or three times she heard aunt Hannah murmur some words uneasily, as if some uneasy thought, at variance with her brother's prayer, disturbed her. But directly the child was enwrapped, heart and soul, in the earnest words that fell from the old man's lips, and when she stood up again, her face had a sort of glory in its expression. It was the first night in a long, long time that Mary had been so near heaven.

And this was the kind of home which Enoch Sharp had given to the orphan. Did she sleep well? If holy thoughts can summon angels, many bright spirits hovered over her little bed that night.

But aunt Hannah never closed her eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LIFE'S SUNBEAMS.

BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE.

There are bright and happy places,  
In this dwelling-place of tears;  
Sunny gleams, and merry faces,  
Smiling hopes that conquer fears.

There are many sweets that mingle  
In our cups of mortal woe;  
Fairy-bells that softly tingle  
Sweetest music as they go.

There are blossoms rich and rarest,  
Life's lone pathway to make bright,  
And their gentle faces fairest,  
Shine like rays of living light.

Yet there still are choicer blessings,  
To bedeck our weary way;  
Friendship's warm and fond caressing,  
Love that never can decay!



## "UNCLE MAURICE."

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

It is with men's lives as with days: some dawn radiant with a thousand colors, others dark with gloomy clouds. That of my uncle Maurice was one of the latter. He was so sickly when he came into the world, that they thought he must die; but notwithstanding these anticipations, which might be called hopes, he continued to live, suffering and deformed.

He was deprived of all the joys as well as of all the attractions of childhood. He was oppressed because he was weak, and laughed at for his deformity. In vain the little hunchback opened his arms to the world; the world scoffed at him, and went its way.

However, he still had his mother, and it was to her that the child directed all the feelings of a heart repulsed by others. With her he found shelter, and was happy, till he reached the age when a man must take his place in life; and Maurice had to content himself with that which others had refused with contempt. His education would have qualified him for any course of life; and he became a clerk in one of the little toll-houses at the entrance of his native town.

He was always shut up in this dwelling of a few feet square, with no relaxation from the office accounts but reading, and his mother's visits. On fine summer days she came to work at the door of his hut, under the shade of a clematis planted by Maurice. And even then when she was silent, her presence was a pleasant change to the hunchback; he heard the clinking of her long knitting-kneedles, he saw her mild and mournful profile, which reminded him of so many courageously-borne trials; he could every now and then rest his hand affectionately on that bowed down neck, and exchange a smile with her!

This comfort was soon to be taken from him. His old mother fell sick, and at the end of a few days he had to give up all hope. Maurice was overcome at the idea of a separation which would henceforth leave him alone on earth, and abandoned himself to boundless grief. He knelt by the bed-side of the dying woman, he called her by the fondest names, he pressed her in his arms, as if he could so keep her in life. His mother tried to return his caresses, and to answer him; but her hands were cold, her voice already

gone. She could only press her lips against the forehead of her son, heave a sigh, and close her eyes forever!

They tried to take Maurice away, but he resisted them and threw himself on that now motionless form.

"Dead!" cried he; "dead! She who had never left me, she who was the only one in the world who loved me! You, my mother, dead! What then remains for me here below?"

A stifled voice replied—

"God!"

Maurice, startled, raised himself up! Was it a last sigh from the dead, or his own conscience that had answered him? He did not seek to know, but he understood the answer, and accepted it.

It was then that I first knew him. I often went to see him in his little toll-house; he mixed in my childish games, told me his finest stories, and let me gather his flowers. Deprived as he was of all external attractiveness, he showed himself full of kindness to all who came to him, and, though he never would put himself forward, he had a welcome for every one. Deserted, and despised, he submitted to everything with a gentle patience; but those who otherwise might have promoted him as his services deserved, were repulsed by his deformity. As he had no patrons he found his claims were always disregarded. They preferred before him those who were better able to make themselves agreeable, and seemed to be granting him a favor when letting him keep the humble office which enabled him to live. Uncle Maurice bore injustice as he had borne contempt; unfairly treated by men, he raised his eyes higher, and trusted in the justice of Him who cannot be deceived.

He lived in an old house in the suburb, where many work people, as poor but not as forlorn as he, also lodged. Among these neighbors there was a single woman, who lived by herself in a little garret, into which came both wind and rain. She was a young girl, pale, silent, and with nothing to recommend her but her wretchedness, and her resignation to it. She was never seen speaking to any other woman, and no song cheered her garret. She worked without interest and without relaxation; a depressing gloom

seemed to envelop her like a shroud. Her dejection affected Maurice; he attempted to speak to her: she replied mildly but in few words. It was easy to see that she preferred her silence and her solitude to the little hunchback's good will; he perceived it, and said no more.

But Toinette's needle was hardly sufficient for her support, and presently work failed her! Maurice learned that the poor girl was in want of everything, and that the tradesmen refused to give her credit. He immediately went to them, and privately engaged to pay them for what they supplied Toinette with.

Things went on in this way for several months. The young dressmaker continued out of work, until she was at last frightened at the bills she had contracted with the shopkeepers. When she came to an explanation with them, everything was discovered. Her first impulse was to run to uncle Maurice, and thank him on her knees. Her habitual reserve had given way to a burst of deepest feeling. It seemed as if gratitude had melted all the ice of that numbed heart.

Being now no longer embarrassed with a secret, the little hunchback could give greater efficacy to his good offices. Toinette became to him a sister, for whose wants he had a right to provide. It was the first time since the death of his mother that he had been able to share his life with another. The young woman received his attentions with feeling—but with reserve. All Maurice's efforts were insufficient to dispel her gloom: she seemed touched by his kindness, and sometimes expressed her sense of it with warmth; but there she stopped. Her heart was a closed book, which the little hunchback might bend over, but could not read. In truth he cared little to do so: he gave himself up to the happiness of being no longer alone, and took Toinette such as her long trials had made her: he loved her as she was, and wished for nothing else but still to enjoy her company.

This thought insensibly took possession of his

mind, to the exclusion of all besides. The poor girl was as forlorn as himself; she had become accustomed to the deformity of the hunchback, and she seemed to look on him with an affectionate sympathy! What more could he wish for? Until then, the hopes of making himself acceptable to a helpmate had been repelled by Maurice as a dream; but chance seemed willing to make it a reality. After much hesitation he took courage, and decided to speak to her.

It was evening; the little hunchback, in much agitation, directed his steps toward the workwoman's garret. Just as he was about to enter, he thought he heard a strange voice pronouncing the maiden's name. He quickly pushed open the door, and perceived Toinette weeping, and leaning on the shoulder of a young man in the dress of a sailor.

At the sight of my uncle, she disengaged herself quickly, and ran to him, crying out—

"Ah! come in—come in! It is he that I thought was dead: it is Julien; it is my betrothed!"

Maurice tottered, and drew back. A single word had told him all!

It seemed to him as if the ground shook and his heart was going to break; but the same voice that he had heard by his mother's death-bed again sounded in his ears, and he soon recovered himself. God was still his friend!

He himself accompanied the newly-married pair on the road when they went away, and, after having wished them all the happiness which was denied to him, he returned with resignation to the old house in the suburb.

It was there that he ended his life, forsaken by men, but not, as he said, by the *Father which is in heaven*. He felt His presence everywhere; it was to him in the place of all else. When he died, it was with a smile, and like an exile setting out for his own country. He who had consoled him in poverty and ill health, when he was suffering from injustice and forsaken by all, had made death a gain and blessing to him.

## TO IDA.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

Oh, that I were a little flower,  
With dew-drops filled and fragrance sweet,  
With thee to pass but one short hour,  
And then to kiss thy sylph-like feet;  
To bloom beneath thy smile, to be  
Caressed, admired, and loved by thee!

Oh, that I were a crystal stream  
That murmurs by some mountain's side!  
Thy form should, as in some sweet dream,  
Upon the silver waters glide,  
And mirrored on my breast would be  
The image, then, dear maid, of thee.

## THE THREE WISHES.

BY J. H. A. BONNE.

### I.

"GRANT me a wish," said a peasant maid,  
As she stood by the fairy tree;  
"For thou art my fairy godmother,  
And hast promised me wishes three.  
"Alice and Maud have golden hair—  
Mine has a dingy hue;  
Edith and Kate have ruby lips—  
Mine are coarse and blue;  
"Jenny and Madge have sparkling eyes—  
Mine are dull and grey;  
Lovers come sighing to all of these—  
From me they turn away.  
"Listen, my fairy godmother;  
Grant me the boon I crave;  
Make my beauty as bright as the sun,  
Their's dark as the gloomy grave."  
Through the rustling leaves came a sighing breeze,  
From the refted trunk a voice—  
"Better for thee, oh, simple maid,  
Hast thou made some other choice;  
"For the loveliest flowers are soonest cropped:  
And the spoiler's ruthless grasp  
Robs the gayest blossom, but rarely deigns  
The plain-budded bud to clasp.  
"Beauty is a destructive mask  
That burns while it adorns;  
And that whilst it decks the breast,  
Oft plants the heart with thorns.  
"But all too soon wilt thou learn the truth,  
That to make the heart be still  
Beauty is not the boon to crave;  
Now go, thou hast thy will."  
And the maiden turned from the fairy tree  
With a proud and sparkling eye:  
"Lovely damsels there are, I ween,  
But none that with me can vie!"

### II.

"Grant me a wish," said the fretful maid,  
As she stood by the fairy tree;  
"I have made thee yet but one request,  
And thou owest me with three.  
"The maidens envy my lovely face,  
And talk with slanderous tongue;  
I am met with frowns by the sober old,  
And sneers by the giddy young.  
"On the peasant lovers I turn my back,  
Not for them is my dainty hand;  
In the May-day dance I won a glance  
And a smile from the lord of the land  
"The Lady Clare is a wrinkled dame,  
And as foul as eye can see;  
Grant that I, so youthful and fair,  
May be richer far than she."

Through the swaying limbs came a moaning blast,  
From the moss-grown trunk a voice;  
"Thou hast thou learned, misguided maid,  
Thou hast made but an evil choice.  
"For gold lies heavy upon the heart,  
And gems are hard and cold;  
Rich jewels and golden chains may crush  
The soul in their glittering fold.  
"Content dwells not amid the corns,  
Nor peace where diamonds clinking shine;  
Depart—and the sorrowful lesson learn:—  
The boon thou dost crave is thine."  
Golden chains round her white neck twined,  
Gems in her dark hair shone,  
And on her fingers, so white and small,  
Sparkled many a precious stone.  
"Though young and fair be the Lady May,  
She wins not Lord Walter's hand;  
My beauty rare and my wealth untold  
Shall gain the lord of the land."

### III.

With white hands clenched, with white lips set,  
With dark eyes flashing fire,  
By the fairy tree stood a lady fair,  
Pouring forth words of ire.  
"Beauty and wealth I seek no more,  
They nothing but curses brought;  
My beauty has cost me a tarnished name,  
And my wealth has been brought to nought.  
"Vengeance I seek on a perjured man  
Who has robbed me of gold and fame;  
Vengeance I seek on Lord Walter's head,  
Let his blood wash away my shame."  
Bent and torn was the fairy tree  
By the shrieking and rending gale;  
Gaunt shadowy shapes of horror rose  
And circled the lady pale.  
By the lady's side an object lay  
Which made her life-blood start;  
Lord Walter, cold as the oozy clay,  
A dagger struck through his heart!  
Day by day came a lady sad  
To the refted fairy oak;  
Day by day she asked a boon,  
But no answering fairy spoke.  
Day by day she knelt on the turf,  
And prayed that her aching breath  
Might be the last she was doomed to draw—  
But she was not heard by Death.  
But three dark shapes at her elbow stood—  
Sorrow, Remorse, and Pain;  
And the grief-struck lady wished she were  
A poor peasant maid again.

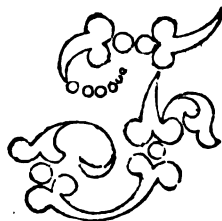
## TO EMBROIDER NAMES AND INITIALS.

BY HARRIET BOWEN.

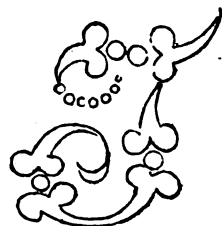
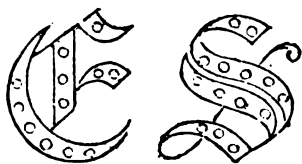


8 ladies are frequently at a loss for patterns for letters, with which to embroider pocket-handkerchiefs, the present volume of, "Peterson's Magazine" will supply this want, by giving, from time to time, engravings of suitable letters and names. Several are presented on this page, and in every

satin-stitch, sewing over the lines, or in button-hole stitch. The letters given, in this number, are those which stand for the names most common among ladies.



In the April number, patterns will be given for the corners of handkerchiefs, as also other initials and names. The editors have confided this department to us, and we shall endeavor



variety of style and size. The materials are French working cotton, No. 120. Work in raised satin-stitch, sewing over the lines, or in button-hole stitch. The letters given, in this number, are those which stand for the names most common among ladies.



## THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

BY E. A. LILWELL.

My heart has been sad, but the spirit of Spring  
Would over my sorrows its influence fling;  
It breathes in the air, in the blue sky above,  
And tells us that still there is mercy and love:

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It hallows our griefs, howe'er shrouded in gloom,  
And whispers of Hope beyond death and the tomb.  
If a vision of Heav'n aught earthly can bring,  
It surely is seen in the beautiful Spring.

## OUR WORK TABLE

### PIN-CUSHION FOR TOILET-TABLE.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



THIS beautiful pin-cushion, is one of the prettiest lately got up in Paris. The top is of darned netting trimmed with gold, and having rich *passementerie* tassels, in silk and gold. The materials are some cherry colored satin, calico, and bran; black netting silk, Napoleon blue crochet silk, twelve skeins of gold thread, and five *passementerie* tassels. Begin by making a cushion nine inches in diameter, and three high at the edges, but raised a little in the centre. It must be stuffed tightly with the bran, and covered neatly with the satin.

To make the cover, fill a fine netting-needle with the black silk, and begin with five stitches, which form into a round, and do two stitches in every one. Then continue to increase by working always two stitches in a short stitch, and one in every other until there are twenty-nine stitches in every division. Do two rounds without increase. This forms the top of the cushion. For

each point work backward and forward in a division, always omitting the last stitch until there are two only, when fasten off. The mesh to be used is No. 13. The blue silk is used for darning the flower in each point, the spots and the triangular piece in each division being in gold. Before darning, however, the netting should be damped, and pinned out, which will give it a little stiffness. A narrow edging, in crochet, with the gold thread, may then be advantageously worked all round. To complete the cushion the netting is simply to be laid on the satin, and tacked down at the places where the *passementerie* trimming is added. We may add, for the information of those to whom this term is new, that *passementerie* is that kind of ornamental work in which gold thread and colored silks are worked up into certain forms. All the later French purse trimmings are of this kind, no steel or gilt ornaments being used for them.

## SLIPPER IN APPLIQUE.

[SEE ILLUSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE NUMBER.]

THERE are no slippers so beautiful, and none where greater variety of patterns and coloring can be given than in applique, and not any more simple to work.

The ground of this slipper may be brown or green cloth. The pattern should be cut out of

purple velvet, and laid carefully on the cloth as directed. After it is dry, the outer edge should be braided with broad gold braid; the narrow line on the centre may be either black beads or crimson braid. For a birth-day gift a slipper is always appropriate.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**ASCENDING AND DESCENDING ETNA.**—The crater of Etna is ascended with great toil, as represented in the first of our graphic companion-illustrations. The loose ashes and cinders, combined with the steepness of the ascent, render the climbing almost impossible indeed, so that ladies have generally to be carried up by guides. But the descent is as easy as the ascent is difficult. It is the custom to slide down, and, as there is really no peril in it, though apparently a good deal, it is a part of the journey that always affords fun. J. Ross Browne, Esq., in that amusing book, "Yusef," has given an excellent account of the descent.

"Peeping over the brink of the precipice, you enter into a calculation as to the probability of having your limbs dislocated, in case you should strike some unseen rock; and about the time you become satisfied that a leg or an arm must be sacrificed, there rises a dust some hundred yards below, and you see a large dark body bouncing down like a man of India rubber, scattering cinders and ashes before it, and yelling like a demon. Away it goes, rising and jumping and tossing, till it looks like a great black bird hopping down into the gulf of lava below, dwindling as it goes, till you see nothing but a dark speck. Then down dashes another and another, and you see that it must be old Pedro leading the way, and the stragglers following. Committing yourself to Providence, you draw a long breath and jump over too; and then, *Por Baccho*, how you go; up to your ankles in cinders, ten feet every jump! The wind whistles through your hair; you half shut your eyes to keep out the dust that has been raised by the guides; you shout like a drunken man, without knowing why, Hurra! glorious! splendid travelling this! hold me somebody! stop me, Pedro! by Jupiter there goes my hat! I knew it couldn't stay on! for heaven's sake belay me! It is no use, nobody will belay you! There you go, faster and faster at every jump, till you don't know which end will come out first. Now you bet ten to one that your feet will win the race; now a hidden mass of lava brings them up with a sudden jerk, and you'd lay heavy odds on the end of your nose—yes, the nose must win; you feel the promontory jar as it nears the end of the track; terror seizes your soul; you jump desperately ten, twenty, thirty feet at every bound, twisting yourself back in the air like a cat; you vow in your agony of mind that you will never drop poor puss over the bannisters again in order to see her land on her feet: another leap, another twist does it; your feet are in the air, and you go sailing down gallantly on the seat of your breeches. Hurra! clear the track, there! don't stop me! glorious! splendid! Here we are, Pedro, all right; keep a look out for my hat, it'll be down here presently! Bless my soul, what a slide that was!"

Our artist has illustrated the descent of a still larger party than Mr. Browne's, and, therefore, a party affording more food for mirth. We hardly know whether we have laughed most over the description in "Yusef," quoted above, or over the engraving our artist has furnished.

**THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.**—The press is loud in commendation of our February number. Says the Ulster (N. Y.) Republican:—"It is like the January issue, a *crack* number: and Peterson tells us it will hold as good throughout the year." The Hunterdon (N. J.) Gazette says:—"Its engravings are superb—its contents excellent. For the ladies it is the Magazine, containing as it does splendid colored fashion-plates, and a great variety of patterns in crochet, embroidery, netting, &c. Try it ladies!" We echo, "Try it!"

**CAUSE OF THE DELAY.**—The delay, to which many of our subscribers were subjected, in receiving their January and February numbers, was unavoidable. Subscribers poured in so fast, indeed, that we could not keep up with the demand. We have now, however, not only filled all orders, but are provided to meet all future contingences. Three editions of the January number, and two of the February were published, before we put the present number to press. Where is another Magazine that can say as much?

**ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL NUMBER.**—We are inclined to think that the present number surpasses even the February one. To our taste, "The Fisherman's Hat," is the most effective engraving we have had this year. The companion pictures, "Ascending Etna" and "Descending Etna," are capital affairs. The steel fashion-plate will be the most elegant, we are convinced, issued anywhere, in the United States, for the present month. The other illustrations are useful. While all the stories are first-rate.

**ADA LESTER IN NEW YORK.**—We call attention particularly to "Ada Lester's Season in New York," the first part of which appears in this number. Before this most graphic story is concluded, we think our readers will unite with us in pronouncing it one of the best, if not the *very best* of its kind, they have ever read.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Autobiography of an Actress.* By Anna Cora Mowatt. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Co.—It is not often that so interesting a volume as this comes under the critic's pen. For once, the hackneyed phrase, "it combines the charm of fiction with the fidelity of truth," is no exaggeration. Born to comparative ease; married romantically; living for some years the idol of a large social circle; driven to seek a livelihood on the stage by the failure of her husband; and at once assuming a conspicuous position as an actress; the lives of few women of the day afford better opportunities for varied narrative, while

assuredly still fewer women would know how to turn those opportunities to such good account. The volume is full of sprightly reading, and contains several capital anecdotes. Much that is new, at least to the popular mind, is told respecting the stage: and we cannot but think that some opinions, very generally held, are proved to be ill-founded prejudices. The book is full of character likewise. Now character is always an interesting study, even when it is that of an ordinary person, much more when that of one gifted as Mrs. Mowatt unquestionably is. The portrait, prefixed to the volume, is very good.

*Poems: Sacred, Passionate, and Legendary.* By Mary E. Hewitt. 1 vol. New York: Lamport, Blake-man & Law.—The versatility of this writer is not the least remarkable of her merits. She passes from sacred poems to legendary, and from legendary to passionate, as the mood of her mind changes, but always retains her fine fancy, her poetic insight, and her skilful execution. Had we seen "Regner Lod-brog" and "A Yarn" floating anonymously in the newspapers, we should never have supposed they were from the same person: and what we say of these two poems, selected at random, we may say of twenty others, if not even more. At an early day we hope to speak at large of the genius of Mrs. Hewitt. At present, we must content ourselves with saying that the present collection entitles our author to take high rank among our American female poets. The work should be certainly added to the collection of every lady, who desires to have around her, in their books, the "sweet songsters" of our land. The volume is peculiarly fitted for the boudoir, with its gilt edges and tastefully embossed cloth binding.

*John; or, Is a Cousin in the Hand Worth Two Counts in the Bush.* By Emile Carlen. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The title of this fiction is alone a recommendation, for it is suggestive of spirit, vivacity and interest. Of all Mrs. Carlen's agreeable books, we consider it decidedly the most agreeable. The character of the foolish, romantic mother is admirably drawn: the Aunt is a bold, original portraiture; in Henrietta the fine lady is described to perfection; and Cousin John is a noble ideal of manhood, skilfully, yet truthfully portrayed. But the heroine, after all, is the charm of the novel. Sweet, pretty, Blenda, inexperienced and imaginative, yet full of sound common sense, where, in any late fiction, have we a delineation so fresh and true? The volume is neatly printed, in a cheap style.

*Simms' Poetical Works.* 2 vols. New York: Red-field.—The name of William Gilmore Simms has become permanent in American literature, and is one of which his native South may well be proud. We are glad to find his poetical works collected in these two fine volumes. In the first volume, the poems are mostly of a dramatic character, the principal one being "Norman Maurice." The work ought to be in every library, which pretends to represent American poetry. The volumes are issued in the usual creditable style of all Mr. Redfield's publications.

*Home Scenes and Home Sounds; or, The World from my Window.* By H. Marion Stephens. 1 vol. Boston: Feteridge & Co.—This is a collection of tales, sketches and poetry, from the pen of a lady of Boston, who has earned a wide-spread reputation in the New England states: a reputation which this volume, we have no doubt, will spread throughout the Union. The principal story in the book is a legend of Wyoming, in this state, entitled "The Maniac's Curse." The gem of the collection, however, is a poem, "The Poet's Slumber," which we had intended copying; but we are compelled, from want of space, to forego this pleasure: though it is worth buying the volume merely to have that poem. Several spirited illustrations, among which the portrait of the author is not the least, adorn the book.

*Poems and Parodies.* By Phæbe Carey. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The poems, in this volume, are creditable to the genius of Miss Carey. Though often showing a want of finish, they are natural in sentiment, a merit not always found now-a-days: and some of them read as if wrung from the very depths of the heart. The parodies have been so universally reprinted, in the newspapers, that we need only refer to them. We cannot but think them, however, out of place, after the serious poems which precede them. The contrast jars on the feelings.

*The Young Duke.* By B. D'Israeli. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This novel, "Of the younger days of George the Fourth," as the title-page states, is at once an agreeable fiction, and a graphic delineation of society fifty years ago. It forms part of a complete series of D'Israeli's novels, which Mr. T. B. Peterson has just issued, in double column octavo pages, on fine white paper. The novels may be had separately, as well as together. See advertisement on the cover of the present number.

*The Young Voyageurs.* By Captain Mayne Reid. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.—A capital book for young people, written in a Crusoe vein, and designed, while amusing the readers, to convey instruction respecting the habits of the birds and beasts of the North-West. The description of the chase of a wild Swan, by a couple of eagles, is one of the most animated bits of writing we have ever read.

*Papers on American History.* By Professor A. Davis. 1 vol. New York: R. T. Young.—A tersely written narrative of interesting incidents in the early history of New York and Philadelphia. The volume is neatly printed and has several interesting illustrations.

*Annie Vincent.* By the author of "The Twin Sisters." 1 vol. Bunce & Brothers.—An agreeable love story, issued in a cheap form, by one of the most enterprising of our younger publishing firms.

*Contarini Fleming.* By B. D'Israeli. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We are glad to welcome, in a cheap, yet neat edition, this celebrated novel by D'Israeli.

*Essays on Philosophical Writers and other Men of Letters.* By Thomas De Quincey. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.—The two best papers in these volumes are those on Bentley and Parr. They were men, indeed, whom the author is peculiarly fitted to criticise. The essay on Hamilton is too discursive. But those on Kant and Richter are better. The volumes are printed and bound to match the preceding volumes of De Quincey, published by the same house.

*The United States Illustrated.* Parts 8, 9 and 10. East and West. H. J. Herrmann.—Two additional numbers of this finely illustrated quarto, each number containing three parts, and each part four elegant engravings.

### USEFUL RECEIPTS

*Buckwheat Cakes.*—The griddle on which cakes are baked, should never be touched with grease. Firstly, because it imparts a rancid taste to the cakes. Secondly, if a cooking stove is used, it fills the whole house with a smell of burnt grease, betraying what we are going to have for breakfast. Wash the griddle with hot soapsuds, scour it with dry sand, and when heated for use, rub it well with a spoonful of fine salt and a coarse cloth; it will then be ready to receive the cakes. After each cake is removed, the salt rubbing must be repeated. Try it, and you will ever follow the advice of an old housekeeper.

*A Delicious Pudding.*—Line a pie or pudding-dish with thin slices of bread and butter. Peel, core, and slice some apples, lay them in layers in the centre of the lined dish, adding now and then a small lump of fresh butter, some grated lemon-peel, a clove or two, and some sugar; fill the dish, and lay at the top some thin slices of bread and butter soaked in cold milk. Cover the top with a dish and a weight on it, to press down closely on the fruit. Bake for three hours in a slow oven; an hour before it is done remove the dish and let the top brown. When done turn out on another dish for table.

*Almond Cheese Cake.*—Blanch and pound in a mortar a pound and a half of sweet and twenty bitter almonds; add to them the yolks of twelve and the whites of six eggs well beaten, a pound and a quarter of pounded white sugar, a pound and a half of melted butter, nearly cold, a nutmeg, the grated peel of two lemons, two wine-glasses of orange flower water, and a little brandy. Mix all well together, and bake in patty-pans lined with puff paste in a moderately hot oven.

*Smoking Lamps.*—To prevent or lessen the smoking of lamps, the wicks should be well soaked, either in dilute muriatic acid, well washed in water, and dried, or in strong vinegar, when they will merely require drying. Large lamps, that emit much smoke, should be burnt under a funnel, to carry it off; or a large sponge, dipped in water, may be suspended over them; in all cases, the wicks should not be put up too high.

*Syrup of Lemons.*—The best season for lemons is from November to March. Put in a pint of fresh lemon juice to a pound and three quarters of lump sugar; dissolve it by a gentle heat, scum it till the surface is quite clear, add an ounce of thinly cut lemon rind; let the mixture simmer very gently together for a few minutes, and run it through a flannel. When cold bottle, cork it tightly, and keep it in a cool place.

*To Cook Sausages.*—Put a bit of butter in the frying-pan, and as soon as it is melted and before it gets hot, put in the sausages, shake the pan for a minute, and keep turning them over a very slow fire till brown on all sides. The secret of frying sausages, is to let them get hot gradually, then they will not burst unless they are stale. The common practice of picking with a fork lets out all the gravy.

*A Good Cement.*—A cement is used in Germany for jointing glass and china, which is very durable, and acquires a greater degree of hardness when immersed in water. Take by measure two parts of litharge, one of unslaked lime, and one of flint-glass, reduced separately to the finest powder, and worked up into a paste with old drying oil.

*A Gossip's Cup.*—Take a pint of ale, a tablespoonful of brandy, a teaspoonful of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, ginger, and a roll of thin cut lemon peel. This may be used either hot or cold; if the former, add the spirit without heating with the ale, &c.

*Wine Jelly for an Invalid.*—One ounce of isinglass, one pint of wine, half a grated nutmeg, sweetened with sugar candy. A bit, the size of a walnut, to be taken occasionally.

*Red Ink.*—Boil about two ounces of brazil wood in a pint of water for a quarter of an hour; add a little gum-arabic and a small bit of alum, which heightens the color.

*To Broil Ham Properly,* the slices should be first soaked in hot water, dried in a cloth, and broiled on a gridiron over a clear fire.

### ARITHMETICAL PASTIMES.

*THE GAME OF THE RING.*—This game is nothing else than an application of one of the methods employed to tell several numbers thought of, and should be played in a company not exceeding nine persons, in order that it may be less complicated. Request any one of the company to take a ring, and put it on any joint of whatever finger he may think proper. The feat then is, to tell what person has the ring, and on what hand, what finger, and on what joint.

For this purpose, term the first person 1, the second 2, and so on; also term the right hand 1, and the second 2. The first finger of each hand, that is to say, the thumb, must be denoted as 1, the second 2, and so on to the little finger. The first joint of each finger, or that next the extremity must be called 1, the second 2, and the third 3.

Let us now suppose that the fifth person has taken the ring, and put it on the first joint of the fourth



finger of his left hand. Then, to solve the problem, nothing more is necessary than to discover these numbers; 5, equivalent to the person; 2, the hand; 4, the finger; and 1, the joint.

Commence by requesting any of the party to double the number of the person, which will give 10, and to subtract 1 from it; desire him then to multiply the remainder, 9, by 5, which will give 45; to this product bid him add the number of the hand, 2, which will make 47, and then add 5, which will make 52. Desire him then to double this last number—the result will be 104—and to subtract 1, leaving 103. Tell him then to multiply the remainder by 5, which will give 515, and to add to the product the number expressing the finger, which will make 519. Then bid him add 5, which will make 524; and from 1048, the double of this sum, let him subtract 1, which will leave 1047. Then desire him to multiply this remainder by 5, which will give 5235, and to add to this product 1, the fourth figure indicating the joint, which will make 5236. In the last place, bid him again add 5, and the sum will be 5241, the figures of which will clearly indicate the person who has the ring, and the hand, finger and joint, on which it was placed.

It is evident that all these complex operations merely amount, in reality, to multiplying by ten the number which expresses the person, then adding that which denotes the hand, multiplying again by ten, and so on. As this artifice may be detected, it would be better, when performing this feat, to employ the method previously described, when no one of the numbers exceeds nine—for, on account of the numbers, which must be subtracted, the operation will be more difficult to be comprehended.

#### FIRE-SIDE AMUSEMENTS.

**HOW TO PLAY DOMINOES.**—The dominoes are placed with the faces downward on the table. Each person draws one, and if four play those who choose the two highest are partners, against those who took the two lowest; drawing the latter also serves to determine who is to lay down the first piece, which is reckoned a great advantage. Afterward each player takes seven pieces at random. The eldest hand having laid down one, the next must pair him at either end of the piece he may choose, according to the number of pips, or being a blank in the compartment of the piece; but whenever any one cannot match the part not paired, either of the dominoes last put down, or of that unpaired at the other end of the row, then he says go; and the next is at liberty to play. Thus they play alternately, either until one party has wholly discarded, and thereby wins the game, or till the game is blocked; that is, when neither party can play by matching the pieces where unpaired at either end; then they win who have the smallest number of pips on the pieces remaining in their possession. It is to the advantage of the player to dispossess himself as early as possible of the heavy pieces, such as the double sixes, fives, &c.

#### FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

**FIG. I.**—A HOUSE DRESS OF STRAW COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with three flounces, spotted with black satin stars, which are woven in the silk. A black satin stripe runs along each flounce about an inch from the edge. A narrow fringe of black and straw colored silk, finishes the flounces. Corset high, and open in front. Sleeves demi-long, rather full, and gathered on a ruffle finished like the flounces. A Honiton lace finishes the neck of the dress. Cape of Honiton lace, with long lappets, and bouquets of Parma violets on each side.

**FIG. II.**—A HOUSE DRESS ALSO, OF PINK SILK, trimmed with three deep flounces, each flounce finished with a band of broad black velvet, with a row of black and pink plaided ribbon put on about two inches down the velvet. Corset high, open in front, and plaited in three broad plaits, from the shoulder to the waist, where it is confined by a black velvet belt. Three large velvet bows ornament the front of the corset. The sleeves formed of three pagodas finished like the skirt. Cap of Brussels lace, trimmed with straw colored ribbon.

**FIG. III.**—THE "EUPHROSINE," a most superb cloak for winter and early spring promenade. It is made of drab cloth, inlaid with French blue satin, upon which is formed elaborate ornaments, bordered with chain stitch; clusters of roses, and foliage in exquisite groups, worked in embroidery of the richest character, complete the decoration of this charming article of ladies' apparel. It is from the famous establishment of Molyneux Bell, New York.

**FIG. IV.**—HEAD DRESS.—The back hair to be dressed rather low with ornaments of flowers and comb. The front hair to be arranged very high indeed, to show all the ear, and to be waved or not, as may be preferred; this forms rather a pleasing change from the French style; flowers may be interspersed in the front.

**FIG. V.**—A back view of the same.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—The spring silks which have already appeared, are of much smaller plaids than those worn during the winter. The usual size is a check of about an inch square, but many are much smaller. The figures on de lains and cashmeres are also very much reduced in size. Plain silks will also be very much worn.

Dresses are still made long and very full when not flounced, but a trimmed skirt looks badly when too full. The open corset and basque still retains favor. The waists are nearly round, except in evening or ball dresses, when the corset is pointed, both before and behind, but the point in front is the larger. For dresses of light materials, and low corset, the bodies are many of them draped from the shoulder, in the style usually known as the Greek body.

A new and showy style of trimming skirts has lately been introduced, although it is scarcely suitable for a street dress. The prettiest which we have seen is composed of a dress of royal blue silk, the color being of a beautiful clear tone. The skirt is

trimmed with five flounces, formed of silk of two different colors—that is to say, flounces of the silk composing the dress are disposed alternately with others made of fawn color silk. The flounces are pinked in deep vandykes, which impart to the trimming nearly the same appearance as if it were composed of a collection of points. The corsege and basques are trimmed with ruffles of blue and fawn color ribbon. Of course, any other colors which harmonized, could be selected in the place of those mentioned.

**MANTLES.**—There is nothing decidedly new as yet in the shape of mantles. The square, full cloak, plaited on a deep yoke, is still very popular, as well as the circles and double circles which have been so much worn. A mantle of the Talma form, just received from Paris, is made of rows of wide velvet ribbon, alternately dark blue and black. Over each row of blue velvet there is placed a row of guipure lace; the row of black velvet being left uncovered. In front of the cloak, from top to bottom, there is a row of very small bows made of black and blue velvet ribbon. Silk ribbon could, of course, be substituted for velvet, if wished.

**THE CASHMERE SHAWL**, which combines elegance with utility, is privileged never to be out of fashion. Cashmeres of new and beautiful patterns, are always being produced, and those of the present season have never been surpassed for elegance of design and harmony of color, if indeed they have ever been equalled.

THE favorite colors for the grounds of cashmere shawls are those which have been long in fashion; but the blue and green are much improved in tone. In blue, especially, a remarkable brilliancy of color has been attained. Scarlet may be mentioned as a novelty for the ground of cashmere shawls. This color, after being laid aside for many years, is again coming into favor. In the modern shawl very little space is allotted to the ground, almost the whole being border; but still, the ground is large enough to permit of its being divided into two portions, each of a different color. Thus, according to the way in which it is folded, the shawl may be worn with a green side or with a black side uppermost, according as the one or the other harmonizes with the dress to be worn with it.

**BONNETS** are worn as ridiculously small as ever. It is to be hoped that the spring sun will produce a change in this respect, which the winter wind has failed to do. The only perceptible change that we see in the style, is that they are worn more in a point in front, exposing more of the upper part of the head. We hope to be able next month to chronicle something more in their favor.

**CAPS.**—Small caps enjoy a large share of the favor of the ladies. They are composed of insertions trimmed with Valenciennes and bows or loops of rich ribbon.

**HAIR** still continues to be dressed low in the neck behind, and usually in full waved bandeaux in front.

**SEVERAL** of the plainer kinds of chemisettes of new

patterns to be worn with open dresses, are composed of muslin, and have a collar of Valenciennes lace. The front is ornamented with a row of the same lace, having on each side two puffs of muslin, within which pink or blue ribbon is inserted. The collar is fastened by a bow of the same ribbon. The sleeves are gathered on a band at the wrists, and trimmed with a row of Valenciennes lace, surmounted by a puffing with ribbon inserted and fastened; a bow of the same.

**ANOTHER** pretty style of chenille composed of rows of needlework insertion placed alternately with rows of Valenciennes lace. These rows of needlework and lace are disposed transversally. Collar, front and sleeves being all made in the same style.

**CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.**—Alpaca and merino are the most approved materials for out-door dresses for little girls at the present season. The skirts are frequently ornamented with six or seven very narrow flounces edged with braid or velvet. The corseges have basques, which are trimmed in corresponding style. The corsege may be low or half high, and cut square in front, the top being edged with a full plaiting of Valenciennes lace. The sleeves may be either short or demi-long, but in either case they should be finished with a full plaiting of Valenciennes. We have seen some dresses made for three little girls, sisters. The material was light grey merino, and the flounces, which were scalloped out, were embroidered at the edges with dark blue silk. The corseges were full and gathered on narrow bands at the top, these bands being also ornamented with blue silk. The sleeves are trimmed with three narrow frills, scalloped and embroidered like the flounces. A very narrow frill of plaited cambric stands up round the neck, and edges the sleeves. Silks of narrow plaids are very suitable also, for a child's dress.

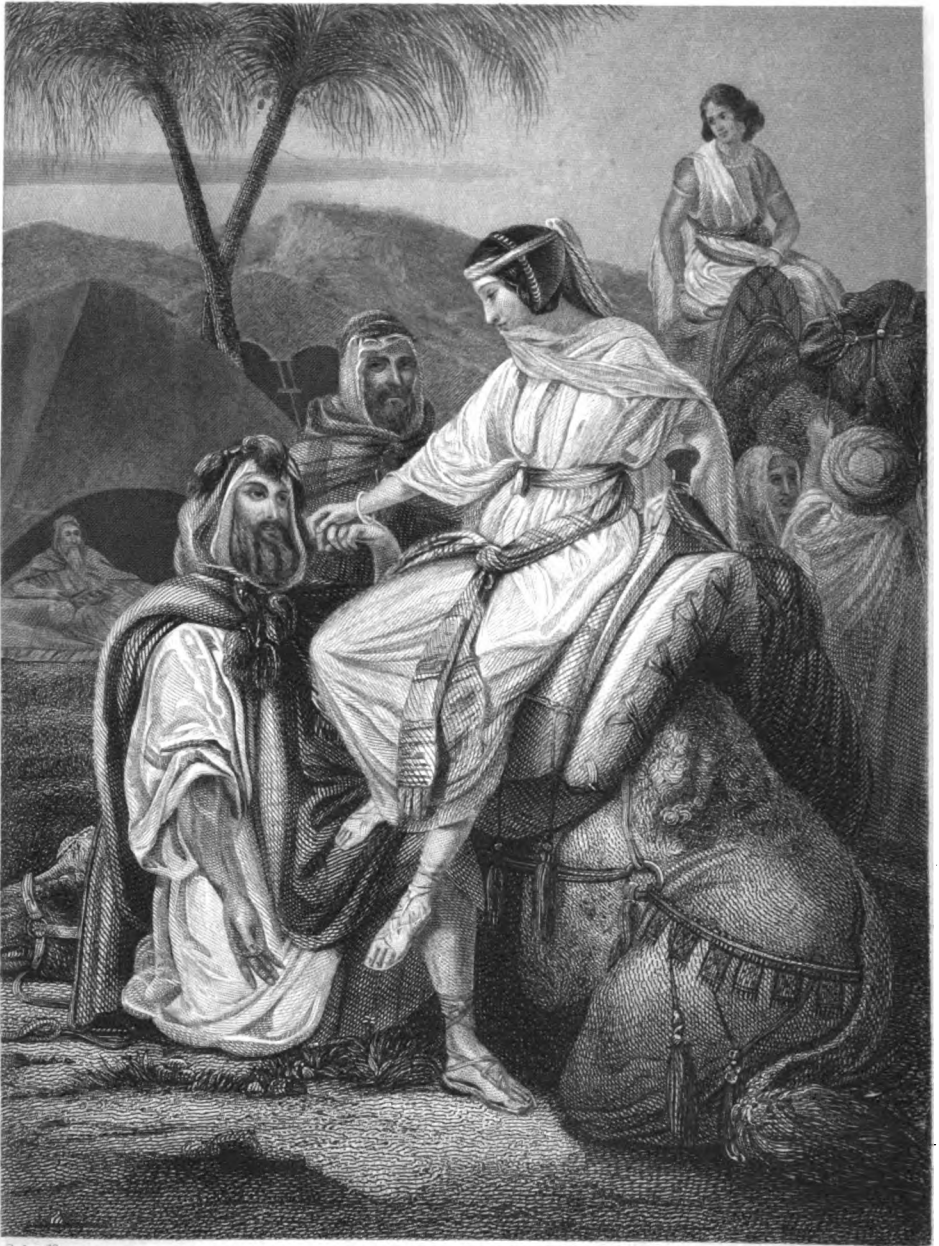
**MANTLES** for little girls are made of either cloth or velvet. Those of cloth may be either black or of some dark hue, and trimmed with braid or velvet. For velvet, the paletot form with sleeves is preferred to most others. For cloth, the Spanish shape with a small hood is found to be more convenient for children than the circular form, which requires to be held to make it wrap round the figure.

#### POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."

According to law, periodical postage is one cent for the first three ounces, and one cent for each additional ounce: consequently the postage on "Peterson," which weighs four ounces, each number, is two cents. This is when the postage is paid monthly, on the delivery of the number. But, if the postage is paid, every three months in advance, a deduction of one half is made. To those, who thus pay, therefore, the postage on "Peterson," will be but a cent a number.

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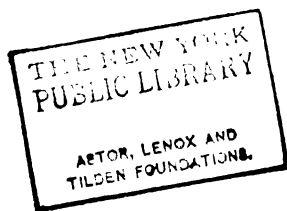
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LES MODES PARISIENNES.











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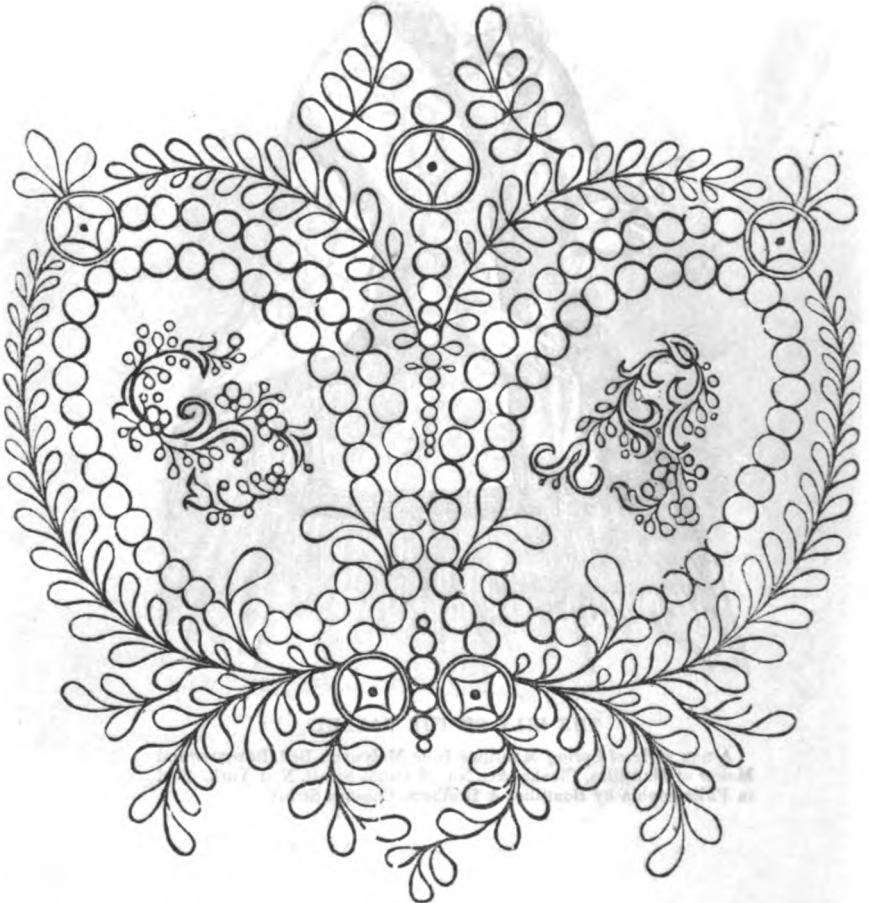


THE VILLAGE SPRING.



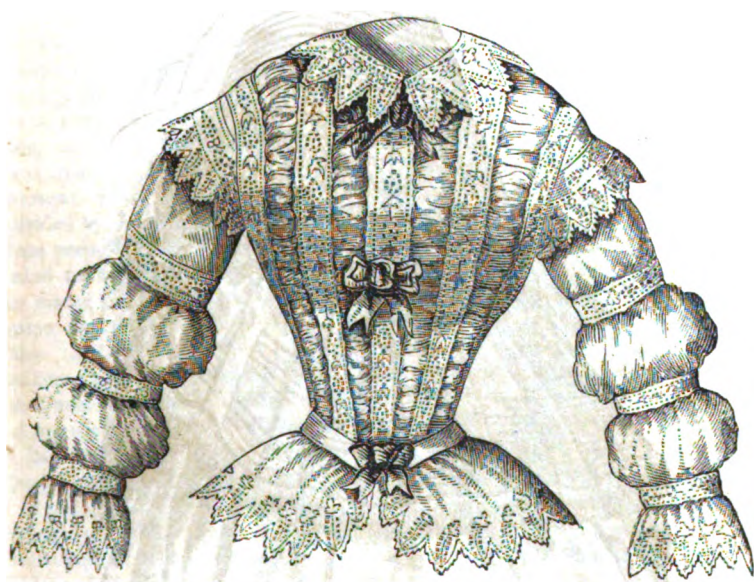
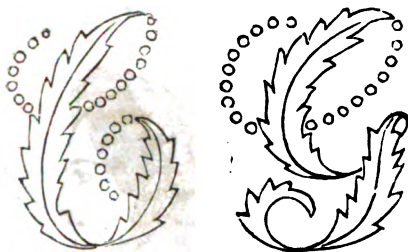


PATTERN FOR INSERTION.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.





**THE EMPRESS BODY.**





#### THE PARISIAN MANTILLA.

A new style of Spring Mantilla, from Molyneux Bell, Importer and Maker of Mantillas, Cloaks, &c., No. 58 Canal Street, New York. Sold in Philadelphia by Boutillier & Brothers, Chestnut St.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1854.

No. 4.

## THE SILENT COURTSHIP.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

UNCLE OLIVER and aunt Penelope, a strange couple they were! How much like two unruly oxen, yoked together against their wills, and each pulling different ways! They were never seen arm-in-arm: when they walked together, they straggled; when they rode together, there was room enough between them for a third person; when they ate together, they were divided by the length of the table. Aunt Penelope seemed to live in an unforgiving frame of mind toward uncle Oliver for having asked her to marry him; and uncle Oliver experienced the same feelings toward her for having accepted him. My aunt Penelope was one of the greatest talkers that ever lived, and yet the report was that uncle Oliver had proposed to her on account of her silence. After that, I could not rest until I had fathomed the whole mystery; and in the family record it was written:

Penelope Leskitt had arrived at the age of thirty-five years without having met with any individual who had tempted her to resign the liberty of single-blessedness. So she ruled the family mansion, and silenced all contradictions with a flow of language that was perfectly unequalled, and went to "meeting" and attended the sewing societies, without dreaming of any thing better, until one winter some restless spirit raised an excitement in New Damascus that quite roused the sleepy inhabitants.

This, however, was only the storm before the calm; for soon every one was quiet who wished to prove a worthy member of "the silent society." Some wag, in an unknown and mysterious manner, had been a quiet instigator of the whole affair, and offered the reward of a gold thimble to the lady who should attend all the society meetings without speaking a word. Gentlemen were admitted upon these occasions, and the ladies were expected to employ themselves upon sewing.

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The village of New Damascus for once seemed alive. "L'Academie Silencieuse" was brought up again and again—the sentiments of Zimmerman were quoted, and every one was expected to be familiar with his wife's dying speech: "My poor Zimmerman! Who will now understand thee?" As though it were possible to understand a man who said nothing!

Foremost among the competitors for the gold thimble was Penelope Leskitt, the greatest talker in the place; and a great many ungenerous stratagems were practised to throw her off her guard, but thus far without success. No pillar of salt could be more immovable than Penelope; she seemed fairly frozen into silence.

An old bachelor, named Oliver Cramp, who possessed but few endearing qualities, always attended these meetings with a kind of sardonic satisfaction. They exactly realized the mission he would assign to woman; for in *his* opinion she should

"Learn to labor and be still."

Oliver was no favorite with either party; and it entered into the heads of his so-called friends that it would be a praiseworthy thing to give him a serious fright, and tempt Penelope Leskitt beyond the pale of self-control. He had no objection to tormenting Penelope, but when given to understand that he was expected to make a real bona fide offer he strenuously objected.

"Don't be frightened, man," said one of the conspirators, "poor Miss Penelope will be exactly like a bandaged cat who sees a fine mouse before her that she is anxious to capture, but finds herself perfectly powerless."

Oliver still shook his head—if the cat *should* get loose, what would become of the mouse? But they were determined to accomplish their project; and finally, with much urging and pushing, Oliver faced the enemy.

Miss Penelope was, fortunately, partial to solitary corners; it looked dignified to disdain companionship, and besides, it is easier to keep quiet when alone by oneself. Did she not experience a thrill—a sort of prophetic feeling as the music of her first offer was about to fall upon her ear?

As to this, deponent saith not; but she certainly *did* experience a twitch in the skirt of her dress, that caused her to turn suddenly and meet the somewhat anxious face of Oliver Cramp.

“Miss Penelope!” began the trembling bachelor; but the immaculate spinster pursued her stitching, and was as though she heard him not.

“I really wish to speak to you,” continued Oliver, “I have been wanting to say something to you for a long time.”

“What can it be?” thought Miss Penelope, but she placed her fingers on her lips, and made various indications expressive of a determination to say nothing.

“Miss Penelope,” said Oliver, at length, as his courage increased, “just tell me ‘yes’ or ‘no,’ whether you will have me—no one will hear you—and I can’t control my feelings any longer.”

The muscles around the lady’s mouth twitched convulsively, and she bent upon Oliver a look meant to express both sorrow and encouragement, but which reminded him so forcibly of the bandaged cat in her frantic grief at losing the prey within her reach, that he wished himself safely out of the scrape. But Penelope remained firm; not a word could he extract from her; and Oliver departed without noticing various masonic gestures that were meant to express, “to be continued.”

Sit and triumph, Penelope Leskitt! for thou

hast grappled with the enemy and conquered—but not to the loss of any earthly good; no, indeed! Miss Penelope would not lose the gold thimble, nor would she lose Oliver—so she split the difference. There had been no edict against *writing*—so, seizing a blank leaf and a convenient pencil, she expressed thereon her perfect willingness to take Oliver Cramp “for better or for worse, and be unto him a faithful, loving wife until death do us part.”

Oliver’s dismay was only equalled by the merriment of his sympathising *friends*; and when they urged the propriety of sending a reply, he railed at the whole coterie, and sullenly retired to his own domicile. That tender epistle was to him a sentence of banishment; in an incredibly short time he was on his way to California, and Miss Penelope was left to wear the willow.

Thus suddenly defeated at the very opening of so brilliant a campaign, the deserted one sat not like Patience on a monument, but Napoleon-like, braced herself up firmly with misfortune, and turned her attention elsewhere. She was now resolved to win the gold thimble at all hazards; and alas! for the womenkind of New Damascus, she was soon undisputed mistress of the field.

Marvels never come singly; and the next wonder that startled the people of New Damascus was the sudden return of Oliver Cramp, who found that “travelling didn’t agree with him no how.”

He redeemed his broken faith, and then settled down into a state of hopeless sullenness. So Penelope Leskitt was married; and her sister Maria reigned in her stead.

## HYMN.

## FROM THE GERMAN.

BY EMILY HERDMANN.

Now, a newer life to borrow,  
Lifts to light thy lowering brow  
Cast afar, each cankering sorrow,  
Hasten to Immanuel now.  
Through all the gloom  
He is thy life and dearest treasure,  
Gives the world nor place nor pleasure—  
With Him is room!

See, within thy silent chamber,  
Jesus’ heart is open wide;  
There complain, pour out thy trouble,  
He will with it all abide!

Oh, never fear;  
Though all men, on earth, may hate thee,  
One great heart cannot forsake thee,  
To Christ thou’rt dear.

Trembling spirit, seek the Highest,  
Go, alone, where Jesus is,  
Every evil thought thou fleest  
Is a nearer step to His.  
Now open home!  
All the earthly is receding,  
And thy dearest Friend is pleading  
For thee to come.



## THE PROMISED KISS.

BY A. L. OTIS.

IVINGTON AMORY, a young artist in search of the beautiful, found himself one warm afternoon, in July, on Higbee's beach, which is about an hour's ride from the fashionable bathing-place at Cape May, and is famous for its brilliant pebbles of all colors, particularly for one, which is called the Cape May diamond.

As he reclined lazily on the sand enjoying the breeze from the bay, and the sailing of the fish-hawks, his thoughts were interrupted by the eager tone of some children's voices who alighted from a Jersey wagon, and commenced an active search for diamonds. Among them he perceived a little girl, whom he knew, and who always attracted the artist's eye by her grace, whether on the green, or at the hops, or in the rough waves playing like a baby mermaid. Her name was Leonora Revillo. She was a lithe little maiden of nine years, with gloriously large, dark eyes, and pretty, rosy lips.

The children passed Amory without observing him, so eager were they in their search, and they were soon out of sight; but hardly an hour elapsed, before he again heard their exulting little voices, as they approached, after having met with signal good fortunes. Gaining for the first time, some idea of the value of the spoil, he glanced carelessly among the pebbles at his feet, and saw almost immediately, one of the largest diamonds ever found there. Upon examination it proved to be perfectly free from flaws, and of a delicate pinkish tinge, that, combined with its pretty, egg-like shape, made it really beautiful. While he was still admiring it, he heard one of the children say,

"Father will call you Dull Eyes, to-day, Leonora, and me Bright Eyes, for I have found three, and you not one."

"And I seven," "and I five," "and I four," cried numerous voices.

"Oh, Leonora, for shame! You never find the pretty things. You are always looking after fish-hawks, or sand-pups, or sails, and haven't found one diamond, for the ring father promised you."

Leonora's face expressed shame, and vexation, sufficient for a disappointed California gold hunter. She began eagerly looking round her, a very pretty picture of impatience, and disappointed ambition.

Amory called the children to him and showed them his diamond, asking to whom he should give it, supposing the children would, with one voice, suggest the unfortunate Leonora. On the contrary there were shrill cries of "me," "give it to me." "No, no, to me!" Leonora being older, and somewhat more bashful than the other children, restrained her impatience to become owner of the stone, and only once faintly said,

"I should like it."

"Would you like to have it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, very much, indeed."

"Well, will you give me a kiss for it?"

"Oh, yes, a great many of them."

"Stop," said he, gravely, "I only ask for one, but you promise me that."

"Yes," and she held out her hand for the stone, her eyes dancing with joy.

"And will you pay me when I demand payment?"

"I will pay you now."

"No, no, thank you, I had rather have the pleasure of anticipation. Will you not promise to pay me that kiss, when I shall demand it, upon condition of receiving this stone now?"

"Oh, yes, I promise," and though those cherry lips, pouting with the long suspense, looked sufficiently tempting, Amory gave her the diamond, without taking its price, and saw her run off in triumph, surrounded by her companions.

The romantic idea which suggested this bargain served as food for Amory's imagination, till he had painted a little sketch called "The Promised Kiss," representing a youth of about his own years, eighteen, kneeling to receive a touch on the forehead, from a rather Madonna-like figure, having preposterously large eyes, who bent gracefully over him. After this picture, which he soon learned to think unbearable, was destroyed, all remembrance of the promised kiss faded from his mind, till it was recalled many years afterward.

The interim was spent by him in Europe, where the young experimenter in colors, became a handsome man, of whose artistic skill fame began to whisper wonderful stories.

Leonora Revillo grew only more perfectly lovely as woman's charms were added to her childish beauty, and she was the belle at Newport the

happy summer that saw her nineteenth birthday.

One evening, as she was listlessly submitting her luxuriant, dark curls to the skill of the delighted hairdresser, her friend Martha Wyndham came dancing into the room, and whispered,

"Set your cap to-night, and set it becomingly, for there is a new arrival among the beaux, a very handsome millionaire! He is to be at the ball to-night."

"Who is he?" asked Leonora.

"A Mr. Somerton from the South, I believe. I do like Southerners!"

"You had better set *your* cap then."

"Oh, I shall, assuredly. Don't you see this love of a peach-blossom dress? Is it not becoming? What are you going to wear? This pure white—this cloud of a dress? It is charming! and the work on it looks like strings and clusters of pearls. But only those snow-berries in your hair—common things—do wear your silver ornaments."

But the snow-berries matched the dress, and Leonora looked like a very innocent Venus, clothed in mist, with froth-beads still clinging to her, as, with her soft, dark eyes full of pleasure, her lips that were usually prone to repose, breaking into a smile, and her motion the very expression of a dreamy joy, she took her place in the dance.

She was introduced to Mr. Somerton, and danced the second set with him, well pleased to find the new arrival a very agreeable man, besides being a very handsome one, with earnest blue eyes, and a golden moustache.

A few dances together at balls, some strolls (though in a crowd) by moonlight, some rides on horseback, and several rainy days spent indoors together, made the acquaintance speed rapidly. Indeed, Leonora knew that Mr. Somerton loved her, though she had given no name to the bliss, which in her own heart made its new found home.

Several ladies and gentlemen received an invitation, one afternoon, from a resident of the place, to come to his house and decide upon the merits of a picture which had just arrived from Europe, painted by an American artist—Mr. Livingston Amory. Leonora and Mr. Somerton were among the invited. Standing with many others before the picture, they gazed at it in silence till Leonora turned away with tears streaming from her eyes. It represented Cleopatra parting from Anthony. Among all the admiring remarks made upon the picture, there was but one that would have satisfied an artist. When Somerton asked in a low tone why the picture so distressed her, she replied,

"I forgot it was a picture."

"Is Cleopatra so great a favorite with you, that you weep over her sorrows?"

"Cleopatra's grief is so expressed in that painting, that I cannot *help* feeling with her. Why did I never pity her before?"

On the way home, Leonora, and Mr. Somerton wandered in the summer twilight, quite out of the town, and in a pleasant green lane, up which the glowing evening star shone, the vows they exchanged were heard by none but themselves.

That evening after tea, the merits of the picture were still further discussed, and some remarks made concerning the speedy return of the artist to his native land. Leonora had entirely forgotten the kiss she had once promised this artist, though she still wore as a seal the stone he had given her. It was in its original state, except that at the large end it was polished just sufficiently to receive her initials in a pretty lozenge. A band of gold around it and three small gold chains attaching it to her watch-guard, made it one of the very prettiest of those little toys ladies call their "charms."

About a week after the visit to the picture, a rumor was circulated through the ball-room, that Mr. Amory would arrive, or had arrived, in Newport that very evening. While Leonora was leaning on the arm of Mr. Somerton, she expressed a strong wish to see the artist who had known how to awake with such power the deepest feelings of the heart. Mr. Somerton was silent, so silent that Leonora stole a glance at his face, and blushed as she imagined she read jealousy there. It was flattering to her, perhaps, but unworthy of her lover. She wished heartily for the immediate presence of the artist, that she might show Mr. Somerton how little he had to fear. At this instant a waiter handed her a note.

Astonished at its arrival at such a time, she drew her lover to a window recess, near which lights were placed, and entirely unconscious of his closely watchful eyes, she proceeded to open and read the following note:

"Do you remember receiving from a young artist a stone, worthless in itself, but to him a 'pearl of great price'? He has not forgotten the promise you made on receiving it, nor can he forego the fulfilment of that promise.

"For more than an hour, had he gazed with ever increasing admiration on your peerless beauty, ere he recognized in you the very lovely child who once captivated his boyish fancy. This recognition was aided by learning your name, and observing that you wore a pearl-like pebble, which, notwithstanding its beautiful setting, he

knew to be the one of so great import to him. As you doubtless remember the bargain, and cannot wish to avoid paying so just a debt, he will find some opportunity this evening of receiving his due."

Indignant amazement flushed Leonora's brow, and turning to Mr. Somerton, she would have hastily handed the note to him, had she not been struck with the keenness of his glance. It looked like distrust, and she despised the feeling. Haughtily withdrawing her half extended hand, containing the note, she requested her lover to lead her from the room, and left him at the foot of the staircase without a word.

In her own room she reflected upon her present position. The promise was vividly revealed to her mind, and honesty demanded just payment of the debt she had incurred. Nevertheless it could not be done—it was an impossibility. Besides, should she even overcome her own reluctance, ought she not to tell Mr. Somerton all about it, and would not this occasion a quarrel? She determined to find some mode of eluding the penalty, and finally wrote the following note, sending it to Mr. Amory with the pebble, by the waiter who had brought his to her.

"I return the stone which I find too costly, for me to purchase. The price you asked was a trifle at the time. Was it generous to demand it now when circumstances make it no longer so?"

In ten minutes an answer was returned, accompanied by the stone.

"Return me what was mine, precisely as it was when you received it, or I claim the payment of your debt, and should you refuse to see me this evening, one half hour from now in the arbor, I will remind you of your promise, when perhaps its fulfilment may not be so agreeable as I should now try to make it."

"Despicable creature," cried Leonora, despairingly—then, with sudden resolve, throwing around her a white crape shawl, she hastened to the ball-room, and found her lover awaiting her at the door. He glanced uneasily at her pale cheek, and whispered,

"You are not well. Let us go to the garden. You will feel better for resting in the arbor, after the close air of this room."

"Yes, come. I have something to tell you. But no—let us walk on the piazza, I can tell you the best there."

Bending, that he might catch every word, he heard from Leonora the whole story, and then promised the blushing, trembling girl that if she chose he would be present, yet not interfere with

the accomplishment of what her conscience represented as a duty.

She thanked him gratefully, and they proceeded at once to the arbor, as it wanted but a few minutes of the appointed time. Arrived there, Leonora began to have serious fears for her lover, should the dreaded artist be in an angry mood.

"Only do one thing more for me," she pleaded, "stand behind this grape-vine. Come if I call, but for my sake keep quiet if I do not."

Somerton promised, and before withdrawing her hold upon his arm, Leonora leaned her head against it, and pressed fervently that beloved protection. Somerton being concealed, five minutes of most disagreeable suspense followed. Then steps were heard approaching, and a man muffled in a cloak, so that even his face was concealed, stood before Leonora.

She gazed fearfully at the tall apparition, and asked in an almost inaudible voice,

"Are you Mr. Amory?"

"I am."

"I am ready to redeem my deeply lamented promise," she faltered—then from terror and distress feeling herself fainting, she gasped Mr. Somerton's name, as her eyes closed, and instantly felt herself folded in supporting arms, while a voice she loved called her every endearing name, and she felt that the hated fulfilment of her promise was not demanded of her. Slowly recovering she looked anxiously around for the artist. The cloak was enfolding her, yet no one was visible but Mr. Somerton.

"How is it?" she asked, "has he gone?"

"My cruel deception is at an end," said her lover, "I entreat you to listen to my justification. One, whose malice I now know how to appreciate, told me to beware, that I had not yet had an opportunity of seeing your real character—that you were, in short, a heartless flirt, to whom each new admirer was welcome, and who kept faith with none. I had no right to doubt you. Can you ever forgive me?" A pleasant smile, and gentle pressure assured him of Leonora's leniency. Still she did not understand the matter.

"I hope you and that hateful artist are not the same person," she said, "his name was Amory."

"So was mine dearest. I changed it just before leaving England, as a maternal uncle left me a very handsome fortune upon condition that I should take his name, and though I consented to bear it in my every day character, I will never have my artist's name any but my own. Writers have a 'nomme de plume,' why should not I have a nomme de brush? If you have forgiven me, dearest, tell me which you will consent to bear?"

"I can never endure the name of Amory," she

said, "Mr. Amory may devote himself to his pictures, I claim only Mr. Somerton's devotion."

"Leonora, your promise to Mr. Amory is yet unfulfilled."

"Since Mr. Amory has not come to claim it, I am absolved from that detestable promise."

"Why do you still hate poor Mr. Amory? Has he not proved himself a self-denying individual? Yes, Leonora, though I had your promise, and though my love has been deep and warm as ever lover's was, you know that I have never even touched my lips to the tips of those dear fingers, I have not dared to ask it. Yet this evening the yearning tenderness of my heart toward you, made me feel that I was denying myself too great a privilege. I was about to tell you so as you stood by the window after waltzing, when my pretended friend whispered his warning, and the fiendish resolve entered my mind to try you; to see how sacred you considered a positive promise, to know how flattery would affect you, and also to discover whether you would use concealment toward me. You stood the test nobly, my Leonora. Can you forgive me? Remember that I have one excuse to give in palliation of my fault—it was not a long-

premeditated scheme, but a sudden impulse to which I gave way, under provocation, for my jealousy was roused, and besides, I thought it was time I had that kiss. Oh, Leonora, prove that I am forgiven. Freely give Mr. Amory his due."

"Not to Mr. Amory, but to Mr. Somerton," persisted Leonora, as she permitted the last named favored individual to take both principal and interest of the debt.

"Leonora, you have uttered sweet words, that the artist Amory thrilled to hear. It was *his* love you won. Had you known how his heart beat when you were gazing at his picture, and turned weeping from it, you would have pitied him. Oh, you must love the name of Amory, which now indeed shall be made one of never-dying fame!"

"Never, never so well as Somerton!" and thus finding he could lead the usually timid girl, to give utterance to words which made music in his heart, he never omitted an opportunity of praising Mr. Amory. Mr. Somerton being instantly quoted as the only pattern of manly excellence, and Mr. Amory's cruel conduct remaining forever unforgiven.

## THE HEART'S MELODY.

BY WILLIE EDGAR PAROE.

Love pervades the earth and Heaven in a melody sublime,  
As the ether is pervaded by the church bell's silver chime;  
And within the heart's dim cloister, on a downy couch it lies,  
Tincturing the spirit's revels with the fruit of its emprise.

Stifled sometimes by ambition, lies it in quiescent state—  
As the coarser feelings glory less in love than that of hate;  
As they glory in the triumph of the baser bliss of life,  
All replete with flow upasion and with bitter sorrow rife.

Yet anon the finer feelings ruffled by a look or so,  
Are released from thralldom grievous, and in gorgeous volume flow;  
Then the moments are all golden as the ripple on the sea,  
When the Summer sun afloat it throws its gilded tracery.

Loves the poet well to weave it in his flowing minstrelsy,  
And he culls the fairest blossoms to bedeck its mystery;  
Then enchanted at the beauty of the thought, he'll ever hold  
In his minstrel-mind its memory like souvenirs of gold;

Gentle maidens with the blossoms of life's Spring-time on their cheek  
Are all jubilant beneath its sway, and no utterance can speak;  
Their life's chalice full to overflow with an ecstasie bliss,  
Every moment passes burdened with the spirit's happiness.

Part and parcel of our being, bringing earth the nearer Heaven  
Is this blessed boon to mortals by their great Creator given;  
And its habitation holding in the hearts of those above,  
Men and angels are enraptured by the MELODY OF LOVE.

## HOW AUNT EMILY FELL IN LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DREAMING AND WAKING."

NEAR to the old family mansion was a park, thickly studded with Catalpa trees; and half buried memories rise, like spirits of the past, at the mention of that park. Beautiful aunt Emily! Once more let me see you as you looked in those days. There is a vision of fragrant blossoms—a perfumed breath of summer air, that comes laden with its wreath of sweets—winding paths, that writhe amid the soft, velvety greensward—while the bright face of my young aunt is mingled with the scene, and I rove about in wild enjoyment, filling my little India basket with the fallen blossoms. Summers were more lovely then than they are now—skies were bluer—and sunshine brighter.

Beautiful aunt Emily! In a white dress, with a half-blown rose in her dark hair, she was the queen of love and beauty; half arrayed, and lying carelessly upon a couch, as I have often seen her in warm weather, she looked a fit impersonation of the Grecian goddess; standing, moving, or sitting, she was beautiful still. My charming aunt commenced early the career of a belle and a beauty, as I have often heard it said that she received her first offer when she was only three months old; but the heart then laid at her feet would doubtless have proved more acceptable had it been made of sugar. Aunt Emily, however, remained quite unspoiled by the adulation that she received, and thought no more of it than of the wind that played with her long curls. I used to wonder why she married my uncle—he was so quiet, and appeared to content himself with looking at her; but it happened in this wise:

One Sunday afternoon in summer, a young gentleman with a fine figure, intelligent countenance, and one of the sweetest smiles in the world, advanced with an irresolute step up the avenue of the elm trees that led up to the house. He walked slowly, as though loath to diminish the distance between himself and the door; and as he proceeded his eyes glanced furtively around as though seeking something to prop his failing courage.

Aunt Emily had at this time scarcely emerged from childhood; and with a girlish feeling of mischief, she sat quite concealed by a thicket of elm branches that reached her window, enjoying

the awkward position of her bashful admirer. This, then, was the youth who had serenaded her night after night—who had sent her sonnets of original poetry that were really beautiful, for Walter Mardell was as talented as he was bashful—who had avoided looking at her whenever they met, and gazed fondly at her shadow in the distance—about to undergo the fearful ordeal of a first appearance in the house of his lady-love.

Now it so happened that my grandfather by no means approved of lovers or love-making, and considered aunt Emily a silly child who contrived to make a great deal of trouble; he, therefore, took upon himself the post of dragon, and kept a watchful eye upon everything that approached the premises in a hat and coat.

Walter's timid lifting of the great brass knocker was answered by the old gentleman with a suddenness that startled him; and not finding him disposed to speak, my grandfather led the way into the parlor. Walter dropped into a seat without waiting for an invitation; and after some time, he observed in an embarrassed tone, that "it was a very fine day."

"Very," said my grandfather, drily.

Another painful pause; during which the old gentleman looked as inflexible as a Roman father, and the expression of Walter's face would almost have extorted pity from a savage. But it extorted none from my grandfather.

"Did you wish to see any one in particular?" he asked, with a grim smile.

"I—I—came to see *you*!" stammered the unfortunate youth.

"Very much obliged," replied his tormentor.

Walter could stand it no longer. He had twisted his eyes into all sorts of painful corners to avoid my grandfather's fixed stare; and suddenly, as one plunges into a cold bath of a winter morning, he jerked out the question:

"Is Miss Emily at home?"

"I hope so," was the discouraging reply.

The room was swimming around him, and he made a hasty retreat. As he was rushing through the avenue of elms, an unlucky step brought him in contact with a gnarled root that grew out into the path; and aunt Emily laughed involuntarily as she saw him stretched on the graveled walk.

It only needed this to render his mortification complete. With a reproachful look at his unsympathising idol, he shook off the dust from his feet, and left the inhospitable premises. \* \* \*

Aunt Hilsbury always said that "she never made but one match, and that was the happiest one that she ever knew." She certainly did not make *that*, but if she made no others it was not for want of trying, for so notorious were her match-making propensities, that I really believe every animal on her farm had its better half. It was certainly owing to her door-step that the match in question progressed so rapidly; and as aunt Emily always declared that she was caught in a trap, and made the victim of a previously arranged plot, perhaps the old lady was more guilty than the jury of her relations were disposed to pronounce her.

Aunt Hilsbury had firmly made up her mind to dispose of the beauty of the family; she had cast approving eyes upon a young lawyer of her acquaintance, handsome, talented, and fascinating; and nothing remained but to bring them together.

Aunt Hilsbury's house was a delightful place for a country party, except that the door which opened from the entrance hall into the parlor was provided with a step that seemed expressly intended to entrap the unwary. There were legends attached to that step almost as worthy of remembrance as those connected with any haunted castle, or ancient trysting-place. There many a bashful lover had found himself prematurely brought to his knees before his cruelly mischievous ladye-love—there many a staid dignitary had picked himself up with an awful frown and a bruised shin—and downfalls and tumbles innumerable commemorated the spot.

Aunt Hilsbury, having superintended the adornment of her beautiful niece, was escorting

her to the parlor in triumph to preside over one of those social gatherings for which country villages are proverbial.

"Take care of the step!" she exclaimed, but the warning came too late; and surprised and frightened, aunt Emily fell, not to the ground, but into the hands of a young gentleman who advanced most opportunely to her rescue.

"In such a hurry to be introduced," he observed, with a smile, "that I have almost upset Miss Hammersford."

No one noticed her mishap, and aunt Emily looked up in a state of grateful surprise. The voice was somewhat familiar, and when aunt Hilsbury introduced him she fully recognized Walter Mardell—but how altered and improved! Every trace of bashfulness had vanished; and the eyes that formerly sought the ground in painful confusion were now beaming with intelligence and respectful admiration.

Aunt Emily ceased her somewhat protracted survey with a smile and a blush, as she whispered,

"You were very kind—how can I ever thank you?"

"*Those who have fallen themselves* know how to feel for others," was the reply.

Years had passed since that Sunday afternoon, but aunt Emily now saw the whole scene, and the reproachful look seemed bent upon her still. She knew not what to do with her eyes; but finally she looked just where she would have given worlds *not* to look, and both laughed.

Having both *fallen* in love, to aunt Hilsbury's great delight, they were married; and being of tender years, my sentiments upon the occasion were: "Happy are those who marry and are given in marriage," because I supposed that married people were always eating wedding-cake.

## BEAUTY IN AGE./

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

There's beauty in age, tho' the pride of our prime  
May shrink from the touch of the angel of Time;  
There's a brightening hue of a holier Heaven  
To the falling form by the spirit given—

The halo of Hope sublime!

From that beauty may wither its fashion frail,  
All the roses of hopeful health may pale;  
But the loving look and the smile of peace  
May be ours when the pulses of pleasure cease,  
And the fires of passion fall.

Oh, the fair young features may well give place  
To the glory of thought on an aged face,  
And the loveliest lip that is folly-fraught  
To the mouth of the old when its words are wrought  
Of wisdom and gentle grace!

All the beauties of youth shall too swiftly fade,  
Ere life's Summer hath set, its Autumn decay'd;  
But the beauty of age shall the brighter bloom  
Beyond the short shadows of Time and the tomb—  
A Beauty immortal made!

## A FEW WORDS ON FEMALE EDUCATION, IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

BY AN OLD WOMAN.

AN old woman is proverbially garrulous, and almost equally sure of being disregarded; yet I venture to offer a few words on a subject, about which no one is so competent to speak, as one of the lightly-esteemed class of old women.

I am not going to enter into a long list of instructions which would weary, but first urge those to whom the charge of young children is entrusted to be quite sure that they know their own aim and object. I have seen a child's character spoiled by the ill-understood wish of the mother to make her child natural, and at the same time lady-like. Rose was always allowed to race all over the room, and to sprawl on chairs and sofas, when members of the family only were present; but if company was expected, it was always, "Now, Rose, you must sit upright and look like a lady to-night." Rose might ask all kinds of impertinent questions to those who were intimate, but to "company" she was taught to be silent; so Rose became alternately stiff and artificial, boisterous and impertinent. But, it may be asked, how was this effect to be avoided? Surely it is right to aim at making a child at once natural and lady-like, to let it be easy with its friends and quiet in company. Most true; but the error (which I believe very frequently exists) is in an ill-defined notion as to what really is natural and what lady-like. The being taught to sit still in company is merely conventional; no child ought to be brought into mixed society for more than a moment's admiration, who has not learnt from practice in the family circle that it must never be troublesome, or persist in questions unless encouraged. We are too apt to forget, in the teaching of our children, as well as in our own conduct, that good manners in society are only the outward show of that kindness which *ought* to be within, and that they are never consistently worn where that kindness does not reign in the heart. Not that I would undervalue polish; we are all sensible of its charms when in company with a really refined lady; but it is a thing which must emanate from the person's own tact; it is the finish to all that has been imparted before, but can never be put on by rule and instruction.

Few who have mixed in society can have failed

to observe such a character as Mrs. G. She wishes to be a good and kind neighbor; but, above all, she wishes to be elegant. Her house is nicely furnished, her dress nicely put on, her words nicely chosen, the very positions of her hands and feet nicely considered; and yet it is by an effort that we remember the good part of her character, and subdue the overpowering sense of the ridiculous in her presence. She looks around with so much complacency when all is arranged, secure that no rule of propriety is forgotten; she is so profuse of apologies if anything *does* go wrong, (as we know will sometimes be the case in the best regulated families) so anxious that all should know she is not ignorant how it ought to have been; she is so desirous, not only to feel kindly, but to make pretty speeches to all, present and absent, that the very atmosphere seems loaded with sweets and proprieties; and as Mrs. G. never for one moment forgets what Mrs. G. ought to be saying or doing, so we feel a sort of uneasy sensation while in her society, lest something about ourselves should be wanting, and have an alternate disposition to laugh or to yawn. And this wearying effect is produced, not by any great fault, but by trying to behave by rule and not by principle. If the good lady could take a lesson from nature, and remember that when the spring is full the fountain will surely flow, how much more really elegant she would be. She was for a year at what is called a *finishing school*; and not having a very discriminating mind, she has carefully rubbed up the superficial polish which was there well put on, forgetful that there is no real elegance without simplicity.

If I considered any one principle of paramount importance, I would say, never forget that education is not teaching. A child's future character and welfare are much more influenced by what is *inculcated* than by what is *taught*. The latter may be compared to the sun's ray, which causes leaf and bud to expand; the former, to the sap, imperceptibly drawn by the roots from the surrounding soil, nourishing the heart of the plant, and causing the formation of leaf and bud, which the sun brings to perfection.

And nothing can be inculcated which does not

come from the heart. Look in your own minds, all ye who have the care of children; parents, guardians, nurses, elder sisters, in this respect, look most to yourselves; see well that you have the reality of all you wish the children to possess, and you will generally find the youthful mind imbibes a portion thereof, in the same way that the warmth from the sun's rays is absorbed by the body with which it comes in contact.

For teaching, or training, look into your children's faces. Methinks I hear many a reader exclaim at this, or ask, "What's the use of that?" "Who does not do so?" "What can looking in the face have to do with putting knowledge into the head?" &c. But rein your wit, gentle reader, and listen to reason. Put on your spectacles, if necessary, but by all means look into your children's faces. Their little tongues want a long education before they can explain their own meaning; their little bright eyes convey their meaning at once; and it only requires a little education on your part to understand their language. More than half the teachers

who are unsuccessful fail for want of this little study on their own parts. The child is not a thing of fair skin, of rosy cheeks, and curly hair only; the sparkle of intelligence, the flash of pride, the shade of dulness, the glow of feeling, the changeful light of sensibility, shine in the eyes of children as distinctly as in those of maturer age. The varying emotions of temper will be clearly indicated by the expression of the mouth. From these two features you ought to learn many a secret which no words will ever tell.

I have a great deal more to say, Mr. Peterson, but there is a little voice calling in my mind's ear, "Don't be lengthy, as well as wearisome, old woman. A word to the *wise* is enough. You have given two rules, which may be the keys to unlock the depths of many a child's heart, the store-house of many a young head; leave them to be tried, and don't confuse people with too long a harangue."

So, having told you part of what I have to say, I humbly take my leave for the present.

## THE PROMISE OF LOVE.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

You say that you love me,  
You whisper my name,  
And joy that my harp-tones  
Are breathing of fame.

Your spirit is mingling  
In all—with my own  
You bid me remember  
I'm never "alone."

You've cheered me in sorrow  
And lightened my woe,  
"I am thine," you have promised,  
"Wherever you go!"

In sunlight and darkness,  
In sadness and mirth  
You will cling to my bosom  
The cherished of earth.

Smiling on—smiling on—  
'Mid the future of life,  
A tireless friend  
And a fond, faithful wife.

In wealth or in poverty  
Ever my own,  
You will softly remind me  
"Thou art not alone!"

Then, lady, the heart  
You would cherish so dear,  
With the hand ever ready,  
Behold—they are here!

Command them as long  
As their pulses shall beat,  
And the sunset of life  
Shall sink peaceful and sweet!

## IMPROMPTU.—TRINITY SPIRE.

BY S. H. DE LANOBY.

Up to the skies;  
Thou pointest to that place of rest,

Where Christian souls are ever blest,  
Who there arise.



## LOVE AND MANŒUVRING.

BY MISS MARY ANN PARKER.

### CHAPTER I.

Two ladies were sitting, one fine summer day, in a pleasant room in the country-house of Mr. Montfort.

The younger of the two, a girl of seventeen, was ensconced in the depth of a huge arm-chair, luxuriously cushioned; her feet rested upon a stool, and her hand held a book with which she seemed intently occupied. Seen thus, with her hair put carelessly away from her forehead, and her blue eyes fixed upon the page before her, she was a pretty object enough; not brilliant nor striking, but youthful, fair, and sweet. Her companion was in the very prime and splendor of beauty; it seemed as though nature must have exhausted herself in producing such a masterpiece, and have fashioned nought but the plainest womankind for a twelve-month afterward. There was light enough in the dark eyes of Clara Castleton to illumine half a dozen faces of the ordinary mould, while the rich bloom of her cheek, and the grace of her slight, but rounded form, would have made her charming, had they been her sole attractions. It was not easy to guess her age; yet it could be seen that she had passed the limits of girlhood, and of early youth. She too was reading, though, as it appeared, without much interest, for her glance often wandered from the page to the ceiling, the window, and the girl in the arm-chair.

"Well, Ella," she asked, rather impatiently, "how are you progressing?"

"I have almost done—only a few pages more."

Soon the last word was read; Ella laid down the volume with a sigh, and fell into a reverie. A young man now appeared at the half open door.

"Come in, Charles," said the beautiful Clara; "I make you heartily welcome; I am quite desolate for want of company. Our little cousin here has hardly bestowed a word upon me during the whole morning."

"Here is my excuse," said Ella, holding up her book, "*Les Confidences*" of Lamartine.

"*Confidences*,' indeed!" cried Charles, "poured into the sympathizing bosom of any one who will pay fifty cents for them! and a precious set of secrets they are that he entrusts to us!"

"Oh, don't say a word against them!" interposed Clara. "Ella has risen from their perusal, quite penetrated with the conviction that the author is the noblest, most sensitive, refined and exalted of human beings."

"You exaggerate a little," said Ella, smiling, "but I certainly *did* think the book displays great talent, and exquisite sensibility."

"Poor child!" observed Charles, compassionately; "and you believe in the reality of the emotion that spreads itself out on paper for the whole world to gaze upon? and you did not see the egregious vanity that pervaded every line and paragraph?"

"Indeed, I did not," Ella answered, briefly.

"I regret having read that book," continued Charles, (for so we may as well call him, though he was generally known as Mr. Montfort, a young gentleman of fine person and large estate,) "Louis Blanc's magnificent description of Lamartine, and his own course during the Revolution, won my admiration and reverence in a great degree. But Raphael and '*Les Confidences*,' cured me completely."

"If you admired his course," said Ella, "I do not understand how this record of events, which occurred years before, could alter your opinion."

"Simply because it betrays such vanity that it makes me believe his whole life an attempt at self-glorification. During the Revolution the eyes of Christendom were fixed upon him, and he acted in the way best calculated to secure applause."

"For shame!" cried the young girl, with generous indignation—"did you never hear that those who are most conscious of base motives in themselves are quickest to suspect them in others?"

Charles colored. "I admit the charge," he said; "I am *not* conscious of very exalted motives for any of my actions, I do what pleases me, without reference to other matters. Selfishness is thus, you see, my besetting sin; 'tis a miserable vice, but universal, as you will find if you live long enough, my little cousin: will she not, Clara?"

"Witnesses are not required to criminate themselves," returned Miss Castleton.

"I should be sorry to believe the whole world

actuated merely by selfishness," said Ella; "I would fain think you the exception, not the rule, cousin Charles."

"That is not fair, I insist; I am no worse than the rest of my kind. Perhaps, however, you took my assertion too literally—there are, doubtless, occasional examples of heroic self-denial. But, generally speaking, it is *chacun pour soi* *même* in society. This sort of selfishness is not very dreadful; it is under the restraint of certain conventional modes of thinking, and forms of politeness; it does not interfere with the practice of perfect civility and good breeding; so it is a very harmless matter, after all."

"Nothing is harmless," said Ella, "which makes us pursue our own pleasure, regardless of the rights of others."

"Oh, you little moralist! But were you not reading away very selfishly just now, while poor Clara sat here devoured by *ennui*?"

"Not at all," said Miss Castleton; "I had just commenced this novel when she came in from the garden, and was so absorbed that I hardly looked up to greet her, so she very naturally sought amusement in her own way. My attention soon flagged, however; it is only young girls like you, dear Ella, that can go through a book with unabated interest; when you reach my age you will find the most brilliant novel tedious after the first hour's reading."

"What a world-weary, misanthropic pair!" said Ella, laughing. "Well, I will leave you to relate your mutual experiences, while I give Mrs. Ball directions about the dinner. We are to have guests, perhaps you know—two gentlemen from Boston." And she departed, "on hospitable thought intent."

"Charles," said Miss Castleton, when they had been alone a few minutes, "may I give you a piece of valuable advice?"

"Speak! I am all attention."

"Well, then—if you will pardon the liberty—you do not take the best means of getting on with Ella."

The young man colored, but answered, "In what do I err?"

"In speaking of human nature in such a cynical, suspicious manner."

"My dear Clara, what have I said of that kind to-day?"

"Not much to-day, I grant; but generally you show such a distrust of men, and such a contempt for those who do not think with you. Now Ella is young—only seventeen—and has all the beautiful trust so natural at her age. If it be a weakness or a mistake, it is surely an enviable one, and not worthy of contumely or ridicule,

such as you generally bestow upon it. You will make her dislike you thoroughly if you persist."

"Then I will abandon it at once."

"That was well said! There is some comfort in giving advice to you, you follow it so readily. If you were talking to some one like me, instead of Ella, your manner, so full of a benevolent contempt of your hearer's inexperience, would be quite flattering."

"Why so? I do not understand."

"Because it would imply that you thought her very young, when she was in fact, decidedly *passee*."

"As if you were *passee*, Clara! Pshaw, you are—I will not say what, for fear of offending you."

"Do not," she answered, gravely; "I was not seeking to draw forth a compliment. Apart from the matter, as effecting Ella's feelings toward you, has she not time enough to learn such bitter wisdom? for that it is bitter you well know. Is it not far happier to be often deceived than always suspicious? I think, too, that your feelings are carried to excess; in early youth, perhaps, you trusted fully, and were betrayed—and now you avenge yourself by suspecting evil in all you meet. You ought, on the contrary, to preserve a calm neutrality, thinking neither well nor ill of any one till you have seen him proved. This is the difference between you and Ella—you are walking together in the garden, and she plucks a rose, admiring, the while, its perfect loveliness of form and color—you at once pick it to pieces to discover the worm, which, you fancy, is at the core—and are even a little disappointed if you do not find it there. Let Ella go on; let the rose be to her the queen of flowers—the world the home of goodness, honor, all heroic attributes—she will learn the truth soon enough. And now, having bestowed my valuable counsel upon you, I must go and dress for dinner."

When Clara reached her own room, she sank into a chair by the window, instead of proceeding to the duties of the toilet. "Matters are in a very fair way," she thought; "I have put him completely off his guard by showing him that I know of his attachment to Ella; after that of course, he will never dream that I have any designs upon him. It was a good idea to speak as I did about his want of faith in human nature. The poor youth fancies himself so wonderfully *blase*, and the subject of such melancholy experiences! As if he, at twenty-two—for he cannot be older—knew anything of the world! However, it suits my purpose to agree with him. I think I have a fair prospect of success. To be

sure Ella has sweet blue eyes, and an innocent, confiding look that is very captivating; but I am as attractive in my own way, and I know his tastes, and can adopt myself to them. As for Ella's feelings, I don't believe she cares for him—and even if she did I should not feel many scruples of conscience. She is so young, and would soon recover from the disappointment—and then with her splendid fortune she may have her choice of husbands, while poor I must look out for myself. Yet I wish it were otherwise," she added; I do hate this scheming, for it is most unwomanly. Oh, that some respectable man, not absolutely old enough to be my grandfather, and with a nice, comfortable income, would loose his heart to me! I would make him an excellent wife, I know I would!"

Do not be too greatly shocked, dear girls, at this specimen of the fair Clara's reveries—we fear that the musings of many a bright beauty in her boudoir would look no better, if taken down verbatim by a correct reporter.

## CHAPTER II.

MR. MONTFORT, Ella's father, and the uncle of Miss Castleton and Charles, had formerly been a New York merchant, in which position he was noted for business talent and strict integrity; qualities which, combined with the favor of the blind goddess, had secured to him the ample fortune he now enjoyed. He was a widower, Mrs. Montfort having died when Ella was but thirteen. He had been exceedingly attached to his wife, and showed his regard for her memory, *not* by marrying again within a year, (as some aver that a man will do who has found matrimony a pleasant state,) but by devoting himself to her child. He comforted Ella in all her girlish troubles, listened indulgently to her merry talk, encouraged her in study; in short, was a tender and loving father to his motherless child. As she grew older, there was a perfect friendship and sympathy between them; and if Mr. Montfort had ever planned to take unto himself a second partner, it is possible that he and Ella would have talked the matter over and agreed upon the person most suitable to fill the place. Alas, that she, the loving, petted daughter—but we will not anticipate.

Clara Castleton had been left an orphan at an early age, with just sufficient means to keep her from being dependant on her relations, and had been received into the family of a rich cousin, who had numerous children and a kindly heart. She was admired wherever she appeared—the belle of every company—yet she had lived to

behold her six plain cousins, Jane, Susan, Ann, Sophia, Sarah, and Eliza, make advantageous matches, while she remained in stately maidenhood. She was tired of this position of affairs, and when Mr. Montfort invited her to visit his delightful place upon the Hudson, she accepted, in the hope that something might there occur to change her destiny. Charles Montfort, Ella's cousin but not her own, was staying in the house when she arrived. She found him an agreeable person, he found her the most beautiful woman he had yet encountered. Their mutual relationship to Ella formed a passport to a more unreserved and cordial intimacy than often exists between those not connected by ties of blood. Clara had at first no thought of bringing her charms to bear upon this new friend, he was too young, she thought, to be available—but when some weeks passed by and no "party" more eligible appeared, she turned her attention, as we have seen, to the conquest of his heart, and the winning of his hand.

On the day in question she came down dressed for dinner some time before Ella, who had been much occupied, made her appearance. She was richly and gaily attired, for she liked bright colors, and they became her well; something about them harmonized with the glow of her brown complexion and the dark lustre of her eyes. Two gentlemen were conversing with her uncle when she entered. They were quite wonder-struck at her beauty, and had hardly recovered from the surprise when Mr. Montfort presented them as Mr. Herbert and Mr. Clarke. "The two gentlemen from Boston, I suppose," thought Clara; "I had forgotten their existence."

Ella now came in, looking very sweetly in a dress of clear blue muslin. She gave a little start on seeing Mr. Herbert, but welcomed him with ease; Mr. Clarke was an old friend, and she shook hands with him very cordially, inquiring after Mrs. Clarke and the little ones. "So he is married," observed Clara, in her own mind. At the very last moment Mr. Charles Montfort made his appearance, *en grande tenue*; he being one of those *blases* described by Thackeray, who still keep up sufficient interest in mundane affairs to be well dressed on all occasions.

"Glad to see you, Herbert," he exclaimed, "it is quite an unexpected pleasure; when did you arrive? and how have you been since that delightful month we spent at Rockaway last summer?"

"At Rockaway!" said his uncle, turning to Ella, "why you were there too, were you not, my child?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, with a slight blush;

"I recognized Mr. Herbert at once, but he did not remember me."

"Very likely—you have grown a good deal since then, and I do not suppose he took much notice of a little Miss like you, even at the time."

"You are quite mistaken," said Mr. Herbert, "I knew Miss Montfort at once, but waited to see whether she remembered our acquaintance before I presumed to mention it."

Dinner was announced—Mr. Montfort took out Clara, Ella followed with Mr. Clarke—Mr. Herbert and Charles brought up the rear. At table Mr. Clarke sat next to Clara—he was a lively little gentleman, and entertained her very well. Charles was at his cousin's side, and now and then addressed her in a rather low and confidential tone. Mr. Herbert and his host kept up an animated conversation. Clara glanced at them occasionally, and seeing Mr. Montfort, so portly, so genial, so eminently respectable, as he presided at his own table, she wished in her heart that he were anything but her uncle. Her neighbor, meanwhile, talked assiduously; he had just been visiting his friend Herbert's place on the Merrimac, and dwelt with enthusiasm on its beauties.

"It is a true Garden of Eden," he said; "my wife and I often tell him that it only needs an Eve to make the resemblance perfect; but he is incorrigible—a confirmed old bachelor, Miss Castleton."

At these words a light broke in upon Clara's mind; she had been so occupied in contemplation of her morning's project that Mr. Herbert had received but passing notice from her—she now honored him with a more close examination. He was not young—near forty, apparently; neither was he handsome, but he looked gentlemanly and agreeable. And then he was well-established in the world, of course; for poor people do not own paradises on the Merrimac, (or any other river.) Clara's reflections lasted through the remaining courses of the dinner, and when the cloth was removed, and dessert upon the table, her mind was made up. She abandoned Charles for Mr. Herbert. "It is a great deal better plan," she thought, "Charles was ridiculously young for me. But if Mr. Herbert should be engaged, or in love? I don't believe he is—I'll run the risk, at any rate." She was here aroused from her reverie by hearing Charles exclaim, "I don't quite credit your account, Herbert—you make the *Senorita* a little too obliging."

"What is it?" inquired Clara.

"Herbert has been telling a story of his Rio

experience. He was dining with some one of the dignitaries of the town, and they were speaking of the Opera just brought out—he mentioned some song in it which he particularly admired, and the hostess, turning to her daughter who sat near, requested her to sing it. The young lady finished the mouthful she was eating, laid down her knife and fork, and sang the air deliciously—she then resumed the implements of warfare, and finished her dinner."

"It actually happened," said Mr. Herbert, "and I was enchanted with the *Senorita's* filial obedience as well as with her voice—which was delicious, as you say."

"Fancy a New York belle requested to do such a thing," said Mr. Montfort—"oh, the excuses we should hear. 'Mamma, you *know* I never sing *that*—or 'I should be glad to oblige you, but I'm so hoarse that I can hardly sing a note.' Charles, ask your cousin for 'Summer Night,' this evening, and she will go through the whole vocabulary of excuses—and *she* is not half as bad as Clara."

Dinner over, Mr. Montfort proposed a walk about the grounds, and the party was distributed very much in accordance with Clara's wishes; Charles and Ella strayed away by themselves, Mr. Clarke and his host walked leisurely along, discussing horticultural matters, and Mr. Herbert offered his arm to Clara. Self-possessed as she usually was, she felt no little embarrassment at finding herself thus alone with a person on whom she had designs of such importance, and she could hardly find a word to say. Her attendant was likewise quietly disposed, and they passed, almost without a remark on either side, through the green alleys of the garden. At length they came to the brow of a hill, whence a fine prospect of the adjacent country, with its fields of waving grain, its smiling meadows, and forests in all their summer glory met the eye—while, through the midst, flowed the broad Hudson to the sea. Clara uttered an exclamation of delight, and the face of her companion brightened.

"I wonder why this prospect pleases us so much better than the garden itself," he observed. "The latter is certainly better kept, embellished too with a profusion of beautiful flowers, and all its fine points worked up with care and taste; but in looking at it we feel that there is something wanting. Here, on the contrary, the eye takes in the scene with perfect satisfaction. That distant range of hills—the blue river—those woods, with their dark, thick foliage—how glorious they are! Why is it that *extent* is so desirable in a landscape? It pleases me, but I cannot analyze the pleasure."

"Perhaps because it suggests ideas of grandeur and sublimity," said Clara—"a vast range for the eye leads to a vast range of thought, in an untrammelled mind."

"You have seen the ocean?" inquired Mr. Herbert.

"Oh, yes, often, at Rockaway and Newport."

"I do not mean in that way precisely," he replied, with a smile, "you only *looked* at it there, you did not really *see* it, or, if you did, it was only with the outward sense. To see the ocean really you must not go down to the beach with a bathing party, or drive along the sands with a gay company—no, you must be alone. Twilight is the best time—you stroll down to the water's edge, and looking out upon the limitless waste, give yourself up entirely to the emotions which it awakens."

"And are they pleasant?" asked Clara.

"Yes, but saddening—the wild expanse of waters, whose bounds the eye seeks in vain, images Eternity, and makes our little life seem so poor, so insignificant. I think if Napoleon ever felt the vanity of his achievements and his glory, it must have been when, as an exile at St. Helena, he gazed upon the sea."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Clarke, who had come up unperceived. "Napoleon was not a sentimentalist like you, but a practical, common-sense man. When he looked at the ocean he fancied it swarming with ships-of-the-line, and thought if it *were* so, how soon he would consign Sir Hudson Lowe to the imperial prison quarters."

"Perhaps so—we'll not dispute the point; but is not this a magnificent view? You don't get it where you are standing—come forward—a little to the right. There! what a sweep of vision."

"Exactly so—and so cunningly devised, too," said Mr. Clarke. "The trees and tall shrubbery quite shut you in till you reach the destined spot, and there the whole thing breaks upon you at once. Your uncle is a man of taste, Miss Castleton."

"He is a man of wealth," responded Clara, laughing. "In these days of landscape-gardeners we may purchase taste if we do not chance to possess it naturally."

"That is a libel, Clara," said Mr. Montfort, who now joined the group. "I need not ask the advice of Downing, or any one else, in laying out my grounds. To prove it, just look to the left, and see how nicely I contrived to bring that little summer-house, covered with roses, into view. You would never suspect that it was a summer-house; it looks like a hanging-garden on a small scale." His hearers of course admired it properly. "But where are Charles and Nelly?" he

continued—"those two children have certainly a remarkable faculty for straying away by themselves."

Mr. Clarke laughed heartily. "It is a very common faculty among young folks of their age," he observed.

### CHAPTER III.

CLARA was very well impressed with the *endurableness* of Mr. Herbert, and her own prospects of success. During the afternoon they had conversed much together, and he was interested, and evidently sought to draw her into a free expression of her sentiments and feelings. "I see my way clearly," thought she; "I must be deeply imbued with a love of nature and of the beautiful; rather reserved, in general, about giving voice to my opinions, but occasionally betrayed into an enthusiastic forgetfulness of all but the subject under discussion; I must have the deepest reverence for all that is great, and good, and true. I understand my *role*, and shall play it well."

Alas! poor Clara! a certain glance which Mr. Herbert gave toward Ella that night, as, in her sweetest tones, she sang "Auld Robin Grey," convinced her that the road to conquest was not so easy as she had imagined. Instead of marching forward to the citadel of Mr. Herbert's heart, and taking undisputed possession of those quarters, she had a rival to dislodge. "And such a rival, too!" she mentally ejaculated; "I wonder why Ella need have been made so pretty—surely her fortune is attractive enough for one person."

Miss Castleton was much too wise, however, to allow her inward discomfiture to become apparent; she was unusually animated, and looked so beautiful, that Charles Montfort could not help saying to Mr. Herbert, as they stood a little apart from the company—"The loveliest woman I ever beheld in my life!"

Mr. Herbert smiled at this enthusiasm, and replied, "The *handsomest*, perhaps—not the loveliest."

When Clara entered the breakfast-room the following morning, she found it already tenanted by her cousin, who sat in the broad window-seat, engaged with a book.

"As usual!" said Clara, laughing. "My poor ohild, your head will be completely turned. Your imagination needs something to quiet, not to stimulate it. You should read history, or works on Political Economy, or one of Mr. Emerson's essays, instead of these delusive romances."

"Each in its proper place, my dear mentor," replied Ella; "you forget that I am only just released from school, where for seven long years

history has been daily drilled into my unwilling brain. Do allow me a little relaxation."

"You find novels charming, do you not?" inquired Clara.

"Many, I hardly care to glance at—a few delight me beyond expression—I can read them again and again with new pleasure."

"I wonder if you ever feel as I did in my young days," observed Miss Castleton, "when the hero and heroine are having an interview, and the author says, 'He will not repeat what followed; lovers' conversations are rarely interesting to any but themselves,' or something of that sort. Did you ever feel disappointed that he did not give their tender passages, word for word?"

Ella blushed slightly, as young girls will when the great subject is alluded to—"I will confess to the feeling," she said. "When the hero and heroine are rational, intelligent people, one is naturally curious to know what they have to say to each other."

"It is surprising," continued Clara, "that novelists can have the audacity to pourtray love as they do—love in man, particularly. The hero of a story ought to be called '*the* fictitious personage in it, *par excellence*.'"

"Why so?"

"Oh, he is represented as such a devoted being; so impressed with the exalted state of the fair creature whom he adores, and so distrustful of his claims upon her notice. And then when she returns his passion, he is so eternally grateful, so tender, so constant through trials and tribulations of every description."

"Well?" said Ella, (who in her heart thought all this very natural.)

"The truth is just as different as you can imagine. A man commonly thinks well enough of himself to believe that women think well of him too, and is rarely troubled with the slightest diffidence about recommending himself to any lady who may strike his fancy—I will not say touch his heart. If he proposes, and meets with a refusal, it does not hurt him much; if he is accepted, he is pleased for a while—perhaps, if it is a short engagement, the enchantment lasts a little beyond the honeymoon. But if a year intervene between acceptance and the time fixed for marriage, he is very apt to change his mind, to be struck by some new face, throw himself at the feet of some new idol. None of your novel constancy for me, Ella dear; I don't believe in it, I have seen too much to the contrary."

"What a dreary place you and Charles would make out this world to be," said the girl—"are there no such things, think you, as real love, real truth?"

"There may be," said Clara, "but I have never chanced to meet with them. It is my private opinion that the present state of society is too frivolous for the growth of any very permanent sentiment. Once in an age we find a warm, young heart like yours, my cousin, full of faith and devotion—it becomes cold and skeptical, however, after a few years experience. Men of the world like nothing better than some such fresh, innocent nature to try their skill upon. Do you carry yourself with caution during your first season, Ella, or you will find your heart stolen before you know it, by some one who has had no other thought than to amuse himself with your pretty looks and artless interest."

She spoke these words with some bitterness, though in a light tone; Ella looked at her in surprise. "You wish to warn me particularly," she said; "you think then that I am in danger? You would not have me suffer—as *you* have suffered, perhaps."

Clara understood the implied question. "If I have suffered," she replied, "it is past; I did not and I do not complain. For you, dear girl, I only say—be prudent. Do not trust too readily to affection that does not declare itself. Here are the gentlemen," she added, hurriedly—"we have had an odd conversation, while waiting here for breakfast, have we not?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

MR. CLARKE was to leave this morning, but Mr. Herbert was easily persuaded to prolong his stay. Days—even weeks—went by, and still he lingered. During this time he was much with Miss Castleton; Ella avoided him, and sought Charles Montfort's society instead. Further acquaintance proved him to be what Clara had at first supposed; a man of sense and taste, with a good deal of latent enthusiasm, and a deep religious sentiment. With such a person she could not sympathize to any extent; they could admire together the beauties of nature or of art; they could talk of mutual acquaintances, of operas they had heard, and places they had visited—but they went no further. Her nonchalance was a check upon the full expression of his feelings—his religious allusions made her feel awkward and uncomfortable.

Mr. Herbert's long stay began to create no little gossip in the country roundabout. People who knew nothing of the antagonisms in his and Clara's characters, who saw that they rode together, talked together, walked and drove out together, and liked each other's society, said it would be a match; and when Mr. Herbert actually

took a house in the neighborhood, and declared his intention of purchasing whenever an opportunity offered, the matter was looked upon as settled.

"I should think Rawson's place would suit him exactly," said young Norbert Glover, "and Rawson would be glad to sell, I know. Poor fellow, he has never been the same person since his wife died."

"Don't be in haste about Mr. Rawson's selling," said his amiable sister, a young lady on the shady side of thirty; "such violent grief never lasts long. He will be about as inconsolable as widowers generally are, and will need his place for a new bride before the year is over."

"He deserves a wife, and a good one, too," said Norbert, "so let him keep Green Park if he needs it, though Miss Castleton would make a splendid mistress for it. Fancy her moving along in her stately way under those superb old trees. I tell you, Virginia, that woman has put me quite out of conceit with the rest of your sex, and I shall write myself down a bachelor till I meet another like her."

"How absurd you are, Norbert! She is very well-looking, rather striking in appearance, perhaps, and dresses with some skill, but to think of calling her beautiful!"

"I am not the only one, my dear. Langford and Crawley, and even your particular favorite, Rensselaer Cobb, are wonderfully taken with her. Mr. Herbert is a fortunate man, and there are plenty to envy him."

"Indeed! I should think there might be as many to envy her! I do not call it such a remarkable piece of good fortune for a man of his wealth to get a penniless girl, even if she were as handsome as you seem to think her."

This little conversation is a very fair sample of the remarks which were made far and near, about the forthcoming match; the gentlemen praising the lady, the ladies praising the gentleman, and secretly thinking that he might have done quite as well to secure the fair hand of one of their number.

Clara, meanwhile, had been slow to believe that Mr. Herbert had any such intentions as were generally attributed to him. She felt that his manner toward her, though kind, was far from lover-like, and was convinced that the attraction which drew him to her uncle's house, day after day, was Ella, not herself. As weeks passed on, she was compelled to change her opinion. He never sought Ella—if he entered a room where they were together, it was to her side that he came, to her that he addressed himself. His manner toward the young girl was simply polite—

and her's to him was quiet and reserved, though not unfriendly. So that Clara, after all, began to think herself mistaken, and to believe that people were right when they said Mr. Herbert wished to marry her.

Here was a person of good family and good-breeding; one of whom she need never be ashamed, no matter where he were placed—a man of sense and refinement—and last, not least, of large estate. Was not this the match for which she had longed, to which she had looked forward as the ultimatum of her hopes and desires? What had she to do but to give her adorer an opportunity of offering himself, and then to accept him gracefully and cordially, and with a thankful heart?

Instead of this she dreaded to be left alone with him—she avoided a walk or a *tele-a-tele* in a quiet corner, lest he should speak the very words which she had once been so anxious to hear from his lips. What had changed her?

To tell the truth, Clara was in love—very truly and sentimentally in love with her cousin's cousin, Charles—or, as he was more generally called, Charley. How this change in her feelings came to be accomplished is more than we can tell. There is an odd perversity in our fancies about such matters, and we are very apt to fix our affections just where it is most inconvenient and uncomfortable for them to repose. We know that writers on the subject, and old ladies in general, affirm that a woman never should love a man till he has shown that he is in love with her, and that there is a great lack of feminine delicacy in caring for a person who does not care for you; but this, we suspect, is a mere matter of theory, and it is more than likely that these same old ladies had, in their youth, some cherished *romance du cœur* that never saw the light. Be that as it may, Clara was now completely changed from a manœuvring, calculating girl, into a loving, unhappy woman. A few words spoken by Charles, as they stood on the piazza one moonlight evening, a few flowers which he had given her, were dearer than Mr. Herbert's numerous expressions of interest, more cherished than his most rare and beautiful bouquets.

Perhaps there can be no sadder feeling than that which sent a pang through Clara's heart when she caught a glimpse of her cousin's white dress through the trees, and knew that Charles was with her. At such times her eyes filled with tears, and she turned from the window in utter despondency. "It might have been so different," she thought. "Mr. Herbert liked Ella at first, and she would have liked him if I had not interfered between them. I should then at

least, have been spared the misery of seeing Charles devoted to another. I even think he might have loved me, for we are alike in many things—but that is all past now, and I have only myself to blame. I am rightly punished for seeking to degrade marriage to a mere matter of convenience, and for selfishly putting out of mind the happiness of others in the pursuit of my own weak, wicked plans. Mr. Herbert, too—if I had involved no happiness but my own in this wretched business I should not feel so badly, but to deceive a man of so much real worth”—here she paused. It happened, strangely enough, that she could not present Mr. Herbert to her mind in the light of a despairing lover.

Things were in this condition when Clara received a letter from her cousin Sarah, (who had married a millionaire) urging her to join their party at Saratoga. “You must be very dull from your long seclusion in the country,” she wrote, “and it will do you good to drink the water and see the people here. Saratoga was never fuller—every house crowded, and new arrivals every hour. Isn’t it delightful? Anne is with us; she came in the last steamer, and hurried on here without waiting to unpack her trunks. She has brought you some beautiful presents from Paris—the most elegant set of amethysts I ever saw, among other things. But you must come and see for yourself.”

Clara laid down the letter with a sigh, and some sentimental ideas about “gems” and “aching hearts” passed through her mind. A postscript to the epistle now caught her eye.

“If all I hear be true, I suppose you will have a *certain person* in your train. Ah, Clara, you have been very sly, but I forgive and congratulate; it is an excellent arrangement on all hands. Make my compliments to *le beau choise*.”

“How vexatious!” she cried, “I will go, though, if only to contradict this absurd report. It will save me the awkwardness of an explanation with Mr. Herbert for the present, and perhaps he will have changed his mind before we meet again. It may be a healthful diversion to my own feelings—but I fear it will not prove a cure.”

When her intention of quitting them was announced, the whole party was loud in expressions of regret, and endeavored to persuade her to remain—but no, she was convinced that it was wisest to go, and withstood their solicitations.

“Our attractions cannot weigh against those of Saratoga, of course,” said her uncle, “yet I flattered myself that we had made time pass pleasantly for you, even in this quiet spot.”

“You have, indeed,” she answered, her eyes

filling with tears in spite of the cheerful manner which she tried to assume; “I have enjoyed myself exceedingly, but Sarah is anxious that I should join her, and Anne has brought me such pretty things from France, that it is really worth a short journey to see them. So, with your good leave, I depart to-morrow morning.”

“When do you return?” inquired Charles Montfort.

“I do not know if at all,” she answered, carelessly; “Sarah will have some excursion planned by the time she is tired of Saratoga, and will wish me to accompany her.”

“Pooh!” said Mr. Montfort, disrespectfully, “what claim has she upon you? You must come here, to be sure, whenever you leave the Springs, and that will be soon; a week or two at such places is enough. Let us expect you, my dear—well, we will say three weeks from to-day, at the farthest.”

“I cannot promise,” she replied, “but if it can be arranged, I will come.”

“And you will find our present party unbroken,” said her uncle.

#### CHAPTER V.

Thronged as Saratoga was with belles of all varieties, Clara’s arrival nevertheless created some excitement among the assembled votaries of fashion. So celebrated a beauty was an object of interest, to both gentlemen and ladies. All were anxious to see her, and all, when she became visible, acknowledged the perfection of her loveliness. It was unanimously agreed that she was by far the most beautiful among the many beautiful women who then graced the noted watering-place.

Of course she had plenty of attention; the social position of her friends would have secured it had her charms been far less brilliant. In ordinary times Clara enjoyed such things; she liked admiration, provided it were not too evident for good taste; she was fond of dress, and of opportunities to display her beauty. But now she was lonely in the midst of hundreds; dispirited, when all around was gaiety and animation.

A languid and uninterested manner was the natural result of this state of feeling. People who now met her for the first time thought her very dull, and those who had been most enraptured with her beauty were compelled to admit that she was “rather tame.”

“A perfect incubus, I say!” exclaimed Kitty Vaughn, a lively little coquette of eighteen; “I suppose that is what you call high-bred repose



of manner; I shall never be able to attain it, and I am not sorry, either."

"My dear, in what way has Miss Castleton offended?"

"Why, I at first was inclined to be very friendly, and to admire her and not be jealous in the least, but she repelled me in the coolest way imaginable. Not that she said or did anything rude, but she showed very plainly that she took no more interest in me or in my concerns than in those of the lady of the Great Mogul. And Charlotte Brinsley and Kate Morrille have met with much the same treatment."

"Mortified vanity! it will do you good, every one of you!"

Long before the stipulated three weeks was over, Clara longed to be again at the pleasant country-seat on the Hudson. When the appointed day arrived, she was in better spirits than when she received the splendid set of amethysts, or listened to the graceful compliments of Lord —, then the cynosure of female eyes at Saratoga.

"Good-bye," said cousin Sarah, "and don't get moped to death in that dull house; the time you have spent there already has told upon you. I wish we had any way of getting you clear of your promise to the old gentleman; it would be so delightful for you to visit the Mammoth Cave; something so new and striking in the way of a tour."

"You must be as gay as you can without me," replied Miss Castleton, whose smiling face by no means betokened that ennui awaited her at the end of her journey.

"Foolish creature that I am!" she thought, "I am so delighted to go back. And why? What shall I meet there? They will be glad to see me, certainly, but Charles and Ella will be wrapped up in each other, and I shall be only a witness to their happiness. No matter, though—I will be happy in seeing him this once, and will not even remember that he belongs to another."

Pleasant anticipations cheered Clara on her way, and made tolerable even the dust and heat of the railway-car, and the crowded cabin of the steamboat. At the landing she found the carriage with Charles, Ella, and Mr. Montfort in waiting. They were delighted to see her; Ella kissed her affectionately, Mr. Montfort with paternal benignity—Charles looked on, and would have liked to kiss her too, we dare aver, but did not say so.

"Where is Mr. Herbert?" asked Clara, as they came in sight of his lodgings.

"Oh, you must ask Ella—*she* knows," said Mr. Montfort.

"He returned to Boston the day before yes-

terday," said Ella, gazing steadily out of the window.

Clara looked inquiringly at Charles and Mr. Montfort, and they returned her glance by an expression of mystery and amusement.

"Shall I tell your cousin all about it, my dear?" asked Mr. Montfort.

"Dear papa, *do* be quiet," she entreated, putting her hand on his lips, and blushing like a peony.

Clara considerably forbore all questioning till alone with Ella; then she said, "To-night, dear, shall I have the solution of this wonderful mystery?"

"Yes, if you care about hearing it."

"Of course I care about what interests you," returned her cousin.

When the little group dispersed, after a pleasant evening, Clara seated herself by the window in expectation of Ella. Soon the young girl entered timidly, and betook herself to a low stool in a dark corner of the room.

"Now then," said Miss Castleton, "we are to hear all about Mr. Herbert. Draw a little nearer, my child—here, I will put out the light, and then your blushes will be invisible."

So Ella sat there, with the moonlight streaming over her like a glory, and unfolded her tale. The attachment between herself and Mr. Herbert was of long standing, having lasted more than a year before it was revealed on either side. A mutual impression had been made at Rockaway, during the previous summer, but with her it was only a girlish fancy, and he had thought it so ridiculous for a man of his age to care for such a mere child, that he kept assiduously out of her way, in hopes of extinguishing the sentiment. He was unsuccessful, however, as people generally are in such attempts, and at last made up his mind to seek the young girl, and endeavor to make himself as dear to her as she had become to him.

"You remember, Clara, what you told me that morning in the breakfast-room about men of the world amusing themselves with women's feelings?" (Ay, Clara *did* remember it; with a pang of self-reproach and self-contempt.) "I did not really believe so unworthily of him, but I thought I would be very cautious and completely on my guard; so I always chose Charles for my companion. It appears that Mr. Herbert was quite jealous, and fancied me indifferent to him, when I was thinking of him all the time. I do not know that we should ever have understood each other, had it not been for a chance meeting in the rose-tree arbor, a day or two after you went to Saratoga. I do not know how it happened—

but it all came out—a few words explained every thing. And I am very happy, and so is Mr. Herbert, and we have made all sorts of good resolutions—and I hope if you see us twenty years from to-night, you will find us loving each other as much as we do now.”

“I hope so, too, my darling, and can believe it. Mr. Herbert is worthy of you and will make you happy, I am sure. When is the important ceremony to take place?”

“In five or six weeks; Mr. Herbert has gone to Boston to arrange some necessary business, and after he returns we must begin to prepare for the wedding. Papa objected at first to our having such a short engagement, but William—Mr. Herbert that is—said that it had lasted more than a year in reality, and papa was obliged to yield.”

“Which side of the argument did you espouse?”

“Neither—I remained perfectly neutral, and left them to decide as they could. After all, it makes but little difference, since we are to remain with papa. I shall not have to leave my old home or my old friends—is not that pleasant?”

“Very,” said Clara, kissing her—“but it is growing late, and you will have pale cheeks to-morrow if I let you sit up longer. Good night, my love, and pleasant dreams—of course they will and must be pleasant.”

Each sought her pillow; Ella was soon slumbering in the full enjoyment of those rosy visions which are born of youth, and hope, and love; but Clara lay awake through the long hours, her mind full of unquiet thought. She was inexpressibly relieved to find that Mr. Herbert and Ella were engaged; she believed them fitted for each other, and had often feared, of late, that Ella suffered from his coldness. Now, at least, she was free from all dread of unhappy consequences springing from her plans, and rejoiced more over their entire failure than she had ever done over the prospect of success. Then her heart bounded at the recollection that Charles had smiled when his uncle rallied Ella, and through the evening had betrayed none of the symptoms of a disappointed lover. “No, he does not care for *her*,” she said—“but then he cares just as little for me”—and between sorrow, regret, and longing, the poor heart was sadly torn. One thing she felt most deeply; that, though Charles was free, she should never try to gain his admiration, nor induce him to marry her. Manœuvring to get him was revolting to her, now that she truly loved.

She rose early, and finding none of the household yet astir, took a quiet stroll through the garden. A slight shower had fallen during the

night, refreshing the herbage and the flowers; every leaf and spray glittered in the beams of the newly-risen sun. The perfect stillness, the fresh, pure air, soothed Clara’s perturbed spirits; in that sweet, peaceful atmosphere grief seemed out of place, and hope but natural. Weary at last with walking, she sat down in the rose-tree arbor and fell into a mood of contemplation, in which pleasure predominated largely over sadness.

“Clara, Clara,” called a voice, which brought the blood to her cheeks; “nay, don’t rise; I have something to show you.”

“What is it, pray?” she answered, with an effort at composure, as Charles appeared, “any thing very rare or beautiful?”

“You shall be the judge,” he said—and drew forth a small locket, exquisitely wrought; it opened with a spring, and revealed the “counterfeit presentment” of his own handsome features. It was not one of your shabby daguerreotypes, (which we marvel much that any youth should ever give his chosen) dark, indistinct and scowling—but a miniature painted on ivory, and doing justice to the good looks of its original. There was the bright brown hair—the blue eye, full of intelligence, and a careless *bonhomme*—all the points that joined to form a very pleasing countenance.

“It is an admirable likeness,” observed Clara; “how much your mother will value it.”

“Ahem!” said Charles, whose customary non-chalance had quite deserted him. “I do not intend it for her.”

“For your sister then?”

“Nor for her, either—oh, Clara, dear, beloved Clara, can you not guess—”

We will not repeat the rest of his remarks; people do not generally have “their wits about them” sufficiently at such times to be very coherent or sensible—though they usually contrive to make themselves understood. And Clara *did* understand—with what a blessedness of heart only those who have suffered like her can comprehend—that she was all to Charles, as he had long been all to her.

“But about Ella?” she said, at last, rather doubtfully—“you cared for her at one time, I am sure?”

“Never,” he answered, confidently. “You recollect that morning when you told me that I was not taking the best way to get on with her? How I longed then to show you that my heart was only yours!”

“I am glad you did not,” she said, quickly; “but why were you so much with her lately? I certainly believed that you were deeply in love with her.”

"And I as certainly believed that you were engaged to Mr. Herbert. Feeling as I did, it was not agreeable to meet you in his presence. I preferred solitude, or Ella's company."

"I am too happy," said Clara, after a pause; "it cannot last. Oh, Charles, are you *sure* that you will always love me as now?"

The young gentleman uttered all manner of enthusiastic protestations that she never, never would be less dear than at that very moment.

"I do not feel worthy of you," continued Clara, humbly; "and I am so old. By-and-bye you may regret it, and wish that you had chosen a younger wife. Oh, that would break my heart!"

"We will set that matter at rest immediately," he answered, with a smile—"how old are you, Clara?"

"I was twenty-nine on the tenth," she said. (Some women are never over twenty-eight, but she was not of their order.)

"I never should have guessed it from your appearance—and how old do you take me to be?"

"Twenty-two, or three—possibly twenty-four."

"Ah! I was twenty-eight on the tenth—our birthdays are the same. What is a year? You, who have so much the advantage in beauty and goodness can well afford me that one year."

A great deal of lover-like discourse followed this sober comparison of dates, but we do not intend to waste our own time and try our readers' patience by reporting it. Suffice it to say, that when the Montforts, father and daughter, met at the breakfast-table, their guests were nowhere visible. A search through the grounds ensued, and resulted in the discovery of the pair. Keen-eyed old Mr. Montfort did not let the crimson cheeks of Clara, and the half embarrassed, half defiant manner of Charles escape his notice. He

forbore comment, however, and they all went in to breakfast. That meal once over, Ella and he were duly enlightened—Mr. Montfort in his library by Charles—Ella, in the deepest recesses of her own room, by Clara, who showed all the blushing timidity of a girl of sixteen. Both approved the match, and were not *very* much surprised to hear of the "intention." Such matters are usually more obvious to spectators than to the interested parties.

A few weeks later, Ella and Clara resigned their maiden names, and gave their hands where their hearts had gone before. A day or two before the double wedding, Clara tremblingly confessed to her *fiance* the deceit and selfishness of which she had been guilty in manœuvring, and he magnanimously forgave her, declaring that he loved her better than ever for the courage and frankness which led her to confide in him.

Both the wedded pairs are fortunate—in their different ways. Mr. Herbert and Ella lead a useful, unostentatious life, happy in their children, their father, their home—happiest in the favor of the Great Being whom they love and serve, and whom they daily bless for all His goodness to them.

It is ten years since Charles and Clara took their marriage vows. She has not faded in the least—is as brilliantly beautiful, and looks as young as on the summer morning when we first made her acquaintance. She makes a splendid *fine lady*—presides with grace at her luxurious table—is the handsomest woman at the opera. She lives in a complete whirl of balls and parties, and loves them, and loves admiration, yet still keeps a warm corner in her heart for the husband, who is just as fond and proud of her as in their honeymoon.

## OUR LITTLE FAVORITE.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

BRIGHT as a golden star that lies  
On evening's azure breast,  
Awhile the spirit lit those eyes,  
And then—they closed in rest!

Dear cherub! on her placid brow  
We smoothed the ringlets fair,  
And clasped them with one single gem,  
A flower-bud pure and rare;

Then on the little robe of white,  
All free from fashion's art,

We gently joined the tiny hands  
Above her sinless heart.

So laid her where the violets bloom  
Around her simple bed,  
And placed a stone with but these words,  
"Sweet Anna" at its head.

And thus we left to rest in peace  
Our darling's seraph form,  
Giving the spirit to a Hand  
That leadeth from the storm.

## "I DIDN'T THINK "

BY PHILA EARLE.

No, no, little one, you didn't think, as those quivering lips and wet eye-lashes testify. No, you didn't think, and in the tremulous tones with which you utter the words, we know that you plead for forgiveness, and it is granted you with a pardoning kiss upon your dimpled cheeks, and a caressing touch upon your golden curls. And you didn't think as you sprang from those gentle arms, with smiles dancing in your still tearful eyes, what fearfully true and solemn words, you in your childish grief had uttered.

The young mother, as she watched your innocent gambols, and noticed all your playful, winning ways, and felt in her heart the holiest and deepest of all earthly loves, a mother's love—*she* didn't think that far away in the dim impenetrable future, you might bring sorrow to her heart, and lines of grief on her brow, by becoming a wild, wayward, reckless youth, a sinful, selfish, wretched man. You, over whom she had watched in your innocent infancy, and whose head she had pillowed upon her bosom for many a weary hour, with a prayer in her heart for you, the sinless sleeper. You, whom she so petted, so loved. She never thought that when her footsteps faltered, her hair become tinged with silver, and her voice feeble and tremulous with age, that you would smile at her infirmities, laugh at her prayers, and leave her alone to go down the hill of life into the land of shades, with no earthly arm to lean upon, instead of the strong, manly one that should tenderly support her. But if she didn't think there would be so much grief, so many trials, so much anguish of heart before life's weary race was ended—*she did* think that when her earthly dreams were finished, there was a land of peace, and joy, far away beyond the grave, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Joyous, beautiful maiden, you with the jetty curls, and long, dark eye-lashes, or you with the smiling blue eyes, and sunny golden hair, you didn't think when the world smiled upon you, petted you, and called you beautiful, that there was but such a little way between you and the darksome grave. When carelessly weaving fragrant flowers, and half-unclosed buds in your shining hair; and when the lids drooped over those liquid, earnest eyes so softly, and modestly

veiled their sweet love-light; *you* didn't think how soon those bands of silken hair would be folded gently back from the cold, damp brow; and those soft tresses laid away where the sunlight would never fall on them; and the death-angel's kiss rest heavily on the quivering lids, pressing them down closely over the dimming eyes. When bounding with a lightsome tread through the shadowy dance, or stealing away beneath the waving trees, on which the dew lay glisteningly, as the moonbeams were silvering over the leaves and resting upon the slender spears of bright green grass like rays of glory; *you* didn't think that ere the moon smiled upon the earth again so brightly, and lovingly, you would be laid where the wakeless lie. That loving hearts and trembling hands would do their last for you, and folding your little white hands calmly over your throbbless heart, give you up to the "sleep that knoweth no waking." That tearful eyes would look their last upon your sweet, beautiful face, and then close the coffin-lid over you forever. No, you never thought the angels would call you home so soon, when earth looked so bright and sunny, and life's dearest, sweetest hopes were all unfulfilled. But they waved their shining wings over you, and whispered beautiful thoughts to you of the Edenland afar off, and you went to join them, leaving sorrow here.

Blushing, trembling bride, who knelt by the altar leaning upon the strong, manly arm of him whom you had chosen, how subdued and low were the tones in which you whispered the vows, that bound you and him together forever: and promised a love that must never grow cold, or weary—never! You, with your gentle smiles, and fair spiritual face, and earnest, thoughtful, loving heart, when resting your hand confidently in his, and gazing trustingly into the face of him who had promised solemnly to cherish and protect you all your life long, how hopefully and smilingly you looked adown the future, and to your eye the stream on which your life-bark was sailing was smooth and sunny, with flowers of hope, and love, and joy growing all along beside it; and overhead the sky seemed blue and tranquil; and the angels of peace and love nestled away in your heart's purest cloisters, and fanned your

brow with their joy-woven wings. Oh, that sorrow's darker ones should ever overshadow them, causing theirs to fold in silence and despair! Oh, that storm-clouds should ever sweep athwart the sunlit sky of your existence, and your life-stream grow rough and troubled with dark, tempestuous waves beating against your frail bark, and wailing winds go moaning, sighing by it, oh, how sadly!

No, no, you didn't think it could ever be thus; for you didn't think he whom you so loved, so trusted, for whom you had given up so much, would ever prove false to you—false to himself—false to his God. You didn't think that he who seemed so pure, noble, and generous, could fall, that his brilliant intellect could be shrouded in such terrible darkness. Oh, what hours of anguish were thine, when he first staggered home to you a drunkard, with the fire of insanity burning in his eyes, and his manly face red and distorted. You, his wife, the companion of his bosom, to see how he had fallen. All through the lonely watches of that first sorrowful night, God only knows what you suffered, as you knelt by the inebriate husband's bedside, with pallid brow, clasped hands, eyes dim with tears, and heart almost crushed and broken. That night was but the prelude of other and more soul-sickening ones. In vain you knelt, and with pleading, imploring tones, besought him to come home again—discard the cup in which lurked ten thousand demons, and dark, fiendish spirits—and for the sake of the olden-time love and joy, for the sake of you, his broken-hearted wife, be again a kind, tender husband. In vain! The little white cottage with its honeysuckles, and woodbines, and climbing roses was given up for a low, cold hut scarcely tenable.

But sometimes, when the fire in his bosom burned low, and his poor, shattered mind would regain something of its original tone, he would realize the extent of your misery, and would part the hair from your weary brow, and gaze into your pale, wasted, sunken face, with such a remorseful, repentant look, and would kiss you with so much of the olden tenderness, that something very like a hope would spring up in your heart; but oh, how soon to be blighted. And at last the closing up scene, where he, to whom you had clung through so much wretchedness, was prostrated with a slow fever that finished his earthly career forever. No, poor, weary, heart-crushed mourner, you didn't think your heart's idol would fall from the pedestal, on which you had placed it, shattered and broken. You didn't think what a life of hopeless anguish and darkness was before you, and how the dearest hopes,

and sweetest dreams of life would be wrecked and blighted. But, stricken one, there is a land where the "mourner looks up and is glad," and where the care-worn and the weary of earth find a resting-place.

Proud, impulsive, faithless youth, who with love-tuned words, won to thyself a gentle, trusting heart, with its wealth of love and tenderness, how easy a thing it is for you to grow cold, and negligent, and careless of the heart that beats for you. How easy it is for you to *forget* as you think. How lightly you can put away all memories of her from your heart, and not feel a single pang. It is only a "first love," and you must have a half a dozen, at least, before you think of wedding one, and *keeping* the vows your lips have so often uttered. It is *manly* to toy with the affections of a warm, loving heart, and you carelessly brush back the curling hair from your temples with a smile of satisfaction. You didn't think that she whose young life was bound up in your truth and love, whose dearest and holiest heart-feelings were given to you, would fade and wither like the autumn flowers, when the rude blight of an unfriendly wind sweeps over them. You didn't think her shrinking, sensitive heart would be crushed, and its every string severed and broken. You didn't think how she would linger over the golden hours of the past, and cherish memories of them, which could only perish with her, or how wearily and longingly she waited for the angels to come for her.

They told you there was an ominous, brilliant flush on her snowy cheek, and a strange, unearthly brightness in her eyes; but you didn't think she would die. Not until the spirit had left the beautiful clay, and the gates of Paradise were opened for another angel to pass over their golden thresholds, did you dream the death-angel was flapping his dusky pinions over her, and whispering, "She was wanted in heaven." And they laid her in her last resting-place, and the damp earth was placed over her motionless breast, heavily. And it was cold, and lonely, and chill, down low where they put her with her broken heart; but on the green turf that was placed over her, the sunbeams rested ever so warmly and brightly, and the birds hovered near it on noiseless wing, and angels kept invisible vigils over it. And, you, in your pride, smiled on, and words fell from you lightly and joyously as ever: but there was a remorseful pang in your heart, which you thought would soon pass away. You didn't think how many sorrowful, repentant hours, how many regretful moments, how many agonizing thoughts, and heart-pangs you had laid

up for yourself in the dim, shadowy future. No, you *didn't think!*

Old man with wrinkled brow, tottering footsteps, bending form, and dim, faded eyes, that look yearningly toward the land of glory; when youth was thine and earth seemed so bright and beautiful, you didn't think how soon youth would depart, and the bright spots in life become dim and obscured. You didn't think how many shadows there are to fall on one's pathway, how many storm-clouds to chase away the sunbeams. You never thought how soon your budding hopes would wither and fade, or you learn how far away Eden-life lies beyond the grave. You didn't think those cherished friends, the loved of years, would fall away one by one, and you be left alone going tremblingly, and with grey head adown the dim road that leads to death.

You didn't think in early life what a little way it was to "three score years and ten," and how soon your years would be numbered, and your life be but "as a tale that is told," even the last chapter in it finished. You didn't think life could be such a brief, troubled dream.

And is there one among the many children who make earth-land their home: who dwell in its shady and sunny spots, by its murmuring rivers, and whispering streamlets, among the fragrance-breathing flowers, the warbling birds, or in crowded cities; who gaze on the clouded heavens, and hear the wailing winds: but have often said, and can say as every year turns over new leaves in their histories—with, oh, how much of truth and sincerity—*I didn't think! no! I didn't think!*

## THE LOST ONE.

BY MRS. SARAH H. COREY.

"Oh! where is the lost one?" I asked of the flowers,  
As they smiled in their bloom, wet with soft, dewy  
showers,

"She was fair as the lily, as sweet as the rose,  
When the frolicsome zephyr its petals unclose.  
Say, have ye not seen her?" Then heavily hung  
Their heads, while their sweets to the mild air was  
flung:

And breathed from its blossoms, the morning blue-  
bell,

"The Lost One—where does she dwell?"

I asked of the streamlet, "Oh, say, have you seen  
In your wanderings through forests and meadows so  
green,

A maiden as gentle, and pure, as the ray

Of sunlight, which on thy smooth surface doth play?"  
The light Summer breeze with its moaning passed  
by,

And gave to the song of the streamlet, a sigh;  
And then on my ear the sad requiem fell—

"The Lost One—where does she dwell?"

"Oh! hear me, ye stars from your glorious height,  
Which so brightly shine on in Eternity's light,  
The pleiad has strayed from her sisters below,  
Of her flight and her wanderings, aught do you  
know?"

Then glanced forth an orb, in its pure dazzling light,  
Soaring higher, and higher, it passed from my sight:  
Then broke from the skies a low, musical swell—

"The Lost One—*here* does she dwell."

## STANZAS.

BY G. L. PARSONS.

LORD, lead my feet aright,  
In paths of truth and love;  
That I at last may gain  
A resting-place above.  
Impart thy love unto my breast,  
There let its holy influence rest.

My heart is ever prone  
To wander from Thy word;  
And hopes both dark and bright,

Have oft my spirit stirred,  
Oh! keep me ever in Thy care,  
Incline my heart to watch and prayer.

And when this goal is past,  
May I in glory rise,  
Triumphantly in bright array  
To yon blest Paradise;  
Where sin and sorrow is unknown,  
Close by Thine everlasting throne.

## THE TORN POCKET.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"Mr dear," said Mr. Huston to his young wife, as he rose from the breakfast-table, "I wish you would mend my over-coat pocket. The day is pleasant, so that I can leave the coat off without inconvenience."

"Very well, my love," was the reply, and, a moment after, the front door closed on the husband, who departed to the store, where he filled the place of a responsible clerk.

Mrs. Huston rose to attend to her domestic affairs, and occupied in them soon forgot the torn pocket. About noon, she had finished her work, and having a spare hour before dinner, she sat down and took up a late novel. In this way she continued to overlook the torn pocket, until the meal was over, and her husband had again left the house, when going to look for the over-coat, she found that Mr. Huston had put it on, the weather having grown colder.

"Oh! well, it will do to-night," said the wife. "I suppose he'll scold, when he finds I forgot it; but it can't be helped now."

The truth was, Mrs. Huston was what is called "a good, easy woman;" that is she never intentionally harmed any one, but was only thoughtless and forgetful: her sins were those of omission instead of commission. So she found no difficulty in dismissing all uncomfortable thoughts concerning the torn pocket; and resuming her novel, was soon deep in the miseries of the heroine.

About dusk there came a violent ring at the bell. It was a magnetic ring, as it were, and expressed anger, or great tribulation, if not both. It made the somewhat nervous Mrs. Huston start with a little shriek. She stopped reading, and listened.

Directly the servant opened the door, and the step of her husband was heard, but heavier and quicker than usual. Her heart unaccountably began to beat faster. "Oh! dear," she cried to herself, "what can be the matter?"

She was not long left in doubt. Her husband came at once into the sitting-room, emotions of rage and suffering alternating perceptibly in his face. Frightened at demeanor so unusual, the wife looked up, her lips parted in terror, and unable even to welcome him as usual.

"See what you have done," cried Mr. Huston, passionately taking off his over-coat, turning the

torn pocket inside out, and throwing the garment into his hearer's lap, "you have ruined me with your negligence."

"What, what, have I done?" gasped his wife at last, as he sternly regarded her. "Has any thing happened?"

"Anything happened? Didn't I tell you I was ruined? I've lost five hundred dollars, and been discharged because I lost it: and all because you didn't mend my pocket. Nor is it the first time, as you know, that you have neglected to do what you ought. You are always forgetting. I often told you you'd rue it some day."

"But how did it happen? Can nothing be done?" timidly said the wife, after a while.

"How did it happen? In the most natural way possible. I had a note to pay for the firm, and as the bank lay in this part of the town, I brought the money up to dinner; and, on going out, put it into my over-coat pocket, supposing you had mended the rent. When I reached the bank, the money was gone. It was then nearly three o'clock. Almost frantic, I came back, to within a few steps of the door, hoping to find the money on the pavement. It was madness, as I might have known: but I looked again and again, asking everybody I met. At last I went back to the store. But the news had preceded me. The notary had already been there to protest the note; and my employers wouldn't hear a word of excuse:—I was discharged on the spot."

As he ceased speaking, he threw himself on a chair by the table, and buried his face in his hands. His discharge was, indeed, a terrible blow. Without fortune, or anything but his character to depend on, he saw, in his loss of place, and the consequent refusal of his employers to recommend him, a future full of disasters. And all for what? All because his wife could not remember the simplest duty.

No wonder, in this hour of trouble, that he turned away from her, and buried his face in his hands. No wonder he felt angrily toward her, the author of all this evil.

For a while, Mrs. Huston knew not what to do. The tears ran down her cheeks, but she feared to approach her husband. "He will drive me away," she said to herself. "But I have deserved it all, I have deserved it all."

At last she ventured to approach him, and at last he was induced to listen. With many tears, she promised never to be neglectful again: "it had been a lesson to her," she said, "which she would never forget."

Nor has she forgotten it. Years have passed, and the Hustons are now comparatively well off;

for, after a while, Mr. Huston obtained another situation, and finally became a partner in the house.

But to this day when the wife sees either of her daughters negligent, she calls the offender to her, and tells, as a warning, the story of THE TORN POCKET.

## "LONELY, LONELY, EARTH IS LONELY."

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Oh, do not say that sad and lone is this bright world  
of ours,  
For it is one of loveliness, of sunshine and of flowers,  
Where'er our pathway here may lead be it o'er deserts  
bare,  
We ever find the beautiful hath its impressions there.  
Then tell me not this world is lone, 'tis not a lonely  
place,  
For I, though in a wilderness, God's mercies still can  
trace;  
The snow-wreathed mountain tow'ring high, which  
man has never trod,  
Shows forth the master-work sublime, the workman-  
ship of God.  
Though I should roam from friends afar upon the  
pathless sea,  
I still could find some beauty there, 't would have its  
charms for me,  
Though storms should gather dim and dark and  
waves "roll mountain high,"  
Though winds should madly sweep the main, yet  
God would then be nigh.

Though placed upon a desert heath, a desert lone and  
bare,  
I still could something find to love, for would not  
God be there?  
Though I should "take the wings of morn" and seek  
a lonely spot,  
Through all this vast world's wide domain where  
beauty lingers not,  
My tiresome flight would fruitless prove, such places  
cannot be,  
I know that ev'ry spot on earth would have some  
charm for me;  
For in each streamlet gliding on with music through  
the vale,  
In every show'r that visits earth, in ev'ry passing gale,  
In ev'ry tender blade of grass, in ev'ry sunbeam  
bright,  
In ev'ry brightly beaming star, that decks the crown  
of night,  
In ev'ry floweret that expands, in ev'ry singing bird,  
In ev'ry pebble, stone and shell—the voice of God is  
heard!

## A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

MOORNFULLY and wearily the wind is rushing by,  
Dark tempest clouds are lowering, no star is in the  
sky;  
And far-off in the darkness the distant mountains  
stand  
Like grim and giant sentinels guarding o'er the  
land.  
In this sad hour come memories of other, by-gone  
years,  
And the visions wake a half sad smile and many  
bitter tears;  
And friends that I have loved full well, but now  
estranged or dead,  
With olden life and beauty, come with happy hours  
fled.  
In the weary wailing of the sighing wind I hear,

Sad and mournful dirges over Memory's dark bier,  
Many treasured hopes but faded, come before me  
now,  
But the dew of death has settled on many a loved  
one's brow.  
The light of joy has faded in my heart long ago,  
Life that erst had seemed so fair I found but weary  
woe;  
And the bright joyous dreams of my childhood's  
years,  
Have perished and fled 'mid Reality's tears.  
I weep for those who are gone with the years that  
are fled,  
But sadder yet my memories are of the living dead,  
And the wild wind is chanting requiems sad and low,  
Over the visions bright of the beautiful long ago.



## ADA LESTER'S SEASON IN NEW YORK.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

### PART II.

NEW YORK, March 5th.

THE time of the singing of birds has come, dear Maggie, and here I am yet, with no indications about me of the new life which is springing into existence, except the shop windows filled with summer goods. I know how difficult it is with you. I know of the patches of snow here and there, coming out white and glistening, against the rich, brown earth; of the vivid green that a sheltered grain field is wearing; of the swelling red maple buds; of the bed of golden, and purple, and white crocus, peeping up at the sitting-room window; of the kind of Sabbath stillness that everything wears, at this time of year; and I'm a wearying for it all, dear Maggie, I'm a wearying for it.

And not a letter from home for a week either. What are they all about? Pray, *jog* mamma's memory, will you, in my behalf?

But I promised to tell you about the party at Mr. Vernon's, did I not?

Well, my toilet on that Thursday night was finished much to my satisfaction, as far as my appearance went, though with a somewhat sad heart. You know, Maggie, for I have before confessed my weakness in that respect to you, that I am very proud of my hair; it is the "crowning glory" of my person. Therese has often said that mine was the only head she ever saw that would be spoiled under a hair-dresser's hands; so it was with a good deal of interest that she arranged it for me on that night, half after a fashion of my own, and half after the present approved style. She brushed it till it was almost purple in its blackness, and coiled it around my head in large, shining bands, arranging the flowers which composed my head-dress in the most artistic style. A bunch of the crimson trumpet creeper, with long, golden stamens, fell down behind the bandeaux on one side, and a cluster of green leaves, half concealing a flower, nearly touched my shoulder on the other. But after all, when I came to put my dress on, I was a good deal provoked. Madame Deschampe was determined to have *half* her own way at least; a kind of a compromise, she made it, between fashion and decency; for the *corsage* itself had

not been altered at all, but she had placed a narrow blonde lace around the edge, which though it was very becoming, did not suit my notions of propriety. Uncle, in his goodness, sent up to my room, just before I had finished dressing, a magnificent cameo bracelet, cut out of a fine, large piece of coral, and surrounded by diamonds. Dear, kind uncle, I was more grateful for the good-will, with which it was done, than for the intrinsic value of the present, though it corresponded most admirably with my dress, and was the only piece of jewelry which I wore. I was in the drawing-room, and had just resumed my wraps, after undergoing a laughing inspection from uncle, when Mr. Blanchard entered. He brought with him three most beautiful bouquets, one of which he gave to each of us. By the way, do you know that the present fashionable way of arranging bouquets, is after the Hindoostan style? In reading a work on India lately, I found that flowers of each distinct color were put in circles by themselves. Mine, on Thursday night, was a kind of flattened pyramid, with a fine crimson camilla at the top; then around it was a circle of white rose-buds; beneath and around those again, a row of crimson camillas; then a row of white camillas; and beneath and around all, was a circle of delicious heliotrope; all contained in a white glazed paper, with a lace edge as if in a cup.

The hall of Mr. Vernon's house, from the front door to the staircase, and on the landings, was lined on each side with superb exotics in full bloom. Gushes of music, and the fragrance of the flowers, were making the air heavy as we entered. Even the mantels and toilet-tables of the dressing-rooms were filled with bouquets and baskets of flowers. White gloved servants, with pompous reverence, met you at every turn; and the nimble fingers of the dressing-maids, whipped off *rigollettes*, cloaks, and carriage shoes, almost before you were fairly in the room. The whole of the immense house, which is what is here termed a "double one," that is with a hall in the middle, and drawing-rooms on each side, was thrown open, and in a perfect blaze of light.

Uncle and Mr. Blanchard were waiting for us at the door of the gentlemen's dressing-room when we issued from ours, and Mr. Blanchard

stepped forward as Louise and myself went out, and was about offering each of us an arm, when my cousin said, "Ada, you had better go with papa, as you are a stranger."

Not exactly knowing what might be the etiquette on such occasions, I gave my place to Ella, and went down to the drawing-room with uncle and aunt.

Mr. Blanchard looked back with a half comic smile, when we reached the foot of the staircase, and said,

"You see, Miss Lester, how modest Miss Hinton is, she is afraid she has not dignity enough to introduce you to Mrs. Vernon."

Louise replied sharply, "I did it to prevent Ada feeling awkwardly; mamma is certainly a more proper person than myself to introduce her to Mrs. Vernon."

"Thank you, Louise," answered I, "but as I never felt awkward in my life, your fears were groundless," and with this little skirmish, we entered the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon were standing by the drawing-room door, receiving their guests with the easy politeness of persons accustomed to good society all their lives. You need not raise your eyebrows, Maggie, when you read that, as if it was a matter of course, for it is by no means the people here, who give large parties, and "fare sumptuously every day," that are accustomed to good society. I have seen instances of purse-proud arrogance and vulgarity among the *parvenus* of New York—the aristocracy that sprang into existence but yesterday—which would shame some of the poorest people in C—.

There was a band of music hidden behind the large, flowering shrubs in the conservatory; and in both drawing-rooms, gay waltzers, in light dresses and flashing jewelry, were floating around, and threading in and out, "like a swarm of fire-flies, tangled in a silver braid." The drawing-rooms were also heavy with the perfume from the many vases and baskets of flowers scattered about. None of these, I suspect, came from Mr. Vernon's own conservatory. They were purchased, I have no doubt, of a florist; for it is customary, when giving large parties here, to hire the flowers which decorate the halls and staircases.

In the tea-room, back of one of the drawing-rooms, a refreshment table was laid, decorated with bouquets, at which coffee, light wines, oysters, sandwiches, &c., were served throughout the evening. The rooms soon became most uncomfortably warm, and after dancing a plain quadrille with Mr. Blanchard, and waltzing a plain waltz with Ella, I took my stand in the

corner as a looker on. Louise and Ella were both waltzing with all their might. Waltzing is almost the only thing, I believe, that New York ladies do with energy; and it would be much better to be left undone altogether.

Really, Maggie, these fashionable waltzes are disgusting; they begin with *some* show of decency; but before they have taken a dozen turns, the lady's head is completely pillowed on her partner's shoulder, and his arms are encircling her much more closely than is necessary for support. The license given to an unprincipled man is terrible, and one that nearly all avail themselves of. What would a father or brother think, should they enter their parlor some morning, and see an utter stranger, thus embracing a daughter or sister? It would cause a duel or horse-whipping before the day was over. Yet, in a crowded room of an evening, such things are sanctioned, because everybody does them. Moreover, to my uninitiated eyes, most of the fashionable waltzes are supremely ridiculous. The waltzers reminded me of lame chickens hopping about on one foot.

"You seldom waltz, I believe, Miss Lester," said Mr. Blanchard, who was standing by me.

"Never," replied I, impatiently, for I was thinking all these things, "except with a lady." "I am glad of that," he answered, so energetically that I looked up in surprise. I should really like to know what reason he has to be glad.

As nearly every article of furniture is removed from the *saloons* at a party, there were but few seats in the room, and these were chiefly occupied by dowagers in all the glory of satins, velvets, diamonds, and turbans; so Mr. Blanchard proposed that we should try the library, which being somewhat removed from the music, was free from dancers, and consequently was neither crowded, nor likely to be. People, who do not dance themselves, always congregate to look at those who do; so we left Louise silently floating around with swan-like grace, in the arms of a moustached foreigner, and Ella chatting away to a premature juvenile, who in every respect aped those older but not wiser than himself.

The library was comparatively empty, and we easily found seats. Away from the excitement of the ball-rooms, the sad feelings which had haunted me in the early part of the evening returned. After a silence, I do not know how long, I looked up suddenly, and found Mr. Blanchard watching me attentively. He seems of late quite inclined to do the only rude thing I ever knew him guilty of, to stare me out of countenance. I felt somewhat uncomfortable under the scrutiny,

but laughingly asked to what conclusion he had come.

"I rather pride myself," I added, "upon my unreadable character."

"Why?" replied Mr. Blanchard, "I never saw one more easily understood, if one could but take the pains to find it out."

I was rather provoked, for you know that I do pique myself upon being so reticent; and said, "But you must acknowledge that I am undemonstrative."

"Naturally undemonstrative, I'll allow," was the answer, "and not at all enthusiastic, I judge from what I have seen at the opera, and have heard you say about poetry, scenery, and so on," and the sentence was finished with a half kindly, half ironical smile.

After a few moments of silence he resumed.

"But I was just thinking what a New York face you wear to-night. Your dress is very charming. Pray is it that which has cost you so much study?"

"It is that which has given me such a 'New York face,' I suspect," I replied; and before I was aware of it, I had his arm, and was promenading up and down the library, pouring poor little Anna Richards' story into his ear, with an earnestness that, in spite of me, made my voice tremble, and the tears come into my eyes.

"I knew how such a thing must strike you, Miss Lester," said he, "but God forgive us, we are so used to similar incidents that they make no impression on us. Slaves in Louisiana, Sandwich Islanders, and Hottentots, whose miseries are vastly increased by distance, claim much more of our sympathy than these poor creatures at our doors. You cannot know of the crime, produced by want and desperation, in this city. I doubt not but it would be better for that poor child, that she should be peacefully laid to sleep now, in her grave, than that she should live to grow up to suffer as too many of your sex, who are situated as she is." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, more calmly, "will you do me the kindness, Miss Lester, to call upon me should you need assistance for your protegee?"

I have an indistinct recollection now, dear Maggie, of seeing persons come and go about the room, and being watched with some curiosity; but I was not fairly awake to my whereabouts till I heard Louise say,

"I would give a good deal, *ma belle cousine*, to be able to look interesting, and in tears on as short a notice as you do. It is vastly becoming."

"Miss Lester's tears do her so much honor, Miss Hinton, that they cannot fail to be becoming,"

replied Mr. Blanchard, politely offering Louise his other arm.

You cannot tell how grateful I felt to my companion; it was the second time, that night, he had shielded me from Louise's sarcasms; and I felt really willing, strong-minded woman as you say I am, for the first time in my life to be protected, so kindly was it done.

"Ada, you must admit," said Louise to me, more graciously, "with all your country prejudices, that a party like this is enchanting."

"I do not deny that," was my reply, "but you New Yorkers seem to think that parties are *so enchanting*, that you have no home-life at all."

"That is just the bane of all European society, and is fast becoming the curse of New York," said Mr. Blanchard. "Miss Hinton, do you know that I really envy your brother George, he has such a *companion* in his wife, and bids fair to enjoy a greater share of domestic bliss than any man I know."

"I am glad that Gertrude is adapted to domestic life," replied Louise, thoroughly out of temper, "for with her antecedents, she cannot suit a fashionable one; and it would be a pity that George should have married a woman fit for neither one, nor the other."

"I ask your pardon for differing from you," was the reply, "but there was not a lady, either in London or Paris, more admired for elegant manners, or beauty of mind and person, than Mrs. George Hinton."

"Do try then, Mr. Blanchard, to find a wife like her," said Louise, leaving us, and joining a group of acquaintances, who stood near the door.

"I shall take your advice," was the laughing reply, as Mr. Blanchard bowed to her.

At twelve o'clock the supper-room was thrown open, and the guests, many of whom pride themselves upon the elegance of their manners, rushed in *pell mell*, very much as some four-footed animals, that we know of, rush to a trough. The poor, starved beggars of the "Five Points" would not have scrambled harder for a missionary dinner, than did these well fed, well dressed members of the "upper ten."

The decorations of the table were superb. A pyramid of the choicest flowers in the centre reached from the table to the chandelier, with tiers of tiny moss baskets filled with flowers depending from it; whilst a half dozen other bouquets, each superb, were scattered about. The candy temples, which decorated each corner of the table, cost over a hundred dollars a piece. Luxuries, which you and I never even knew the name of, in our quiet country home, were put on here in wasteful extravagance; and the fifteen hundred

dollars spent on this supper, dear Maggie, is but a type of the suppers at fashionable parties, and not by any means a rare example. Champagne flowed plentifully, and the few wits that most of the gentlemen had before, seemed to desert them after supper.

I heard a person near me—I judge a retired merchant, who has made his money by *close calculations*—say that the bouquets and flowers for this party must have cost three hundred dollars, as they were of the choicest kind, and from the quantities of camillas, which at this season are seventy-five cents a piece. Just imagine! seventy-five cents for one flower! The peacocks' brains, which graced the feasts of the Roman Emperor, were inexpensive compared with this.

The wine seemed to have affected the feet as well as the heads of both ladies and gentlemen; for after the supper, the waltzing was really *furious*; and without being at all what they would call intoxicated, there were many ladies whose loud laugh would have shocked them, could they have heard it from another, in the quiet of a morning drawing-room.

Mr. Blanchard is universally courted wherever he goes, but much more for his fine person, position, and wealth, I suspect, than for his noble heart and cultivated mind.

After supper, the company thinned off so much that the drawing-rooms were only comfortably filled, and the dancing was much more agreeable than earlier in the evening. I waltzed with Louise and Ella, and went through a plain quadrille with Mr. Blanchard, the latter of which annoyed me, as I think he was disinclined for dancing, and only did it out of kindness to me, for he didn't dance with any one else during the evening.

His attentions, Maggie, are absolutely womanly in their kindness, he would not permit us to leave till we were entirely cool after dancing; and as I was getting into the carriage he doubled my cloak over my breast to prevent me from taking cold.

It was three o'clock when we reached home, and though I am quite accustomed to New York hours, somehow my rest was broken with dreams all night, and in them little Anna Richards, and the gay party, and Mr. Blanchard, were jumbled together in strange confusion.

I am ashamed of the length of this letter, Maggie, but you wanted me to tell you all about the party, and I have only half done it, so what would a fuller description have been? You say that I have scarcely mentioned a party to you since I have been here, but I have told mamma all about them, and I knew that you saw all of

my letters to her. Don't forget to remind them at home that I am alive.

Yours ever, ADA LESTER.

NEW YORK, March 12th.

A WHOLE budget of news from home and yourself, *mi amie*, has put me in excellent spirits to-day. Mamma seems at last to begin to appreciate the blessing she has in such a daughter as I am, and to long to see me. It's very comforting to one's vanity, to be sure, but uncle vows I shall not leave here till the last of April, or if I do, that it will be without him, and that then I shall *only* go with a husband. I believe he thinks that all a girl lives for is to get a husband.

You ask about little Anna Richards and her mother. Did I not tell you of my visit to them, dear Maggie? I intended to do so, at least. Well, I bought some muslin and linen, which I did not at all need, and took them to Mrs. Richards to make up for me; for somehow, I have not the knack of giving alms in the matter-of-course manner that does not wound a person's feelings, I fear; and really one feels some delicacy in offering money to a woman who has never asked for it; so I knew of no other way than to give her work and pay her *well* for doing it. There is no romance in their history, dear Maggie, but a great deal of sad reality. I found Mrs. Richards in a small room, in a miserable house in Anthony street. Her particular part of the tenement was very neat, and I was much pleased with herself. She looks like what she is, a woman who has struggled with sorrow all her life; for one after another has she laid her little children in the grave, beside her husband, who died of consumption; and now her whole soul is centred in poor little Anna, with the strength belonging only to those who have suffered, and have but one hope in the world to live for. I have been two or three times since my first visit, ostensibly about my work, but really because of the interest I feel in the mother and daughter; and have paid for part of the things in advance, under the plea of the necessity of her purchasing needles, cotton, &c.

By the way, did I ever tell you what Madame Deschampe charged for the making and trimming my party dress? including flowers, of course; why, thirty-five dollars, and aunt and the girls informed me that it was quite a moderate price. Verily, one should have the purse of Fortunatus, to live in New York. It is not to be wondered that the saloons of a fashionable milliner or dress-maker almost rival the drawing-room of a Fifth Avenue millionaire.

It is so late in the season, that all the large

parties are over; but as they cannot live here without excitement of some kind, music parties and *reunions* are now all the rage. These I like much better than the crowds we have been going to, particularly the music parties, only it never seems to be from love for the art, as much as from love of show that they are given. Much brilliant, difficult music is played and sung, but with an air which says, "Is not that astonishing?" rather than with a heartfelt enjoyment, and a gushing out of the voice as if one could not help it, and as if the music was its own recompense.

Louise has a remarkably fine voice, with a thorough knowledge of music, and is considered one of the finest amateur performers on the harp, in New York; but although I appreciate the accuracy of her playing and singing, it does not gratify me, for it goes no further than the ear, never touching the heart. It seems to me to want feeling and expression.

My ballad singing would be considered quite anti-diluvian, in the present state of music here, and consequently I never venture upon it, except to please uncle when we are alone, for he says he would rather have my "Auld Robin Gray" than all Louise's brilliant variations. He generally selects the hour immediately after dinner and in the gloaming, with the bright grate fire, the only light in the room, throwing out warm hues on the parlor wall. I sing him to sleep very often, I suspect.

Mr. Blanchard is kind enough to say that he is exceedingly fond of ballads, and when he has happened in, as he frequently does now, he sometimes joins me. That I like very much, for his voice seems to support me so, and I always catch some of the depth of feeling which so pervades his singing.

Louise preserves a contemptuous silence with regard to all this, except now and then to say that since Sontag sung "Home," "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Katy Darlin'," &c., all *higher* kinds of music will become unfashionable. Mr. Blanchard answers that he hopes it will, and with a little temper, for which the piano has to suffer, I give the keys an extra thump and leave it. Maggie, my porcupine quills are growing every day.

By the way, this reminds me of something which occurred yesterday morning. It makes me laugh to think of the anti-magnetic power which my stately cousin exercises over me. I am always ready for resistance, and preserve a dogged kind of obstinacy, which though perfectly quiet, I know she feels. It is "Greek meeting Greek," I assure you. Well, there was to be a music party here in the evening, and, of course, Louise wished her voice to be in fine order, so as

it was a blustering, windy day, and she wanted to practice, she did not take her usual drive in the morning. I desired to write to mamma, and had an interesting book to finish, so I also staid at home; and I believe that Ella did not go out, because we did not; so, strange to say, a clear day found us all congregated in the boudoir. Louise practised till she was tired, and then either from ennui or real indisposition she concluded to play the sick fine lady. As it was not "reception" day, she could not have expected visitors, but she nevertheless put on a beautiful, white cashmere wrapper, with an elaborately embroidered *jupon*, and a dainty little Brussels lace cap trimmed with rose-colored ribbons; and she threw herself on the lounge, with her crimson camel's hair shawl, for which she paid a thousand dollars, falling in soft drapery about her. I could not but admire her as she lay there, so statuesque did she look, every fold of her dress seeming to fall in its proper place, and her foot which is beautiful, just peeping from beneath her skirt, encased in its embroidered slipper.

My letter and book were both finished, so I had picked up a volume of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, Mr. Blanchard was kind enough to send me yesterday; when Ella, who vowed that crocheting put her eyes out, and was looking around the boudoir for employment, happened to think that my hair would make a fine plaything. I was seated in a low sewing-chair, and let her twist it into all the fantastic shapes which she fancied, reserving to myself the privilege of exclaiming when she pulled too hard. At last she tumbled it all down around my person, exclaiming, "Oh! Ada, how funny you look. Don't she, Mr. Blanchard?"

I was still reading, with my hair on my face, but at the mention of Mr. Blanchard's name, I started to my feet in astonishment, and looked toward the door.

There was Mr. Blanchard sure enough, standing in the doorway, entirely unnoticed, by Louise, who was deep in the sorrows of a French novel, or myself, who was as deep in Mrs. Browning, till Ella looked up and seeing him, addressed that question to him.

"Ella, how childish you are," said her sister, angrily.

"Ada, if you *wish* to do up your hair, you will find brushes in my room."

The emphasized "*wish*" called out all my feelings of resistance, and as I found she was annoyed by it, I quickly thanked her, gave my hair a coil around the back of my head, fastened it with my comb, and *then* going into the next room I washed my hands and returned to the boudoir.

"Well, Miss Ada," said Mr. Blanchard, (I am Miss Ada with him now, instead of the formal Miss Lester) "so I judge you like Mrs. Browning from the total oblivion you were in, with regard to everything around you."

"Oh, yes," and here followed a discussion, during which Louise resumed her novel, and Ella crocheted vigorously.

"Have you read this, 'The Cry of the Human?' oh, you must hear it," he said. At this, Louise laid down her book, and Ella her work. When it was finished there was not a dry eye in the room. Such is the magnetism of his voice, that the refrain to each verse, "Be pitiful, Oh, God," came out like an earnest supplication. I think we were all the better for it. Ella was quieted down, Louise more amiable, and I felt as if the rough edges of my temper were being ground off.

The music party passed off very well. Mr. Blanchard sang several times with Louise, infusing some of his own spirit into her voice.

I hope to be at home by the last of April, dear Maggie, and glad enough shall I be too. Uncle is already proposing my accompanying them to Saratoga, and though I say but little, I *will not do it*, that is just the whole of it.

Yours truly, ADA LESTER.

NEW YORK, March 2nd.

DEAR Maggie, I can think of nothing but the sad termination there is likely to be of my interest in little Anna Richards.

A week ago to-day, I awoke in the morning, and found it storming terribly. The sleet, and snow, and howling wind, combined to make it one of the most dreadful tempests of the season. The very whispering of the gale made me shiver in my warm room. Scarcely a creature was to be seen abroad. All through the day I was haunted by the recollection of Anna Richards, on the night of Mr. Vernon's party. I kept wondering to myself whether the poor little errand girl was facing all this, with her hollow cough and racking pains; and my anxiety made the day scarcely endurable. I *could not* go out, Maggie, for I never saw such a storm; and all night long I lay listening for a lull in the tempest; but none came. I determined that I would go in the morning in spite of anything. But the morning was no better, save that the wind was not quite so high. The sidewalks, however, were like sheets of glass. I could not ask for the carriage and horses in such a case, and it was as much as my life was worth to venture out on foot, and for such a long walk too, so I had to endure another day of suspense. At night when

the voice of the tempest had lulled me to sleep, my dreams were still tinged with the anxieties of the day. I saw little children with their dying eyes cast up to the heaven which seemed to shut them out forever; stiffening fingers that played with snow-wreaths, that had scarce known the touch of living flowers; little hands that were drawing snow-shrouds about them, as if under the white folds they would find warmth at last; supplicating voices calling out above the tempest, "I am sick and cold, my mother, oh, my mother;" all these with utter powerlessness on my part to help them, made it a night of agony.

I awoke the next morning to find what seemed to me to be the bluest sky and brightest sunshine I ever saw. Every tree and shrub, every twig, was as if encased in flashing diamonds.

Before breakfast was well over, some friends of my cousins called to take them sleighing; the gay world will have its pleasure, Maggie, and the snow lasts but a few hours at this season. I knew that my visit to Anthony street would be positively objected to, if known, so I put on my walking dress, and was just hurrying off, when Mr. Blanchard's light sleigh and splendid horses came dashing up to the door.

"Just caught you in time," said he, as he jumped out, and threw the reins to the servant, "this snow will all be gone by three o'clock, so we must make the most of it."

I am ashamed to confess it, but for a moment I was sorry that I felt it my *duty* to go to Mrs. Richards'. It was *only* for a moment though, and with a voice, in which, I think, there was not a regret lingering, I declined the invitation, at the same time giving my reason.

"That is all right," said he, in his kind way, "I will drive you down there, and after you have accomplished your mission, there will still be plenty of time for a fine ride."

This arrangement satisfied me entirely, so in a few moments we were whirling along; and I, with my usual impetuosity, was pouring out my troubles of the last two days and nights. In an incredibly short time we reached Anthony street. Mr. Blanchard handed me out, and said, that as his horses was warm he would drive around for a few squares, and then call for me again. I ascended the stairs and knocked at Mrs. Richards' room door. She opened it herself with a face perfectly leaden with trouble. She did not give me time to ask a question, but glanced with such a heart-broken look, toward the bed, that I shall never forget it, Maggie. There lay little Anna, with her breath coming pantingly through her parted lips, her blue, sunken eyes intently following every motion of her mother, and her thin,

white fingers drawing the scanty covering closer around her throat. I leaned over and spoke a few words to her, before I noticed the strange, damp chill of the room. The little stove, almost insufficient for comfort at the best of times, was dark and cold, and looked as if it had not known a fire for days. Oh! Maggie, to think that whilst I had drawn back from silken-curtained windows to a glowing grate fire, shivering with cold, this mother had broken up part of her furniture to burn, and when that failed, had taken off her own clothing and spread it on the bed to keep a little warmth in the body of her dying child.

"Have you had a doctor?" I asked, hurriedly.

A hopeless "No," was the reply.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Richards, but this is no time for false delicacy, you are in want of almost everything, ain't you?"

"She has not tasted a mouthful since this time yesterday," said the mother, glancing to the bed, and great tears came to her eyes.

I rushed down stairs, and found a little boy making snow-balls at the door. With the promise of a shilling on his return, I got him to go and buy an armful of wood, which is kept at small shops in neighborhoods like this, and retailed out at high prices; I went myself for a loaf of bread, some tea and sugar, and was just going in the door with them when Mr. Blanchard drove up.

"I can't go with you," said I, hurriedly, "little Anna is dying, and there is neither fire nor food in the house. I've just sent for an armful of wood."

The bright look with which he had driven up died away, and a moisture crept over his fine eyes, but without saying a word, he jumped in the sleigh, seized the reins and drove away.

The boy by this time had returned with the wood. Such a grateful look as beamed from the face of both mother and child. With tears falling, Mrs. Richards knelt down to kindle the fire, and I went into one of the neighboring rooms, occupied by an uncouth but good-natured woman, to see if boiling water could be obtained. A slight remuneration made the woman very accommodating, and I soon returned with a pot of tea. Maggie, it would almost have broke your heart to have seen the eager, famished look with which Anna followed me, as I prepared a cup of it, and some bread for her. With a hurried, trembling motion, she endeavored to raise herself on her elbows, forgetting the acute pain in her lungs, in the acuter pain of hunger. I took off my cloak, and threw it around her, and then supported her whilst I fed her. Her mother was anxious to do

it, but I knew that she was nearly starved too, and made her eat something herself.

God, in His mercy, keep me from ever seeing again the ravenous, almost wolfish look, of a dying, starving child.

Every mouthful, which Anna took, made her cough, yet with an eager, trembling clutch, she seized the cup, which I did not raise fast enough to her lips. I told her that she must not eat too much at a time, but that in a little while she should have more, when with a strength of which I thought her incapable, she grasped the cup, nor would she release it till the last drop was drained.

I had just laid her back on the pillow, covered her up warmly, and knelt down to replenish the stove, which poor Mrs. Richards, in her anxiety to eke out her treasure, had heated with miserly care, when there came a knock at the door. I looked up from the fire, which I was blowing with all my might, to see Mr. Blanchard enter.

"I thought I might help you, in some way," he said, coming right up to me, "and so returned. Let me do that," he continued, "I am better fitted for such work."

I cannot convey to you, dear Maggie, an idea of his delicate kindness, of his unobtrusive, yet sincere sympathy; I felt as if his few cordial words to Mrs. Richards, carried more balm with them, just then, than all the sermons ever delivered from the pulpit. This is the man that ambitious mothers, and gay daughters are courting, not for these fine traits which so ennoble human nature, but for his wealth and position.

After his departure, a well filled purse was found on the table; and subsequently a ton of coal and other needful things came anonymously. But I felt *sure* who had sent them. And they testified, dear Maggie, that *works*, as well as the *faith* of which he had been speaking to Mrs. Richards, was a part of his religion.

I staid till quite late, in order that the poor worn-out mother might get some rest if possible, and I learned for the first time that day, how thousands and thousands live in great cities. How fine ladies rolling in luxuries, cheapen the sewing-woman's work, and then neglect the payment for weeks; how delicate children, *fortunate* in getting employment, are overtaken beyond their years and strength; how, through driving storms, and pinching cold, and scanty raiment, and disease, and hunger, and breaking hearts, the poor are pitilessly driven on, till they lay down their burden by the edge of the grave.

They talk of "woman's mission," Maggie; I stand up for it now, her *true* "mission," heart and soul. There is so much in this great world

to accomplish, and so few, I fear, to do it. The chimerical idea, I used to entertain, of reforming the world wholesale, has entirely deserted me; but I *do* feel that every time woman has it in her power to lighten the burthen of some of her sex, or to speak the few kind words that may stay the faltering resolution of some weaker sister, she is acting out her real mission.

Just before I left Mrs. Richards', a grave, kind-looking old gentleman came in, who said he was Dr. Franklin, and having heard of Anna's sickness, had called. Another kind act of Mr. Blanchard's, I know. The physician gave but little hopes of Anna's recovery, but promised to call frequently to see her.

When I returned home, and told aunt of my day's occupation, she said, "Oh, dear how dread-

ful;" ran over a list of dainties which I knew the sick child could not touch; bade me ask the housekeeper for anything I should want; declared her nerves could not stand the sight of suffering; and then, in ten minutes, seemed to have forgotten all about it. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

I have called every day to see Anna. She is evidently very near her end, growing weaker almost hourly. Mr. Blanchard has frequently accompanied me there, and thanks to him, her last moments are made most comfortable.

I was going to write to mamma to-night, but am too tired, so show her this, if you please, and she shall hear from me in a day or two.

Yours truly, ADA LESTER.

## HELEN.

BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE.

Ah! well do I remember me,  
A gentle friend of mine,  
Who shared with me the joyous hours  
Of childhood's happy time;  
Together 'neath the greenwood tree  
We danced in merry play,  
Sporting in very gladness  
Those fleeting hours away.  
A bright and sunny face was her's,  
'Tis beaming on me now,  
As carelessly the golden hair  
Was parted from her brow;  
Her eyes were changing as the hues  
Of sunset clouds at even,  
The spirit light that beamed from them  
Had less of earth than Heaven.  
Her heart was light and joyous  
As the song of wild-bird free  
Its gentle breathings ever tuned  
To gladsome melody;  
Wild dreams of beauty nestled there,  
Though by her lyre ne'er strung—  
But all untold to meaner souls,  
Lived in her heart unsung.  
It was an Autumn evening  
When the forest leaves were red,  
And one by one came rustling down  
Upon their Wintry bed;  
The flowers had faded long ago,  
The Summer birds had flown,  
Nature bereft seemed breathing out  
Its last sad hours alone.  
We stood beneath our favorite tree,  
Whose branches sore and dry,  
Were bright with the rich crimson  
Of that gorgeous evening sky;

Yet we were sad—for she who stood  
Beside me, from the skies  
Was breathing of a friendship warm,  
A love that never dies.  
A love that springs beyond the stars,  
And yet like them should be—  
Star-like and gentle to the last,  
As pure its constancy;  
And so we parted half in hope,  
And half in bitter tears,  
We little knew what shadows hung  
Upon the coming years.  
We never met again, alas!  
Death claimed her as his own,  
And she was sleeping with the flowers,  
Ere Autumn winds had flown;  
She *died*—a requiem o'er her grave  
In sadness I would sing,  
To lighten my poor weary heart  
Of bitter sorrowing.  
Dearest! it cannot, cannot be  
Thou'st lain thee down to sleep,  
Far, far away—while I alone  
In stranger lands must weep.  
They tell me that the cypress waves  
In beauty o'er thy head,  
And wild flowers nestle lovingly  
Close to their moss-grown bed  
Sleep on! sleep on! thou loved one,  
There, where the pale flowers lie,  
Which we in garlands oft have twined  
In pleasant days gone by;  
'Twas when our hearts were bright with hope,  
Its buds of promise fair,  
Oh! that they yet might bloom in Heaven,  
Would I might meet thee there.



## THE EASTER FESTIVAL AT CATANIA.\*

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

EASTER-EGGS! Easter-eggs! This joyful exclamation is repeated among all people on this day of Thanksgiving—which, at the same time recalls the magnanimous sacrifice of the Son of God—and the miraculous resurrection of the Saviour of men. After the mournful week which commemorates the sufferings of our Lord, the joyful day of His ascension arrives, to inspire all hearts with thankfulness.

Those pretty eggs, so gracefully adorned, so brilliantly colored—you all have them, my dear friends—some more, some less. Grandpapas, grandmamas, all ages, all sexes pay their tribute of praise to you. It seems that France, and all Europe are gay to-day!

Wherever one casts his eyes, may be seen red eggs, yellow, and blue eggs. One cannot imagine whence comes this variegated mass for sale in the shops of the fruiterer. The confectioners have sugar eggs, filled with pastiles: some are ornamented with figures and garlands; others are loaded with devices, and placed on elegant beds of rushes and feathers, which quite resemble birds-nests. At the jeweler's they are made of precious stones encased in gold, and in imitation of hen's or pigeon's eggs; these gifts are probably intended for the children of the king.

But to speak only of the natural egg—drawing, painting, engraving—each lends the aid of her art. I have seen some eggs which were of admirable workmanship. Two particularly; one embellished with a Calvary miniature—and another, on which the artist had written the entire history of the Passion.

Paris is not the only city which celebrates Easter-day; there is not a country, nor a city professing the religion of Christ, where it is not marked by less or greater splendor. At present, I wish to give you an abridged history of the *Festival of Easter* at Catania, such as it occurred in 1839.

This town, built nearly at the foot of Mount Etna, has its streets paved with the lava of the volcano, cut into large flags. The splendid palaces—the rich convents—that of the Benedictines among others; its cathedral incrusted with sculpture, and paintings by the greatest

masters; its squares, and streets at straight angles; the antique and curious monuments which adorn the *Piazza Reale*: a colossal elephant, bearing upon its back an obelisk of redish granite; the pleasing manners of the inhabitants, and also the mild climate, make Catania a delightful place of resort, appreciated by the caravans of travellers who visit it every year, to ascend the crater—the name given in that region to the proud rival of Vesuvius.

Easter Monday, after grand mass, the young population of Catania emerge from the village in detached groups. Little boys in brown vests, with red embroidery, their heads crowned with Phrygian bonnets—white or black—falling over the ear in quite a coquettish manner; little girls with the hair raised up in the form of a fan, with gold or pinchback pins confining it; the petticoat and neckerchief of green or violet color—the apron plain, of printed calico, or of muslin; crimson stockings, embroidered at the edges; and shoes with plain rosettes of riband; these gay costumes agree with their sprightly looks.

These charming little coquettes, carrying with them bread and fruit, their hands filled with baskets, in which reposed eggs of varied hues, took their course toward the hermitage of Frate Francesco. This good anchorite is a religious octogenarian: he has—for half a century—inhabited a grotto among the rocks which form the base of Mount Etna; and his reputation of sanctity is spread abroad throughout the country. A crucifix, an image of the Madonna, and an altar of rough workmanship, are the ornaments of his lodging; figs, olives, dried fruits, bread and water, constitute his nourishment; and a stone bench is his bed.

To arrive at this hermitage, one must follow a path shaded by myrtles, rosebays, fig and almond trees, frequently interrupted, however, by barren tracts of lava, which, interspersing the rich landscape, have the same effect of contrast as the glaciers bending over the flowery pastures of the Alps.

*Frate Francesco* had seen many generations of children crowd into his peaceful abode. It was an old custom of the country to desire him to bless the Easter-eggs. He expected his young flock, each year, on the same day, and at the

\* From the French of L. Augier.

same hour; and they loved to listen attentively to his counsels and teachings.

We are now before the hermitage. The clock strikes, and the children are assembled around the venerable priest. He relates to them in an energetic and artless manner, the sufferings of Jesus to redeem us from our sins; he stirs up their zeal, excites their gratitude, and each of his words borrows a new degree of persuasion—from his bald forehead inclined toward the ground—and his long, snowy beard, an emblem of the winter of his life. Then, extending his thin and trembling hands over these young people, and the little treasures they present to him, he supplicates for all who surround him the blessing of heaven.

After this touching ceremony, the graceful troop go, as swiftly as their fragile charge permits them, to the *grand Prato*, a meadow, or field which extends for several leagues; not verdant, nor enameled with flowers like the others, but covered with a rough and half dried grass. The thickly growing palms and lofty aloes with which it is shaded—the muddy and deep water of the *Giaretta*, which, commencing at the south, terminates its serpentine course at the extremity of the bay of Catania—and the ardent sun which darts its rays upon a barren soil, would give this place in summer an African aspect, without the loud voiced *guat*, formerly terrible, but now silent.

However, our young Catanians have chosen a

suitable position for their diversions; they disperse on this carpet, although it is rather rugged, and the game of eggs commences in many places at the same time.

Here, it is the game of the *tocca*. They clash the eggs together, and there are laughs, cries, and jumps of joy as each shell breaks. At another place *course*, hundreds of eggs are disposed in lines, three paces distant from each other; the player must while dancing gather them together, and place them in a vase without breaking a single one; sometimes to add to the difficulty, they agree that they shall be taken by odd or even numbers. Further off are little children writing their names with eggs, in letters from five to six feet long. Others empty their eggs by medium of slight openings, making garlands of them by stringing them on silk. Some, with great labor, build castles or pyramid of eggs, in order to destroy them as soon as they are finished, by throwing the largest and hardest on these impromptu tenements. Others make circles of eggs, and jump over them with their feet joined.

It is difficult to give—without having seen it—a just idea of the charming tableau—the animated picture presented by the *Prato* at this hour, with its thousands of eggs spread on the grass, displaying the bright colors of the rainbow, together with the beautiful children, with jet black ringlets disordered by the summer wind, jumping, laughing and sporting, all occupied with the grand affair of the day—the feast of eggs.

## STANZAS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Oh, deem not, when the turf is spread,  
O'er one long-prized and justly dear,  
The flowers of love and friendship shed  
Their latest fragrance on the bier:  
There is a soul-born sympathy  
No tears may quench, or time remove,  
Which joins in mystic unity  
The fond below and blest above.

As bounds the bark which breezes sweep,  
While waters coldly close around,  
Till of her pathway o'er the deep  
The shining track no more is found  
Thus floating down Death's silent tide,  
The best and loveliest of earth  
Fleet as that white-winged pageant glide,  
And leave no record of their worth.

But as the bark, though lost to view,  
'Mid soowl of storm, or calm of rest,  
Takes the lone heart's affection true,  
Like holy sunshine, on her breast:  
So, when our idols pass from sight,  
Our love, if pure, knows not decay;  
It triumphs o'er the grave's dark night,  
And mounts with them to realms of day.

Death, who divides all outward ties,  
Discovers not heart linked to heart;  
He does but guard love's sacred prize  
From earthly chance and change apart;  
Making it higher, holier seem,  
More chastely pure, more Heavenly fair;  
As the ice closing o'er the stream  
Keeps baser things from mingling there

## A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

BERTHA STANHOPE believed that in marrying the Hon. Mr. Merivale, then a statesman high in his party, she had united herself to a man who sincerely loved her. It was not long, however, before she discovered that his attention had been chiefly directed to the large fortune of the heiress, whose hand he had obtained. She felt this disappointment keenly, but a source of consolation was ere long opened to her, and in her devotion to her first-born son, she forgot the neglect and indifference of her husband. The love of the young mother was still further augmented by a new and painful trial. The child was seized with an alarming illness, and for nearly a month she endured all the tortures of suspense. By the mercy of God, however, the disease took a favorable turn, and little Maurice recovered rapidly.

The joy of the wife and mother on seeing her son resorted to her, was so great, that it seemed to leave no room in her heart for any feeling unconnected with him. She beheld in the past only the fearful recollection of his danger; in the present the delight of seeing him once more joyous and robust; in the future the fear lest his health should again fail. Bertha's whole life was passed in watchfulness over his physical welfare, or in terror if she perceived in him the slightest symptoms of indisposition. Compared with the cause of her present solicitude, the greatest sorrows of her past life appeared to her but as trifles altogether unworthy of interest. So long as she was under no apprehension for her little Maurice, she was content. If she went out, it was on his account; if she came home, it was still for him. It was the one engrossing principle of her life, and rendered her completely indifferent to all besides.

While the wife, her whole heart thus filled by an absorbing passion, was happier than she had ever been before, the husband was tortured by political anxiety, and engaged in what appeared to be a losing struggle against powerful adversaries.

Merivale beheld the decline of his power with feelings of anguish almost as bitter as those with which Bertha had watched by the sick-bed of her son. His days were passed in disappointment, defeat, and mortification; his nights in sleep-

lessness. He became gloomy and morose, and his character acquired a harshness hitherto foreign to it. His subordinates approached him in fear and trembling, and quitted him almost always with irritated or wounded feelings. He appeared to have lost all his former self-command, and on the slightest opposition, would give way to the most undignified ebullitions of temper, while the fever of his mind produced an uncontrollable restlessness.

Bertha, absorbed in her maternal anxieties, had no suspicion of her husband's sufferings. Accustomed as she was to take no part in his affairs, she looked upon political interests as altogether beyond the sphere of a woman, and never sought to afford him any consolation under troubles which she was powerless to avert, which she did not even understand, and of the importance of which she was consequently unaware.

Meanwhile an anniversary recurred, which hitherto, whatever might have been his political engagements, the husband had not failed to celebrate; namely his wife's birthday.

Early in the morning a present was brought to her, consisting of a bouquet of white camellias, which were her favorite flowers, together with a picture in a richly-carved ebony frame, and admirably executed, representing the old homestead which was the birth-place of Mrs. Merivale.

Bertha recollected having one evening expressed a desire to possess a sketch of the spot connected with all the recollections of her childhood, and much touched by this attention to her wishes, she hastened to her husband's study to thank him warmly. He did not at first understand her. Neither the bouquet nor the picture were from him. He even acknowledged having entirely forgotten that it was his wife's birthday.

This confession chilled Bertha's heart, and destroyed the pleasure caused her by the mysterious present. From whom, then, could it come? Who could have remembered her wish, and gratified it with so much delicacy?

"But who was present when I spoke of my old home?" There were her cousin James, Mr. Fremicourt, Mr. Stuart, and her friend, Mrs. Howe. "Could it be you, Mary?" asked she in the evening of the latter.

Mrs. Howe acknowledged that the bouquet and picture came from her.

Bertha made no answer, and during the rest of the evening she remained thoughtful and sad. This proof of affection had sunk deep in her heart, wounded as it was by the neglect of Merivale. She could not free herself from these painful thoughts, and the whole night long she brooded sadly over the kindness of Mrs. Howe and the indifference of her husband.

When she rose the next morning, however, these ideas were but too quickly dispelled. Her son appeared to be unwell. She hoped, and so did the doctor, that it was a mere trifle, which rest and a careful diet would easily set to rights. But her hopes were disappointed; far from diminishing, the ailment assumed a more serious character, and the poor mother recognized, or fancied she did so, some of the symptoms of the illness with which her little Maurice had been attacked a few months previously. She imparted her fears to the doctor, who did not share them, and to her husband, who paid little heed to them. They were both accustomed to her imaginary terrors on her son's account, and looked upon her gloomy forebodings as the result of exaggerated anxiety. Bertha, reassured by their arguments and by their security, endeavored to lay aside her fears; but this she found to be impossible. It was in vain that she repeated to herself that the opinion of the most celebrated physicians, and, above all, that of her husband, must have more foundation than a woman's fears. The symptoms which were declared to exist only in her own imagination, appeared to her to be obvious and incontestable.

Two days later, her husband and the doctor could no longer deny the illness of the child. They were alarmed, but they did not despair. Once before, Merivale had saved his boy from a similar danger, and he desired that the same means which had then proved efficacious should be again adopted. The little invalid began to exhibit manifest signs of improvement, and one morning he stretched out his arms to his mother, and for the first time for a whole week raised his heavy head from the pillow.

While his anxiety on his child's account detained Merivale from his post, his affairs were assuming a more and more alarming aspect. Congress had adjourned, and the new elections were to take place almost immediately. Great agitation prevailed throughout the whole country; the different political parties had assumed an attitude of hostile opposition, and nothing was heard of but pamphlets, plots, counterplots, attacks, and recriminations. Being

now reassured concerning the state of his son, Merivale returned to the direction of affairs, resolved, as became the leader of a party, that if he fell, it should be at the head of his followers.

One morning after a sleepless night, he was gloomily reflecting upon the difficulties and dangers of his position, when Bertha's maid entered his room.

"My mistress is very unwell, sir," said she, "and I thought it my duty to inform you of it. She sat up all last night with her child, and she is very anxious and unhappy about him. Yesterday she sent me five or six times in the course of the evening to see if you were come in, and to beg you would come to her. She has now fallen asleep from fatigue, and I thought it best to let you know, sir, in case you might please to take this opportunity of seeing the child without alarming my mistress, for the poor little creature appears to me to be very ill."

"You were quite right, and I am much obliged to you, Fanny," replied Merivale; "I will come to my wife's room directly. Is the child awake?"

"He seems very much exhausted, sir, but he has not slept these two days. His eyes are never shut, and he keeps up a perpetual low moaning."

Merivale rose to go to his wife's apartments. He had already reached the threshold of the room, when he heard the sound of a carriage driving at full speed to the street door.

He approached the window. A coach stopped at the door, and a man sprang hastily out of it. Merivale uttered an exclamation of surprise, as he recognized a devoted partisan.

There must of necessity be some mighty reason for Mr. Sands' appearance, for the worthy man was not likely to undertake an expensive journey, which broke through all his habits, and removed him for a time from the district which he inhabited, and never willingly quitted without sufficient cause. Merivale was endeavoring to divine what could be the object of the old man's visit, when the latter burst into his study with all the eagerness of youth.

"You must return with me immediately," exclaimed he, without further preamble. "By a day, or even an hour's delay, we risk the loss of everything."

"Of everything!—of what do you mean?"

"Of your election," replied his partisan, whose reply was a thunder-clap to Merivale.

Hitherto, whatever might have been his political anxieties, he had never dreamed that there could be a doubt on the subject of his election. He looked upon it as certain that his native town and county, proud of being represented by a man

of such distinction, and above all, by a party leader would re-elect him without opposition. The tidings imparted to him by Mr. Sands mortified him deeply. Not that he feared a defeat, but he was angry that the idea of bringing forward another candidate in opposition to him should ever have been conceived.

"And who is my opponent?" asked he, in a tone of contempt.

"A formidable one, for he is an old inhabitant of the place, wealthy, and possessed of considerable influence,"

At this moment the maid again entered the room.

"My mistress entreats you to come to her, sir," said she.

"I am coming," replied he. Then turning impatiently to Mr. Sands, he inquired: "And who is this wealthy and influential man?"

"Mr. Howard."

"Sir, my mistress is in the greatest distress, and again implores you to come," said the maid once more.

"My son is ill," said Merivale to Mr. Sands, "I am going to my wife, who is in the greatest alarm; when I have reassured her, I will return to you, and we will set out immediately together."

Mr. Sands established himself in an arm-chair, and Merivale went to seek his wife. He found her bending over the cradle of the child, and gazing upon him with a countenance of despair. The two doctors who attended the boy were standing beside her, with looks of perplexity and consternation. A glance sufficed to reveal to Merivale the full extent of the peril.

The doctors exchanged with him a look of dismay.

"The inflammatory symptoms are assuming a very serious character," said one.

"The breathing is becoming difficult," added the other.

"The fever has increased."

"He is delirious."

Merivale laid his finger on the child's pulse and counted its throbbings. There was no hope now, science and skill were alike powerless to arrest the progress of the disease. He endeavored to conceal his anguish, for Bertha, her eyes fixed upon his face, seemed endeavoring to read his inmost thoughts.

"You will yet be able to cure him?" cried she, in a tone of agony. "You have already saved him once, Merivale; he will owe you his life this time also, will he not?"

"He does not need my care," replied Merivale, with painful embarrassment. "These gentle-

men," added he, turning to the doctors, "will continue the treatment which they have pursued so skillfully."

She turned upon him a look of astonishment and dismay.

"You will not leave your child? you will not leave me, Merivale? If you go away, it seems to me as if you would take with you my boy's life. When you are here I am calm and hopeful, but in your absence I feel nothing but terror."

"That is mere superstition," said he, endeavoring to force a smile.

"No matter; do not leave me, Merivale; you have saved him once, and I feel that the same happiness is reserved for you this time also."

Merivale hesitated, not knowing what to do, when Mr. Sands' silvered head and keen countenance appeared at the door. He made a sign to Mr. Merivale to lose no time.

"You will stay, will you not? Oh, thanks! thanks! If you knew what I suffer alone here, without any one to comfort me, watching my child, perhaps on his deathbed! Merivale, your presence gives me strength."

He gently disengaged his hand, which she had clasped within her own. Mr. Sands redoubled his signals.

"An affair of the utmost importance compels me to leave you. My absence will not be long. Nothing but a positive duty——"

"Oh, Merivale! do not leave me! Can any duty be more positive than that of remaining with your wife and with your child at such a moment? To leave us now will be to kill us both."

Mr. Sands impatiently drew out his watch.

Mr. Merivale made a movement toward him.

Bertha fell at her husband's feet, and clasped his knees.

"Merivale! Merivale! stay! I will not let you go till you have sworn to me upon your honor not to abandon my son. For the sake of your child have pity upon me!"

Mr. Sands glided behind Merivale.

"Time presses," whispered he; "every moment costs us a vote."

Merivale pressed his lips to the forehead of his wife.

"I shall soon come back," said he.

Mr. Sands made his escape.

She rose and placed herself in front of the door.

"You shall not go," said she; "or if you do, you must first trample under foot a despairing woman, the mother of your dying child. She has no hope but in you; and would you forsake your son?"

"I have no need of any one to teach me my

duty," said Mr. Merivale, harshly, for he was disgusted at his own meanness; and, being angry with himself, sought, as is too often the case, to find cause of anger with another, in order to escape from the reproaches of his own conscience. "If I acknowledged the necessity of remaining with the child, do you suppose it would be needful for you to urge it upon me? My assistance is useless here; urgent calls summon me elsewhere, and I obey them."

"You shall not go! you shall not go!" cried Bertha, scarce knowing what she said, and clinging to her husband.

He sought to put her aside.

"No! no! stay! stay!"

He disengaged himself from her hold, not without some violence, thrust her from him, closed the door behind, hastened to rejoin Mr. Sands, to take his place beside him in the chaise, and to call to the coachman to drive on as fast as his horses could gallop.

"Oh, sir, stop! my mistress has fainted away," cried the voice of the terrified maid from the window of Bertha's room. But the sound of her voice was drowned by the rattle of the wheels; Merivale did not hear it, and Mr. Sands, who did, took care to say nothing on the subject to his companion.

When Bertha saw her husband forsake her and his child, when he thrust her so unfeelingly from him in order to follow Mr. Sands, and sacrifice his duty to his family to the calls of ambition, she went and resumed her place in silence, by the cradle of her son. She felt and understood from that moment that it was all over with the poor little child, and that she must lay aside every shadow of hope. The countenances of the physicians, during the visits which they paid every half hour to the little sufferer, confirmed her in this terrible conviction. Bertha no longer questioned them, no longer implored them to save her son. With feelings of anguish which words are inadequate to describe, she waited there in silence. How fearful for a mother thus to await the death of her child! Her eyes fixed upon the countenance, once so bright and joyous, to watch the gradual extinction of life. Poor little fellow! his lips were parched, the breath rattled in his throat, his features were stiffening beneath the cold grasp of death. The physicians no longer attempted to afford relief—all was useless now; they gazed with compassion upon the mournful scene, and withdrew without uttering a word.

The child's breathing became fainter and fainter, until at length complete silence reigned in the room. His mother bending over him could scarcely detect, at intervals, an almost im-

perceptible breath upon her cheek, which proved to her that the struggle was not yet over.

At length she felt nothing more. She sank down upon her knees, clasping her hands in almost delirious agony.

When she was raised from the ground a covering had been drawn over the corpse, and two persons were kneeling and praying beside her. They were her friend, Mrs. Howe, and the latter's husband.

She exchanged a rapid glance with them, and then turning to the cradle, raised the veil which concealed the corpse, and stood mournfully contemplating it in a silence unbroken by her friends, the only witnesses of this painful scene, from which the servants had respectfully withdrawn.

Suddenly she appeared to awake, as if from a painful dream.

"He is not dead?—surely he is not dead?" she murmured. "I must be sleeping—tormented by a fearful dream. My child! my son! surely God cannot have taken him from me. He would not take a child from his mother!"

She took the little corpse in her arms, laid it on her lap, and began rocking it gently. The child's limbs were already stiffening, and its extremities had become icy cold.

"He does not move!" cried she; "he is cold! he is dead! he is dead!"

Mr. Howe and his wife endeavored to take from her the remains, and to remove her from a sight so painful. But she resisted all their efforts, and resumed:

"He is dead! and his father might have saved him, as he had already done once before. He is dead! and it was his father who trampled him under foot: who forsook him without hesitation. His power, his position, or I know not what, was at stake! and what mattered it if the child died? What are a mother and a child when compared to interests of such magnitude? What is a despairing woman, who, on her knees implores the life of her child from him who holds it in his power? She is thrust rudely aside, and he departs. He leaves her alone to watch the death agony of her child, and it dies! Look here! look here! and behold the work of a husband and a father! A corpse upon the lap of his mother!"

"A curse upon him!" exclaimed Mr. Howe, whose wife strove to silence him by placing her hand upon his lips.

"Suffer your husband to speak," cried Bertha. "He but expresses my own feelings," continued she, laying her hand upon the head of her child. "Standing by the corpse of my son, I implore the

vengeance of God upon his crime—it must not remain unpunished. If the law cannot reach it eternal justice has its judgments, and the world its scorn for the infanticide. For myself," added she, "never again will I behold the murderer of my boy."

"For God's sake do not listen to the counsels of your despair," pleaded Mr. Howe.

She replied by a smile—but such a smile.

"I have no child now—I have no husband—I am alone in the world!"

At break of day Bertha rose from her knees and went to the window, which she opened. The fresh morning air, laden with the sweet odors of spring, entered the chamber of death, and a little bird began to sing cheerily. Bertha drew the cradle close to the window, and fixed a gaze of painful intensity upon her child. He seemed to be sleeping sweetly. She fetched his prettiest clothes and began to deck him with them. Mrs. Howe gathered some flowers in the conservatory, and returned with a crown of white roses, which she placed on the head of the little corpse whose angel spirit had been recalled to heaven.

The undertaker brought from the adjoining room an ebony coffin lined with white satin. Bertha looked at him with a bewildered expression, but not a tear moistened her burning eyelids. She laid the child in the coffin, and strewed around him the flowers which Mrs. Howe had brought together with the crown. Then she chose from amongst his playthings those that had been his favorites, and laid them at his feet.

This done, she sat down beside the coffin, and remained in a kind of stupor until the funeral crowd began to gather. At sound of the footsteps she shuddered, rose, and stretched out her arms toward the coffin, striving to utter some words which her white lips seemed unable to frame. God at length took pity upon her, and she sank senseless on the floor.

While Mrs. Howe came to her assistance, Mr. Howe placed a lace veil over the child's remains, closed the lid of the coffin, screwed it down, and taking it in his arms, carried it to the hearse.

When he returned Mrs. Merivale was beginning to recover; she looked with astonishment upon those around her, and appeared to have forgotten everything, until her gaze rested upon the empty cradle of her son. Then she recollected the truth, her heart sank within her, and she again fainted away.

After three days Mr. Merivale returned. All his ambitious hopes had been defeated.

"My wife! my child! where are they?" asked he, anxiously.

"God has had mercy upon her," replied Mrs. Howe, who was kneeling in tears beside Bertha's bed: "He has reunited the mother to her son."

It is said that in the asylum at Bloomingdale, is a maniac, who believes himself to be the President, yet who is constantly crying aloud for his wife and child.

He tells his name to no one. But, on the books of the institution, it appears as Merivale.

## LOVE'S IDEAL.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

We dreamt, in youth's brief blissful years,  
A dream of love and hope;  
'Ere scenes of sadness, sighs, and tears,  
With doubt our future fill'd, and fears,  
And dimm'd our vision's scope.

We lov'd as loves the trusting heart,  
When 'neath soft beauty's sway  
New worlds of bliss to being start,  
And childhood's morning joys depart  
At life's maturer ray.

A soul—in form more fair that seem'd  
Than e'er by woman worn—  
Bright as the blest by faith are deem'd,  
Was love's ideal, fondly dream'd,  
When first its hopes were born.

Again we dreamt we lov'd again:  
The form was yet as bright;  
But on the soul we trac'd a stain  
Of sin and sorrow—human bane—  
That quench'd its seraph-light.

From Fancy's idol soon had fled  
The brightness too, that o'er  
The features radiant sunshine shed;  
We mark'd each warring blemish spread  
Where beauties bloom'd before.

To truth we woke from visions vain;  
Our wiser spirit taught  
How love his flight must here restrain  
Nor hope a Heaven of joy to gain  
In hearts with frailty fraught!

# THE ORPHANS FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STERNBERG.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214.

## CHAPTER VII.

MARY FULLER was aroused from her sleep, the next morning, by the most heavenly sound that had ever met her ear. It was a wild gush of song, from the birds that had a habit of sleeping in the old trumpet-flower vine and among the apple trees back of the house. She began to smile even in her sleep, and awoke with a thrill of new and most delicious pleasure. Out from the old porch and distant trees came this wild gush of song, to which the river, with its soft chiming, made a perpetual accompaniment. She drew a deep breath tremulous with pleasure and reluctantly opened her eyes.

Aunt Hannah was standing before a little, upright looking-glass, combing out her long grey hair with a ferocious-looking horn comb, which she swept through those sombre tresses deliberately as a rake gathers up hay from the meadow. The paper curtains were partly rolled up, and one of the small sashes was open, admitting a current of fresh air and the bird songs together. These two blessings, which God gives alike to all, aunt Hannah received as she did her daily bread, without a thought and as a necessary thing: but to the child they made a heaven of the little attic chamber. This was not alone because habit had familiarized one to a bright circulation of mountain air and mountain music, and the other to the sluggish atmosphere and repulsive scents inseparable from the poverty-stricken districts of a city. Organization had more to do with it than habit. Mary, with her sensitive nature, never could have breathed such air, or listened to those melodious sounds without a feeling of delight such as ordinary persons never know. Thus it happened, while aunt Hannah was busy, twisting up her hair and changing her short night-gown for a calico dress, that Mary closed her eyes again, and a tear or two stole from beneath their long lashes.

Aunt Hannah just then came to the bed, with both hands behind, hooking up her dress. She saw the tears as they stole through those quivering

lashes, and spoke in a voice so stern and chill that it made the child start on her pillow.

"Home-sick, I reckon?" she said, interrogatively.

"No, no," answered Mary, eagerly, "it isn't that, I haven't any home, you know, to be sick about."

"What is it then?"

"Oh! the bright air, and the sweet noises all around, it seems so—so—indeed I can't help it. Is there another place in the wide world like this?"

"Well, no, to my thinking there isn't," said aunt Hannah, looking around the room with grim complacency, "but I don't see anything to cry about."

"I know it's wrong in me, ma'am, but somehow I can't help making a baby of myself when I'm very happy—don't be angry with me for it!"

"I don't like crying people, never did," answered aunt Hannah, tersely, "tears never do anything but mischief, and never will—wipe your eyes now, and come down stairs."

Mary drew a little hand obediently across her eyes. Aunt Hannah, starting up, went down a flight of narrow steps that led to the kitchen; and the child could hear her moving about among the fire-irons as she put on her clothes. Still there was joy at her heart, for the birds kept singing to her all the time, and when she rose from her knees, after whispering over her prayers, they broke forth in such a glee of music, that it seemed as if they knew what she was about and rejoiced over it.

When Mary descended into the kitchen, she found aunt Hannah on her knees, between two huge andirons, fanning a heap of smoking wood with the checked apron, which she tightened at the corners around each hand. The smoke puffed out in little clouds around her, with every wave of the apron, and floated off in fantastic wreaths over her head. When Mary came down, she turned her face over one shoulder with an inclination toward the door, and the words, "You will find a place to wash by the rain-water trough," issued from amid the smoke.



Mary found the huge trough standing full of soft water, to the left of the back stoop. On one end where the wood was thick, stood a yellow earthen wash-bowl, with a square piece of soap, of the same color, lying by it.

To a child of Mary's habits this rustic toilet was luxurious. Standing upon a piece of plank, that protected her feet from the damp earth around the trough, she bathed her hands and face again and again, drawing in deep draughts of the bright air between each ablution, with a delicious sense of enjoyment.

"That's right—you are beginning to find out the ways of the house, darter. Grand old trough, isn't it?" said uncle Nathan, issuing from the porch, and turning back the cotton wristbands from his plump hands, as he came up to where Mary was standing. "That's right. Now for a good wash."

Mary hastened to cast the water away that she had been using, and fill the bowl afresh for uncle Nathan, before he reached the plank on which she stood. Then she resigned her place, and running into the stoop, wiped her hands and face till they were rosy again on the roller towel, that she had observed hanging near the cheese-press.

"Now, what must I do next?" she said, confidently, as uncle Nathan claimed his turn at the crash towel, "I want to be of some use, please tell me how!"

"That's right," said uncle Nathan, patting her head with his wet hand, "run, hang over the tea-kettle, set the table, sweep up a little. You can do chores, I reckon."

"I don't know what are chores."

"Oh! a little of everything," replied the old man, laughing his deep, good-natured laugh.

"Oh! yes, I can try at that, any way," cried the child, and her laugh stole through the mellow fulness of his, much as the bird-songs mingled with the flow of the river. "I'm a good deal stronger than I look!"

"Bright as a dollar, and smart as a steel-trap. I knew it. Them eyes weren't made for nothing. Now run and begin; but look here, darter; don't plague Hannah with questions; just make yourself handy; and no fuss about it, you know."

"Oh! I can do that, you'll see," cried the girl, cheerfully, and while uncle Nathan was polishing his broad face with the towel, she seized a heavy iron tea-kettle and carried it to a well, which, surrounded by plantain and dock leaves, stood near a corner of the house. She had some little difficulty in managing the windlass, and when the old mossy bucket fell with a dash into the water twenty feet below, it made her start and

shiver all over, as if she had harmed something.

I am afraid she never could have managed, with those little hands, to have drawn the bucket over the well curb; but while she stood trembling like a leaf, holding back the windlass with both hands, and gazing desperately on the bucket, down whose green sides the water-drops were raining back into the well, good uncle Nathan came up, panting with the exertion, and seizing hold of the bucket jerked it over to the curb.

"Don't try that again; it's rather more than you can manage yet," he said, breathing hard, "I was an old Ishmaelite to put you up to it."

"I thought it was easy enough," said Mary, trembling with affright and the overtax of her strength, while uncle Nathan filled the tea-kettle and bore it into the porch, "next time I shall know how better."

She took the kettle from the old man's hand, and bending her whole strength to the task, bore it into the kitchen.

Aunt Hannah was still on her knees, blowing away at the obstinate green wood, that smoked and smouldered at its ease. When Mary came tottering under the weight of her kettle, and hung it upon the trammel-hook just over an incipient blaze, the old lady gave her a keen glance, as much of surprise as pleasure, and working vigorously with her apron, sent a whirl of smoke into the child's eyes, while her lips muttered something that sounded like "nice girl."

It was quite wonderful how the little creature found out all the ways of that old house so noiselessly! While aunt Hannah sat, knife in hand, stripping the skins from her cold potatoes, and cutting them in round slices that dropped hissing one by one into hot gravy, which, with their slices of pork, simmered in the frying-pan which she had just taken from the fire, Mary had drawn forth the little cherry wood table, found the table-cloth of bird's-eye diaper in one end of the drawer, and knives and forks in the other, which she proceeded to arrange after the fashion she had observed the night before.

Aunt Hannah turned her head now and then, after stirring up her potatoes, and held the dripping knife above the frying-pan, while she gave a sharp glance at these proceedings, quite ready to impart a brief reprimand should the case require it. But each glance grew shorter, and at last those thin lips relaxed into a look of grim satisfaction, when she saw the little girl measuring a drawing of tea in the top of her tin canister, leveling it nicely off with the edge of a spoon handle, not a grain more or less than the usual allowance. Aunt Hannah was not a close

woman in the usual country acceptance of the term, but she hated changes and loved tea. That old canister lid had been the household standard for thirty years, and it was not likely that she would heartily sanction any addition or diminution for a little girl like that.

At length the breakfast was ready. The slices of salt pork were neatly arranged on a plate; and the potatoes crisped to a turn, were placed beside it on the hearth. Between them stood a plate of milk-toast and the little pewter tea-pot, puffing threads of steam from its puny nosse, as if it really intended an opposition to the great salamander of a kettle that sung and fumed and made a great ado over the hot fire back in the chimney. Just as everything seemed ready for breakfast, uncle Nathan came in, obedient to a nod from his grim sister, and seating himself before the fire, opened the Bible and began to read.

It was a temptation to worldly thoughts, that warm breakfast, so savory and appetising to a child whose appetite was stimulated with exercise and the fresh mountain air, and I do not pretend to say that once or twice she did not wonder a little if uncle Nathan always read so slow or prayed so long. But it was a passing thought, and, as uncle Nathan said afterward, "she couldn't help birds flying over her head, but that was no reason why they should build nests in her hair." In this case, naughty thoughts were like the birds, and if she drove them away, that was all that could be expected. Uncle Nathan was a good old man in his day and generation, and we have no idea of criticising any opinion of his.

When the breakfast was over, aunt Hannah disappeared from the back porch, with a milk-pail in one hand and a three-legged stool in the other. Uncle Nathan followed her example, but more slowly, and the cotton handkerchief of many colors that his sister had tied on her head, disappeared over the back garden fence before he had half crossed the cabbage patch. He lingered behind long enough to give Mary an encouraging smile through the kitchen door, and went off murmuring, as if in confidence to his milking-stool, "Nice girl, nice girl, I wonder we never thought of taking a little thing like that before. If Hannah had only kept poor Catharine's baby now, what company they would have been for each other."

When the good man reached the little pasture lot, thinly scattered over with apple trees, in which a half dozen fine cows grazed over night, he found aunt Hannah beneath one of the largest trees, seated upon her stool, and milking what she called the "hardest" cow of the lot. When

disposed to be refractory she cut its "tantrums" short with a sharp "soh!" that went off from her thin lips like the crack of a pistol; and this one word always had more effect upon the animal, than a word of uncle Nathan's gentle "so-ho, so-hos," that always seemed as if he was quieting an infant. The vicious animal knew the difference well enough, for one was usually followed by a crack of the stool over its ribs, while the other sometimes resulted in leaving the rotund old gentleman wallowing, like a mud-turtle, on his back in the grass.

It is natural to suppose that under these circumstances, uncle Nathan usually gave a wide berth to his sister's favorite; but this morning he drove the meekest and fattest cow of the herd gingerly up to the old apple tree, and after placing his stool very deliberately on the grass, and the pail between his knees, began a slow accompaniment to the quick motion of aunt Hannah's hands, which kept two pearly streams in rapid flow to the half filled pail resting against her feet. While the milk rattled and rushed upon the bottom of his empty pail, uncle Nathan kept quiet, leaning his head against the cow and thinking over the pleasant ideas that little Mary had aroused in his kind heart. Unconsciously wishing to share these thoughts with his sister, he had driven his cow close to hers that they might converse together. Hannah took no notice of his presence, however, but went on filling her pail so rapidly, that it began to foam over the edge. When her brother saw this, and knew by the soft, feathery sound that she had nearly finished, he stooped down, and with his dear old face just visible under the cow, called out,

"I say, Hannah, what do you think of her?"

Did the vicious animal start? Or what was it that made the stern woman shriek out, and wheel round so sharply on her stool?

"Why, Hannah, did I frighten her? has she kicked again?" cried uncle Nathan, surprised by the sharp action and wild look that she cast back upon him.

"Yes, she did start," answered aunt Hannah, rising and taking up the pail, now quite full, which made her waver to and fro, a singular weakness which no one had ever witnessed in her before.

"But you ain't frightened, sister; nothing can frighten you," said Nathan, soothingly.

"No, but you asked something, what is it."

"Only, how you liked her?"

"Her!—who?"

"Why, Mary Fuller, our little girl, you know."

"You are thinking of her then."

"Why, yes, Hannah, I can't think of anything else. Isn't she a nice little creature?"

"Yes!"

"How handy she was about the breakfast, I shouldn't wonder now if all the dishes are washed up by the time we get back."

"Do you think so?" said aunt Hannah, gazing down into her foaming pail so steadily, that even uncle Nathan could see that she was not thinking of anything so trivial as her morning's work.

"Hannah," he said "what has come over you? you seem so strange since this little girl came. You scarcely speak."

"Do I ever speak much?" she answered.

"No," said uncle Nathan, with a sigh, "but now something has gone wrong—what is it? don't you like to keep the child?"

"Yes, I like it."

"She will be a help to you?"

"Yes, I think so—of course she must."

"And company for me—for us both?"

"For you, yes—as for me, brother, I have no company, good or bad, but my own thoughts."

She spoke with some feeling, her voice shook, her hard eyes wavered as they turned toward her brother. In twenty years Nathan had not seen her so moved. Why was it? What was there in the coming of a helpless child beneath their roof, to disturb the composure of a woman like that? As the good man sat upon his stool, pondering over these thoughts, for he was too much surprised for speech, she hung her stool upon a limb of the apple tree, and moved toward the house, stooping more than usual beneath the weight of her milk-pail.

As uncle Nathan had prophesied, Mary was as busy as a humming-bird washing up the breakfast dishes, and putting everything to rights in the kitchen. Aunt Hannah did not seem to observe it, but strained her milk, and went out again. When she came back, uncle Nathan was with her, looking rather grave and perplexed.

It was now approaching nine o'clock, and all the "chores," as the good couple called the household work, "were done up."

"Go up stairs and get your things," said aunt Hannah, addressing Mary, "it's school time."

"Mary obeyed, and aunt Hannah proceeded to change her checked apron for one of black silk, and to invest her head in a straw bonnet, that had been tolerably fashionable ten years before, since which time it had been often bleached, but never changed in form.

She took Mary by the hand, when she came down, with her plain mantilla and cottage bonnet on, surveyed her keenly from head to foot, and lead her into the street.

They passed down the village, the woman not deigning to notice that she was an object of curiosity, the child shrinking with that sensitive dread of observation, that always haunted her when among strangers. About the centre of the village stood a brick academy, with an open space before it, and surrounded by a wooden verandah.

Aunt Hannah entered the lower story of this building, where some forty children were assembled under a female teacher, who came forward to receive her visitors.

"This little girl," said aunt Hannah, "we have adopted her. She must come to school."

"What branches do you wish her to study?" inquired the teacher.

"Reading, writing, cyphering, enough to reckon up a store bill, if she should ever have one, and enough of geography to keep her from losing her way in the world."

"Is that all?" said the teacher, "a girl of her age ought to know all that, without further teaching."

"Like enough she does, ask her," said aunt Hannah.

The teacher looked at Mary, who smiled, blushed, and after a moment's hesitation, said, modestly.

"I know how to read and write, and a little of the rest."

"Very well, I will examine you presently," said the teacher "yonder is an empty desk, you can take it."

Mary advanced up the school-room, blushing and trembling beneath the amazed and half-mocking glances that followed her. So sensitively conscious was she of her deformity that every movement, when curious eyes were upon her, brought its pang. But with true heroism, she subdued all appearance of the pain she felt; and in her very meekness and fortitude there lay a charm that won more worthy affection than beauty could have done.

Thus she entered upon her school life, alone and among strangers, for aunt Hannah left her at the door. She looked around with a forlorn hope that Isabel might, like her, be sent to school, or that something might happen to take the sad weight of loneliness from her heart; but all was new, cold, and depressing; and leaning her head on the desk, she felt chilled in all her veins. There was no disposition to weep in little Mary now.

Sensitive as she was, no one ever saw her shed tears over her own sorrow; but kindness, poor child! that always brought the dew sparkling up from her heart to her eyes.

## CHAPTER VIII.

BUT we cannot follow this strange child through her school life, so monotonous and yet so full of incident, or what seemed such to her inexperience. The studies that she undertook were singularly broken up and independent. Indeed, I much doubt if regular methodical teaching can ever be applied to a nature like hers. The god-gifted of earth—and of this rare class was Mary—generally study through the taste and heart. Certain it is, little Mary Fuller, whom no one understood except it may be Enoch Sharp through his acute observation, and uncle Nathan through his great warm heart, had pretty much her own way, and oftener studied poems and histories from Judge Sharp's library than anything else even in the school-room. Thus her mind grew and thrived in its own rich fancies: and in the wholesome atmosphere of the old homestead, her heart expanded and lost nothing of its native goodness. It is wonderful how soon the scholars forgot to gaze at her crooked figure, or smile when she made an awkward movement, if anything is wonderful which genius and goodness has power to accomplish.

BUT we, anticipating the work of time in these reflections, we cannot have the history of these two children in detail, but by snatches, which give the reader an idea rather than a narrative of this portion of their lives. We could follow Isabel Chester to her sumptuous home; sumptuous, and yet replete with that discomfort, which a vain and selfish woman is certain to bring upon a household when placed at its head. We could describe the incongruous richness of her rosewood bed, and the delicate lace curtains that shadowed her beauty every morning, till the sun was high in the heavens and the dew exhaled from the earth. Step by step it would be easy to detail the elegant selfishness in which the innocent child was trained, by the half educated and really low-bred woman, who had adopted her more to indulge a caprice than from a generous impulse. But these details would render our story tedious. Besides, a few events happened even in the monotony of a country life, which will convey a true idea of their progress. A week had elapsed and Mary had heard nothing of her little friend, nor ventured to hint at the keen desire to see her which grew stranger every day. One night when this wish was like a home-sick longing, and the child sat silent and drooping by the kitchen window, she heard a sweeping sound among the cabbage-heads, and peering keenly out saw a shadow moving through them. Mary's heart began to leap, and as the shadow dis-

appeared round a corner of the house; her eyes were turned bright with expectation toward the back door. A footstep sounded from the porch, followed by a light tread that seemed but the faintest echo of the first.

Slowly, step by step, and holding her breath, Mary crept forward. Aunt Hannah, who was making a cotton garment, which from its dimensions could only have belonged to uncle Nathan, looked at her through her steel spectacles with the needle glittering sharply between her fingers, and pointed toward her with its thread half-drawn.

Mary stopped short and remained in the middle of the floor. A pointed bayonet could not have transfixed her more completely. There was a slight noise at the door as of some one feeling for the latch, but uncle Nathan who was just lifting his head from a doze, took it for a knock and called out with sleepy good nature,

"Come in—come in."

"Gracious me, ain't I trying to come in?" called a voice from the porch. "Why on airth didn't you keep to the old string latch, one could always see light enough through the hole to find the string by, but this iron consarn is just about the most tanterlixing thing that I ever did undertake to handle so."

As this speech was uttered, the door swung open, and Salina strode into the kitchen, leading Isabel Chester by the hand.

"There now, just have a kissing frolic, you two young uns, and be over with it, while I shake hands with aunt Hannah and uncle Nat," exclaimed Salina, pushing Isabel into Mary's outstretched arms. "There now, no sobbing, nothing of that sort. Human critters weren't sent on earth to spend their time in crying. If you're glad to see each other, say so, take a hug and a kiss, and then go off up stairs or into the porch, while I have a chat with uncle Nat and aunt Hannah, if she's got anything to say for herself."

The children obeyed her. One glad embrace, two or three warm kisses, and they crept away to the porch delighted to be alone.

"Now," said Salina, drawing a splint bottomed chair close up to uncle Nathan. "You hain't no idea, uncle Nat, what a time I've had a getting here with that little critter. She cried and pined, and sort a worried me till I brought her off right in the teeth and eyes of madam. Won't there be a time when she misses us?"

"Why wouldn't she let the little gal come to see her playmate?" asked uncle Nathan.

"Playmate—well now, I'd like to hear Madam Farnham hear you call her that, she'd want to

tear your eyes out. But Lord a mercy, she hain't got animation enough for anything of the sort, if she had, a rattlesnake wouldn't be more cantankerous to my thinking. She's got all the pison in her, and hisses it out like a cat: in my hull life I never did see such a cruel varment."

"Then Mrs. Farnham don't want her girl to come here, is that it?" inquired aunt Hannah; setting the gathers in a neck-gusset with the point of her needle, which she dashed in and out as if it had been a poinard, and that cotton cloth her enemy's heart.

"You always hit the nail right on the head when you do strike, aunt Hannah. She don't want her gal to come here, nor your gal to come there, that's the long and short on it."

"What for?" inquired uncle Nathan, moving uneasily in his great wooden chair. "Isn't our little gal good enough?"

"Good enough, gracious me, I wonder if she thinks anybody in these parts good enough for her to wipe her silk slippers on? Why she speaks of Judge Sharp as if he was nobody, and of the country here as if God hadn't made it."

"But what has she agin that poor child?" inquired aunt Hannah, sternly.

"She's crooked, and she came from the poor-house, isn't that enough?" answered Salina, stretching forth her head, and counting each word down with a finger into the palm of her hand as if it had been a coin. "She's crooked, she came from the poor-house, and more than all, she lives here."

"So she remembers us then?" said aunt Hannah, resting the point of her needle in a gather while she studied her hand.

"Yes, you are the only people she has asked about, and her way of doing it was snappish enough, I can tell you."

"I have not seen this woman in eighteen years," said aunt Hannah, thoughtfully, "we change a good deal in that time."

"She hasn't changed much though: fallen away a little; her red cheeks have turned to a kind of proper white; her mouth has grown thin and *meachen*: there's something kind o' lathy and unsartin about her; as for temper that's just the same, only a little more of it, sharp as a muskeeter's bill, tanterlizing as a green nettle. The rattlesnake is a king to her, there's something worth while about his bite, its strong and in earnest, it kills a feller right off; but she keeps a nettling and harrering one about all the time, without making an end on't. I wish you could see her with that poor little gal, dressing her up as if she was a rag-baby, scolding her one minute, kissing her the next, calling her

here, sending her there, I declare its enough to put one out of conceit with all woman kind."

"Where is Mrs. Farnham's son now?" inquired uncle Nathan, to whose genial heart the sharp opinions of his visitor came unpleasantly, "he ought to be a smart young fellow by this time."

"I don't know who he'd take after then," observed the housekeeper, drily.

"His father was an enterprising man, understood business, knew how to cake care of what he made," said uncle Nathan. "We never had many smarter men than Farnham here in the mountains!"

"Farnham was a villain!" exclaimed aunt Hannah, whose face to the very lips had been growing white as she listened.

Uncle Nathan started as if a shot had passed through his easy-chair.

"Hannah!"

The old woman did not seem to hear him, but lowering her face over her work sewed on rapidly, but the whiteness of her face still continued, and you could see by the unequal motion of the cotton kerchief folded over her bosom, that she was suppressing some powerful emotion.

Uncle Nathan was not a man to press any unpleasant subject upon another; but he seemed a good deal surprised by his sister's strange manner; and sat nervously grasping and ungrasping the arm of his chair, looking alternately at her and Salina, while the silence continued.

"Well," said Salina, who had no delicate scruples of this kind to struggle with, "you do beat all, aunt Hannah; I hadn't the least idea that there was so much vinegar in you. Now Mr. Farnham was kinder related to me by his first wife, you know, and I'm bound to keep any body from raking up his ashes in the grave."

"Let them rest there—let them rest there!" exclaimed aunt Hannah, slowly folding up her work. "I did not mean to speak his name, but it is said, and I will not take anything back."

"Well, nobody wants you to, that I know of: it's a kind of duty to defend one's relations, especially when they can't do it for themselves: but after all, Mr. Farnham only married my second cousin, and I don't know as it's any business of mine, what you call him."

"I remember seeing his first wife once," said uncle Nathan, striving to shake off the heavy feeling that his sister had created. "It was when he brought her up here from Connecticut, a while after they were married."

"Nobody saw her very often after that," said Salina, shaking her head, "she pined away after that, and went off like spring snow. I remember

this time well, for she brought me with her for company; I was a little gal then: Farnham hadn't made all his money, and he was glad enough for me to settle down and do his work. But it was awful lonesome, I can tell you, after she was gone; and I used to go down into the grave-yard, and set down by her head-stone for company, till spring time came, and then your sister came to help spin up the wool—wasn't she a harnsome critter?—your sister Anne."

Aunt Hannah seemed turning into marble, her face and hands grew so deathly white; but she heither moved nor spoke.

Uncle Nathan did not speak either, but he pressed both hands down on the arms of his chair, and half rose; then fell back as if the effort were too much; and with one faint struggle sat still, with the tears of a long buried grief stealing down his cheeks.

"Well, what have I done wrong now?" asked Salina, looking from the tearful old man to the pallid sister, and shaking her head till the horn comb trembled among her fiery tresses.

"We haven't mentioned Anne's name between us in more than fifteen years; and it comes hard to hear it now," answered uncle Nathan, drawing

first one plump hand and then another across his eyes.

"I didn't mean any harm by it," answered the housekeeper, penitently, "but she was a sweet, purty critter as ever lived; and no one felt worse than I did when she died in that strange way."

"Hush!" said aunt Hannah, standing up, pale even to ghastliness. "It is you that rake up the ashes of the dead—ashes, ashes——"

The words died on her pale lips; she reached out her hands as if to lay hold of something; and fell senseless to the floor.

Salina seized a pitcher that stood on the table, rushed out to the water trough and back again, so like a spirit, that the two little girls in the porch broke from each other's arms and shrieked aloud. But they recognized her when she came back and stood trembling by the door, while she dashed the contents of her pitcher both over the fainting woman and the kind old man that knelt over her.

It had no effect. Aunt Hannah opened her eyes but once during the next hour. Neither the cold water nor the old brother's terror had power to reach the buried pulses of her life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE STAR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

A STAR is beaming through that cloud,  
That dark and gloomy cloud,  
Like a good heart that yieldeth not,  
When sorrows nearest crowd.

Its soft and mellow radiance falls,  
Down to each leaf and flower,  
Which thy kind hand, my gentle friend,  
Has lavished on this bower.

There pale and all alone it shines,  
In the autumnal sky;  
A world, a paradise perchance,  
But still a mystery;

And here in this my chosen rest,  
Through the lone, stilly night,  
I ponder with a thrill of awe,  
Upon that world of light.

When death shall come with icy grasp,  
As come full soon he will;  
When this full heart, with all its faults,  
Is lying cold and still;

When the damp, green sod is over me,  
And friends forgetful aro,

Then wilt thou come, my gentle friend,  
And gaze upon that star?

Come with thy pure and holy thoughts,  
To this sweet place of flowers,  
And think of her whose home will be  
In the eternal bowers

Of that pale star, which shineth out,  
So beautiful and lone,  
Like the radiance of a vestal's lamp,  
Above an alter-stone.

A prayer is stealing from my heart—  
A sad and mournful prayer—  
That when God calls my spirit hence,  
Its haven may be there,

With tuneful birds, and leafy trees  
And flowers of sunny birth,  
And those dear friends, my heart has loved  
So fervently on earth.

Deprived of these, that far, bright world  
Would be no place of bliss.  
My heart would turn with lingering love  
To those it left in this.

## HINTS RESPECTING HYACINTHS.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

As regards the culture of hyacinths, we may premise, that the first element of success is to encourage a free and healthy root-action before the production of the flower-stems. This general rule applies equally to those grown in pots and glasses. One of the most frequent causes of failure arises from a violation of this fundamental rule. We have seen the bulbs, from the first moment of their being brought home, placed in the glasses and set in the windows, or some equally strong light. In such a position, and under such circumstances, but a sorry amount of gratification will be reaped.

Much has been said on the superiority of certain varieties for glass or pot-culture, and many seedsmen continue to make such indication in their bulb lists. For ourselves, we give no heed to such distinctions, and believe there is little foundation in them. Mr. Tye, in his pamphlet on this flower, has some remarks on the "selection of bulbs," from which we take the following: "As an important element of success, an early selection of bulbs is recommended. This, in most cases, will insure to the purchaser larger quantities from which to choose, and finer bulbs may be obtained." And again, in deprecating the practice of allowing the bulbs to begin rooting before they are purchased, he says: "If the food it seeks be withheld, it will draw from sources within itself the nourishment with which Nature has supplied it; but, like many other unassisted efforts, it fails to mature its parts, and perfection is not attained. Let, therefore, the bulbs be chosen before they begin to grow." And we beg to add, that in removal such young roots are frequently broken off, thus increasing the evil by weakening the bulb, as such roots have to be replaced by a second drain on its resources.

The paragraph on the "Management of Bulbs," in the same little work, we give entire: "Having filled the bottles with clean rain-water, introduce the bulbs, but do not allow them to touch the water by half an inch. Place them in a dark closet or cellar, in order that the roots may grow first. The flower starts from the heart of the bulb so soon as it can escape from the leaves which enclose it, when it requires and must have nourishment. If it has but few and short roots,

the flower will be poor and dwarf in consequence. When the roots are of sufficient length, say four or five inches, remove the bottles to a situation where the bulbs have light, but not too bright at first, and in a week or so place them near the glass in a greenhouse or in a sitting-room window. In each case be careful to avoid too great a change of temperature, which should be but little higher than that of the place from whence you remove the bottle. Let the plants have air on all convenient occasions, or they will grow tall, pale, and weakly. A variety of methods for giving vigor to the plants, and brightening the colors of the flowers, have been resorted to; such, for example, as adding to the water a few lumps of charcoal, a little nitrate of soda, or a small portion of salt-petre; but the following has been found to answer well; dissolve half an ounce of guano with so much chloride of lime as would equal the size of a large pea, in a quart of rain-water. Let this mixture stand for a day or two, to become clear. Pour about two teaspoonfuls into the bottle twice a week after the flower, appears well out of the bulb."

There is one important feature in the successful cultivation of the hyacinth in glasses, which, we think, is not sufficiently known or recognized; we allude to changing the water. On this branch of the subject, Mr. Tye gives the following excellent bit of advice: "The water requires changing every two or three weeks. *Let the fresh supply be of the same temperature as that in which the bulb has been growing*; for remember the heat of the room, or greenhouse, has taken off the 'chill.' The flowers will receive a check, if you do not attend to this." And in reference to the too prevalent practice of allowing the flower-stem to become "drawn," we extract the following: "Such plants as appear to grow too rapidly should be removed to a little cooler situation; say from the sitting-room to the parlor, or any such place, according to convenience. On the other hand, such as appear too stunted should be removed for a short time to a little warmer situation, on the chimney-piece—for instance, in the sitting-room; but not for too long a period, or they will be weak and pale. Observation is the best guide in all these matters."

It is found that, in the majority of cases, the flower-stem requires artificial supports, although we confess we believe that superior cultivation will obviate such an application. A hyacinth in the open border will not require it, and from such we must infer that artificial treatment alone renders such necessary.

Of the treatment of the bulbs after flowering, so as to render them creditable, "if not equal to the first season" of flowering, the following is given: "Many bulbs are rendered worthless by careless treatment after they have done blooming; whereas fine blooms, if not equal to the first season, may be relied upon if treated in the

following manner:—The moment the flowers begin to decay, remove them from the glasses, and plant them in good, rich compost, consisting of three parts of good decayed turf, and one each of well-rotted cow-dung and sand. Let the flowers and leaves die off before taking up the bulbs; and do not on any account cut them off when green, as this greatly impoverishes the bulb."

In the pot-culture of hyacinths, as well as in that of glasses, a thorough root action must be procured before the stimulants to growth in the leaves and flowers are applied, or failure will assuredly follow.

## THE SPIRIT'S LOVE.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Thy presence, my Eva, is joyous to me,  
It is sweet as the moon-ray that sleeps on the sea,  
As the flower cup opens to catch the fresh dew,  
So my fond heart expands its emotions to you;  
They are pure as the snow-flake that rests on the sod,  
Like that is my love for thee, and for my God!  
Yes, as pure as the gem in the ocean's deep bed,  
'Tis pure as the sanctified soul of the dead,  
Like the pearl in the waters 'tis hidden from sight,  
Like the diamond that gleams in the mine's gloomy night,  
No eye can behold it save her's I so prize;  
'Tis too sacred for aught 'neath the beautiful skies,  
A fire that a vestal would cherish for aye,  
And one that can know not earthly decay;  
Misfortune, and sorrow, and poverty's blast

Hath often the bright star of love overcast;  
But that love was of earth, no spirit was there,  
No sweet intermingling of soul-breathing prayer:  
What is earth's shall decay—what is Heaven's shall endure,  
For God is unseen save by that which is pure!  
The globe in its majesty all shall decay—  
The sun be extinguished—the moon fade away,  
And the gems of Night's curtains be shorn of their beams,  
They shall fade like the pictures in beautiful dreams,  
But the love of the spirit undying shall be,  
Living on—living on in Eternity!  
'Tis a flame that is quenched and ever sublime,  
Unheeding the chances and changes of Time—  
With the angels it dwells 'mid unperishing flowers:  
God grant, dearest Eva, such love may be ours.

## "OUR THOUGHTS."

BY LUTHER GRANGER BIGGS.

They come when low breezes  
Are fanning the leaves;  
They come when the rose-bud  
The dew-drop receives:  
By the noon-tide's silence,  
By the night's noon-tide's hum  
At all times! Oh, deeply  
And darkly they come.  
  
They come when the ripple  
Is low on the streams,  
And the plover is nestling  
By the fountain in dreams;

And the twilight looks out  
With a star on its breast  
And they whisper that all  
But themselves are at rest.  
  
They come at the morning  
By minutes and by hours,  
But not as they once were,  
Of birds and of flowers;  
They come when some token  
Of past days will rise,  
As a link to the present,  
And then they bring sighs.



# OUR WORK TABLE.

## NETTED MUSIC-STOOL COVER.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

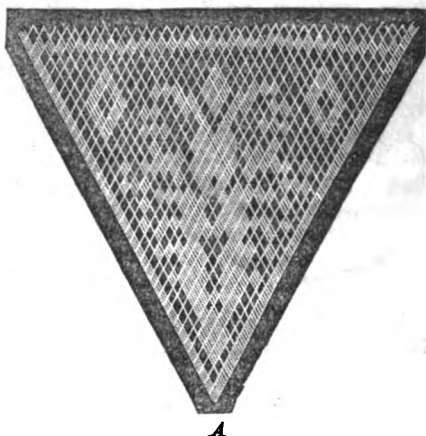
**MATERIALS.**—Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s Boar's-head crochet cotton, No. 12. Royal Moravian do., No. 12. Ivory mesh, No. 9, (using the ivory gauge.)

As a rule it is to be observed that the number of divisions in a piece of netting regulates the number of stitches with which it is begun. Thus, as there are eight divisions here, you begin with eight stitches, and work two in every one, commencing with the first. In the following rounds, do two in every short stitch and one in every other, so that you increase eight times in the round until the full dimensions are attained. When there are thirty-seven stitches in each division, do four rounds without any increase, and the top is finished.



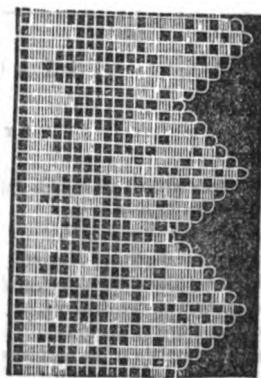
**THE BORDER.**—Begin on one stitch. Net two in one. Turn the work, and net one in the first and two in the second. Continue to net backward and forward, always doing two stitches in the last stitch, until there are fourteen in the row  $\times$ . Now increase only at the end of every alternate row, for sixteen rows; the next row, instead of netting every stitch, leave the last eight, thus forming the first Vandyke,  $\times$ . Repeat between the crosses, until you come to the

last point, which must be done thus: Do the first two rows as usual, then, instead of *increasing*, you will decrease, by netting two together, at that edge, where before you enlarged. Repeat until the ordinary point is made.



All the netting is done with the boar's-head cotton; the darning with the Moravian.

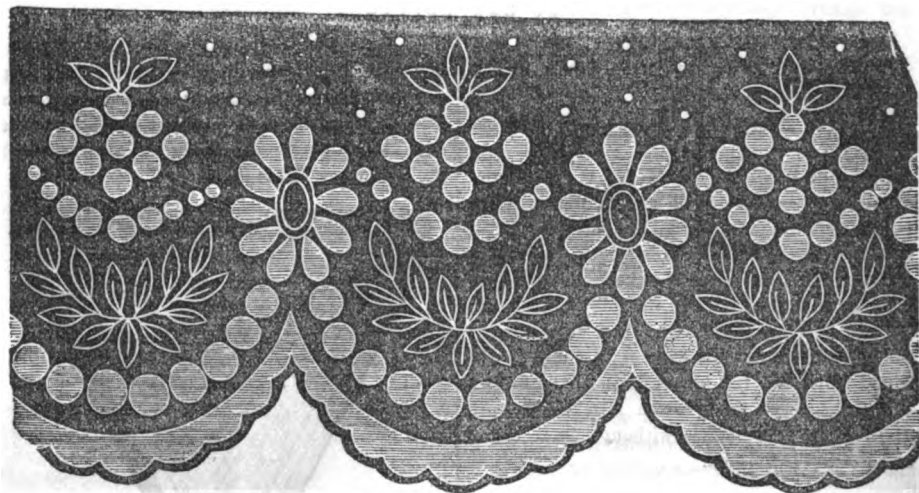
(A.) This is a section of the top, from which the pattern is to be darned. Take the netting on a piece of colored paper, the size of the music-stool, and darn at each division.



(B.) A section of the darned border. Those who prefer a heavier one, may easily knit a fringe into the loops round the edge.

## TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRAWERS.

BY HARRIET BOWEN.



A VERY pretty pattern, in the latest style. ; in raised satin-stitch, sewing over the lines, or in  
The material is French working cotton. Work ; buttonhole-stitch

## INSERTIONS.

[SEE ILLUSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE NUMBER.]

MATERIALS, French working cotton. Work in ; buttonhole-stitch. For the front of petticoats  
raised satin-stitch sewing over the lines, or in ; the pattern may be enlarged.

## ISAAC AND REBECCA.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE patriarch walked among his fields,  
'Twas at the close of even.  
One single silver star on high  
Blazed in the depths of Heaven.  
The ripened grain of burnished gold  
Was dusky with the shadows.  
The solid outlines of the hills  
Stretched purple o'er the meadows.  
Downcast he walked, when suddenly  
His brown cheek flushed with pleasure;  
He saw a line of camels come  
With slow and stately measure;  
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High in their midst, a virgin tall  
Shone, with her maids attendant,  
As when the moon, with sister stars,  
Rides up the sky resplendent.  
At once he knew it was his bride,  
His bride so long expected,  
His bride, to whom Jehovah's self  
His servant had directed.  
To welcome her he hurried forth;  
He knelt; she, half-affrighted,  
But looked into his face; then smiled;  
And in his arms alighted.

## CROCHET INSTRUCTIONS.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.

As we have received many letters, from new subscribers, desiring us to explain the terms used in crochet, we propose doing it in this number, begging our friends to preserve it, and refer to it on any future occasion of doubt.

**CHAIN STITCH** (abbreviated into *ch.*) is the foundation stitch in crochet. A loop of thread is made on the hook, and through this the thread is drawn, forming the first chain stitch; draw the thread through this one, and a second is formed. Continue the process until you have done the required number.

**SLIP STITCH** (*sl.*) is a stitch chiefly used for the veinings of leaves, and similar parts, in imitations of Honiton lace. It serves, also, to carry the thread from one part to another, without either breaking it off or widening the work. Insert the hook in the stitch next to that already on the needle, (unless the directions particularly say, *miss so many*) and draw the thread at once through both stitches. Repeat.

**SINGLE CROCHET** (*sc.*)—Insert the hook in the chain, and draw the thread through it; this forms a second loop on the hook. Draw the thread through these two by a single movement, and the stitch will be completed.

**DOUBLE CROCHET** (*dc.*)—Raise the thread over the hook so as to pass it round, before inserting the latter in the chain; draw the thread through, and you will find three loops on the hook; bring the cotton through two, which makes one instead of those taken off. Thus two are still on the needle; finish the stitch by drawing the thread through these.

**TREBLE CROCHET** (*tc.*) is a stitch precisely similar to the last; but as the thread is passed twice round the hook before the insertion of the latter in the chain, there will be *four* loops on, when the thread is drawn through. Bring the thread three times through two loops to finish the stitch.

**LONG TREBLE CROCHET** (1 *tc.*) has the thread twisted *three* times round the hook, before it is passed through the chain; consequently, it will require the thread to be drawn four times through two loops to finish the stitch.

To work **THROUGH** a stitch, is to draw the thread *under* instead of *in* it. This is stronger than the usual method, but not so neat; it is, therefore, rarely used for anything but very open work.

**SQUARE CROCHET** is that which is made entirely in small squares, those which form the pattern being closely filled in, and the ground open. Open squares are formed thus: 1 *dc.* 2 *ch.*, miss 2, repeated. Close squares contain three *dc.* stitches thus: 1 *c.*, 1 *o.*, would have 4 *dc.* 2 *ch.* Every pattern in square crochet requires a foundation chain of stitches which can be divided by three and leave *one* over; as it is obvious that if an open square were the last on the pattern, a *dc.* stitch would be required to form the square at the end.

Sometimes a very large piece of work may be made in treble square crochet. In this work, a close square of 4 *tc.* stitches; an open square, 1 *tc.* 3 *ch.*, miss 3. This style requires the pattern to be divisible by four, with one stitch over.

The stars, daggers, and asterisks used in printing knitting and crochet receipts signify that any stitches given between two similar marks are to be done as many times as directed: thus, \* 3 *dc.* 2 *ch.* \* three times, means 3 *dc.* 2 *ch.*, 3 *dc.* 2 *ch.*, 3 *dc.* 2 *ch.*

When one repetition occurs within another italics are used at each end of the part. \* 1 *p.* 2 *k.* 1 *p.* 1 *k.* (*a*) *m.* 1, *k.* 1 (*a*) 6 times \* 8 times, means that one complete pattern being finished, when you have made 1, knitted 1, 6 times, 8 of those patterns, beginning again each time at the first \*, will be required for the round or row.

## CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

[SEE ILLUSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE NUMBER.]

**MATERIALS.**—French cambric and fine work-cotton, No. 120.

Work the leaves and a portion of the circles in

satin stitch; the edge, buttonhole stitch; the festoons, or bars, buttonhole stitch, and cut away the spaces between the bars.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**RIDING ON HORSEBACK.**—The plate, which we give in this number, suggests some remarks on female equestrianism. In former volumes we have given full instructions respecting this elegant and healthful accomplishment; but a few additional words may not be amiss now.

We believe we may claim for the Philadelphia ladies the supremacy in equestrianism. The art of horsemanship has been carried to a perfection here unequalled in the United States. In most places, it is considered sufficient if a lady can keep her seat, and, on an emergency, leap a fence. But these are really but the beginning of good horsemanship. A first-rate rider should have her horse as much under control as a machine. Where the animal is one of little, or no spirit, this is a comparatively easy task; but when the courser is high-mettled, it demands skill of the rarest kind. Yet we know ladies, in this city, who ride such horses, controlling them with ease, and making them back, move sideways, or perform the most difficult feats of the menage, as readily as an ordinary rider stops her horse, or a somewhat better one changes him from a canter to a trot.

We read an announcement, a few months ago, of a prize, offered at a fair, for the best female equestrian. The prize was an elegant bridle with a *martingale*. Now, a finished Philadelphia rider would think herself insulted if told that she required a martingale; for if her horse is broken as it ought to be, he will keep his head in position, in obedience to the hand. And here lies the second point of good riding. A light hand is as necessary as a firm seat. We know blood-horses, which are ridden by ladies almost with the finger, so delicate are their mouths, and so fine the hand of the riders. These ladies are all pupils of *Baucher*, who may be said to have revolutionized riding. The old system, and that still pursued in driving horses, which teaches the animal to *pull on the bit*, practically puts a lady at the mercy of the horse, for the hardness of his mouth disables her from stopping him if he chooses to run away. A lady should never trust herself, on a good horse, without a curb-bit, nor without understanding also how to manage it. Any lady, who has a horse worth the trouble, can, however, train him to perfection, by purchasing *Baucher's* treatise on horsemanship. We know a racer, whom few men could ride, which has been thus trained into perfect obedience by a lady; and the training, in this way, teaches the lady as much as the horse.

To see a high-spirited animal cantering, trotting, or changing foot, with neck arched, or moving sideways at a touch of the heel or whip, or backing at the slightest pressure of his mistress on the bit, is a spectacle, we believe, that can only be witnessed on

the roads in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and not even in London itself. Nor would these ladies fear taking a hedge with the boldest Englishwomen.

We are not without hope that ladies elsewhere may take up equestrianism in the right spirit. It is a false notion that a woman cannot ride a gay horse with safety. All that is required is skill.

**THE FRENCH COURT DRESS.**—The old, cumbrous train has been reintroduced at the French Court, and we have a picture of a lady, dressed with it, in one of our late Parisian fashion books. We give a description of this dress below. In the picture, the wearer—to speak plainly—reminds us of a peacock, with his tail dragging on the ground. The presentation, in such a dress, is a serious trial to the nerves of a neophyte. The lady has to advance alone, up a long room, and between files of critical spectators, to the Emperor and Empress; and, after paying her respects, has to *back out*, managing her train in the best way she can. Every moment she is liable to stumble backward, by getting her feet entangled in the train. The French ladies are welcome to such absurdities. But for the dress, as described in "*Le Moniteur de la Mode*."

"Silk dress trimmed with tulle, silver leaves, and blonde. The body, ending in a point in front, and long in the waist, is trimmed with a drapery of flat plaits, in tulle, wide before and very low on the shoulder. A blonde three inches wide trims the bottom of this drapery and follows its movements, that is to say, in the middle it has its whole width, and toward the shoulder it begins to die away and comes to nothing on the sleeve. A tuft of foliage frosted with silver comes down in front of the body. A small tuft is placed on the shoulder.

"The skirt has three blonde flounces, forty-two, ten, and eight inches deep, each sewed under a row of tulle puffs, with tufts of the same foliage as on the body. About an inch of skirt is left between the edge and the vandykes of the blonde and the puff. This interval gives an air of lightness to the whole.

"Train of moire antique, two and a quarter yards wide, and very nearly two and three-quarter yards long altogether, (*or one and a half yards from the bottom of the dress*) a tulle bouillonne runs all round the train. It is very small at top and increases in size toward the bottom. A blonde of from ten to twenty inches deep is sewed on the train, and diminishes to four inches toward the top. A cordon of foliage frosted and bordered with silver is sewed on to the head of the blonde."

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Kate Clarendon.* By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—We have no hesitation in pronouncing this the best, as it is the latest of Bennett's fictions. The scene is laid on the banks of the Ohio, a few miles from Cincinnati, at a time, however, when the city contained only a few log

huts, and when all the rest was a wilderness, filled with wild beasts and murderous savages. The tale, located thus, is stirring to the last degree, full of "hair-breadth escapes," and "moving incidents." The heroine, Kate Clarendon, is a beautiful character, a real person, we understand, disguised under a false name. Blind Luther, the necromancer, is a striking conception, and has no equal, in American fiction, except Bird's Quaker, in "Nick of the Woods." Tales like this, which embody the historical element as well as that of love, and which depict a memorable period of our national development, ought to receive the encouragement of every American. Mr. Bennett's novels are, moreover, unexceptionable in their morality. This author, indeed, deserves well of his countrymen, for he has always written in a true spirit, and has done much to illustrate pioneer life. We commend his fictions generally to public encouragement. Mr. Peterson has issued Mr. Bennett's best works, in neat, yet cheap volumes, both in paper covers and cloth binding.

*The Working Man's Way in the World. Being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer.* 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—We confess to a liking for autobiographies. They are generally full of character, if not of incident, and mostly of both. The present is the story of a journeyman printer, as told by himself, and capitably told also. Born in a Devonshire village, and acquiring his craft in a provincial town, he subsequently aspired to see more of the world, and accordingly worked in London and afterward in Paris. Personal adventures, and descriptions of the craft in England and France, are intermixed with graphic portraits of various oddities and celebrities whom it was the narrator's lot to meet. The reader is carried, in a few pages, from a dingy London printing-office to the Revolution of July, and then back to England, and to an eccentric, but good-natured clergyman, with whose *protegee* the writer falls in love. The volume is evidently from the pen of an intelligent man. We have enjoyed it unusually, and are confident it will please our readers as much, if not more.

*Classic and Historic Portraits.* By James Bruce. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—Just the book for a lady's library. How often have we heard our fair friends deplore the want of a comprehensive volume, not too large, which should contain well-written biographies of the most eminent men and women of ancient and modern times. This need, so long felt, Mr. Bruce has supplied. From Sappho to De Stael, from Pythagoras to Sobieski, we have them all described, not in long and wordy memoirs, but in short, graphic sketches that are full of character. In future, instead of having to refer to a cumbersome Encyclopædia, or to be forced to rest satisfied with the meagre accounts to be found in Biographical Dictionaries, it will only be necessary to open the "Classic and Historic Portraits," which, from its convenient size, can always be kept at hand on the table. The volume is neatly printed, as Redfield's books always are.

*The U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. A Personal Narrative.* By E. K. Kane, M. D., U. S. N. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We congratulate the "Harpers" on having recovered so quickly from their disastrous conflagration. A misfortune, which would have prostrated almost any other firm, has only served, it would seem, to show the mettle of which they are made. They are truly, Phoenix-like, and have risen from their ashes, more brilliant than ever. The present is the first new work which they have issued since their calamity, their first object having been to supply the orders on hand for their standard school-books. It was all printed, and ready to publish, when the fire occurred, destroying the entire edition, with the exception of a few copies. Every thing had to be done over again, even to the engravings and stereotyping. Yet, in little over two months, the book has been brought out, a magnificent royal octavo volume of nearly six hundred pages, illustrated with numerous mezzotints by Sartain, and an almost countless number of spirited wood-cuts. Perhaps few works as interesting, or valuable, have ever been issued from the press. In every way it commends itself to a patriotic heart, for it is at once the record of a most heroic American enterprise, and a triumph of national art and mechanics.

*Theological Essays.* By F. D. Maurice, M. A. Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—The republication of a work, which has created an extraordinary sensation abroad. Mr. Maurice is a clergyman of the Church of England, but interprets her creed somewhat differently from what her ministers generally do; and hence the clamor which the book has raised. A portion of the essays is devoted to Unitarianism, which the author regards as neither Scriptural, nor in conformity with a profound view of the relations between God and man. Another part discusses endless punishment, of which Mr. Maurice seems to be skeptical. His main idea is that the great Father rules by love rather than by terror. Whatever may be thought of the arguments of the author, or of his interpretation of Scripture, his sincerity and earnestness cannot be questioned. Holding, as he does, a sort of middle ground between the strictly orthodox church and the Unitarian, he shares, however, the fate common to persons in his position, and does not seem to have met much favor from either. To readers of mature views, correct habits of thought, and familiarity with the Bible, we can recommend these essays, for such can sift the wheat from the chaff.

*The Fortune-Hunter. A Novel of New York Society.* By Anna Cora Mowatt. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The lately published autobiography of Mrs. Mowatt has created such a demand for her novel of "The Fortune-Hunter," which she speaks of there as one of her first literary efforts, and which she says she wrote in a few weeks, that Mr. Peterson has put a new and cheap edition of it to press. We are glad to see so sprightly a fiction revived. There are tens

of thousands who have not read it, and to such it will be infinitely more entertaining than the rapid novelties of the day, not one in ten of which is worth perusing. Mrs. Mowatt, in writing of New York society, has the advantage of describing what she has herself seen: she was, indeed, the first to paint the Potiphar, the Rev. Cream Cheeses, and the other butterflies of "Japonicadom."

*Miss Leslie's New Receipt-Book For Cooking.* 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a sequel to Miss Leslie's famous "Complete Cookery," and to distinguish it from that, is called "New Receipts For Cooking." It is a handsomely printed volume of over five hundred pages, bound in sheep, and containing more than a thousand new receipts. Many of these have come from the South, and were dictated by colored cooks, who, as Miss Leslie's says in her preface, seem to be gifted with a natural capability for the culinary art. Others are of French origin. We find in it directions for every variety of cooking, from the simplest up to the most complex dishes; also lists of articles adapted to go together for breakfasts, dinners, and suppers; besides much useful information, and many miscellaneous subjects connected with general housewifery. No woman ought to be without this book. Its receipts for making cakes and confectionary alone render it worth double the price asked for it, especially to ladies who do not live in large towns, and cannot send to a cake-baker whenever they are to have company. We see that the publisher offers to send a copy, postage free, on the receipt of a dollar. But read the advertisement on the cover of this number.

*Letters To A Young Man: and other Papers.* By Thomas De Quincey. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.—The principal part of this volume is occupied with De Quincey's admirable letters to a young man whose education had been neglected. Then follow several excellent short essays, on the "Theory of Greek Tragedy," another on "Conversation," and a third on "French and English Manners." Other papers, less meritorious, fill up the volume. But we always find a pleasure, even in De Quincey's worst efforts, for so golden is his style, that were he to talk positive nonsense we should listen charmed. The volume is printed and bound to match the preceding ones of the De Quincey series.

*Passion-Flowers. Second Edition.* 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.—The early demand for a new edition of these poems, of which we spoke so highly in our February number, proves that the public appreciates true genius. We understand that the author is Mrs. Howe of Boston, wife of Dr. Howe, the philanthropist, and formerly Miss Ward of New York.

#### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*Ground Rice-Pudding.*—Put four ounces of ground rice into a stew-pan, and by degrees stir in a pint and a half of milk; set it on the fire with a bit of

lemon peel and cinnamon, keep stirring till it boils, beat to a smooth batter; beat three eggs and stir in, with two ounces of loaf sugar and some grated nutmeg; take out the lemon peel and cinnamon, stir it all well together, put in a dish lined with puff paste, and bake it half an hour. If boiled, it will take one hour, in a mould well buttered. The above may answer for arrow-root, for which we have no receipt in cookery books, as arrow-root requires neither baking nor boiling.

*To Loosen the Stoppers of Smelling-Bottles.*—If the stopper is firmly fixed by means of the salts contained within the bottle, do not attempt to strike the stopper, but add as much citric acid to water as it will take up, thus making what chemists term a saturated solution; or else pour some vinegar into a tumbler, and immerse the bottle in the solution of vinegar. In the former case a citrate of ammonia will be formed, and in the latter case an acetate of ammonia. After the bottle has remained in the tumbler a short time, remove it to a basin of warm water and it will soon be released.

*Arrow-Root Pudding.*—Two large spoonfuls of arrow-root to two quarts of milk. Well mix the arrow-root with a small portion of the milk, and when the remaining part has boiled, add it to the former; when nearly cold, add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, three ounces of powdered sugar, and two ounces of butter broken into small bits; add a little cinnamon or nutmeg: well mix all the ingredients, turn it into a buttered dish, and bake for about a quarter of an hour.

*To Dress a Loin of Mutton like Venison.*—Skin and bone a loin of mutton and lay it into a stew-pan or braising-pan with a pint of water, a large onion stuck with a dozen cloves, half a pint of port-wine, and a spoonful of vinegar; add, when it boils, a small faggot of thyme and parsley, and some pepper and salt; let it stew three hours, and turn it often. Make some gravy of the bones, and add at intervals to the mutton when required.

*Scrap-Book Paste.*—Dissolve slowly in water two square inches of glue and about an equal weight of alum. Mix half a teaspoonful of flour with a little water very smoothly; stir it in and boil, and when nearly cool stir in two teaspoonfuls of oil of lavender, or any essential oil. This will make a pint of paste, which will keep in a well-covered vessel for many months.

*Crisp Paste for Tarts.*—Put half a pound of butter into a pound and a half of flour: add three table-spoonfuls of powdered loaf sugar, and the yolks of four eggs, well beaten: work the whole well together with a wooden spoon, and roll it very thin. Bake in a quick oven. Before serving, powder with finely pounded sugar.

*Cleaning Dunstable Straw Hats.*—An ounce of oxalic acid dissolved in a quart of water. Apply with a nail-brush. If very much sunburnt, use a little more acid. When left to dry, the hats will be found to have regained their stiffness.

## FIRE-SIDE AMUSEMENTS.

**THE BIRD-CATCHER.**—The person who takes the part of the bird-catcher, stands in the centre of a circle formed by the rest of the company, seated in chairs all round him.

Each of the players assumes the name of a different bird, and imitates its peculiar cry when its name is mentioned by the bird-catcher; and, as long as the owl is not mentioned, the hands of all must rest upon their knees, under penalty of a forfeit. But, as soon as the owl is named, all the hands must be taken away, lest the bird-catcher, who is on the watch, should seize hold of one; for, in that case, the person whose hand is caught must pay a forfeit, and take the place of the bird-catcher. On the contrary, if the bird-catcher does not catch a hand, he pays a forfeit and proceeds with the game; the players replacing their hands upon their knees when the next bird is mentioned.

When the word *flock* is pronounced, all the players cry like the birds they represent; those omitting to do so pay a forfeit.

The bird-catcher commences in a similar manner to the following:—"I rose early this morning to take a country walk, and was delighted with the songs of multitude of birds, who seemed to hail with thankful joy the ruddy rays of the rising sun. I tried to catch a handsome young game-cock, (*cockaleeryo*) but the moment I was going to lay hold of him, I saw a turkey (*pia, pia, pia, glow, glow, glow*). Ah! I said to myself, a turkey (*pia, pia, pia, glow, glow, glow*) is better than a cock (*cockaleeryo*.) I then went toward the turkey, (*pia, pia, pia, glow, glow, glow*) when a rook (*caw, caw, caw*) and a lark (*tirili, tirili, tirili*) flew by at the same moment, and the whole flock (a general cry without removing hands) took to flight. The turkey (*pia, pia, pia, glow, glow, glow*) fled to the right, the little cock (*cockaleeryo*) ran to the left, and then an owl (*towhoo, towhoo, towhoo*) (a play of hands here, which finishes by a forfeit being delivered by the bird-catcher if he is not alert enough to catch one of the birds' hands, or by a bird if his hand be caught; in either case the old or new bird-catcher continues his tale.) Her doleful cry augmented the fright of the others. But a bird, more lazy or more bold than the rest, a parrot (*pretty poll, pretty poll, pretty poll*) (here all place their hands on their knees again) suffered me to catch it as it sat on a laurel bush. Presently I saw a cuckoo (*cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo*) and a flock (general cry) of ducks (*quack, quack, quack*) and all at once an owl (*towhoo, towhoo, towhoo*.)" All the hands disappear again, and the bird-catcher catches one or not, as it may happen.

This game may be thus prolonged to an indefinite length, and is exceedingly amusing. The different cries of birds, the discordant *melange* of sounds when all cry at the word "*flock*," and the dexterous movement of hands to escape being caught by the bird-catcher—all combining to render it a favorite, even with persons who are no longer young. We know few things which remove dulness sooner.

## MENTAL RECREATIONS.

**THE COIN PUZZLE.**—A person having an even number of coins or counters in one hand, and in the other an odd, to tell in which hand he has the odd, and which the even number.

Let the person multiply the number in his right hand by an odd, and the number in his left by an even number, and then tell you if the sum of their products be odd or even. If it be even, the even number is in the right hand; but if it be odd, the number is in the left.

## EXAMPLE.

Right hand.	Left hand.
18	7
3	2
—	—
54	14
14	
—	
68	
Again: Right hand.	Left hand.
7	18
3	2
—	—
21	36
36	
—	
57	

A piece of gold and silver, or any two other two articles, represented by an odd and even number, may be employed to perform this feat; or, instead of the articles being in the two hands of one person, they may be in the hands of two persons, the performer mentally distinguishing them as right and left.

## FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

WE give, this month, besides an exquisite colored steel fashion-plate, two engravings of new style spring Mantillas. It was our promise to excel all rivals. Are we not doing it?

**FIG. 1.—RIDING DRESS OF BROWN CASHMERE.**—Basque closed in front, and confined at the neck under the collar, by a black ribbon. The lappets are trimmed with a narrow gimp, and bows at the back. Sleeves opening on the back of the arm in the horse-shoe style. Full cambric under-sleeves and Swedish leather gloves. A small black beaver hat, turned up at the sides, and ornamented with a black ostrich feather.

**FIG. 2.—A DRESS OF PINK AND BLACK PLAID SILK,** skirt full and plain. The body is cut in the basque style, and like all the basques worn at present, is very deep. It is trimmed with a ribbon three inches in width, put on in box plaits. The black stripes of the silk cut so as to meet and match in front, give almost the appearance of a waistcoat to the corsage, which is high in the neck. Mantilla of black lace, in the shawl form. Bonnet of pink silk and white blond in alternate rows, and trimmed with loops of ribbon.

FIG. III.—THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, an exquisite new style spring mantilla, from the far-famed establishment of Molyneux Bell, New York. It is made of silk, of an ashes-of-roses color; is richly embroidered; and is trimmed with heavy silk fringe and gimp. The upper and front part is cut somewhat in the scarf style, whilst the lower hangs like a Talma behind. We may add here, that having had an opportunity of examining Mr. Bell's entire assortment, we are prepared to introduce this as a favorite style. In all the styles we have seen, drapery of some kind or its effect is obtained. We find no plain garments offered as fashionable. Where a fulness of drapery is wanting, bows of ribbon, flounces of silk or lace, supply its place. All are made open in front. The most delicate colors are used. Apple green with black lace, ashes-of-roses, white and pink, glaccé and lustrous, are all favorite colors.

FIG. IV.—THE EMPRESS BODY is alike beautiful and seasonable, and may be made by any reader of taste. It is composed of embroidered insertions and muslin puffings. The collar and lappet are richly worked. The sleeves also formed of insertions and puffings of muslin, are ornamented with a jockey, and by embroidered trimming.

FIG. V.—THE PARISIAN MANTILLA, imported directly from Paris by Mr. Bell. It is in the very latest style, indeed our artist was the first to receive it, when the case was unpacked, where, with many another graceful garment, it had been placed by the Parisian *modiste*. It is composed of black watered silk, made full and laid in plaits, which are confined at the bottom by a row of braid and a narrow fringe. Across the alternate plaits are rows of narrow black velvet, every third plait having two bunches of velvet. A rich Maltese lace put on full, trims the collar, which is cut very low in the neck, and is finished by rows of velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Large plaids still retain a high degree of favor, though many stripes in silks, de laines, and tissues have appeared on the counters of our fashionable drygoods stores. This is certainly the latest style, though it will take some time to be generally adopted.

BASQUES are made larger than ever, the present fashionable material for trimming them being a wide ribbon plaited on. A watered silk ribbon of from one to two inches in width is also used for trimming basques, sleeves, and the edges of flounces. There is very little change as yet in the mode of making sleeves; the style of those of the riding-dress in our present number, is a great favorite.

UNDER-SLEEVES of cambric of any thick material, are generally made full on bands, with a rounded cuff to turn up, others again are gathered on to a piece of insertion, and are finished by a full ruffle around the hand. The loose sleeves will still retain its popularity for summer wear.

CHEMISETTES are made high, closed, or open; and insertions are much used: there are generally alternate rows of embroidered muslin and Valenciennes lace. Sometimes a third band is added, of

clear muslin or fine cambric, in narrow tucks, which are usually woven in the material, as they wear so much better than those worked by hand. The cut of the chemisette requires more attention than at first sight it would seem to do. The fronts should always be sufficiently broad to cover the bust, and strings should be attached to fasten under the arms, so as to prevent the ungraceful folds that so often appear. The throat should not be cut round, but sloped rather in front. If the chemisette is to be worn by a lady with a long neck, or with a dress with a small collar, there should be a narrow band to attach the collar or lace. It is in good taste, if not absolutely necessary, that the under-sleeves should be of the same design as the collar.

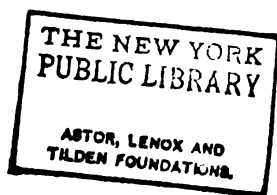
FOR PETTICOATS worn with the robes de chambre or open peignoir, insertions are employed in front. The skirts of dresses being very ample at the bottom, require petticoats made to support them. There are a great many made with a deep fluted flounce, which has the effect of giving great fulness to the skirt. Open work of English embroidery is entirely abandoned for the trimming of petticoats, and is replaced by insertions of satin-stitch embroidery. The pattern for insertion, given in this number, would, enlarged, make a beautiful front for a petticoat, and we recommend it to our fair readers.

BONNETS will be worn quite small, with the crowns falling far back. Wreaths and loops of ribbon around the inside of the face, is a becoming and popular trimming. Among the most expensive bonnets which we have seen, the cape was entirely dispensed with, and its place supplied by a fall of blond lace and bows of ribbon. This was much more becoming than would be at first imagined. The "drawa" or "casing" bonnet will retain its old favor in crape, gauze, and other materials of light description, though there are a great many very beautiful and expensive fancy straws, which will be preferred for durability.

MANTILLAS or TALMAS are likely to retain their circular shape for the spring and summer. These are trimmed with expensive ribbons, gimps and fringe. The most elegant thing which we have seen for mantillas, is a delicate lace wrought over with velvet. This is done in the weaving, and its richness and lightness is beyond description. This material comes by the yard and not in the pattern, and has the advantage of being made into any shape which one's taste may dictate. It is two yards wide, and is sold at about eighteen dollars a yard. A trimming lace, about a quarter of a yard in depth accompanies it, the price of which is from five to eight dollars a yard.

VEILS are not fastened to the bonnet now by strings, but are simply thrown over the top of it, and confined by a fancy pin. In consequence of this fashion some of the new veils are made square, and embroidered on all sides alike, but they are not very popular yet, as many persons find them too heavy, after wearing the short, light veil so fashionable for the last few years.

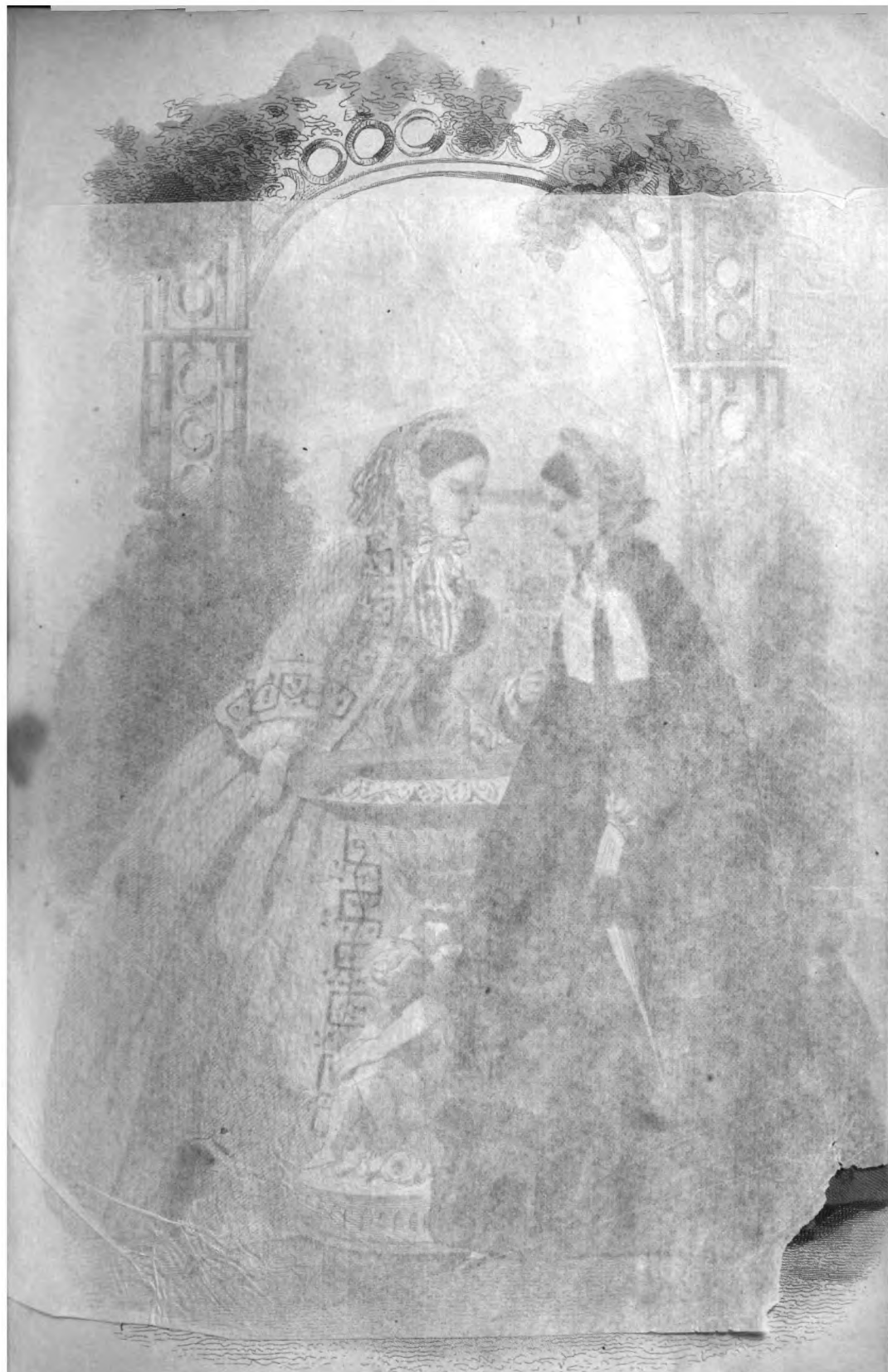






OLD SNOW BALL.

Engraved by Illman & Sons expressly for Peter's Magazine.



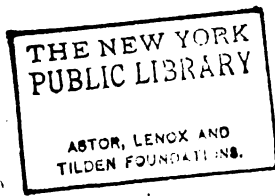
Illman & Sons





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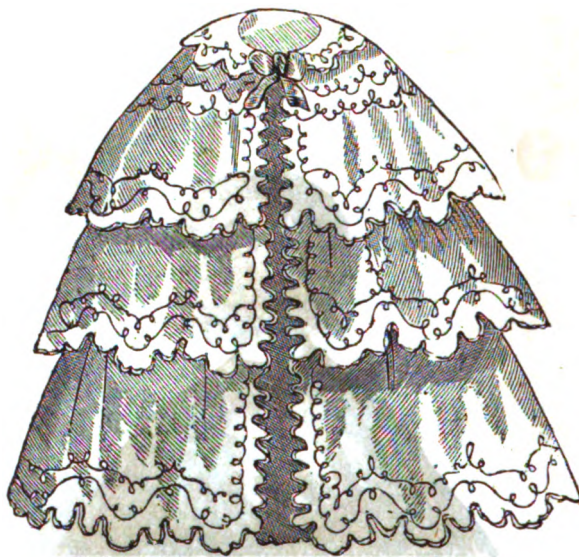




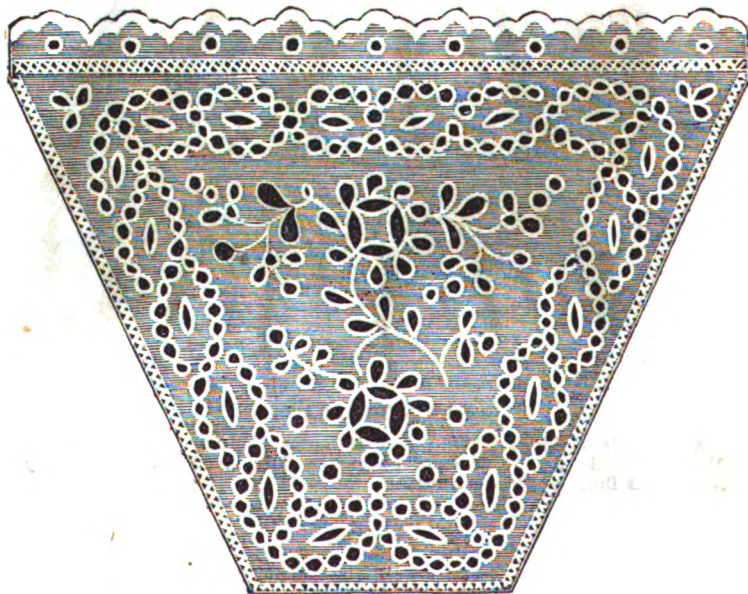
"LA NEBRASKA."

A new style of Spring Mantilla, from Molyneux Bell, Importer and Maker of Mantillas, Cloaks, &c., No. 58 Canal Street, New York. Sold in Philadelphia by Boutillier & Brothers, Chesnut Street.





**MANTILLA OF SWISS MUSLIN.**

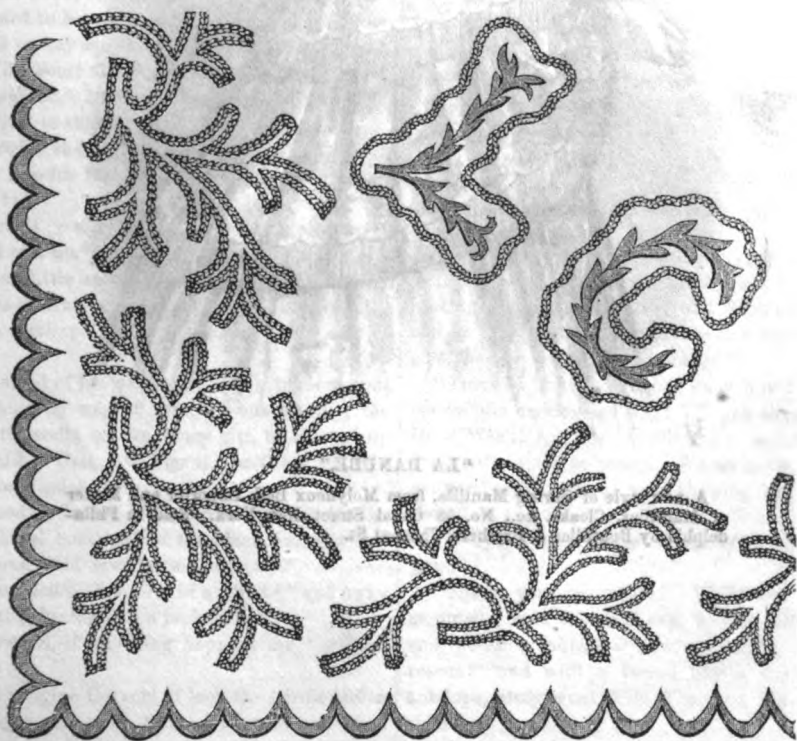


**STOMACHER FOR INFANT'S DRESS.**





LATEST STYLES OF SPRING BONNETS.



CORAL-BORDERED HANDKERCHIEF.



**"LA DANUBE."**

**A new style of Spring Mantilla, from Molyneux Bell, Importer and Maker of Mantillas, Cloaks, &c., No. 58 Canal Street, New York. Sold in Philadelphia by Boutillier & Brothers, Chestnut St.**

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1854.

No. 5.

## FRED'S RIDE.

BY DI VERNON.

"WELL, did I ever?"

"What's the matter now?"

"One of Di's capers—that's all."

"What has the witch been doing?"

"Yes, sir! what have I been doing? something you wouldn't *dare* do, I'll engage. I have been riding Wild Tom."

"Wild Tom!" And his eyes opened with surprise. You must know that Fred was a kind of a "Miss Nancy"—and a great coward, especially in regard to horses. *He* wouldn't mount such an animal on any account—nobody could make him.

"Wild Tom! and didn't he break your neck?"

"You see," Di replied, bobbing her head up and down to show that all was secure.

"Fred!" she folded her arms and looked innocently into his face.

"What?"

"Aren't you ashamed to be such a coward?"

Afraid of a horse! oh, fie! Come, arouse! pluck up your little stock of courage and accompany me this afternoon. You can have old Dolly, *she's* like a lamb, so quiet. Come, *I'll take care of you.*"

Ashamed of his weakness, Fred stammered out something by way of refusal—but meeting the sarcastic smile of the saucy girl, he colored up and said, "Well, I will go if you'll behave, and give me a quiet horse."

"Good! George Washington Stabbs! (to the old colored man) saddle the black mare for Mr. Fred, and Wild Tom for me, directly."

"Yes, Missy—I does it in a minute," and away he went grinning like a jackanapes.

"Now, Di, if anything happens me," whined Fred.

Just imagine the sort of look the heroic Helen McGregor cast upon Bailie Nichol Jarvie, when he begged and prayed for life, and you will have some idea how Di looked upon the pusillanimous Fred.

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"If anything happens you," said she, mimicing, "didn't I tell you *I'd* take care of you, you big baby?" And Di turned to the glass to adjust her riding-cap, a sneer curling her lip, while Fred drew on his gloves with the air of a man going to be hung.

"De horses, Missy—dey am here," said George Washington, putting his sable face in the doorway.

"Come and assist me to mount, if you happen to know how," cried the lady to the young man, as he turned to leave the hall. Fred never got affronted at anything Di chose to say to him—and he slowly followed her out. Wild Tom was a beautiful mottled grey,

"With a high arching neck and a nostril spread wide,  
His eye full of fire and his step full of pride,"

and as Di patted him affectionately on the face, he neighed her a greeting. Dolly was a stupid-looking, though well-formed and sleek animal—and in her younger days had been a racer—but now she was only "slow and sure."

"There! I knew you didn't know how to place me on the saddle—go way! I'll get on myself. Here, Wash! help that gentleman to mount, and don't grin quite so much. We all know you've got good teeth without your showing 'em all the time."

"Golly! Missy, you're so funny! yaw, yaw, yaw!"

"There you are again! Well—now we're mounted," said the mad-cap, waving her arm, and pointing ahead—"now, forward! to the rescue!" and with a bound like a frightened antelope, away went Wild Tom and his wilder rider.

"So, ho, gently!" cried Fred, as Dolly, pulling hard on the bit, began to scramble after her companion. But, the more he wanted her to go

slow, the more she wouldn't, and as Wild Tom flew onward like a bird on the wing, Dolly, becoming excited, increased her speed with the intention of coming up to him. I have no doubt the good mare was quite astonished to find she *could* run so fast in her old age—but I think poor Fred was more astonished than she, as he felt himself going faster and faster every moment, his head bowed down, like John Gilpin, the reins hanging loose, and his hands clinging to the saddle-bow, expecting each instant to be thrown on the road and his brains (?) dashed out against a stone. Di kept on—looking now and then behind her with a roguish laugh, and urging her steed still faster. Away thunders Wild Tom over the good plank road, right gallantly he! and well done black Dolly! she comes it grandly for an old one. Take care, Fred! you're getting tired—your face is wondrous pale, you tremble. "Di! Di! Di-i-i!" That voice rings plaintively on the air—it sounds to her very much like the bleating of a sheep—"Stop, Di, stop!"

"Well, what do you want?" she cried, drawing in her steed.

Dolly having come up, stopped too, puffing like a locomotive. "Oh, I'm nearly killed—I'll get off—"

"No, no, don't! We'll go back immediately. Why, it's nothing when you get used to it. She's very quiet, I'm sure."

"Yes, *very quiet*," gasped Fred, pulling his cap

over his eyes with one hand, while the other still grasped the saddle. "Oh, dear, how quiet we all are!"

Di was delighted. He *was* getting mad—he *could* get mad—she began to have a better opinion of him. But she wasn't done with him yet. "Well, we'll go home then—come!" and turning her horse, she slyly gave Dolly a smart cut of her whip, and away went the whole posse like the sweep of an avalanche.

"If you've got a wild horse," said Di, keeping alongside of her companion, who never looked up a moment, "just let him *run*—that'll soon quiet him."

"Ye-e-s—I should think—so," gasped Fred.—  
"can't you—go a little——"

"Faster? To be sure. Hi! Tom, hi!"

"Hold on! Ho! Di-i-i!"

No use. None so deaf as those who won't hear. Wild Tom *flew*, and Dolly did her best. It *was* a sight!

"The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, 'well done!'  
As loud as he could bawl."

And it was well done—for when Di drew up at her father's gate, Dolly and her clinging rider were but a short distance in the rear. Fred slid off the saddle nearly shook to pieces, and without a word took his way toward his own home. He did not soon forget his first ride.

## AMERICA—WRITTEN IN EUROPE.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

CLIME of the brave! thou mountain land!

Where Freedom sits enthroned in light,  
I hail thee—from a distant strand—

Amid affliction's darkest night!  
Perchance since I have left thy shore

My harp has lost its ancient tone:  
Thy sunny hills I see no more—

Thou—like a lovely dream—art gone  
The friendly hands that clasped in mine

May never meet my grasp again:  
How fondly will the heart repine

For vanished pleasure oft in vain!  
Across the darkly rolling deeps

I waft my warmest thoughts to thee,  
For one upon thy bosom sleeps

That ever must be dear to me.

Clime of broad lakes, and forests green,  
How oft remembrance bids me stray

By thy deep waters silver sheen,

Or on thy rock-piled mountains grey;

Oft I have watch'd the golden sun

Retiring in the crimson West,  
While some bright cloud came moving on  
Like a blest spirit to its rest!

And o'er the deep blue lake serene

A thousand lovely colors spread,

That lent enchantment to the scene,

And tinted every mountain's head;

Slowly along the horizon's brim

Fades the fair prospect from the eye;

Night's sombre cloud advances grim,

While Nature's beauties calmly die;

When Autumn ruled the fading year

Chiefly I lov'd to pace thy glade:

Now dreams restore those scenes so dear

When moonbeams sweetly gild the shade;

Heaven bless thy flag where'er it waves,

When raised to vindicate the right:

Spread like the Western sea that laves

Thy glorious shore—in strength and light!

## LOVE AT FIFTEEN AND TWENTY.

BY CLARA MORETON.

*La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le reve."*

THERE was never a lovelier girl than my old schoolmate, Emma Thornton. Our teachers could not disguise their partiality to her, but even that fruitful cause of disturbance did not excite my jealousy in this instance, for every scholar in school loved Emma. Her father was so wrapped up in her, that it never entered his head to marry again, although Emma's mother had died when she was but a child; and yet, petted and caressed as she was by every one, she was not in the least spoiled.

Fred Stanley, a wild, rollicking young Sophomore, the very opposite of our gentle Emma, was her teacher in one more study than her father had stipulated for, when he placed her under the care of the Misses Gibbs, whose boarding-school was in dangerous proximity to the college grounds. But then, the school was said to be under stricter discipline than any one in the city, and for that reason nicknamed "The Nunnery" by the students.

So closely were the young ladies watched, that under ordinary circumstances no danger could have been apprehended; but Fred, who had a sister at the same school, had caught such glimpses of Emma's fair young face, as to play the very mischief with his susceptible heart, and he was at his wits end to devise some stratagem, whereby a more satisfactory acquaintance could be effected.

Miss Lucinda Gibbs, whose love for the science of botany, caused her to keep an herbarium, was at length, through this same fondness, the unconscious means of bringing about the desired result. Fred made himself so useful in collecting and classifying her specimens for her, that she gradually grew to depend upon him for every other little form or attention that she might require. With the greatest alacrity he accompanied Miss Lucinda and her train of boarders to the evening prayer meetings, satisfied if he could obtain a seat where he could see and worship his idol, while the rest, it was to be hoped, were engaged in their proper devotions.

Emma needed not the help of Ellen Stanley to inform her of the state of her brother's heart, for she could read it in his eyes without any assistance. He was her first admirer, and she

was sufficiently young and romantic to suffer herself to become interested, before she had the least knowledge of the qualities of his mind and heart.

At length, Stanley was so privileged as to be allowed to accompany the school in their Saturday afternoon rambles into the country, and then as the girls separated one from another, flitting here and there through woodland walks and shaded meadows, many and glorious were the opportunities which he had for making love, and right earnestly did he set about it. If Miss Lucinda came suddenly upon them, nothing was easier than to appear completely absorbed in an explanation of the various parts of the wild flower that he held in his hand. He was never without one; and Miss Lucinda considered him such a devotee to her favorite science, that she never even mistrusted the least partiality toward any of the human flowers she had in charge.

Oh, those were halcyon days to Fred and Emma. Those stolen glances, those whispered interviews, the thrilling clasp of the quickly withdrawn hands, and once—shall I tell it?—the long, long kiss in the windings of that dark forest that skirted East Rock, upon whose bold summit the entire school had passed such a delightful day.

Thus, the mischief was accomplished, and thereafter Emma made wonderful progress in her new study, to the utter exclusion of all her old ones. Her teachers wondered that she should have so flagged. They noted her absent moods, the dreamy expression of her soft blue eyes, and fearing lest she might be pining for her father, they proposed to her a short visit home before the expiration of the session.

Of course, Emma would not listen to it, and so the weeks glided on until vacation came; and then with many promises of eternal love and constancy, Fred and Emma parted. The gentle girl who had left her father's home, a child in thought and feeling, returned to it with the heart of a woman throbbing in her bosom.

About a week after Emma's return, Mr. Thornton was sitting in his library reading the morning papers. Emma, with an open letter in her hand, entered the room, and drawing a low

stool to her father's feet, sat down upon it. She had never had any secrets from her father, and she was not going to begin now.

"Well, Emma," said Mr. Thornton, laying aside his paper, "what does my little girl want this morning?"

For a wonder, our amiable Emma was half inclined to pout, just at that particular moment, being called a "little girl" did not exactly suit her. She summoned all her dignity to her aid, and answered, "I have something that I wish to tell you, papa, if you are disengaged and can listen to me this morning."

"Certainly I can—what is it, child? No quarrel with your schoolmates, I hope, that you look so serious?"

"No, no—nothing of the kind. It is a secret that I know I ought not to keep from you, papa. You see, although you will call me a little girl, I am not such a *very* little one. At least, *somebody* does not think so."

"*Somebody!* who the deuce is *somebody*?—your room-mate, I suppose."

"Oh, no; but there is no use in making a mystery of the matter. I am engaged, papa."

"Engaged! what does the girl mean? Why, Emma, stand up, and let me look at you. Engaged! I'll shoot the rascal that dared to make love to such a child as you are."

"Oh, no, papa; you'll do no such a thing. When you see him, you can't help loving him, he has such a brave, noble face—he is so very——"

"Aye-e-e," interrupted Mr. Thornton, "can't I help it? It will be harder work to keep my hands off from him. Confound him! A *very* interesting young man, I have no doubt—at least, a *very* interested one. He does not know, I suppose, that you will have a fortune at my death—oh, no, nothing of the kind. I tell you what, Emma—I take too much pride in you, to let you throw yourself away on one of these college scape-graces, as I doubt not he is, for no man of sense would fall in love with a girl just entering her teens."

"I have been in them three years," said Emma.

"Oh, well, three years are nothing. When you are twenty, then we'll talk about your being engaged. Here, give me that letter. I'll answer it for you; and if after that, the scoundrel dares to make another attempt to steal my treasure, I'll send you to a nunnery—I will as sure as I'm your father."

Emma had never seen her father so decided before. She respected him too much, and loved him too well to offer any resistance; so she gave up her precious letter, and went to her chamber

to weep over her blighted hopes. Never did love-lorn damsel draw more touching pictures of a desolate future.

The same hour Mr. Thornton wrote, despatching his letter to the address Frederic had given Emma, and destroyed the one Emma had received.

There came no answer. Not thus easily had Emma expected to have been yielded up: but she convinced herself that Stanley's pride had prevented him from renewing his addresses, and she resolved that she would be as strong and uncomplaining as he.

Emma Thornton returned no more to boarding-school. Her father provided her with masters, and kept her under his own surveillance. At eighteen, she made her first appearance in gay society. Her exceeding beauty would have rendered her sufficiently attractive; but added to that, she possessed a well cultivated and brilliant mind, and the greatest refinement and grace of manner. Wherever she went all hearts paid her homage, but Emma turned coldly away from her suitors. Her father was in despair when he found her refusing so many eligible offers, for he began to feel the necessity of her having some younger protector than himself; but all his reasoning and expostulating availed naught.

There came a time, however, when Emma was no longer so careless and indifferent. A young lawyer of acknowledged talent, and one already occupying a prominent place in society, was the first admirer in whom Emma took the least interest since the days of her girlish love. At the step of Carlton Howard her pulse learned to beat more quickly, and she could scarce subdue the traces of emotion which his deep, rich tones never failed to call forth. Still, she so well disguised her feelings that he gleaned no encouragement from her manner; and knowing her reputed coldness, he felt little hope that his suit would ever prove successful. Yet he persevered in his attentions, determined if it were possible to win some portion of the love he so coveted.

Emma felt flattered that one of his superior attainments should so evidently find pleasure in her society. She acknowledged that his conversational powers were more brilliant, his acquirements more varied and extensive, his manners more polished than those of any other person that she had ever met with. Her father had asked her what more she could desire. She had made no answer, but the dream-like memory of her first love floated into her heart, and she went away by herself to nurse it in solitude as she had often done.

Weeks passed, and her reserve and coldness

gradually gave way to a more cordial manner. At length Howard gathered confidence to breathe his tale of love. More worthy of admiration than ever did he seem to Emma at that time. His dark grey eyes, always singularly expressive, now revealed their depths of tenderness, while his earnest words told of a heart strong in its devotion.

Emma, as she listened, felt her own heart beat and throb, as never had it throbbed but once before. He paused once, twice she essayed to answer, but the words died on her lips.

Again Mr. Howard spoke. "I have pained you, Miss Thornton," he said, "by my abrupt avowal this morning; but you will give me one word of hope, will you not? If you cannot return my love, say at least that I have your esteem, and not one effort on my part shall be wanting to become more deserving of an increased regard."

"I do esteem you, Mr. Howard. I can truly say that I feel more interest in you than I have ever felt save for one. Had I never met—that is, had I——" Emma paused. Her cheeks were painfully suffused. Every word that she attempted to say increased her embarrassment. This gave Carlton Howard the advantage, and calmly with gentle words he tried to reassure the blushing girl. He was so successful that little by little her confidence was entirely given to him, and Howard felt more than ever encouraged when he found that it was only the memory of a love at fifteen that he had to do battle with.

Two weeks afterward Emma was a second time betrothed, but it was with the full understanding that her lover should never quarrel with the memory of that first love.

There was never a more beautiful bride than Emma Howard—never a happier husband than Carlton, or a father better pleased with a daughter's choice than was Mr. Thornton.

Every one agreed that for once the course of true love had run wonderfully smooth.

A year passed away, and Howard found that he was quite right in considering Emma's first attachment as a mere girlish fancy. Although when he noted a shade of unusual seriousness upon her brow, he would jest her about the privileged memory, he was long ago convinced that the deeper waters of her heart had been moved only for him.

And yet it must be confessed that Emma frequently recurred to the romantic attachment of her school girl days—not with the yearning tenderness that she once had felt, but with a desire to know something of Stanley's after life—a wish that she might find that his fate had been as

happy as her own; confessing to her husband the relief that it would be to know that he had not died of a broken heart.

One lovely spring afternoon, just on the verge of evening, Carlton Howard and his wife were sitting by an open window in their cool and pleasant library, when a servant entered with a card, which he handed to Mrs. Howard. She glanced at the name—it had been years since she had seen that handwriting, and the color came to her cheeks as she read aloud "Frederic Stanley"—then fitted back as rapidly until they were as pale as the white flowers of the vine that clung for support to the trellis about the window.

"What shall I do, Carlton? what shall I do?" she said, hastily.

"Go down to him, love," he answered. "My own wife is not afraid that she will lose her heart again. I know too well how much it is my own to have any fears myself."

Emma stooped down, resting one snowy hand amidst the masses of raven hair which was swept back from his broad white forehead, and kissing him tenderly, said, "Your exceeding love, Carlton, gives me confidence in myself, but you will certainly come with me."

"No, Emma, I would rather not—it would be more awkward for you—no, go down, love," he continued, pushing her gently from him; but marking the tears in her eyes, he added, "if you so desire it, I will follow you presently."

Emma's heart beat painfully as she descended the staircase, and she stood for a moment beside the parlor door to reassure herself. It was in vain—her agitation momentarily increased. At length, summoning all her courage, she entered.

The servant had lighted the gas, and from the porcelain shade the softened light fell upon a figure very unlike the one in Emma's imagination.

Burly as a — beer barrel I had almost said—the comparison seemed so apt in more respects than one—was the Mr. Stanley before her.

With a coarse laugh, he arose from his seat.

"Shouldn't have known you, 'pon honor, Miss Thornton—Mrs. Howard, I mean—he, he, that seems odd too. How you have changed; but then I have altered *some*, haven't I?"

"Very much, I should think," answered Emma, in a freezing tone.

All the fluttering about her heart had vanished, but there was a mighty revolution going on there nevertheless—the enshrined ideal was crumbling into dust.

"You haven't forgotten how I used to look, have you? why, I often think about the curly-headed girl that liked to cry her eyes out when

we parted—it'll never be as hard parting again, I warrant," and Mr. Stanley laughed merrily at the (to him) pleasing reminiscence.

"Is this your first visit to the city?" inquired Emma, in hopes of changing the current of his thoughts.

"No. I was here six years ago with my wife; but you see she wouldn't listen to my looking you up; so as it was our wedding trip I gave up to her, but yesterday I came on from New York to attend the races, and having nothing to do this afternoon I concluded to hunt you out. I always have felt a kind of curiosity to see you again, for although I have been in love a dozen times since, I couldn't forget you entirely. I expect if the old man hadn't interfered you'd have been Mrs. Stanley—he, he, it's very funny the way things turn up in this world, isn't it?"

Emma's face was crimson. She now hoped from her heart that her husband would remain in the library, for his presence would only increase her mortification. But it was not long before she heard his step upon the stairs, and very awkwardly when he entered did she introduce them.

"You must not let me interrupt your reminiscences," said Mr. Howard, as he drew his chair into the centre of the room, "as you were old schoolmates, I presume you have many very pleasing ones."

"Ah, we were something more than old schoolmates," replied Mr. Stanley, laughing. "Did your wife never tell you how near we came making a match? ha, ha—'a miss is as good as a mile,' however, and I expect we are both about as well suited—eh, Mrs. Howard?"

Mr. Howard cast a mischievous glance at his wife, and seeing how painfully embarrassed she appeared he answered for her.

"I, at least, Mr. Stanley," he said, "am much rejoiced that the match was broken, for I expect I should still have been a wandering bachelor, had I not found the realization of my dreams in Miss Thornton."

The spirit of mischief was strong in Mr. Howard, and he felt disposed to draw Mr. Stanley still further out upon the subject, but catching an appealing glance from his wife, he adroitly introduced another topic of conversation.

Mrs. Howard began to breathe more freely when she saw how deeply interested Mr. Stanley became in giving a minute description of the races, and discussing the merits of the different horses and their riders; but he interspersed his conversation with so many slang phrases, that Mrs. Howard, more than ever disgusted, made some trifling excuse and left the room.

It was full an hour afterward when her husband entered the library where she was seated, and, throwing himself upon a lounge, laughed until tears stood in his merry eyes.

Emma was of course too thoroughly vexed to join in his laughter, and she showed her irritation by turning her shoulder a trifle more toward him.

Mr. Howard tried several times to speak, but his hearty laughter drowned his words.

He at length succeeded in saying, "Don't turn from me so, Emma darling." Here was another laugh which made Mrs. Howard turn her back completely around.

"Indeed, I cannot help it; you must excuse me, Emma," he found breath to say at last.

Still his mirthfulness was in no way checked, even when she arose and swept indignantly from the room: but as soon as he was able to compose his countenance he followed her.

"Come, Emma—I don't want to hurt your feelings, my dear, but you must let me enjoy——"

"*My mortification*," said his wife, interrupting him—tears standing in her eyes.

"No, by no means. You put a wrong construction upon my merriment. Come, dear wife—come back to the library with me. You have yet to hear the best part of the joke."

He encircled her waist with his arm as he spoke. She could not resist the tenderness, and she suffered herself to be led back to the room she had so petulantly deserted.

As she resumed her seat, she strove hard to conquer her feelings, but the tears of vexation would creep up into the corners of her eyes; and she found it impossible to disguise the annoyance that she felt at her husband's mischievous glances.

"If we want to be very good friends, Carlton," she said, at length, "and live as happy as we have done heretofore, there must be no allusion after to-night to this provoking occurrence. Promise me, now, that you will not tell father."

"You are too hard upon me, Emma—indeed you are. He would enjoy it capitally; and why need you care?—you have done nothing for which you are to blame."

"But think how vexatious."

"I do believe, Emma, that you are chagrined, because he consoled himself so speedily for your loss. Let me see, it was one of your anxieties, if I remember, lest he should die of a broken heart."

"Carlton, you are too bad. I really think you are unkind to tease me so," and Mrs. Howard's pretty lips quivered as she spoke, and the tears rolled down her face, until her husband compas-



sionately drew her head down upon his breast, and by his continued efforts succeeded in making her look upon the ludicrous occurrence with as much merriment nearly as he had done.

He detailed to her the conversation which had passed between them after she had left the room—how Mr. Stanley had made him a confidant of his losses at the races, the consequent depression of his finances, and his need of a loan, which Mr. Howard had the more readily advanced,

inasmuch as divining his companion's character, he saw at a glance that he could thus effectually rid himself of an acquaintance that might otherwise prove troublesome.

He was right. Mr. Frederic Stanley was never after seen nor heard from by any of the family.

Although Emma still feels a little chagrined when any allusion is made to her first love, yet she fails not to relate her experience to those whom she thinks it may profit.

## ONE LITTLE YEAR AGO.

BY PHILA EARLE.

On! the strange and solemn changes,  
That so sadly come and go,  
And the clouds that's dimmed life's pathway,  
Since one little year ago;  
And the buds of hope are withered,  
And love's flowers are faded now,  
That were twined in fancy's garland,  
Which then rested on my brow.

Oh, the drear and darksome shadows,  
That have spread their dusky wings  
O'er my heart, and sad are sweeping  
All its fitful, quivering strings;  
And the plaintive spirit voices  
That soft whisper, sad and low,  
Of the bye-gone love and gladness  
Of one little year ago!

By a dreamy stream I lingered,  
Many a smiling moon ago,  
Thinking angel-voices whispered  
In its singing, purling flow;  
There's a grave all green and grassy  
Where it trills its song so low,  
One sleeps there with whom I wandered  
But one little year ago.

From my heart's bright chosen garland,  
Many a bud and flower fair  
Has grown pale, and withered, faded,  
Leaving darkened places there;  
Death's cold wind their beauty's blighted,  
But there's fragrance left to show  
Where they blossomed, loved, and cherished,  
But one little year ago.

One there was who knelt beside me,  
Breathing love's sweet, holy vow,  
Saying it should ne'er be broken;  
But the vow's forgotten now,  
And he's murmured to another,  
In a love-tuned tone and low,  
The same words he whispered to me  
But one little year ago.

Eyes there are fast growing dimmer—  
Steps more falt'ring, feeble, slow;  
And there's hair that's tinged with silver,  
That was not one year ago.  
Oh, the drear and darksome changes,  
That so sadly come and go;  
How we turn with spirit-longings  
To one little year ago.

## ALL THINGS PROCLAIM IT MAY.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The wind is breathing of the South,  
The green leaves are at play,  
The birds are chirping in the woods,  
All things proclaim it May.

The sunshine dances on the stream,  
The blooming flowers how gay!  
The pigeons coo upon the eves,  
All things proclaim it May.

The apple-blossoms, as we go,  
Like snow-flakes strew the way.  
The very mould a fragrance sheds,  
All things proclaim it May.

Oh! blissful month, how it recalls  
My childhood passed away,  
When all was fresh, and fair, and bright,  
And life seemed one long May.

## MATTHEW NEIL'S MISTAKE.

BY FANNY SMITH.

ANNIE NEIL's simple lullaby of "hush my babe," was often lowered into a mere humming of the tune, as she rocked the cradle with her foot, and took up the highly glazed envelope, to scan the direction and re-read the note of invitation contained therein.

Little Frank was at last fast asleep, and with a whispered injunction to Nancy to "jog the cradle, if baby moved," off she tripped to look over stores of wreaths, satin slippers, and her wedding dress, to see what she would have suitable to wear at the grand party.

"I know Matthew will go *this* time," argued the young wife to herself, "the Wards are great friends of his. Let me see—he thinks I look best in blue; I guess I'll get a light blue brocade, and have it made so I can wear my Honiton. How kind of Matthew to give me those expensive laces for a Christmas present. He likes to see me well dressed, and I know he won't object to the brocade, for he's doing such a good business now, and I haven't had an evening dress since I was married." And with a light heart, Annie Neil turned over the flowers, trying on a wreath or spray now and then to see which would be the most becoming.

The little wife possessed a deal of tact. She had a practical knowledge of the English adage, which says that "a hungry man is an angry man," so she waited patiently till the soup and fowl were discussed, the dessert placed upon the table, and her husband's appetite somewhat appeased before she commenced.

"Matthew," said she, "the Wards are going to give a large party on Thursday night, and have sent us an invitation."

There was not a word, or look of encouragement on the face of the husband. She was going to add, "And I want you to give me a new dress for the occasion," and end it all with a kiss, but the stolid face prevented that, so she only said, "I expect it will be a very handsome affair, in honor of their new house."

"I know two people who won't be there," was the reply, as the knife went down with a snap through his mince-pie to the plate.

Annie said not a word, but the tears almost come, as she sat twirling the water in her goblet. So the dinner ended in silence. Matthew took

up his hat to return to his counting-room, and Annie went up to the nursery to play with little Frank whilst Nancy got her dinner.

But somehow the child missed the something in his mother. She did not entertain him with her usual light-hearted gaiety; her laugh was not so ringing when his block houses fell down; she did not "drive horsey" so actively as common; nor play "peep" with such laughing eyes as he had been accustomed to.

So Frank fretted, and *would not* be amused, and Annie Neil sighed, "oh, dear," and with a quivering lip said to herself, "I am glad I was spared the mortification of having the dress refused, at any rate."

And then in spite of herself, hard, though just thoughts of her husband, would intrude themselves. She even then did not know that her heart pronounced Matthew selfish, but she thought over the two years of their married life, and remembered that he had taken her a young, gay girl, from a large circle of warm friends; had refused to attend most of the bridal parties which had been offered to her, and had peremptorily declined every invitation since. Without intending it probably, he had withdrawn her from most of her young companions, whose society, he declared, was not worth having.

Poor Annie! She had a light heart, and was young enough, and tasted gaiety too seldom, now not to feel terribly disappointed at not attending Mrs. Ward's party.

The young wife had made up her mind to bear this little privation, as patiently as she had borne all the others, but, in spite of herself, her kiss was not so warm as usual, nor her voice so gay in its welcome, when her husband returned at night.

"Well, Annie! what kind of dress are you going to wear at Mrs. Ward's?" asked Mrs. Carr, Matthew's sister, as her husband and herself were spending the evening there.

"We are not going, Lizzy," was Annie's somewhat constrained answer.

Lizzy turned a quick, sharp look at her brother.

"You mean Matthew *won't* go, I suppose," said she.

"*Indeed* I shan't," replied the brother, while a smile of contemptuous superiority curled his

lip, "how a sane man can spend an evening, at a fashionable party, is beyond my comprehension."

"That is not the only thing beyond your comprehension, I suspect," replied the high-spirited sister, as she gazed at Annie's youthful face.

"One never meets a person worth speaking to," continued Matthew, not noticing his sister's interruption, "nothing but a parcel of men and women dancing, and making fools of themselves."

"You must have a stupid set of acquaintance, and but little discrimination and ability to draw people out," was Mrs. Carr's retort. "There is no reason why you cannot talk as sensibly at a party as anywhere else. You meet the same set of men that you are so fond of smoking cigars with in your office, or so fond of talking with at your stag parties; and to one who likes to read characters by countenances, a good corner at a large party affords one not only amusement, but some insight into human nature."

"A man gets enough of all that through the day, and wants to rest quietly when he comes home at night," replied Mr. Neil, changing his ground.

Annie had heard a cry in the nursery during the discussion, and gone up to look after little Frank, so without the fear of creating trouble between her brother and his wife, Mrs. Carr went on,

"And don't you remember, Matthew, that your quiet, patient wife gets *nothing at all* of 'all that;' that a woman's mind stagnates by her constant confinement to mere domestic duties; with no recreations she loses all elasticity of mind, and at last becomes a mere head nurse and housekeeper to her children and husband. It would be equally wrong in Annie to want to go out *every night*, but surely you might make an *occasional* sacrifice. I tell you, Matthew Neil, what it is, were I in your wife's place, I'd go without you."

Mr. Neil opened his eyes, and laughed at the idea of his quiet, gentle wife thinking for herself, and going without him; so he shrugged his shoulders at his sister, and turned to Mr. Carr to ask about the last advices from Europe.

The night of the party came, and found Annie beside little Frank's cradle, trying in vain to read, whilst her husband was down stairs smoking a cigar with a friend.

Matthew Neil was not an unkind husband in the usual acceptation of the phrase, only a selfish one, but such men, if they care at all for a wife's love, are making one of the greatest mistakes of a life-time when they say, "It is only a trifle, and there are a great many more important things than going to parties."

Invitation after invitation was refused in the same peremptory manner, without once consulting his wife's inclinations.

With the usual generosity (perversity if you will, dear reader,) of woman's nature, had he but once have said to Annie, "We will go if you would like to," she would have instantly refused, and had more pleasure in the refusal than the acceptance.

The spring came and found the wife worn out, body and mind, with constant attention on her sick child. The frightful illness and trying convalescence was past, and now Annie longed for some relief from the wearisome routine of every day life. She longed for something that would arouse her from the train of sad thoughts which had assailed her in little Frank's room, but there never came a kind offer to drive her out for change of air, nor an invitation to go to a concert or a lecture, or the opera, and she was too proud to ask for what she feared would be refused.

But many and many a night during the child's recovery, had Matthew looked into the room and said, "Annie, Frank is so cross that I cannot stand it. As I can't do you any good, I think I will step into the theatre;" or else, "as long as you don't mind being alone, I'll go to hear Son-tag to-night, I think;" and the gentle reply would be, "Very well, Matthew," and then a burst of tears when he had gone.

Once during the child's illness, Annie had implored the husband to stay at home from a gentleman's party to which he was going, "I get so frightened when those spasms come on," she urged.

He replied that "the doctor did not think them so alarming; that Nancy could do more good than he could, even if he was there; that Annie was becoming as much of a baby as Frank; and that after the wearisome routine of business, he really needed some recreation." But he staid, nevertheless, sullenly enough to make his wife repent the request, and for weeks afterward spoke of his having to deny himself all pleasure on account of her nervous whims.

A change was slowly but surely coming over Anne Neil's love. It was no longer with an impatient waiting on the staircase, till she heard the latch key in the door, and then a quick flying to her own room, for fear he should know how foolish she had been, that she received him now; it was no longer a half-hour's study with her, whether her glossy hair should be curled or braided; it was no longer in selecting a dress that she asked herself, "which would Matthew like best;" it was no longer that a week's

absence on a gunning expedition was looked forward to, as if it would be an eternal separation; but her duties were all faithfully performed, and she was as gentle and patient as ever.

Annie Neil was no hypocrite. She could not feign the intense love she had once felt, and even if she had tried, her husband was too selfish, not soon to have detected the counterfeit.

"It is enough to make one dislike children," grumbled Matthew Neil, one night to his sister, "when one's wife's whole soul is wrapped up so in them, that the husband is a mere secondary consideration. I really believe Annie has not a thought to spare from Frank. She would a great deal rather sit in the nursery with him, than in the parlor with me. It isn't that he needs her care either, for Nancy is a capital nurse, and I have offered to hire another if she has not enough servants."

"Annie has been accustomed to the confinement of the nursery so long, that I suspect that she only looks upon herself as a head nurse," retorted Mrs. Carr, "but she must come to our party whether you do or not, that's settled."

There was not exactly the same satisfied smile on Matthew Neil's face now, that there was on the night on which Ward's party was discussed,

as he replied, "very well," for he felt that his wife was not the same unquestioning creature, that she was then.

And Annie *did* go to the party; and not only to that, but to others, and still others; to the opera, to the theatre, to concerts with her sister-in-law and Mr. Carr; and night after night, sometimes after spending a long, lonely evening, her husband heard her bid adieu to her laughing companions on the door steps, he thought how gay she was, to what she used to be, to all but him, and he sighed that now their roads were so separated.

There was a great, unsatisfied want now, in Matthew Neil's heart. From sheer desperation, he followed, rather than went with his wife into society; he almost sickened at her innocent gaiety; and at times, loathed his child on whom she bestowed such prodigal caresses. There was no lack of wifely *duty*. Annie was ever gentle and patient, a good housewife, and a faithful nurse in sickness; but the *warmth*, with which her love had touched all things, had gone. Her husband knew she loved no one else, but alas, he felt that she could never love him again, as she once had done, and to this day Matthew Neil is mourning over his MISTAKE.

## THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

WHAT fairy sounds steal on the list'ning ear  
And break the silence of the midnight hour?  
Approaching slowly nearer and more near,  
As o'er the senses with a thrilling power  
The symphony is pour'd. As a frail flower

A moment opening to the rosy light,  
Will close when threatening clouds in darkness lower,  
Or fold its petals at approach of night—  
So died these sounds away and soon were silenced quite.

Once more their breathings soft and low I hear!  
At first so faint as scarce to noticed be,  
Like wailings of some spirit sad, in fear  
Of that dread pow'r which holds the hidden key  
Of destiny—complaining low to me;  
As though a mortal might assistance lend  
To troubled spirits from the body free,  
Who ne'er below their sinful ways would mend—  
But in their last estate would whisper to a friend.

What would'st with me, thou spirit of the air?  
What tale of sorrow or remorse unfold?  
When in this world was poverty thy share,  
Or did'st thou bow beneath thy load of gold—

For which thy happiness and Time were sold?

Or was thy life forever shadow'd o'er  
By dreadful crimes in number manifold,  
Which haunt thee now upon that far-off shore  
Where those who once arrive can here return no more?

My sole reply; the notes which louder grow  
As if one spirit bolder than the rest  
Was close beside me—now they softly flow  
As anthems from the harpings of the blest,  
Who round th' eternal throne in glory drest,  
In spotless purity their voices raise—  
Gather'd from every nation East and West—  
With golden harps and seraph voices praise  
The Lord who's God alone, who ancient is of days.

Thy tender breathings o'er the spirit steal  
With soothing power as they come and go,  
Though not of spirits in their woe or weal,  
Thy gentle harmonies float to and fro,  
Now loudly murmuring—now soft and low;  
But fannings of the zephyr's airy wing,  
One instant hurried and the next more slow—  
Thy lengthened cadences forever bring  
A calm unto the soul, for angels touch the string.

## ADA LESTER'S SEASON IN NEW YORK.

BY GARRY STANLEY.

### PART III.

NEW YORK, March 31st.

MY last letter, dear Maggie, apprized you of Anna Richards illness, I stood by her grave yesterday.

God help the poor mother who closes her eyes to-day on His glorious sunshine, because it so mocks her sorrows, she cannot realize as yet the rapturous awaking of her child on the bosom of the Saviour, that Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" she only feels that dark sorrow closing around her heart, deadening it to everything except a wish to lie down in the cold earth beside her dead and clasp it in her arms.

I sat up with Mrs. Richards the night that Anna died. I had called in the afternoon, and saw how it would be with the child before morning, and I could not leave that heart-stricken mother to wrestle with the dread terror alone. Through the long night Mrs. Richards sat by the bedside, perfectly immovable the greater part of the time; her face was stony in its agony, and there was not a tear to cool the burning of her eyeballs. Once she raised her eyes, and wailed forth the prayer, "*By Thy agony* in Gethsemane, if it be possible *let this cup* pass from me." Her grief seemed at last almost unendurable, she paced the room with folded arms and bowed head, a groan now and then escaping her. The hours wore on thus slowly, because each moment seemed to add its weight of torture, quickly, because the mother was so soon to take the last look of her child.

I almost imagined, in the quiet of the dimly lighted room, that I could hear the stealthy footsteps of the Grim King creeping cautiously along, and I once came near screaming as I was startled from the preception of that almost *palpable* presence, by a fit of coughing from Anna. I was lying her down again after it was over, when she sprang up with such a wild, frightened, anxious look in her eyes that I was terrified. It was an expression that belongs only to the dying. Her mother raised her and pillowed her head on her bosom. A wan smile, but of an unearthly beauty of which you cannot conceive, illumined her face; a smile that was but the shadowy type of the

seraphic sweetness that brightens it now: and then she murmured forth, "It's growing—so—dark."

There was no wrestling with the great terror, dear Maggie; after that one imploring look, which seemed to ask us to save her, she was conquered; she spoke no more; and breathed but a moment or two; then all was over.

The poor mother is almost dumb from trouble. She is left alone now without a friend in the wide world. Her faith seems almost dead. "I had been so thankful for such a blessing," said she to me, when I called there this morning. "Every kiss on her brow had been a thanksgiving. She had been the child of so many prayers that I thought God *must* have had mercy on me, and spared me *one* to love."

I could not tell her then, dear Maggie, what she will know as soon as this veil of grief shall have been rent, and she will be again permitted to see the Holy of Holies—I could not tell her then that God *had* heard her prayers, and so in His mercy had taken her child from trouble to come, that hurtling storms, and racking pains, and hunger, and cold and *temptation* could no more assail her on the bosom on which she reposed; I could not tell her all this, which I so strongly feel, for my voice would be drowned now in the wild cry that is ever going up from her heart, "My child, my child."

I have written to mamma this morning to ask whether she thought we could not find permanent employment in our own and a few other families for Mrs. Richards. There is not a soul in this great city to help her in sickness or sorrow. She is a beautiful seamstress, and so quiet and unobtrusive in her manners that none need object to employing her. You know what difficulty we sometimes find to get sewing done, and if there is a tolerable certainty of her being engaged, I think I can induce her to go to C—. Exert yourself for her, in the name of humanity, my dear friend.

Mr. Blanchard, throughout all this trouble, has been most generous. One learns to revere a man like him, Maggie, in a place like this, and I have heard of two instances lately, where he had rescued young men from crime and ruin by kind words and timely help. They have told of it,

not himself. He said to me the other night, "I do so want my mother and you to know each other, Miss Ada. She is quite an invalid; but so good with all her sufferings. I hope you will know her some of these days." He has never said anything which has flattered me half so much. I hear that the mother and son almost idolize each other.

Do not forget about Mrs. Richards, and as soon as you, or mamma, can give any definite answer, let me know. Yours truly,

ADA LESTER.

NEW YORK, April 15th.

I AM home-sick and heart-sick, dear Maggie, but I see no prospect of leaving New York for a month, at least. You know uncle promised to take me back to C—— the latter part of April, but last night letters arrived from George, containing the intelligence that his wife and himself would be here about the twenty-fifth. Uncle of course would not like to be away when his son came home, nor to leave soon afterward; and I know that it would be churlish for me to start off alone, and refuse to partake of the happiness caused by his return.

Yet I long, more than ever, to be home. Oh! Maggie, you don't know what a city this is. Never was I deceived in any one as I have been in Mr. Blanchard. I am ashamed of myself, and angry too. But sometimes I almost doubt my senses; for how could any one be so wicked!

A few mornings after my last letter, I was on my way to Mrs. Richards', when, just as I turned into Anthony street, I saw Mr. Blanchard walking hurriedly along on the opposite side of the street. He did not observe me, and I passed on.

"So Mr. Blanchard has been here this morning," said I, when I entered Mrs. Richards' room.

"No, Miss, not to-day," was the reply, as the good woman proceeded with her sewing.

I was somewhat surprised, for the moment, but soon forgot the circumstance. I thought it better that Mrs. Richards should have something to occupy her mind rather than let it dwell on her trouble, so I had obtained work from aunt for her, till I could hear from mamma with regard to her. This called me to her house frequently. Once or twice at different hours I had met Mr. Blanchard, in or near Anthony street, and when I mentioned it to Mrs. Richards, she always denied his having been there.

At first I took no notice of it when I saw him, but one evening when we were speaking of Mrs. Richards, I said, "By the way, you never recognize an acquaintance in the street, do you? I have seen you four or five times in the neighbor-

hood of Anthony street, but you have not deigned to know me."

He started, and as I thought at the time looked a good deal embarrassed, but quickly replied, "I did not see you," and then turned the subject.

I began to feel curious in the matter, and once or twice I cautiously hinted at it to Mrs. Richards. She evidently dropped the subject as soon as possible.

The morning I got mamma's letter, announcing her success with regard to my *protegee*, I hurried to Anthony street earlier than usual. Standing in the entrance of a house nearly opposite to the one to which I was going, were two persons, one was a young woman, who had apparently just opened the door, the other was a form I could not mistake. It was Mr. Blanchard. He did not see me, and passed in, just before I reached Mrs. Richards' door.

"Who lives nearly opposite, in that frame house with a wooden stoop and green railing?" I said, abruptly, as I entered, without even bidding Mrs. Richards, as usual, good morning.

"A person of the name of Barclay, I believe," was the answer of Mrs. Richards, as she picked up her work, then tossed it down again, evidently very much worried, and unconscious of what she was doing.

There was something so strange in her manner, that flashed a sudden light on me. But I was ashamed of myself immediately for my suspicions, though I determined to *know* all I could.

"A young lady," I said, "I have seen her."

"Seen her?" In a voice of dismay.

"What is the history of that person, Mrs. Richards?" I demanded, sternly, my worst suspicions returning at this.

The poor woman looked at me half imploringly as she answered, "Indeed, I do not know her at all, Miss Lester. I have never spoken to her in my life."

The very terror, which was creeping over me, made me calm. "Very well," I replied, "that may all be very true. But what do you know of her history?"

"Nothing but what I have heard from gossiping over at the shop below here."

"Well?"

"She was very ill after she came to live here; a raving maniac for weeks, they said. Some of the neighbor women that went in to see her, said that it was dreadful to hear her moan about her baby that died, and implore them to bring its father to her, because he had promised to marry her."

I grew faint and sick at this revelation, Maggie, of the wickedness of one I had believed so

good. But I persisted in my questions. I could not believe the story yet. "Well?" said I again, as Mrs. Richards paused.

"I don't know anything more about her. She seldom goes out, but I have seen her sometimes, and she is quite cheerful-looking now. He goes to see her very often, I hear. Once or twice I saw him go in myself. Maby he has married her."

"Who?"

I felt a cold thrill in all my veins. I knew what her answer would be. But I forced myself to speak.

"Mr. Blanchard. I can't believe my own eyes hardly. Such a fine, kind gentleman as he is too. But such things happen every day in this city and nothing's thought of it. He was so kind to me that I couldn't bear to mention it to you, though maby I ought to have done it before."

"Certainly you should have done it before," I answered, hardly knowing what I said, "oh! the villain——"

"But," began Mrs. Richards.

I was too indignant to listen. I waived my hand and rose to go. But suddenly I remembered my errand. Mrs. Richards most gladly and gratefully accepts the proposition. As she has still a good deal of sewing to do for aunt, I think she will not leave for C—— till I do. There is but one thing in all this wide city that she regrets—her graves; the last one more than the rest probably. Ah! no wonder that Horace Blanchard said to me that Anna Richards would "be better off sleeping peacefully in her grave, than to grow up as too many of her sex have to do. to crime and want."

Great preacher! to be sure. And he "hoped too that I never might know of all this sorrow," forsooth. I suppose he *did* hope it!

I do not know how I reached home. Every thing had a strange, unnatural look. I paced my room for hours. I had no tears, dear Maggie, for the death of my Faith. It almost seemed to me to be a great *personal* sorrow, and with me great sorrows are tearless.

In the evening Mr. Blanchard called to accompany us to a music party. To my cousin's astonishment, I declined going with them.

"Are you not well, Miss Ada?" he asked.

His hypocrisy angered me beyond control.

"Not very," was my curt reply, and I went on reading my book. He lingered near the table for a few moments, as if he wished to say something more, but I kept my eyes resolutely on the page, and after a while he left, I never looking up at him again.

Yours truly,

ADA.

NEW YORK, April 28th.

MR. BLANCHARD has called as frequently as usual since the night of the music party, but I have always maintained the same distant aspect toward him, never speaking to him except to answer a question; and then as little as possible. Of course in my uncle's house I cannot go further than this. Nor can I tell uncle the truth. But oh! Maggie, if I was *only* home.

It is getting very embarrassing too. My cousins notice my conduct. I often catch Louise looking at me, after I have answered Mr. Blanchard in monosyllables, with her large eyes dilated in surprise and inquiry. Last night Ella exclaimed, as we three girls were sitting together,

"What's the matter, Ada, with Mr. Blanchard and yourself? If it's a quarrel *do* make it up, for I'm going to be bride's-maid, you know."

"We have not quarreled," said I, "but as I disapprove of Mr. Blanchard's profligacy, I shall not hesitate to show it."

"Profligacy!"

"Yes," I repeated, trying to speak calmly, but I felt the blood rise to my forehead.

"I do not believe a word of it," said Ella, after a pause, with more than her usual energy.

Louise looked up inquiringly. "Has he been gambling?" she asked.

"No," I answered, vehemently, "I should consider even that, bad as it is, a light crime compared to this."

"To *what*?"

I felt all at once that I had gone too far: but there was no way of retreat; and so, with cheeks burning with shame, I told them all I knew of his visits to Anthony street.

A strange light shot into Louise's eyes at this. She triumphed, I suppose, that one whom I had looked upon as a superior, should be brought down to the common level. She replied languidly,

"Really, Ada, you are too Quixotic. Such things are taken as a matter of course now. I have heard something of this story before. She was a sewing girl, brought up by his mother, I believe."

I sprang indignantly to my feet.

"A sewing girl brought up by his mother!" I cried. "And an orphan too most likely! Oh," I continued, forgetting who listened to me, "if there is anything which could make his villainy deeper, it is this."

Louise began to laugh. It was a low, sneering laugh, that makes me shudder to recall, even now.

"Really, Ada," she said, "he ought to see you now. You look like Lucretia when she is

ready to stab the duke. He'd certainly propose at once."

"He!"

I looked at her for an instant, as I spoke, my eyes flashing, for I was never so angry in my life. My cousin flinched, growing pale and averting her look.

"If Horace Blanchard had the throne of the Indies to offer me," I said, "I would spurn him, and you know it." And with these words I left the room.

George and Gertrude arrived several days ago.

Gertrude, who would never have been noticed as the daughter of the ruined Mr. Emory, is every where feted as the wife of the rich (and *to be richer*) Mr. Hinton. She is very beautiful, and yet one cannot tell in what her beauty consists, without it may be in the ever varying expression of her countenance. George is very proud of her, and what is better, is very much in love. They will remain with uncle's family till they can find a house and furnish it. My new cousin and myself are already sworn friends.

Strange to say, Mr. Blanchard and George are nearly inseparable. I have been on the point two or three times of telling Gertrude what I know of the former, for I am confident *she* at least will think with me, but I felt as though I *could not* speak of it. Perhaps I can when I know her better. And yet why should I?

After all it may be that Horace Blanchard is less to blame than I thought. There must be something good in a man who can appreciate Gertrude and her husband as he appears to do. He is much more reserved toward me than he used to be. His conduct indeed puzzles me. He still always speaks in the kind manner with which he used to address me, and sometimes I catch him watching me with such a sorrowful expression, that I do not know what to think of it. God show him his error. If he would only marry the poor girl I could forgive him easier. He has not done so, or we should have heard of it.

George drove out yesterday far beyond the city, with Gertrude and myself. The breath of air, so much like home, almost made the tears come. But somehow the apple trees are not so snowy in their bloom, nor the blush on the peach blossom so delicate, nor the perfume of the violets by the stream so sweet as at C—. I believe my senses have been dulled by my long stay in this place; I am certainly wiser; but, dear Maggie, it is a wisdom with which I would most gladly have dispensed. I feel absolutely old, and I fear that I am growing skeptical of all good.

I am not well either. I sleep badly and dream feverishly. My head has learned to ache too—it never did so formerly—I suppose I need the air and love of home to restore me. I am getting nervous also. Often I feel ready to cry at the slightest things. But don't tell mother of this. I shall recover, when I come home.

Yours ever,

ADA.

NEW YORK, May 7th.

I OUGHT to tell you, dear Maggie, of an incident which occurred last night, yet I almost hesitate to do so.

There was to have been a small party of intimate friends at Mr. Vernon's, out of compliment to George and Gertrude, and I, of course, was invited. By the way, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon have both been most kind to me, and I like them very much.

My toilet was completed sooner than the others, so I decended to the drawing-room, and having nothing to occupy me, went to the piano and commenced playing. I tried to sing and could not. Whenever I have attempted it lately, I have felt my voice choke, and the tears come in spite of me. It seems as if the ivory keys could not send forth a wail sad enough.

Well, in this mood I was sitting, playing I know not what, but thinking of that poor betrayed girl, when Mr. Blanchard came in. I did not know it, however, till his shadow fell across me. I stopped playing and looked up with a start. Then I began to tremble all over. Why I cannot tell, unless that it was because this was the first time we had been alone since I had heard of his conduct.

To my surprise he leaned over me, and said tenderly,

"What is the matter, *dear* Miss Lester? You were playing, just now, the most heart-broken air I ever heard. You seem sadly out of spirits of late."

I made no answer to this. The image of that wronged girl stood between him and me. Rising, I said coldly, that George would be down in a moment, and taking my handkerchief, prepared to leave the room.

But he detained me, laying his hand on my arm.

"Stay," he said, hurriedly, and with an embarrassment I had never seen in him before, "one question, Ada."

You should have heard how touchingly he pronounced my name. For an instant I could not believe that he was really guilty. But I remembered Mrs. Richards' positiveness, and how Louisa had confirmed the story.



I looked coldly up. His eye fell. His embarrassment evidently increased. But he managed to go on.

"I know not how," he stammered, "but I fear—that is I feel sure, Miss Lester—that in some way—I have offended you."

He paused, but I made no reply.

"If, in any way, I have done so," he said, "I beg your forgiveness. No one that ever I have met has made me so earnest to have her good opinion. Nay, why should I conceal it? I love you, Ada," and he tried to take my hand, "and this estrangement——"

He could not for a moment go on. Perhaps the haughty manner in which I withdrew my hand deterred him.

"For God's sake," he cried, "what is it? What have I done? Or is it that you have seen my love, and determined to crush it by coldness?"

For a while, I confess it, I had forgotten his guilt in his perceptible agony. But now I was recalled to myself.

"Sir," I said, drawing my figure up, "do you mean to insult me?"

He started back a step. "Insult you?" he cried, incredulously.

If it was not real surprise, never was surprise better acted. He gazed at me reproachfully, and then continued slowly, oh! how mournfully, "Pardon me, I see it is as I feared," and speaking these words, bowed as if for me to pass by.

I was glad enough to escape. It had been a painful interview to me, and at times it was difficult to keep from breaking down. I fled to my chamber.

Maggie, I could have screamed with agony. I knew not till then how much I should have welcomed his love, had he been what I once thought him. When some one knocked at my door, I was conscious, for the first time, that I was lying with my head buried in my pillow, moaning but tearless. It was Gertrude, and I suppose I looked strangely, for she asked if I was ill.

"I am not very well," I replied.

"Why, I thought I heard you at the piano, in the parlor. Mr. Blanchard has been there some time."

I shuddered as though with cold, so nervous was I. Gertrude looked at me inquiringly, then she put her arm around my waist, and said, "Dear Ada."

The tears came to my eyes, I said again I was not well, but begged that she would say nothing about my indisposition, as I should soon recover from it.

I hope I may never have to pass such an evening again. Two or three times I found myself laughing loudly and vacantly, but I was scarce conscious of anything except a horrible, undefined feeling that pressed on my brain and heart. The gay party seemed like a dream that had no belonging to me. Except when it was unavoidable, Mr. Blanchard did not address me, and I was too thoroughly wretched to maintain any show of dignity toward him. I suspect I must have seemed like one walking in her sleep.

Once they asked me to sing—to sing with *him*. There were many there who had heard our voices together, and all joined in the wish. Gertrude had been playing, and had just left the piano, I seized her arm and gasped out, "*I can't, Gertrude, I can't.*"

I have a vague idea that she looked astonished, but she promptly replied for me in a jesting way,

"I am Ada's physician to-night, and I positively forbid her singing." Then she added more seriously, "*indeed she has been quite sick, and ought not to exert herself.*"

I looked up to find Louise watching me stealthily through her half closed lashes, a faint smile curling her haughty lips.

Mr. Blanchard and Louise sang together after I persisted in refusing. To my fevered imagination her voice seemed to be nothing but gushes of triumph; it was fairly exultant in its power. When she arose from the piano she turned over the leaves of the music book carelessly, then exclaimed,

"Oh, Ada, do sing this—it was George's favorite before he went away. This little thing of Mrs. Norton's 'Love Not.' You sing it so beautifully."

I know not where Gertrude was, but she was not there to save me then. I was pressed on all sides, and most of all, goaded on by the manner of my cousin, who looked like a beautiful devil as she stood there; and by the inquiring look of Horace Blanchard, who I *felt* was steadily watching me.

I seated myself at the piano, and was astonished at my own calmness. I *know* I never performed so well, I *sung out of myself*, as it were. Song after song was called for, and I went on. I never faltered except as I was turning over the leaves of the music book for what I wanted. With all my exaltation I had a dim consciousness that I was swaying the feelings of all around me. I think I should have sung all night, had they asked me, if I had not been suddenly recalled to myself by Ella saying,

"Why, Ada, I *do* believe that you are bewitched to-night," and then Gertrude came up and almost dragged me from the music-stool.

After that, I thought the evening never would end. As we were leaving the parlor to put on our wraps, I dropped my handkerchief. Mr. Blanchard was near, and sprang to pick it up. I bowed as I took it, and could not resist looking at him. He was intently watching me with a puzzled expression, as if he did not understand me yet; but he did not speak.

All after that seems like a dream. I just remember flying to my chamber when we got home, tearing off my dress and unbinding my hair, for they seemed to oppress me so, then throwing up my window that the chill night air might refresh me. I think I passed the rest of the night pacing my room, and leaning out of

the window alternately. Once I remember snapping the button from the throat of my wrapper as I gave it a pull, for my mental suffering always produces the sense of suffocation with me.

I saw the grey dawn of the morning creeping over the city, and I closed my window and threw myself on the bed. Then came the blessed relief of a dreamless sleep for hours. I awoke completely stupified. I felt as if I *could not* feel any more, or suffer any more.

Under the plea of indisposition, which none seemed to doubt, I have kept my room all day, and this writing to you, dear Maggie, has been all the relief I have had. And it *has* been a relief. Oh! if I was only home. I feel like a sick child longing for its mother.

Yours,

ADA

## THE NIGHT RIDE BY THE CHURCH-YARD.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

The sky is light, and the stars are bright,  
And over the crusted snow,  
With a silver ringing from strings of bells,  
The steeds and the riders go.  
I hold in my hand the slender reins  
That guide my bonny bay,  
But the lines are slack as he speeds along,  
And my heart is far away.

From the sleighs behind, on the evening wind,  
A gush of laughter sweet,  
Floats over my shoulder, telling me  
Of girlish joy complete.  
There are my playmates and my friends,  
Their years are few as mine—  
Yet on my heart I wear a cross,  
And on my brow a sign!

Small need have they to curse the day  
Because of the light it brings—  
Their laughter drowns the tearful tone  
Of the bell that Memory wings.  
That bell tolls ever in my ear,  
But should *they* catch the tone,  
They would fly with a laugh of puzzled joy,  
And leave it to die alone!

God knows, my heart, in its grief apart,  
Is glad that they are gay,  
Yet I cannot join in their careless mirth  
When my heart is far away.  
So, over the hills we run, we ride,  
My bonny bay and I—  
Before us a church-yard dim and white,  
On a hill-top, lone and high!

'Tis a dreary sight, this moonlit night!  
Oh, bonny, bonny bay,  
In an evil hour, an hour of woe,  
Thou hast borne me on this way!  
Oh, bonny bay! I cannot ride  
By one white shining stone!  
The heart I loved—that beat for me,  
Is lying their alone!

There also are the household graves!  
My father, and my mother,  
And close beside their graves were laid  
My sister and my brother!  
*He* lies a little way apart—  
He would be buried here,  
That I, while weeping o'er their graves,  
Might drop on his a tear!

Oh, mine was but a perfured heart,  
And mine a broken vow,  
Else he I loved, and who loved me,  
Were here beside me now!  
Oh, speed away, my bonny bay!  
I cannot bear to see  
That grave on which the moonlight looks,  
And seems to look for me!

Beside this grave my heart will break!  
*Thou* lying at my feet!  
Oh, so to love, and so to lose,  
And never more to meet!  
Beneath me lies my murdered love,  
And Heaven is o'er my head!  
Behind me comes that happy laugh—  
Oh, God! that I were dead!

## EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

BY MRS. JONES.

MR. EDITOR—An able writer has said, “*To suffer is woman's lot,*” and I should think it my duty to suffer in *silence* if no one's honor were at stake but mine. Mr. Jones has sent you an article headed, “Where a Sewing Society is Needed,” and as its tendency is to throw ridicule on sewing societies generally, I feel it a duty to overcome my natural timidity, and give you something in reply. With that view I send you some extracts from my journal. They will furnish the best explanation of my conduct, and an irrefragable proof that I have an “extravagant husband.”

Very respectfully,

M. M. JONES.

*Feb. 10th, 1844.*—Yesterday, at the altar, I gave my hand “with my heart in it” to George L. Jones. How bright the world seems! Am I wrong to hope that a life-time of happiness is before me? What felicity like that of two hearts beating in unison, sharing together every joy, lessening sorrow by dividing it? What care I for wealth or honors? It is enough for me to be like the gentle moon, shining in meek and chastened glory, borrowed from him my sun.

*March 8th, 1844.*—The world says our honeymoon is over, but for once let us prove false the proverb that what “all the world says is true.” Our honeymoon shall last as long as life. If we live together the fifty years, which in Germany entitle a married pair to a “golden wedding,” we will still be *lovers* with hearts unchilled by the frosts of ages.

*July 13th, 1844.*—Alas! alas! poor book, faithful chronicler of my thoughts and feelings, I blush that even thou should'st see these tears. Oh! my golden dreams! whither are you fled? These tears, an *unkind* word from George, my idolized George, has caused them.

*Feb. 10th, 1845.*—This is the first anniversary of our wedding day. To-day too I am twenty-one. How old I have grown in the last year. Oh! George, what has become of your endless protestations of undying love? Now it is the frown, the reproof, at best the careless word which I receive. Yet, though my heart is breaking, I have not spoken, and “concealment,” (of this great grief) like the rose in the bud, has preyed upon my cheek till I scarce recognize myself.

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*July 15th, 1845.*—I write beside the cradle of my darling Henry, my first born child. Thank God that this precious babe has come to cheer my loneliness. George too has seemed kinder for the last few weeks. He says he is proud of his son-heir; *heir* to what? Alas! his father's extravagance will leave but little for him to inherit. I have had hard work to make both ends meet of the small sum he allows me for household expenses; now it will be harder still, as my angel boy will occasion an additional expenditure, though I keep no nurse for him.

*August 23rd, 1846.*—Henry is now running about, and occupies consequently much less of my time. I went the other day to attend the weekly meeting of our Missionary Sewing Society, to which I have belonged ever since I was sixteen. George was dining out, so to give Sarah (the cook) time to attend to Henry, as well as to save a little, we dined off the scraps of yesterday's dinner. When I came home George was fuming away. He said it was a woman's place to be always at home when she was wanted; that it made his head ache to listen to Henry, and that he had wanted Sarah to prepare him a *devilled leg*, but there was neither chicken nor fire in the house. Tears rose to my eyes, but I kept them back, though my heart was too full to speak.

*Sept. 1847.*—Welcome little *Ada* to thy mother's heart, why must I say it, also to a share in her privations. The other day I asked George for a small sum of money to purchase some articles of clothing absolutely necessary. He replied that he could not see what women did with so much money, before he was married he always had plenty of money, now he says he has not a cent, he says he owes the wine merchant one hundred dollars! and there are twenty-five dollars due on the last lot of regalias he purchased, and twenty-two dollars on that last new coat, and five dollars at the livery stable. He says he has not even a dollar to go to the theatre or to get an oyster supper!

*Dec. 15th, 1848.*—I have taken in sewing for the last three months to provide clothing for my shivering children, but my eyes are so often red with weeping that I advance but slowly. How true are the words of Saint Paul, that “the married woman careth for the things of the world,

how she may please her husband." George cares no longer for me, why can I not become indifferent to his frowns or reproof? why do I long so wildly for one word of love?

*Oct. 1849.*—Yesterday, as I was undressing little *Mary*, my blue-eyed babe, George came home *drunk*; he could scarcely stand. I said not a word, but placed a chair by the fire, and made him a cup of hot tea. This morning, however, for the first time for five years, I ventured upon a word of remonstrance. He said I made a mighty fuss about *one* glass too much. He said it was the first time he had ever got drunk, indeed he prided himself upon the number of glasses he could drink without getting intoxicated; and that, though I might not believe it, he could tell the age and price of any wine by tasting it with his eyes blind-folded! To-day father came and asked me to play for him a new song, "Wilt Thou Love me then as Now?" My piano, a wedding gift from father, has scarce been opened since my marriage. I began to play, but before I had finished the first verse I burst into tears. My father kindly asked the cause of my trouble; I could not tell him that my idol was fallen, that the image I had thought

gold had proved but clay. However, he gazed at my faded dress, which showed him that all was not right.

*Nov. 10th, 1850.*—To-day I have joined a Union Benevolent Association. Yesterday a poor widow with three shivering children came to my door, begging for cast-off clothing. Alas! my poor children are far too thinly clad for the season, but I have no money to purchase suitable materials for making warmer clothing, and I could give the poor woman nothing. I remembered, however, that "time is money," and I thought I could contrive to spare an afternoon in the week to sew for so many far more destitute than myself. If I only had the money Mr. Jones spent on that handsome pipe yesterday to give to the hungry and naked.

MR. EDITOR.—I trust these few extracts will show you how a desire to benefit my suffering fellow creatures has led me to join sewing societies, &c. I will now merely add that if men would make their wives a more liberal allowance for charity, all need of fairs and sewing societies would soon be at end.

M. M. J.

## IMOGENE.

BY SYLVIE A. LAWSON.

SHE was like the first young flower of Spring,

That wakes at the South wind's call,  
A fairy, sweet and fragile thing,

The first bright flower to fall,  
With its wealth of perfume all around,  
And withered leaves strewed on the ground.

Like the song of the first gay bird of Spring

That comes to the woodland home,  
And bears on the free, unfettered wing  
Gay music's sweetest tone.

She fled, and naught but memory left  
Of the peerless treasure earth was bereft.

And they robbed her form in spotless white,  
And parted the golden hair,  
And closed the eyes from the sun's bright light,  
And looked on the sleeping fair,  
And knew that no more from that deep, calm sleep  
Bright Imogene should wake to weep.

And they made her grave where the loved and lost  
In their silent beds are sleeping,  
And the green old trees by the winds are tost,

And the fairy flowers are weeping,  
And the low winds breathe their tender sigh,  
That one so young and fair should die.

'Twas away from the din of the crowded mart,

With the sunshine and the flowers,  
That they laid her low with her gentle heart  
To sleep through the golden hours;  
And the gay birds sing their songs of love  
On the leafy boughs that bend above.

And the silver moon lights up her grave  
With her soft and mellow light,  
And the South wind comes from her secret cave  
On the fairy wings of night,  
And whispers low in the midnight hour  
Of Imogene, the blighted flower.

But saddened thoughts will cling around  
Her lowly, grassy bed,  
And sing with music's murmuring sounds  
Of the loved and early dead,  
And keep in the heart forever green  
The memory of Imogene.

## CAUGHT IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE.

### CHAPTER I.

FRED and Rosa Carson were seated, in the comfortable parlor at Laurel Hill, the residence of their father, a wealthy Southern planter, who resided some twenty miles from Charleston. Rosa had been gazing, very intently, at the glowing fire without speaking, and seemed buried in deep thought, when Mr. Carson entered and handed a letter to her. She broke the seal and devoured its contents with delighted eyes. "That must surely be from some lover," said Fred, "you look so pleased." "Better than that," said Rosa, "its from Nick Stafford." "*Nick who?*" said Mr. Carson, "you had better be careful how you encourage any of those Yankee boys to follow you home." "*Boys!* father, why it's a girl." "Oh, ho," he answered, "well she has a heathenish name." "Her name," spiritedly replied Rosa, "is Helen Cornelia Stafford, but neither of these furnishing a convenient sobriquet, we always called her '*Nick*.' There were six '*Nicks*' in school." "I am afraid they were not *all* among the six," quietly said Mr. Carson. "Oh, father, you are too bad," retorted the gay Rosa. "But tell us about your friend," said Fred. "Well," answered Rosa, "she is the most charming girl in the world; at least *I* think so; we were room-mates and warm friends; she was considered one of the most talented girls in school, she furnished several articles for publication which were greatly admired; and now she has been recommended, by Mrs. Willard, to the directors of the 'Locust Grove Seminary' as a teacher of music; and having a good opportunity of coming on, with some friends, she is to be here next week—which will give us some weeks of her society before school commences."

"A pleasant prospect truly," said Fred, "a literary lady and a Yankee school teacher at that; two things I especially detest, how thankful I am that my business engagements will call me back to the city." "And are they so very urgent?" said Mr. Carson, "for I fear that the character of the Southern chivalry might suffer, if you was to take refuge in actual flight from a lady." "Well," said Fred, "it certainly seems to me a strange, unlady-like proceeding for a

young girl to leave her home and friends, and venture forth among entire strangers for a few *dimes*; it's characteristic of the Yankees." "Indeed, Fred, you do them the greatest injustice," said Rosa, "I found as many generous spirits, as many noble hearts among those that I mingled with there, as I ever I found among strangers in the so-called 'hospitable South;' and never," she added, warmly, "until you have lived among them, will you learn to appreciate their worth." "I am afraid I shall never be able to value them sufficiently then," said Fred. "And," continued Rosa, "whatever the object Helen has in coming to teach among strangers, I feel sure that it can never be for the mere love of gain; she may be compelled to do so from reasons of which we cannot judge." "That is right, my daughter, stand up for your friends," said Mr. Carson, "we shall be happy to see her for your sake, if not for her own." And here the conversation terminated.

The next week Fred received letters, which compelled, as he said, his immediate return to Savannah. Rosa did not urge his remaining; but laughed to herself at the terrible image he had conjured up of her friend. The next morning, very early, Mr. Carson, accompanied by Rosa, started for Charleston. The steamboat had but just arrived, and the passengers were not yet landed, so they drove to the quay at once. Even Mr. Carson was startled from his self-complacency, when, on entering the ladies cabin, Rosa gave a little scream and threw herself into the arms of a perfect Hebe.

"Surely," thought he, "that small head, classic though it be, was never made for any purpose but to carry those sunny curls." Before their arrival home, however, he was forced, by Miss Stafford's shrewd remarks, to mingle respect with his admiration. It was quite dark when they reached "Laurel Hill." A sudden turn brought them in view of a pretty cottage peeping through the rich magnolias, whose glossy leaves shone in the moonlight. "Here we are, little snow-bird," said Mr. Carson, turning to his guest, "and now welcome to my house and home." Mrs. Carson was standing on the porch, surrounded by a score of children, both black and white, from whom she seemed struggling to

free herself. Mr. Carson opened the carriage and first lifted Rosa, and then Helen, into their very midst. "Here is mother, uncles, aunts, and all," said Rosa, pointing to a group of darkies, all of whom made their best bow and courtesy. Mrs. Carson's heart warmed to Helen at the first glance, and Helen soon felt perfectly at home.

"Do tell me," said Mr. Carson, a few days after, "what could have induced you, Helen, to leave your home, and take upon yourself the irksome duties of a teacher? It will cost you more care and perplexity than your little head can well carry; why you seem scarcely more than a child yourself." "Indeed, sir, I am almost eighteen," said Ellen, "and when I put on the dignity of a teacher, I can very well pass for twenty." Mr. Carson shook his head incredulously. "Besides," continued Helen, "father has a large family, so that he can only afford to give us a good education, after which we must make our own way in the world." "But why can you not stay with us and share Rosa's home?" answered the kind-hearted Southerner, "here are plenty of little ones if you must teach; and you shall have the same remuneration which you have been promised in the school." "You are very kind indeed, sir," answered Helen, her eyes filling, "I know not how to thank you; but my services have been promised to the pupils of Locust Grove; and I cannot break my word."

As soon as the arrival of the "new teacher" was noised about, the directors of the "Locust Grove Seminary" were assiduous in their attentions. Many were the *aside* smiles exchanged at the child-like appearance of one, who was so soon to take upon herself "such an important charge." But never was there a doubt expressed as to her capability, after hearing her exquisite performance, and the rich, flute-like tones of her voice. It was always with an exclamation of delight, however, that Helen saw the door close upon her "inquisitors," as she termed them.

How swiftly passed the pleasant days to the merry-hearted girls! Such pleasant excursions as they made; "exploring expeditions;" rides on horseback, with all care thrown to the winds. Helen was profuse in her exclamations of delight. "How much better they could enjoy themselves with 'old uncle Joe' as an escort," she said, "how far preferable than to have one's actions criticised by some 'whiskerando,' and to be obliged to maintain at such an extra exertion her dignity as 'preceptress' in the Locust Grove Seminary."

Thus passed the pleasant weeks; one bright gala day to the young friends. Letters would come occasionally from Fred: but so "insurmountable

were his business engagements," "so confining his occupations," that "in all probability he would not be able to visit them in many months." And then Rosa would wickedly tell Helen of the terrible idea he had formed of her as a literary lady. This amused Helen vastly. "Oh, what would I not give," said Rosa, "to see him as far gone as is possible for one poor youth to be; down on his very knees begging for the priceless treasure of your heart and hand: you to refuse him of course at first; but after long and protracted suing, to extend to him the tips of your fingers and bid him rise." And Helen would reply jestingly, "Ah! Rosa, you must be an adept at flirtation; I am afraid you would kill the poor youth entirely, if he was not your brother, before he could escape from your fascinations."

## CHAPTER II.

ONE morning, Mrs. Carson interrupted their enjoyment, informing them that Mr. Tarver and daughter were in the parlor. "Is it the rich Miss Tarver?" said Rosa. "Law, yes, Missus," chimed in Dinah, who was standing with mouth and ears wide open, "they do say that she's worth a heap of niggers, but she looks mighty no-account for all that; and ain't nigh out as purty as Miss Rosa, nor Miss Helen merry one, though she does think herself such a mighty somebody." "Well, never mind, Dinah," said Mrs. Carson, "stay here and see if you can help the young ladies, I must return to my guests." "It's not so mighty much that my old hands can do for you no way, honey," resumed Dinah, "the Lor a Mighty has done a heap for you both; I ain't telling nothing but the nateral truth when I say you look as purty and pink-like as 'Nater's own blooms,' and as alike as two peas." But in what the resemblance consisted, it would have been difficult for any one but Dinah to have determined.

When the young ladies had made themselves as irresistible as possible they entered the parlor, and were introduced to the strangers. Miss Clementina Tarver was a fallow, listless creature, and looked so languid, that Helen inquired if she was not well? Her father answered for her, "Clem," he said, "couldn't stand much; and after her long ride I reckon she feels right smartly fatigued." Faithfully did Helen do her part to entertain the visitors. Song after song was called for by the delighted Mr. Tarver, from "Old Susannah," which was his particular favorite, and was obliged to be repeated six times, to "Old Hundred," which he declared to

be "the best piece of sacred music ever published." He told "Clem" that if she couldn't learn under such a teacher as that she was "no earthly account." At last Mrs. Carson, thinking Helen must be tired, suggested that perhaps Miss Tarver would like to see some beautiful and rare roses that had opened that morning. Miss Clementina, to the great surprise of the girls, acquiesced, and after protecting her complexion under a long "poke sun-bonnet" and a thick green veil, she slowly ventured forth. They strolled among the flowers, Rosa gathering some of the choicest to present to Miss Tarver, which she had the pleasure of seeing pulled to pieces in just five minutes after. Finally they seated themselves in the arbor.

Soon after, Miss Tarver produced from her pocket a little black box and a long stick, chewed at both ends, which she broke in three pieces, handing one to Helen, who took it mechanically, and one to Rosa, who declined, saying that she did not "dip." Helen wondered what that could be, and what was expected of *her*? She was soon enlightened. Miss Tarver opened the box, and proceeded to envelope the brush-end of the stick in the yellow powder which it contained, which she speedily conveyed to her mouth; then gave the box to Helen to follow suit. Helen, not knowing of what its contents consisted, turned aside and applied the box to her nose, when the most violent fit of sneezing ensued, which nearly threw Rosa into convulsions of laughter, and actually extorted a smile from Miss Clementina. "Now, Rosa, do tell me if that is snuff she is eating?" said Helen, in a whisper, with her nose slightly elevated, "you never told me of *that* peculiarity." "Do you suppose," answered Rosa, merrily, "I intend to lay bare *all* our faults to your keen scrutiny, little Yankee?" "Law me," said Miss Clementina, "is this the first time you ever saw any one 'dip'? Why it seems like I couldn't live without it; it's a 'heap' of comfort to a body." And she did seem to realize the utmost satisfaction from the operation, though, as Helen soon found, she did not *actually* eat the snuff, but used it rather as a dentrice.

After dinner, Miss Clementina indulged in a long *siesta*, which relieved the day of much of its tediousness; and by the time she had sufficiently rested herself, Mr. Tarver declared it time they were going. "Oh! Rosa," said Helen, after the guests had taken their departure, "if all my scholars should be like *her*." "You may consider yourself highly favored," answered Rosa, "if they should so prove; for she certainly plays very well, and has made a good beginning." "Yes, but I fear I never could rouse in her any

thing like enthusiasm, she has such a die-away style. But how elegantly she was dressed," said Helen, bursting into a laugh, "a corn colored satin, with a blue tarlatan over-skirt for a ride in the country!" "Yes, you will see plenty of gay dressing here," replied Rosa, "and much of it entirely out of place; some of our country ladies have very little opportunity of displaying their finery; and you will often see in church costumes better adapted to an evening party or theatre: but it matters little so that the heart is right; and you have already acknowledged that you have found generous hearts and open hands in your Southern home." "Indeed, dear Rosa," quickly replied Helen, "my lot has truly fallen in pleasant places, and if I was only sure that I should succeed in my undertaking, and my dear father could be made glad by my success, I should feel no further care." "No fear," said Rosa, "father says that the directors think you a prodigy; and that Mr. Isby, who is their oracle, expressed himself in the most lofty praise. Father told me too, this morning, that Eva and Alice are to be your pupils; and you are to come home with them every Friday evening: and *we* surely can manage to cheat the weeks of their length."

The following Monday, Mr. Carson, accompanied by Helen and his daughters, drove to "Locust Grove Seminary." Helen felt some slight trepidation when ushered into the presence of Professor Willis, who stood there in unmoved gravity, surrounded by a bevy of school girls of all sizes, eyeing her with the most intense curiosity; but she passed bravely through the ordeal; and when Mr. Carson, on departing, proposed to leave Rosa, for the first week at least, Helen would not consent, saying, "that she thought it better for her that she should meet the most trying week *alone*." She soon became initiated into her duties, and though she oft-times found them irksome, the weeks passed with great rapidity. She found that if she could not always command by her dignity, she could win obedience through love. Most of her scholars too made rapid advancement. But there were a few exceptions; and among these was Miss Clementina Tarver, whose habits of indolence clung to her tenaciously. The heiress even wrote, at last, to her father for permission to be excused from all her studies but music, as her eyes were becoming weakened by intense application. He did not refuse her, and so the fair Clementina found rest from her labors, and protection to her weakened orbs by assuming green glasses.

Days, weeks, and months rolled on. The

summer vacation was just at hand; and great were the preparations for the yearly examination and concert, which was to be given by the teachers and pupils of the music department. These had increased so rapidly, that an assistant in the person of Mr. Voorhs, a young German, had been procured. This made it much more pleasant for Helen, who was very willing to share the responsibility with an older and more experienced personage.

Rosa was anxious that her brother should be present on this important occasion. "I should not expect him so much," she said to Helen, "was it not that Will Forney is to be here, and Fred will surely come with him." "And who is Will Forney, pray?" asked Helen, with a smile. "A cousin of Mary Forney's, and a very intimate friend of Fred's," said Rosa, stooping to tie her slipper, which called quite a glow to her face. Helen said no more; but quietly made up her mind, that, sooner or later, she was to lose her friend: and she sighed.

The first day of August 18—, saw the pupils of the "Locust Grove Seminary" undergoing the terrors of a strict examination. The spectators were loud in their expressions of delight. Music was introduced frequently during the day as an interlude. Whenever "the little Isbys" performed, their parents would exchange looks of profound satisfaction and complacency. Rosa was watching among the crowd who entered for her brother, and perhaps one other; but in vain; they did not make their appearance. "If they should not come in time for the concert how sorry I should be," said Rosa to her friend. Helen, however, was occupied with other thoughts, and she certainly was not anxious to see one who held her in such profound contempt as Fred.

### CHAPTER III.

Two young men drove to Mr. Carson's gate the evening of the concert. And "howdy, (how do) Marse Fred," and "Marse William," were shouted forth from all the servants on the place. "howdy, aunt Dinah, howdy, aunt Patty," said Fred, shaking hands all round. "But where are the folks, Dinah?" he added. "Every living soul about the place has gone to the concert," was the reply. "I fear we shall be too late, Will," said Fred, turning to his companion. "That you will, master, as sure as you're born; but bless my heart alive, you aint gwine off with nothing to eat," shouted Dinah, as they drove away. "Bless his handsome soul, he shall have something good *sure* when he's come back." Fred and his companion found the concert-room

crowded to excess, every door and window full. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could find an entrance through the dense mass, but at last they succeeded in finding a tolerably comfortable place to stand; and where they had a very favorable view of the fair faces shining with so much lustre beneath the brightly glowing lamps. Fred had scarcely more than glanced at them, when he whispered to his friend, "There is the Yankee teacher—I should know her among a thousand." "Where?" said Will. "Why that tall, sallow-looking girl, with the green spectacles. Don't those bespeak the literary lady? Don't that complexion tell of midnight oil consumed? Can you not imagine the terrible things she would say? Why she's *bluer* than indigo." "Hush," said Will, "and listen to my favorite opera of Norma." "And who *can* be that little divinity that is performing it in such an exquisite style?" said Fred. "I don't know," replied Will, "she is a stranger to me, but I think it must be Miss Tarver; cousin May wrote to me that an heiress of that name in school was quite a musician." "It's a great pity that she is so terribly rich," answered Fred, "I am afraid we shall not stand a fair chance, Will." "I for one shall not be a candidate for her favor," answered the latter, "for there are others here equally charming," and Will, as he spoke, looked at the dark-eyed Rosa. Meantime, Fred had eyes and ears for no other than the musician. How did he watch every glance of those bright eyes. With what eagerness he listened to catch the bird-like warbling of her voice. He could have collared poor Mr. Voorhs, whenever the latter mingled his voice with her's in chorus.

When the exercises were over, Fred and Will drew near the stage. Rosa, discerning them, came running down with extended hand. Rosa soon proposed to go for her friend to introduce to them. "Not to-night," Fred said, shrugging his shoulders. "But, Rosa," he added, "you must do me a favor, I am only to stay a few days, and I want you to invite Miss Tarver home with you." "Miss Tarver!" echoed Rosa. "Hush, not so loud," he said. "I mean that young lady in white with the blue *monkey* jacket." "How absurd you are," cried Rosa, "why those are polkas; and nearly all the girls have them on." But, as she spoke, a bright idea had flashed through Rosa's head, and was maturing. Fred, she saw, had evidently mistaken Helen for Miss Tarver; he was anxious for Miss Tarver's company; he should be gratified. So she forebore her original intention of asking Helen to go home with them, and substituted the heiress.



Miss Clementina accepted the invitation with much complacency. It was arranged that she was to go in the buggy with Fred as the carriage was full, and Will was to return home with his cousin May. When the heiress was introduced to Fred she was disguised in the "poke sun-bonnet," and he did not see his mistake, but supposed he had for a companion the Hebe who had so charmed him during the evening. He soon essayed to draw her into conversation; but to his surprise was forced to the conviction that it took a vast deal of talk to spread over a distance of twelve miles. In spite of his efforts, the conversation decidedly flagged; and finally intervals of alarming silence prevailed. "She is a little simpleton, if she is pretty," thought Fred, "I wish I had made some arrangement for her to have gone in the carriage; I dare say, however, that she is much fatigued." Then he made a new attempt. "The exertions of the evening must have been very wearisome, Miss Tarver." No answer. "Do you not often tire of such close confinement?" No answer. "Are you not well? we are most home." Just then her head came down with an unmistakable nod. "Zounds!" he cried, with a low whistle, "if she isn't a sleep! Well, this is a good one."

To Fred's inexpressible relief, they arrived home at last. The sleeping Clementina, meantime, had been awakened, by a sudden jolt, got up by Fred expressly for the occasion. "Let me assist you, Miss Tarver," said Fred, as they drew up before the door. As he spoke, he lifted her carefully to the ground, a feat which impressed him with the idea that her specific gravity was much greater than he had at first supposed. While Rosa came out and escorted her guest into the house, Fred made the rounds to see the various members of the family whom he had not met. Dinah had quite a little feast prepared, which he told her he would come and discuss as soon as he had seen his father. She held him by the button, to tell him "just the least bit about Miss Helen, who was the dearest, blindest young creeter as ever he sot eyes on; worth her weight in reel shining gold; though they do say," continued Dinah, "she ain't worth nery nigger—but she don't look like poor white folks, for all that." "Well, Dinah, I will hear about her some other time," said Fred, impatiently, and broke away.

He entered the parlor. There, in one corner, was seated the veritable lady of whom he had such a horror, "*the Yankee teacher*" in green glasses. He was introduced to "*Mr. Tarver*," but not to the young lady; though he bowed as politeness required. "Clem tells me you had

rather a cool ride," said Mr. Tarver, looking toward the young lady opposite, "we had a 'right smart sprinkling' of rain this evening, which has cooled the air somewhat." "Y-e-s," answered Fred, who was bewildered into monosyllables, and who thought, "I have been a 'right smart simpleton,' at least."

He soon made some excuse for leaving, and Rosa followed him. "Now do tell me, Rosa," he cried, "if *that* is the young lady who accompanied me home to-night?" "To be sure. Are you crazy? Did you not tell me to invite Miss Tarver?" "Yes, but you might have known that *she* was not the one," he answered, testily, "it was a sweet little girl, about sixteen, with curls." "Yes, but there were several with curls," roguishly replied Rosa, "and several more in blue and white; and as your description was not by any means clear, how was I to know? Besides Miss Tarver is reputed the wealthiest girl in school, and though not in the least talented"—("By no means," said Fred)—"yet she is much sought after, and Mr. Tarver, being an old acquaintance of father's, why it behooves you to pay her due attention." "The deuce!" said Fred, "why this is worse than the school teacher who I took to be this identical lady." Rosa laughed, but said nothing. And now Dinah entered. "Marse Fred, I'm mighty feared," she said, "the chickens will be 'done spoiled' if you don't come." And, yielding to the petted old servant, Fred went off to her feast, carrying Rosa with him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Mr. Tarver left for Charleston. He had business there that would detain him about two weeks; at the expiration of which time he was to call for his daughter. "A delightful prospect," thought Fred, who had taken an actual dislike to the poor girl. Very soon Will Forney called, to pay his respects and invite them to join a party on horseback to visit Harold Cave, a distance of about ten miles. "I'll tell you," said Fred, "how we will manage it, I'll take Miss Tarver and Rosa in the carriage, and you and your cousin May can join us." "Not by any means; cousin May is already provided with an escort," said Will, "your sister Rosa has promised me her company, and I see no other alternative than for you to take the heiress." Fred's look of perplexity was so irresistibly droll that Rosa was delighted. She thought how finely she was paying him for his neglect of her friend. "I will go at once and see if Clementina will accept your escort," said she, resolved not to

let Fred escape. The young ladies soon appeared, ready equipped, Rosa in her Jenny Lind riding-habit looking truly bewitching. They had scarcely time to mount, when the cavalcade arrived, and in it Fred beheld, seated on a charming little pony, and killingly fascinating in that pretty blue cap and feather, the identical little beauty who had so charmed him the evening previous. Rosa very quietly introduced her friend to her brother, "Miss Helen Stafford." Fred bowed nearly to the saddle, his face showing a comical expression of incredulity and amazement: while Helen was provokingly indifferent and unconcerned.

Such a dull ride as that was to Fred! He poor fellow was fairly caught. Nor could he forbear tormenting himself discussing the probability of Mr. Elliott, who was Helen's escort, being engaged to Miss Willis. "Why isn't Miss Willis of the party?" he said to himself, "it's a false rumor, I'll swear, and Elliott is going to marry Rosa's friend. What a fool I have been!"

From these unprofitable and vexatious reveries he was relieved by arriving at the cave. But here arose a new difficulty. Miss Tarver was "powerfully afraid of snakes," and declared that nothing would induce her to enter "that dark place." They all added their persuasions to Fred's and Rosa's, declaring that there was not a particle of danger: but all to no purpose—go she would not, and resolutely seated herself at the foot of a tree. Fred had no alternative but to remain beside her; and as he heard the merry voices of the gay party ringing through the cave, the clear tones of one distinguishable above the rest; he imagined *that one* leaning on that "flirt of an Elliott's" arm, and was tempted to throw himself or Miss Tarver into the stream at their feet. But determining in some way to make use of the brook, he produced from his pocket a fishing-line; and while he fished Miss Clementina "dipped."

He soon caught some fine trout, of which uncle Joe, who had followed with a basket of provisions, took charge, to prepare for their dinner. By the time the party returned, Fred and uncle Joe had spread the refreshments on a nice cool rock; and great was the amazement at the tempting repast; Will Forney declaring that the fair Clementina had made herself "useful as well as ornamental." But at this uncle Joe rolled up the whites of his eyes to such an alarming extent, that one might reasonably have wondered whether they would ever return to their natural orbits.

And now the merry jest went round. To Fred the hours passed gaily; for though Miss Tarver

still occupied a place at his side, Helen was on the other: and whenever he could engage the latter's attention, he was sure to avail himself of the opportunity. Every moment he grew more in love than ever. At first her beauty it was that had charmed him, but now it was her conversation. Mentally he compared her brilliant powers, in this respect, with the total absence of them in Miss Tarver. At last it was time to think of returning. Fred had been trying to devise ways and means of effecting an exchange with Mr. Elliott, but had not succeeded; and it was with quite an audible groan that he consigned himself to another dull *tele-a-tele* with the heiress.

"And now, Rosa," he said, that evening, "is it possible that this friend of your's—this sunny creature, was ever guilty of writing for the amusement, or benefit, of the public?" "Not for that altogether, certainly; she has written for the same purpose that induces her to come among strangers to teach; to relieve and assist her father, who has been unfortunate, and has a large and expensive family. She is, as you say, all sunshine; and yet she has her moments of depression." "But why did you not invite her home?" said Fred, after a pause, "it would have helped to relieve the tediousness of Miss Tarver's stay." "I never think of inviting her; this is her home; she comes and goes when she chooses. I believe father thinks as much of her as of me; and always calls her his snow-bird." "A most appropriate name; but by the way," said Fred, with affected carelessness, "when is Tom Elliott's marriage with Miss Willis to come off?" "I am not certain that they will ever marry," said Rosa, wickedly, "he has been very attentive to Helen of late." "Well," answered Fred, "there is one thing about which I am going to give you all good warning; you and Will Forney, and every body else, it is, that if any more rides are projected, I shall be seized with some alarming indisposition, which will preclude the most remote possibility of my being able to join you—at least as the escort of that sleepy Miss Tarver; for no one can imagine," he added, "what I have undergone in the last two or three days."

#### CHAPTER V.

THE next morning, Fred proposed that they should take the carriage and pay Miss May Forney a visit. "That is right," said Mrs. Carson, "Mrs. Forney was complaining of your neglect the last time you were at home." "Fred knows where to find Helen," thought Rosa. Miss Tarver accompanied them. They found the Forneys

all in great glee. "They must stay," said the latter, "and assist in arranging some 'tableaux' for the evening; they were just about to send Will over." Rosa and Fred were delighted with the idea, and entered into it very heartily. After dinner Will took Fred aside, and told him that as Miss Tarver was a stranger, they must give her some part; and that Miss Helen and Rosa had selected a scene from *Othello*, which they had before seen depicted in tableau. "And now, Fred," he continued, "you are the only tolerable 'Othello' in the company, being tall and dark." Fred absolutely refused at first; but finally became more reconciled, though declaring "that Shakespeare would have hung himself at once if he could have seen the future Desdemona." Invitations were sent out for miles around; and by evening there was quite an assembly gathered. The first tableau was that of Fred and Miss Tarver. There lay the *sleeping Desdemona*, unconscious of any wrong, her cruel lord with his lowering visage standing over her with the *huge* pillow, ready to annihilate her in his wrath: and such determination was in his action, such fierceness of purpose in his eye, that Will Forney interrupted the silence, whispering to Rosa, "that he believed Fred was going to smother her sure enough." Fred heard him, dropped the pillow, the curtain fell, and the tragic scene was closed. Many others followed. Rosa was beautiful in her Persian costume as "Hiadee," her long, shadowy tresses, braided with pearls, hanging nearly to her feet, whose tiny slipper peeped so prettily from beneath the full white trouser: and Will Forney, as "Hafed" at her side, looked as if he was entirely satisfied. The last tableau was "The Soldier's Return." Fred, in full military uniform, personified the victorious soldier, who, in the flush of victory, came to lay his trophies at Helen's feet; while Helen, dressed in the piquant costume of a peasant girl, a crimson bodice, short skirt, and jaunty little cap, looked the most bewitching creature imaginable. Loud were the murmurs of admiration. Fred was beside himself with love and jealousy. To his eyes Helen seemed a thousand times lovelier than ever before. Should he allow such a fair prize to be borne off in triumph by Elliott? No, he would at least make an effort to prevent it: there, before it was too late, he would declare his passion. Accordingly, as Helen turned to go, the impetuous lover seized her hand. "Stay, Miss Helen, *dear* Helen," he cried, "why cannot this be real?" She looked at him for a moment in astonishment, then proudly raising herself, coldly withdrew her hand. "Sir," she said, "I am in no humor for jesting." "Jesting!" he

exclaimed, "you surely do not deem me guilty of trifling on such a subject?" "If not, your language is uncalled for and insulting," answered Helen, with spirit. "You, Mr. Carson, the son of a wealthy Southerner—you who have despised me for my vocation, my attainments, my birth, and everything else that I deem valuable—you, on the second evening of our acquaintance only, pretending a lasting attachment to a poor Yankee school teacher, it is *too* much"—and bursting into tears, she rushed from the room.

At the door, she encountered Rosa, and drawing her into the opposite apartment, with many bitter tears poured forth the story of her wrongs. Rosa tried by every possible means to soothe her; but a spirit of pride and bitterness seemed roused within Helen, as new as it was unexpected to Rosa. "And Rosa *too*, if I had not been poor and friendless, he would never have thought of trifling with me in this manner; but he thought a poor teacher, dependant on her own exertions for bread, might be insulted with impunity." "Indeed," said Rosa, "you do my brother the greatest injustice; he may have been precipitate and imprudent, but you ought at least to do him the justice to believe him sincere: but it is all my own fault; my light meaning words, which I laughingly confided to you in our gay moods, have rankled deeper than I ever dreamed."

Here they were interrupted by a servant, who came to inform Miss Rosa that her brother was waiting. Rosa, going out, found him pacing the piazza in the greatest excitement. "Oh, Rosa, what have I done?" he cried, "you must intercede for me—I was ridiculously precipitate: hurried on by a rash impulse, I have perhaps ruined all—but beg of her to forgive me—say I will trouble her no more, but leave in the morning for Savannah."

Rosa found Helen more composed, and assured her again and again that her brother intended no disrespect, and that she must forget all, if not for his sake, at least for her's, who had perhaps been the innocent cause of it. "He is to leave in the morning," said Rosa, "oh, do try to forgive him." "Do not let him go on my account, Rosa," answered Helen, "you know I am to stay with May a few weeks." "Yes, but what shall I tell him? or will you see him?" "No, I cannot do that; but tell him that I will try to harbor no feeling of resentment." "And that you forgive him?" "I—I'll try."

So ended that eventful night. Fred left for Savannah the next morning. And to the relief of Rosa, Mr. Tarver soon after returned unexpectedly, and bore the fair Clementina to her own home.

## CHAPTER V.

Time passed. Will Forney's interest in Rosa's pursuits seemed never to flag. Helen apparently avoided coming to the Carsons as much as possible, pleading that her engagements with her friend May, to whom she was giving lessons in drawing, prevented. Besides she thought that a third person was entirely *de trop* under existing circumstances. At last Rosa told her one day that if she imagined that she was the least offended by her refusal of her brother, she was much mistaken, for, said the kind creature, "he deserves it all." "You are a dear, good girl, Rosa," said Helen, kissing her, "but I have sometimes imagined that your father and mother were cold." "It must have been a very flimsy fancy which should have led you to think that; for at Fred's particular request it has never been mentioned to them, nor any one else."

When Helen returned to her school after the long vacation, she found her duties far more irksome than formerly. She wondered why she took so little interest in what was passing; she felt far less gay than was her wont in days gone by; and even old Dinah remarked that it "peared like sothing ailed the child, she was mightily afeared she had a misery somewhere, she looked so sorter down-like." Mr. Stafford had written to his daughter long since, returning the fruits of her labors which she had sent him, and giving her the pleasing intelligence that by an unexpected return of some of his investments, he could once more have the satisfaction of again having his children around him, and that he longed to see his darling Helen. In consequence of this, Helen had decided to go home at the end of the present session; for she sometimes thought her *health* was failing under the effects of the enervating climate.

And now Will Forney had returned to the city; but not until Rosa had promised to bestow on him a priceless gift, her own sweet self, in the ensuing spring. They were to take in their tour the cities and attractions of the North, and Helen was to accompany them, at least as far as her own home, for she had not yet given Rosa the required promise to share their travels further.

The weeks flew by; and as the period approached great was the commotion in the domestic portion of Mr. Carson's household. Many a poor fowl was seen strutting its last, little dreaming that their "lot was upon them," and that Dinah was eyeing their fair proportions with a glance that never wavered, declaring that it took a "heap to do so much, and they want gwine to have no poor white folks dolings, when

Miss Rosa, bless her purty face, was gwine off like a lamb that she was." Rosa had written to her brother, that of course he would not refuse to come on such a very important occasion; more particularly as Miss Tarver had eloped with Mr. Voorhs, the music teacher; her father vowing that he would cut "Clem off with one cent;" but it was the general opinion that he would forgive them, and if he did not, why Miss Clementina had an independent fortune left her by her grandmother, and as Mr. Voorhs was of a very kind disposition, her fate was not to be so much deplored.

A day or two previous to the wedding. Fred arrived with his friend Will. Rosa and Helen were busy with silks, Brussels, flowers, and a thousand other fancies pertaining to a bride's *trousseau*, and could, therefore, find little time to devote to the gentlemen. Helen met Fred with perfect ease and frankness, after fortifying herself by the most desperate efforts outside the door, preparatory to entering the room where all the family were gathered. On the evening of the same day she stood by the window of the parlor, partly concealed by the drapery, and the only occupant of the dimly-lighted room. Fred came in softly, and stood beside her, mistaking her for his sister. "That is right," he said, "indulge in pleasant dreams, for the world is bright before you—and may the future be as fair as your fancy has depicted it, *dear Rosa*." "You are mistaken, Mr. Carson," said Helen, turning so that he saw her face, and stepped forward to leave the room. "Stay, Miss Stafford, will you never forgive the past? can we not be *friends*—I will not even hope for anything more!" Helen took his extended hand. "And you bury the past irrevocably," he said, eagerly, "do you? And with all my faults you forgive my past offences?" "Freely, Mr. Carson." "And you will not refuse to stand with me, as my sister's attendant at the altar?" "Certainly not; how could I refuse Rosa such a request?"

Let us pass over the wedding. We will not even discuss the beauty of the bride; her light form, half shaded by her dark tresses, and the transparent folds of her veil—let us pass all—the tears of the parents, the screams of the children, the sobs of the servants, who said, "T'would 'pear like Miss Rosa was done dead and gon sure enough, poor honey."

Fred had attached himself to the bridal party, Rosa declared, "without an invitation." Perhaps he saw it gleaming from Helen's eyes—we didn't. Be that as it may, he insisted that it was necessary and highly important to the interests of the firm of which he was a member, that

he should visit New York at that particular time; and as a matter of course he would rather prefer going with the party. So the four took passage in a Charleston steamer.

They were detained by storms and high seas nearly a week; and in the hour of trial and danger, Fred Carson made himself so necessary to Helen's safety, and stood by her side so constantly, that ere they had reached home Helen had promised, that, with her father's sanction, he should always maintain his place there.

And was that sanction given? Aye, reader; for a few weeks after, there was a goodly company gathered at Mr. Stafford's mansion in honor of the two brides.

"And now Mr. Carson," said Mr. Stafford, during the evening, "since you are one of us, I shall endeavor to remove some of the prejudices,

which, I am told, you Southerners entertain of your Northern brethren." "Indeed," said Mrs. Will Forney, *very* quietly, "I think they have dispersed with great rapidity within the last few months; such a terror as he had of anything north of the Potomac—of literary ladies—of—" "Never mind," said Fred, "I plead guilty; I was caught in spite of myself; and should not be in the least surprised, if a year from now, I should be mounted on a little green wagon peddling *Yankee clocks* and *wooden nutmegs*." They all laughed heartily at the idea; for the happy are ever merry.

The travellers spent several months North, lingering at all the places of interest; but the merry Christmas found them again among the happy circle, gathered around the pleasant fire-side at "Laurel Hill." And there we leave them.

## THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

THREE spirits haunt our path where'er we rove,  
And clasp us in their soft enwreathing arms:  
The *Past* with lingering step and mournful eye,  
A pure still maid with veiled and shadowy charms,  
Soft strains of music on her steps attend,  
The scent of flowers wake beneath her tread;  
The sweet old songs once sung with parted friends,  
The blossoms laid beside the early dead.

But while from crushed and wounded hearts arise  
The sighs low murmured on her pitying ear,  
And tears awakened when her phantom train,  
The ghosts of perished joy and hope appear;  
With tender truth she summons to her side,  
A form that lures the half unwilling eye,  
And morning freshness brightens o'er each heart  
Bathed in the twilight dews of memory.

The *Present* meets you with an eye serene,  
Grave, earnest, self-relying, calm and fair,  
Breathing of bliss possess'd, of ills o'ercome,  
Of daily blessing that we daily share;  
No gorgeous robes attract the admiring eye,  
Nor yet in sorrow's sober livery clad;  
A sweet enchantment dwells upon her lip,  
A kindly smile too tender to be sad.

Action and duty, faith in trial's hour,  
A patient strength to suffer if God's will,  
The power to plan a wise or noble deed,  
To nerve the heart and brave approaching ill;

A host of duties on the *Present* wait,  
And quiet beauty to her form impart  
Fantastic sadness from the bosom glides,  
The actual takes possession of the heart.

But joy, oh! joy on glittering wings to see  
A seraph bright descending from the sky,  
Back, back all sadder cares, all graver thoughts,  
While the soul melts to softest poetry;  
Sunshine and glory round her footsteps wait,  
Spring's perfumed breath is in her dashing smiles  
With sweet enchantment pleasure's radiant dreams,  
Hope's thrilling voice the glowing heart beguiles.

Scarce touching earth on golden clouds she floats,  
With sunny hair and garb of Summer dye,  
With grace whose exquisite perfection seems  
The spirit of embodied melody;  
And with a winning voice and soothing tone,  
Too lightly oft her promises are given,  
Charming the soul with fancy's fairest dreams,  
And beauty realized alone in Heaven.

Three spirits haunt our path where'er we rove,  
And clasp us in their soft enwreathing arms:  
The *Past* with all its wealth of vanished years:  
The *Present* truth, the *Future's* varied charms,  
All blending in a harmony divine  
To win, to soothe, to comfort, to inspire,  
Till the bright victory o'er death is won,  
And the rapt soul has nothing to desire.

## MY EXPERIENCE AS AN AMANUENSIS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I WAS yet a school girl in pantaletts, when, some seven or eight years ago, my father's ward, George Shelburne, having joined the United States Navy, was ordered to California. I well remember the consternation which pervaded our household when this terrible order was announced. California!—a region then but just coming into notice, and but little known; its name conveyed to my mother's mind only a vague idea of a vast desert place, inhabited by wild beasts and savages, and about as distant and unreal as some territory in the moon.

To be sent thither seemed to her equivalent to a condemnation to death, or at least eternal banishment.

George Melburne, or cousin George, as we generally called him by courtesy, though no relationship existed between us, had been brought up in our family, and had so endeared himself to my mother, that she often declared she felt no difference in her affection for him and her own children. She now loudly lamented the fate of this beloved son, and even entreated him to throw up his commission, since the service exacted such a terrible sacrifice; but finding her arguments unavailing, she set to work with right good will to prepare her young sailor for his voyage.

Such a mending and making, and brewing and baking as ensued I shall never forget. Nothing was thought about, or talked about, but *poor* George's departure.

We children were sent of errands, or shoved aside, or put to bed to get us out of the way, in a manner which I, being something of a spoiled child, was rather disposed to resent.

At length the very evening before the day when George was to depart arrived. The younger children had been sent to bed early; I was set down to my lessons, and my mother was busy in the room adjoining the one where I sat packing the last trunk. George stood beside her, watching her operations, and listening to her thousand and one admonitions and warnings, and promising in the honest warmth of his heart to obey them every one. I remember it all distinctly.

My mother's task was at last finished—all but adding the last batch of ginger-cakes, just then coming from the oven. While she went to see

after them, George sauntered into the room where I was; and having lighted his cigar paced up and down, enjoying the luxury it afforded him, sunk meanwhile in a deep reverie, and evidently thinking of anything in the world but my humble self.

I was vexed for half a dozen reasons. First, I was always a great favorite with George, and did not like to find myself unnoticed; then I was provoked at the coolness he displayed in the midst of all the commotions he caused: and lastly, I was annoyed to find that I could not, for my life, concentrate my thoughts enough on the composition I was trying to write, to have the least hope of success.

In vain I took up my pen, and resolutely bent my eyes on my paper, and waited for ideas to come; not a thought suggested itself on the subject I had chosen. My mind *would* wander off from the dry *theme* to the matter-of-fact circumstances connected with George's departure—the ginger-cakes going in his trunk, and the adventures he was about to encounter.

Now I was an ambitious little thing, and the thought of going to school on the morrow, with my task unfulfilled, was not to be endured. I uttered sundry ejaculations concerning the "*hardness*" of writing compositions, but finding my remarks unheeded, I at last exclaimed, with saucy pettishness,

"I don't see what use a great man is, walking up and down the room, if he can't help a poor little girl with her composition!"

George turned toward me with an amused smile, and coming and sitting down beside me, said kindly,

"How now, Nell? are you vexed with your old friend? What is the matter? Let me see—*theme*—on the naval service."

I could see that George with difficulty preserved his composure on reading this heading to my future *theme*, but he was very kind, and helped me nicely out of my difficulty. My composition was soon written and fairly copied out.

Such is the most distinct of my childish recollections of George Shelburne, nor do I remember hearing much about him during many succeeding years.

Seven years had passed away, and the da

which saw me eighteen years old was my last school day. I bounded home full of glee at my new freedom, and throwing open the door of my mother's room, burst within, swinging my bonnet above my head, and uttering a wild hurrah of delight, at the same moment letting my bonnet fly off at a tangent, and flinging the great arm full of books I held from one end of the floor to the other.

This feat performed, I glanced up, and to my consternation perceived that mother was not alone. A very handsome man in naval uniform, with one arm in a sling, was sitting beside her. I saw his look of amazement at my extraordinary entrance; I perceived my mother's glance of mortification and dismay: and the whole scene presented itself so ludicrously to my mind, that I burst into a fit of laughter and fled from the room.

A few minutes more sufficed to make me heartily ashamed of my conduct. I was considering what course I had best pursue to appease my mother's displeasure, and excuse my remarkable conduct to the stranger, when a pleasant voice which I recognised, though it had grown more deep and manly, called from the foot of the stairs leading to my room,

"Cousin Nelly, cousin Nelly, where are you? Why don't you come and speak to me?"

Was it indeed George Shelburne returned?

I emerged timidly from my room, and answered shyly,

"Because I am ashamed to, cousin George—what must you think of me?"

"Think of you?" said he, looking up at me—"why that you are still the same charming, untamable little wild bird you were seven years ago—only a thousand times more—well I will not say all I think."

"Because it is so bad?" I asked, coming slowly down the stairs.

He smiled, and nodded, saying, "Of course," but his eyes told me a more flattering story, and I preferred their version of the case.

George and I were soon on a footing of most friendly intimacy. He had learned to be a great flatterer during his roving, and I confess I was well enough pleased with all the nonsense he whispered in my ear. Yet I remembered to have heard somewhere that the naval officers were famous for their gallantry to women in *general*, and I was not without my misgivings that George did not quite mean all his words and manner implied. I was terrible uneasy on this point.

One day, when he had been at home about a month, he said to me,

"Nelly, do you remember the night I helped you with your 'theme on the naval service'?"

I replied that I did.

"Well then," he rejoined, "one good turn deserves another. I have been unable, as you know, to write or use my arm in any way, since the hurt I got in California—my letters are sadly in arrears; will you not be my amanuensis, this morning?"

I willingly assented, and paper and pens were produced. I seated myself, saying,

"Now begin."

"This letter shall be to my old chum, Bob Nichols, in California," said George. "'Dear Bob.'"

"'Dear Bob,'" I repeated.

"Hem!" said George, "well—'this is to inform you of my arrival in the land of my fathers——'"

"'Land of my fathers,'" said I, writing.

"'No misfortunes occurred during my voyage, but a terrible one has befallen me since my return home.'"

"'Return home.'"

"'The fact is, Bob, that I have fallen over head and ears in love with the most bewitching, tormenting, loveliest little creature that the sun ever shone on.'"

"'Shone on,'" echoed I, examining minutely the point of my pen.

"'The worst of it is,'" continued George, "that I dare not reveal my affection to its object, for she is such an arrant little flirt, *par instinct*, that she would too cruelly use her advantage——"

"'Her advantage,'" I repeated, while a conscious smile stole, against my will, across my face.

George, keenly watching my countenance, as I felt, continued to dictate.

"'The lady I love is a tall, majestic blonde, with regular features, and very stately manners.'"

I started, and forgot to transmit that last sentence to paper in my surprise, till I was reminded of my office.

"'Her name I withhold for the present,'" added George.

"I think I would mention her name if I were you," I interrupted, hastily.

"No use," said George, laconically.

"More satisfactory to your friend," I urged.

George smiled. "My friend can bear the suspense," he said.

"If he can, I cannot," cried I, with jealous impetuosity, losing all self-command; "George, whom are you in love with?"

"Do you really want to know?" he asked, still closely studying my face as I was conscious.

His question gave me time to recover the false step into which my feelings had beguiled me, and I answered flippantly,

"To be sure I do. Do you expect to find a girl of eighteen without curiosity? But one thing I know already—*she* will be a foolish woman, whoever she is, who gives *you* her heart."

"Is that your real opinion?" cried George, with sudden, startling earnestness, as he seized my hands and looked steadily in my face.

I nodded my head, and strove to escape, but he held me fast.

"Nelly, Nelly, your tell-tale face belies your words, or rather it tells me that you are *yourself*, that same foolish woman of whom you speak."

He drew me to him as he spoke; and I, taken by surprise as I was, could think of nothing better to say than,

"Let me go, George, you will certainly hurt your wounded arm!"

He paid little heed to my caution, nor to my request that he would go on with his letter. Indeed, to this very day, that letter to his mythical friend Bob Nichols, of California, is still unfinished, though I still occasionally officiate to my husband as amanuensis.

## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

WHEN Summer breezes bend the grass,  
Each wave its nestling flowers disclose,  
While fitful storms that whirling pass  
Evince the spirit of the rose;  
Though crushed—returning good for ill—  
Intenser all its odors rise,  
As grief-worn spirits soften still  
Hard hearts with loving liquid eyes.  
Oh, more than rose, sweet blossom pale,  
I love thee, Lily of the Vale.

Beside the graceful, golden broom,  
And sturdy, stubborn, daggered whin,  
I first beheld thy arch of bloom—  
Fair virtue on the marge of sin;  
So one with chaste retiring grace,  
I in the world's great tumult found,  
In word and deed, in form and face,  
Meek loving kindness clothed her round,  
And thou to her love's message bore:  
Be thou love's herald evermore.

No prickly spears, or burning stings,  
My fondling hand or eyes repel;  
Listen! and love triumphant rings  
From every tremulous silver bell.  
Around thee hosts of glittering blades  
Sharp-pointed, broad, and burnished green—  
Thou, lovely virgin of the glades,  
Art guarded, Nature's forest queen:  
Most modest gem of earth thou art,  
I'll wear thee ever near my heart.

The stars above are letters bright,  
By which we spell the Heavenly plan;  
But flowers below, when read aright,  
God's goodness teach to wayward man:  
Dear offspring of the bounteous earth,  
Fair children of the glorious sun,  
Whether of high or lowly birth,  
I love you all—yet love I none  
Like thee, sweet blooming trembler frail,  
Timid white Lily of the Vale.

## EPITAPH ON AN INFANT

BY ANNA WHARTON.

ART thou so soon, sweet infant, laid to sleep  
In the cold lap of Death, to wake no more?—  
'Tis for ourselves, not thee, that we must weep;  
For thee the world no sorrow has in store,  
No care; nor wilt thou ever feel again  
The bitter lot of sickness or of pain.

And oh! how blest! Ere sin thy soul could harm  
Thou wast borne hence, where Faith may thee  
behold  
Encircled by thy gracious Saviour's arm,  
One of the flock within His peaceful fold,  
He leads them all, but in His bosom bears  
The tender lambs: such blessedness is theirs.



## EMILY LAWRENCE.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

### CHAPTER I.

THE good Rector of St. James Church, in the parish of Bloomingdale, England, sat in his large arm-chair, in his quiet study, leaning his head upon his hand.

The clock upon the mantel-piece struck the hour of ten. At eleven that morning, he was to unite in the holy bonds of matrimony, his eldest daughter, his beloved Emily, to the man of her choice; and among all his acquaintance there was none to whom he would sooner commit her happiness than him whom she had chosen from her numerous admirers as the companion of her life.

Until the arrival of that hour, I will occupy the passing moments in sketching briefly the previous history of the chief characters in this story.

Charles Ellingwood was the young Rector from Cheswell, a flourishing village about fifteen miles distant from Bloomingdale. Nine months previous to the time of which I write, he had received a valuable living from the Earl of Marlboro, the former school fellow, and friend of his father. He was considered a young man of fine talents, which, united to his ardent piety, and his hearty love of the work to which he had devoted himself, gave promise of extended usefulness in his profession.

Soon after he entered upon his duties in Cheswell, he was introduced to Emily Lawrence who was visiting a lady in his parish. A mutual affection sprang up between them, and when Emily returned home she was accompanied by Mr. Ellingwood, whom she had referred to her parents for consent to their union.

This, Emily did not doubt, they would at once grant. She had from childhood been indulged in every reasonable desire, and now when the happiness or misery of her life was in question, she was sure they would regard her wishes.

In her letters to her parents, and her sister Alice, she depicted in glowing language the attractions of her friend. She described his preaching, his beaming countenance, his devotedness to the poor, his ardent attachment to his friends, until she felt that they must admire him as she did.

Emily had no reason to be dissatisfied at his reception. Her father, always kind and cordial

in his manner, was so tender in his care of her, as he gently lifted her from the carriage, and affectionately kissed her cheeks;—so fatherly in the presentation of his hand to her friend, that she felt a just pride in him, as she said with a bright blush—"My father—Mr. Ellingwood." They were then so cordially welcomed by Mrs. Lawrence and Alice, as to increase his reluctance to ask them for their dearest treasure.

This feeling, however, was soon lost in admiration of her, as he watched her going from room to room, greeted at every turn with fresh demonstrations of joy. At an early hour, he requested an interview with Mr. Lawrence, when in a frank and honorable manner he informed him of his love to Emily, and requested his sanction; expressing an earnest hope, that he would give his consent to a speedy union.

Mr. Lawrence looked very grave and said in reply, that he could not but feel a tender interest in one so ardently attached to his darling child; yet he said their acquaintance was too short to give assurance of their suitableness to each other, and to afford a reasonable prospect of mutual happiness.

Mr. Ellingwood smiled, and was about to assure him that he felt no doubt on those points, but with a gentle wave of the hand, in reply to his speaking countenance, Mr. Lawrence continued, "Perhaps her mother and I have not been without blame in our manner of educating our daughter. It has been a subject of much thought with me for a few weeks. She has been the light of our home, the joy of our hearts; and we may have forgotten too much, that she might be called to other scenes, where the sensitiveness, the delicacy of feeling, we have so loved and cherished, would be the source of great unhappiness to her."

Mr. Lawrence looked seriously and earnestly at his companion as he said this. His eyes filled with tears as he met the answering look of the young man. He could have taken him to his arms; but he restrained himself and proceeded. "Emily possesses a warm heart, she has always lived in an atmosphere of love. The want of it would soon kill her. She is a creature of impulse; too much so, I have feared for her own good. Yet when I have seen that these impulses were constantly leading her to high and holy acts, I

could not restrain her. She has a keen sense of honor, and an indignant contempt of those who are destitute of it. I never knew Emily guilty of meanness. Now, are you willing to bear with her gently and tenderly? In the relation into which you wish her to enter, she would feel keenly any neglect, any apparent diminution of the first ardor of affection. Though not at all suspicious, yet she would be alive to the first manifestation of coolness. She has, I see, given you her whole heart, and will want a whole heart in return."

"Nay, bear with me," continued he, as the young man again attempted to reply, "I do not wish to extol my Emily. She has faults; but they seem to arise from the excess of goodness. Few, very few, could understand or appreciate such a character. I feel that she is not fitted for contact with the world. Now, when it is perhaps too late, I regret that we have not led her to govern herself more by judgment and less by impulse."

"Oh, no!" interrupted Mr. Ellingwood, "it is that very sensitiveness that I love, manifested by the bright flush of her beaming countenance. It was that which first interested me. I watched her while an account was given of the sufferings of a poor family in my parish; and though she spoke not a word, yet I could see how she sympathized in those sufferings;—how highly she admired the generous spirit who relieved them, and condemned the insensibility of those who expressed no sympathy with suffering humanity. I would not have her changed. Oh! no. If you will trust your treasure with me, it shall be the aim of my life to make her happy."

Mr. Lawrence arose, took Mr. Ellingwood's hand, and said tenderly, "I have written to several gentlemen in whose judgment I can confide, in regard to your character; and it gives me pleasure to be able to say, that I have received such replies to them as induces me, and also Mrs. Lawrence, to give our consent to your betrothal to my daughter, upon one condition, that your marriage do not take place until the expiration of at least six months."

It is sufficient to say, that, although many motives were urged in favor of an immediate union, yet, upon this point, Mr. Lawrence was very firm, as their acquaintance had been so brief.

In the meantime, Mr. Ellingwood was to repair Rosedale, the name of his parsonage, and fit it for the reception of his bride.

## CHAPTER II.

MR. LAWRENCE, having requested to be interrupted for one hour previous to the marriage

ceremony, sat quietly in his study, absorbed in meditation and prayer.

Trying and solemn was the scene before him, though not unmixed with joy.

Emily had often been said to resemble her father in mind and character, while Alice resembled her mother. He had never realized how dear she was to him, until now he was to consign her to another. He might see her often; but other duties would press upon her; and months would often elapse without his being blessed with the presence of his beloved child.

Then he turned to the other side of the picture, and thought how happy she would be with one, whose thoughts and feelings were so congenial to her own.

He knelt, and prayed earnestly for her and her companion, for himself and those left behind, and had just arisen from his knees, when the subject of his thoughts came gliding into his room, arrayed into her bridal robes, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, said in a tone full of earnest affection, "My father, bless your child."

For a moment he sat with her hands clasped in his, and his lips touching her forehead; then laying one hand upon her head, said, though his voice quivered with emotion, "God, even your father's God, bless thee, my daughter, and cause His face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace." The low response was uttered—and Emily was gone.

Then came the summons for him. They proceeded to the village church. The prayers were read; then the solemn words which united them for life; the blessing was pronounced—and the company separated.

The young and beautiful bride—for there were many that day, who thought they had never seen a fairer—hurried away. Her heart was overflowing with emotion; her eyes were filled with tears; and she dared not stop to bid those she loved farewell.

Months and years rolled on, and Emily was increasingly happy. Her attachment to her husband grew stronger and stronger. Her capacity for happiness seemed ever increasing. Two lovely daughters were growing up beneath their vine-clad roof, and Emily was often fearful lest in her heart she should make idols of these dear objects of her affection. She prayed earnestly that her Heavenly Father would enable her ever to remember, that all her blessings came from Him.

Mr. Ellingwood, by this time, realized how "far the wife is dearer than the bride," and blessed God for the day when he first saw and loved Emily Lawrence.

But it is not the lot of mortals to enjoy unalloyed happiness. It was now fourteen years, since this beloved wife had left her home to become the mistress of Rosedale, when she was hastily called to her father's bedside. Mr. Lawrence had been failing for a number of months, and his dutiful child had spent a great part of the time with him. Her sister Alice was married and settled at a distance; and as her mother was very feeble, the care of her father devolved chiefly upon her.

Only one week previous to this time, Mr. Ellingwood had prevailed upon her to return home, as he found her pale and exhausted by care and nursing, promising she should return when she was recruited.

As there was thought to be no immediate danger in the case of her father, Emily consented.

Now he was dying, and she hastened to receive his parting blessing, ere his lips were cold in death.

When she arrived the damp of death was already on his brow. His friends stood weeping around him, supposing him speechless, when Emily in an agony of grief threw herself upon the bed, and in a voice which thrilled every heart, cried, "My father, oh! my father—bless once more your child, your own Emily."

That cry of woe, wrung from his daughter's heart, seemed to stay the departing spirit. His lips moved faintly, and putting her ear to his lips, she heard him say, "May God—bless—my—darling—Emily!"

A heavenly smile played around his mouth, and the soul freed from its tenement of clay, was carried by waiting angels to the bosom of his God.

His afflicted daughter continued on her knees beside him. No tears dimmed her eyes. She looked fixedly into the face of her father, while his right hand was clasped in hers.

So earnest was her gaze, so unnatural her expression, that her husband became alarmed, and tried gently to raise her and lead her from the room.

She submitted passively; but turning to take one last lingering look at that loved face, she fell insensibly into the arms of her husband.

The village bells tolled the requiem of the departed. The church was dressed in mourning. The parishioners assembled to pay their last tribute of respect and affection to the memory of their beloved Pastor. Earth was committed to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; yet Emily remained insensible to her loss.

She would now and then open her eyes, smile languidly upon her husband and daughters, who

were ever by her side, and then fall back into insensibility. The shock had been more than she could endure, and her whole system sank under it.

Very gradually she recovered her strength, but remembered nothing of what had occurred.

Mr. Ellingwood knew the death of her father could not long be concealed from her; and in answer to one of her frequent inquiries for him, gently told her he had gone to his rest.

There was a sudden start, succeeded by a flood of tears.

Her husband and children wept with her; they knew tears would bring relief to her burdened heart.

Soon after this, she was able to be carried to Rosedale; her mother returned with Alice to reside with her for a season, in the hope of being benefited by a change of air; and the old parsonage, the home of her youth, was closed for the first time during her life.

Mr. Ellingwood began now to realize the truth of what Mr. Lawrence had told him in regard to Emily. She was entirely changed. She seemed to cherish her grief; and when her husband gently chid her and reminded her of her numberless blessings she still enjoyed, she would only embrace them as if she feared to lose all her treasures, and weep in silence.

This state of mind so preyed upon her, that her friends became seriously alarmed, and the physician earnestly advised an entire change of scene.

Mr. Ellingwood had an uncle in Havanna who had often invited him, if he should ever be in search of health, to visit him and enjoy the salubrious air, the delightful fruits, and the warm welcome they would receive.

He now determined to accept their invitation. Alice and Mary were placed at school. His parish was left in charge of the curate, and Mr. Ellingwood sailed with his wife for the port of Havanna.

During the winter Emily rapidly gained health and spirits; and in the spring was so nearly recovered, as to encourage great hope of her permanent and entire restoration.

Mr. and Mrs. Lenox parted from their nephew and niece with great reluctance; only comforted by the partial promise that Emily should return to them the next winter.

During the summer, Mrs. Ellingwood, surrounded by the beloved members of her own family, together with her mother and sister Alice, seemed entirely happy.

Her health, still delicate, called forth the tenderest care from all her friends; and she seemed once more the sun of the home circle, enlightening and enlivening all around her by the rays of love

from her own heart. No ominous bird augured the dark future before her. No clouds, portentous of evil, yet darkened her horizon. To her vision all was bright.

During the autumn, however, she felt some return of her pulmonary complaints; and her promise to return to her friends in Havanna, if such were the case, recurred to her mind. She felt great reluctance to leave home. Whenever her husband adverted to the subject, her manner plainly showed it to be an unwelcome theme; and yet she could not account to herself for this repugnance. She had passed a delightful winter in Havanna, formed many pleasant acquaintances, and received great benefit to her health.

She determined not to yield to foolish prepossessions, but to prepare for the voyage. She resolved to take her daughter Alice as a companion, and availing herself of the return of a friend to Cuba, to travel under his protection.

It was not without a struggle that Mr. Ellingwood was induced to consent to this arrangement; but Emily reminded him of what he felt to be too true, that his pariah would suffer from his continued absence; and he knew his friends in Cuba would do everything in their power for the comfort and happiness of his wife. He confidently hoped that she would return entirely well, so that no future separation would be necessary. He therefore accompanied Emily and Alice to Liverpool, and having provided every thing needful for the voyage, left them in the care of Mr. Clarke, and returned to his lonely habitation. During the month that followed before he could expect any tidings from the travellers, he constantly reproached himself for entrusting them to the care of another, and made firm resolves never again to consent to such an arrangement.

But when he received cheering letters from the absent ones, giving an amusing account of their "trip," as Emily called it, and the joyful welcome they had received, he seemed to imbibe some of the hopeful spirit expressed in his wife's letter, and to look forward, as she did, to her early return. He now turned with new ardor to the care of his flock and the education of his daughter Mary, who remained at home, and who laughingly told her father that Susan, the house-keeper, had taken her into partnership.

Never was there a little Miss of twelve, who felt more maternally than she did on the first morning after her father's return from Liverpool. She sat on a high chair at the head of the table, and endeavored to imitate her mamma; while Susan stood at the back part of the room, the very picture of merriment.

But her father did not laugh at her. He tried to look as grave and dignified as she did; and complimented her highly by telling her she appeared very much like her mother.

### CHAPTER III.

EVERY one acquainted with history must remember the insurrection in Cuba, in 1830. It was not long after her arrival before Emily saw symptoms of an approaching revolution, and found that in all his sympathies, her uncle was with the Islanders in trying to gain their independence of the government of Spain.

Her aunt told her that he had always maintained his popularity, and owed much success to his having remained entirely neutral; but that within a few months some cases of oppression, which had come under his immediate notice, had wrought an entire change in him; and that now he had determined to use all his influence in their behalf.

In consequence of this the Junto held its secret sessions at her uncle's house, where the contemplated revolt, and the best means of ensuring success, were the themes of discussion.

It was not at all strange that Mrs. Ellingwood with her impulsive nature, her strong sympathy for suffering, and her detestation for oppression, should enter with her whole heart into the cause of freedom. She dreamed not of the danger to which she was thus exposing herself and her lovely daughter.

Little did she imagine that her name was enrolled with that of her uncle and aunt, by Spanish officers, upon the list of conspirators; that her presence at the nocturnal meetings of this club was at the price of her life.

She wrote a journal of daily events, giving at length all the plans of the insurgents, and sent it to her husband, entreating him not to be anxious on their account, as her uncle had taken every means to ensure their safety. But these letters never reached him. Indeed they never left the island. They were considered rich booty by the head of government, to whom they were conveyed by a servant of Mr. Lenox, bribed for the purpose.

Judge then of the horror of Mr. Ellingwood, after months of anxiety occasioned by the non-receipt of letters from Havanna, when one morning he read in his newspaper a detailed account of the insurrection, the quelling of it, and the number of persons killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, together with the announcement that the names of these would appear in the ensuing number.

But Mr. Ellingwood, after the first surprise was over, began to consider that there could be no immediate danger to his friends. He knew that his uncle had always taken neutral ground, that he was respected by both parties, and that he would learn the intention of the rebels in season to remove his family, if occasion required.

Alas! he dreamed not of the change in his uncle's feelings, and that he was fearfully implicated in the rebellion. Still he felt so uneasy he could not remain inactive; and he determined to start for London in the evening coach.

His first business, when there, was to proceed to the office from which his paper was issued, as the most direct source of obtaining farther information.

His loss of sleep, for he had travelled all night, together with his anxiety, had by this time wrought his mind and nerves to the highest pitch of excitement.

If he met friends who cordially greeted him, he imagined they were endeavoring to prepare his mind to receive some fresh and sad intelligence.

Yet he would not allow to himself that there was cause for anxiety. He tried to persuade himself that he was only afraid the excitement might retard the recovery of his wife, or possibly produce a relapse.

He reached the office of the "Times," and went in with a number of others who were eager for farther news. He took a paper, and began with a trembling hand to open it in order to read.

The office was filled with gentlemen eagerly listening to an account which some one was giving from head-quarters, when amid the cries of "good—good—served them right!"—a loud shriek startled them, as Mr. Ellingwood rushed from the room. In running his eye hastily over the columns, the first name which had caught his attention on the list of those that were shot, was that of "James Lenox of Lenox Hall."

His blood had frozen in his veins; but despair had given him strength to proceed; and farther on he had read the names of "Mrs. Lenox and Mrs. Ellingwood with her daughter, who were shot in attempting to flee from the officers sent to capture them. Mrs. Ellingwood was an English lady residing in the family of Mr. Lenox, and was said to have been active among the insurgents, and a dangerous person, as had been found from her private correspondence as well as from her presence at most of the secret assemblies."

Mr. Ellingwood read every word; or rather at a glance the truth of the whole flashed upon his

mind, and with one cry from his breaking heart he burst out of his room. He pressed his hands to his forehead as he rushed along the street. He saw a coach passing and mechanically jumped in. He neither asked nor cared where he was going. He stopped when the coach stopped and found himself at a country inn, when he at once retired to his room.

But before morning the whole house were affrighted and aroused from their beds by the cries of the afflicted man, who was suffering from a violent attack of brain fever.

The physician, who was hastily called, at first apprehended that his patient was suffering from remorse of conscience, as he was continually crying, "Oh! see her fall, she's shot through the heart!"—and then seemed trying to escape, saying, "here is a safe place; they will never search for us here."

But the next day upon examining some papers found in his pocket-book, his name and residence were ascertained, and the fearful cause of his illness came to light, as they discovered crowded into his coat-pocket the account which had proved so overpowering to him.

Notice was immediately sent to his friends, and on the following day his family physician and particular friend, Dr. Crosby, arrived, accompanied by Mary and Susan, the faithful house-keeper.

For many days there was no hope of his recovery. He had, however, naturally a strong constitution, which, aided by medical skill and tender nursing, through the blessing of God the dangerous crisis was past and the patient was pronounced convalescent. From the first dawn of returning reason he had seemed to remember his dreadful loss.

When he opened his eyes and recognized Mary standing by his side, he said in a whisper, as if speaking to himself, "Motherless child, oh! my God, thou art but just to take what was thine own; help me to say from the heart, 'thy will be done.'"

Mary burst into tears; for a moment the strict injunctions of Dr. Crosby were forgotten, and she gave free vent to her feelings. But this violence of grief seemed to affect her father differently from what the physician apprehended, for gently taking her hand, he said, "Poor Mary—poor father—we must seek help there," pointing up.

The last word was hardly audible. The raised hand fell back upon the pillow, and he seemed about to faint. Mary motioned quickly to Susan, who wet his lips with a cordial prepared by the doctor.

It had been a source of astonishment to all,

that Mary had so controlled her own feelings as to be a source of real service to her father. She had plead with Dr. Crosby, whom she had known from a child; she had promised faithfully to follow his directions in all things; and when told that it might prove fatal to her father if he should see her weep, she had choked back the tears and shown him that she could control her emotion. She now charged herself with unfaithfulness to her promise, and feared lest she should be excluded from her father's sick-room.

But when the doctor next visited his patient, indeed he spent most of the time in his chamber, he expressed himself highly gratified at the favorable change which had taken place; and Mary's joy knew no bounds.

The patient improved so rapidly, that the physician, after a long and free conversation with Mr. Ellingwood, thought he might safely leave him.

The sick man felt that he had sinned in idolizing his wife and children, and that God in righteousness had taken them from him; but he could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." During the greater part of the time he was composed and appeared to be much engaged in prayer.

He clung to Mary as a child would cling to a sister; and when she left the room, he would call her and beg her not to leave him. His helplessness, which almost amounted to childishness, so alarmed Susan, that she consulted the physician with reference to it. He assured her that it could scarcely be otherwise. His mind had received a shock, of which time alone could effect a cure; and, in his feeble condition, he clung to Mary as all who remained to him.

Four weeks from the time of his arrival at the inn, Mr. Ellingwood, with Mary and Susan, took their departure from it. The faithful woman, who was now looked upon in the light of a companion, so nobly had she conducted through all these trials, had made a short visit to Rosedale, to see that everything was prepared for the comfort of the invalid, and had returned only the preceding day. Mary, poor girl, tried to look cheerful; but it would have been a luxury to her to have thrown herself into Susan's arms and have had a hearty cry. She felt that it would do her good; but the thought of her dear afflicted father restrained her. He looked so very, very sad; he never smiled now, and she feared to afflict him by the sight of her grief.

In the four weeks since she left her home, Mary seemed to have lived whole years. She looked back a few short months, to the time when Alice and herself were two gay and laughing girls. Now she was alone, and how changed!

#### CHAPTER IV.

SIXTEEN months from the date of the foregoing chapter we will again look in upon the family at Rosedale. Mary still sits at the head of the table, and is trying to make her father appreciate her skill in cake making, pressing him to partake of some.

He says, "Yes, yes, my daughter!"

"But, papa, you are thinking of something else. Isn't it nice? Susan says it's your favorite cake."

A sickly smile passed over his face as he replied gently, "Thank you, Mary, it is very good."

"And, papa," continued the young girl, determining to follow up the advantage she had gained, lest he should fall back into his abstract state, "have you decided yet about my taking lessons of that beautiful lady? I love her dearly, and I do wish I could."

"I will try to attend to the matter to-day, my dear."

"Oh! thank you, dear papa, when shall I remind you?"

"Directly after dinner." So saying, he returned to his study.

Mr. Ellingwood was a changed man. His hair had become quite grey; his step, which had been full of life and elasticity, was now slow and courteous. He seldom smiled; but when he did, it was a smile that went to the heart, and made you feel more than any words could have done that he was a stricken man. Yet his parishioners loved him, if possible, better than ever, for he entered with increased tenderness and sympathy into all their trials, and sought their spiritual welfare with renewed zeal. He exhorted them to set their affection upon things above, and not upon things on the earth. On only one occasion had he referred in public to his own peculiar trials; and then he said that he feared he had set his affections too much upon the treasures which God had given him, had loved the creature more than the Creator; and that his heavenly Father had in love taken the temptation from him, that he might wean him from earth and prepare him to meet those dear ones above. While he thus addressed his beloved people his own was the only dry eye in the sanctuary; and as he pointed upward, there were many present who felt that he would not long be detained from his heavenly home.

As soon as they had dined Mary went into the hall, and taking from thence her father's hat and cane, brought them into him, saying, "You see, papa, I have not forgotten."

"Nor I, my dear, I will go at once. Would you like to go with me?"

"Oh! yes, papa, that I should."

"Well, then, run and get ready."

Mary was soon prepared for the walk, and joyfully calling Ponto, they set out for the residence of the music teacher. Lucy Mansfield was the daughter of a lawyer in Cheswell; but her mother having died when she was very young, she had been adopted and well educated by her aunt recently deceased; and Lucy had returned to her father's house.

She was at this time twenty-five years of age, though from her timidity she appeared much younger; and when she found her father feeble and destitute of many comforts she wished him to enjoy, she felt that she ought to make use of her talents for his support. But Lucy was very diffident and distrustful of her own powers, and had not courage to apply for pupils.

A short time before this she had been requested to play the organ in Mr. Ellingwood's church during the absence of the organist; and such was her success that her friends immediately proposed to her to teach music, promising if she would consent to obtain her a sufficient number of pupils. Mr. Ellingwood had not yet been introduced to Miss Mansfield, but after this time as Mary took regular lessons, it quite naturally fell in his way to call for her and take her home. Then he often led her to talk of her teacher.

Though he conversed very little with her, yet Miss Mansfield's quiet, unobtrusive manner seemed to soothe him; and he gradually became more and more fond of her society, until at length he spent two or three evenings in a week with her and her aged father. Mary usually accompanied him, and the three read in turn, or the teacher and pupil sang together. Mary by this time had become very fond of her friend; and when Mr. Ellingwood took her one day into his study, and told her that Miss Mansfield would soon be her mother, he found he had not overrated the pleasure such intelligence would give her. Nineteen months had passed since the fearful breaking up of their family circle, and time had allayed the poignancy of her grief. Life still looked fair before, and she rejoiced in the prospect of having in Miss Mansfield a friend and a mother. She ran to communicate the intelligence to Susan; but her father had done so before her.

"I don't know," exclaimed she, "any one in the world whom I could call *mother* but my dear, dear teacher."

Susan with a sigh confessed to herself that if there must be another Mrs. Ellingwood, she could think of none more suited to the station than the one in question. The thought of having a gay, flaunting lady come there would be dreadful; but Miss Mansfield was very different.

It would be doing injustice to the Rector at Rosedale not to say, that in all his intercourse with that lady, he had been perfectly frank and honest as to the state of his own heart. He told her he was a crushed man, that if his Emily had sickened and died where he could have been by her side, he might have felt differently; but now the object of his best affections was in the grave. Yet he assured her that her presence soothed, comforted, and helped him to the more faithful performance of his duty; that he loved her with the affection he should feel for a tenderly beloved sister; and that if she with her aged father would share his home, she should never have reason to repent her decision.

Lucy was greatly agitated; more so than he had supposed she could be. She loved him with all the fervor of a first love, but was not aware of it herself until that moment. She had always believed he would never marry again, and thought herself only sympathizing in his sufferings. No one could see him without feeling that he was a sufferer. She felt grateful for his preference, and consented to be his. She told him nothing of the wild joy that filled her heart; she felt that it would be out of place; she began thus early to put a constraint upon her own feelings, and allowed him to believe that her love was as calm as his own.

In a few weeks they were quietly married in Mr. Ellingwood's study. He could not endure a public wedding in church. It would bring too forcibly to mind the days long passed. When the reverend bishop performed the ceremony, especially when he said, "I require and charge you both, that if either of you do know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it." Oh! why did no one whisper even then, "*Thine own dear Emily yet liveth.*"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## AN ANAGRAM.

WHAT you poor beggar is, transpose,  
Part of mankind it will disclose;  
Change it again, within a mill  
You'll see it many sacks to fill;

The self-same letters ranged as last,  
Unfold the name of a repast;  
And while we sojourn here below,  
The want of one, may we ne'er know.

## AN HOUR WITH THE NEW POETS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

If signs and portents are to be believed a new cycle of poetry approaches. Not that, as yet, any great master of song has arisen. In vain we look, among the crowd of competitors, for another Shakspeare, or Milton, or even Byron. But nevertheless the sky of poesy is full of brilliant coruscations. The ground trembles beneath us, as with undulations that, running before, announce the approach of some tremendous intellectual earthquake.

The poems of Alexander Smith are generally known. They have been before both the British and American public for some time, and, therefore, we shall make but a passing comment on them. They are full of the fire of youth, display the luxuriance of an almost tropical imagination, and are characterized by equal boldness and originality. A splendid career is open to Mr. Smith, if he proves faithful to his high vocation. But he must beware of the extravagant plaudits, which his meteor-like success has won; for so sudden was his burst, and so unexpected his genius, that he has been over-praised almost everywhere. In the comparative dearth of coteremporaneous poetry, his advent reminds us of one of his finest metaphors.

"That night the sky was heaped like clouds;  
Through one blue gulf profound,  
Begirt with many a cloudy crag,  
The moon came rushing like a stag,  
And one star like a hound."

But another poet than Smith has begun to attract attention in England. The son of a canal boatman, and himself a poor operative in a silk-mill, this new writer has had to contend against the obscurity of his lot, as well as the disadvantage of an almost total want of education. His name is Gerald Massey, and a volume of his poems, said to be indifferently printed, has just appeared in London. He writes principally on political themes. It is evident that the sufferings of his own lot, and the wrongs of English workmen as a class, have profoundly tinged his muse. The iron has entered his soul. Yet hope still clings to him. His poet's heart prophesies a glorious future at last. Like Christian, he hears consoling angel voices, and has dream-like visions of the Beautiful Land, even while walking the

Valley of the Shadow of Death. As proof of this we quote the bold, stirring lyric of

### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

"High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,  
Go down i' the Heavens of Freedom!  
And true hearts perish in the time  
We bitterliest need 'em!  
But never sit we down and say  
There's nothing left but sorrow:  
We walk the wilderness To-day,  
The Promised Land To-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,  
There are no flowers blooming!  
Yet life stirs in the frozen bough,  
And Freedom's Spring is coming!  
And Freedom's tide comes up away,  
Tho' we may strand in sorrow;  
And our good bark, a-ground To-day,  
Shall float again To-morrow.

Thro' all the long, dark night of years  
The People's cry ascendeth,  
And earth is wet with blood and tears,  
But our meek sufferance endeth!  
The few shall not forever away,  
The many moil in sorrow:  
The powers of hell are strong To-day,  
But Christ shall rise To-morrow.

Tho' hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes  
With smiling Futures glisten!  
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies;  
Lean out your souls and listen!  
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,  
And ripens with her sorrow;  
Keep heart! who bear the Cross To-day  
Shall wear the Crown To-morrow.

Oh, youth! flame-earnest, still aspire,  
With energies immortal!  
To many a Heaven of Desire,  
Our yearning opens a portal!  
And tho' age wearies by the way,  
And hearts break in the furrow,  
We'll sow the golden grain To-day—  
The harvest comes To-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all  
Be like a sheathen sabre,  
Ready to flash out at God's call,  
Oh, Chivalry of Labor!  
Triumph and Toil are twins: and aye  
Joy's sun's i' the cloud of sorrow;  
And 'tis the martyrdom To-day,  
Brings victory To-morrow."

Noble words those, and fitly spoken at this crisis. Though, in some respects, the poem is rude, yet the fire of genius blazes in every line, and not only it, but the heroic purpose of a soul knowing that man must "suffer to be strong."



As a new poet of our own country has said,  
typifying this great truth, by a sublime version.

"And that high suffering which we dread,  
A higher joy discloses;  
Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,  
But angels saw the roses."

But love is as necessary to the poet as heroic courage or indignation at wrong. Gerald Massey has dignified his coarse, workman's lodgings, by some exquisite poems, directed, we presume, to his wife. He makes a Paradise for himself through the divine light of his imagination. Blessed gift, which, when united with a holy love, converts even the humblest home to a palace more beautiful than that of Kaisar or Sultan. We make room for one of these lyrics of love.

#### OUR FAIRY RING.

"Our world of empire is not large,  
But priceless wealth it holds;  
A little Heaven links marge to marge,  
But what rich realms it folds!  
And clasping all from outer strife  
Sits Love with folded wing,  
A-brood o'er dearer life-in-life,  
Within our fairy ring,

Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.

Thou leanest thy true heart on mine  
And bravely bearest up!  
Aye mingling Love's most precious wine  
In Life's most bitter cup,  
And evermore the circling hours  
New gifts of glory bring;  
We live and love like happy flowers,  
All in our fairy ring,

Dear love

Our hallowed fairy ring.

We've known a many sorrows, sweet!  
We've wept a many tears,  
And often trode with trembling feet  
Our pilgrimage of years,  
But when our sky grew dark and wild,  
All closer did we cling;  
Clouds broke to beauty as you smiled—  
Peace crowned our fairy ring,

Dear love

Our hallowed fairy ring."

In contrast with this toiling, suffering man, whose whole life, at least in its human aspect, appears to have been one long "bearing of the cross," rises before us another new poet, whose days apparently have glided by in lettered luxury, if not in cloistered ease. He is a son of the venerated Dr. Arnold. His poetry differs from that of Massey as much almost as poetry can. The one is rough and wild, with associations confined to humble life, man's own heart, or the simple scenes of nature. The other is rich with allusions drawn from the learning of all lands. Like Gerald Massey, however, Mr. Arnold is, as yet, known to us only from English editions.

One of his poems, "The Forsaken Merman," is declared, by the "Westminster Review," to be as beautifully finished as anything in the English language. The legend is Norwegian. A King of the Sea marries an earthly maiden, and lives with her happily, for many years, but at last she leaves him for a visit to her friends, promising, however, to return. Time passes, but she comes not back. Scruples of conscience have arisen, and she chooses, as she thinks, between her soul and her family. The story is told by the old Sea King, in a wild, irregular melody to his children. Here is a description of a visit to earth, at Easter time, by him and his little ones, in hopes to bring the wife and mother back. Can you read it without tears?

"She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.

Children, dear, was it yesterday?

Children, dear, were we long alone?

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.

'Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say.

Come,' I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down,

Where the sea-stocks bloom to the white-walled town,

Through the narrow paved streets where all was still,

To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers;

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle, through the small leaded panes.

She sat by the pillar, we saw her clear.

'Margaret! hie! come, quick, we are here!'

'Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone.'

'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'

But, ah, she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.

Loud prays the priest, shut stands the door.

'Come away, children, call no more.

Come away, come down, call no more.'

Down, down, down,

Down to the depths of the sea!

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings: 'Oh, joy! oh, joy!

For the humming street, and the child with its toy;

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;

For the wheel where I spun,  
And the blessed light of the sun.'

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the shuttle falls from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,

And over the sand and at the sea,

And her eyes are set in a stare,

And anon there breaks a sigh,

And anon there drops a tear

From a sorrow-clouded eye,

And a heart sorrow-laden,

A long, long, sigh,

For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid,

And the gleam of her golden hair."

In a different vein is the following, from

another poem, descriptive of two young children asleep.

"But they sleep in sheltered rest,  
Like helpless birds in the warm nest  
On the castle's Southern side,  
Where feebly comes the mournful roar  
Of buffeting wind and surging tide,  
Through many a room and corridor.  
Full on the window the moon's ray  
Makes their chamber as bright as day.  
It shines upon the blank white walls,  
And on the snowy pillow falls,  
And on two angel heads doth play,  
Turn'd to each other: the eyes closed,  
The lashes on the cheek reposed.  
Round each sweet brow the cap close set  
Hardly lets peep the golden hair;  
Through the soft opened lips the air  
Scarcely moves the coverlet.  
One little wandering arm is thrown  
At random on the counterpane,  
And often the fingers closed in haste,  
As if the baby owner chanced  
The butterflies again.  
This stir they have, and this alone,  
But else they are so still—  
Ah, you tired madcaps, you lie still;  
But were you at the window now,  
To look forth on the fairy sight  
Of your illumined haunts by night,  
To see the park glades where you play  
Far lovelier than they are by day,  
To see the sparkle on the eaves,  
And upon every giant bough  
Of those old oaks whose wan red leaves  
Are jeweled with bright drops of rain—  
How would your voices run again!  
And far beyond the sparkling trees  
Of the castle park, one sees  
The bare heath spreading clear as day,  
Moor behind moor, far, far away,  
Into the heart of Brittany.  
And here and there locked by the land  
Long inlets of smooth glittering sea,  
And many a stretch of watery sand,  
All shining in the white moonbeams;  
But you see fairer in your dreams."

The ensuing extract is from a meditative poem, called "A Summer Night." It is of the loftiest order of verse, evincing a heroic soul, as well as an artist's inspiration. It depicts, in powerful and highly sustained metaphor, the full tragedy

of modern life. We know not, indeed, which spectacle is the most melancholy, that of the contented slave of Mammon described in the first stanzas, who has lost all noble aspirations, or that of the wild and reckless spirit sketched in the last, who, rebelling against a dead conventionalism, often rushes into impiety and ruin.

"And I. I know not if to pray  
Still to be what I am, or yield and be  
Like all the other men I see.  
For most men in a brazen prison live,  
Where in the sun's hot eye,  
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly  
Their minds to some unmeaning taskwork give,  
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison wall;  
And as, year after year,  
Fresh products of their barren labor fall  
From their tired hands, and rest  
Never yet comes more near,  
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast,  
And while they try to stem  
The waves of mournful thought by which they are  
prest,  
Death in their prison reaches them  
Unfreed, having seen nothing still unblest.

And the rest, a few,  
Escape their prison and depart  
On the wide ocean of life anon.  
There the freed prisoner, where'er his heart  
Listeth, will sail;  
Nor does he know how there prevail,  
Despotic on life's sea,  
Trade winds that cross it from eternity.  
Awhile he holds some false way, unbarred  
By thwarting signs, and braves  
The freshening wind and blackening waves.  
And then the tempest strikes him, and between  
The lightning bursts is seen  
Only a driving wreck,  
And the pale master on his spar-strewn deck  
With anguished face and flying hair,  
Grasping the rudder hard,  
Still bent to make some port he knows not where,  
Still standing for some false impossible shore.  
And sterner comes the roar  
Of sea and wind, and through the deepening gloom,  
Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman loom."

This is grand. The poet, who can write thus, has true inspiration. Of both Massey and Arnold the world will yet hear more.

## THE SUNNY SPRING.

BY J. ISACKE.

STREW the path with flowers,  
And let not now pale sorrow's withering breath  
Invade the province of those sacred hours,  
With feelings worse than death.

The bee is on the wing;  
Amid the grass the golden wild flowers wave;  
Nature rejoices in the smile of Spring,  
Fresh from a Winter's grave.

Myriad hearts beat high;  
Around, above, we hear the murmuring hum  
Of joy and gladness, 'neath a laughing sky,  
That sunny Spring has come.

Then strew the road with flowers,  
And let not sorrow with her withering breath  
Invade the province of those hallowed hours  
With feelings worse than death.

## A MOORISH WEDDING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MADAME REUS.

WHEN I was in Algiers, I went, one day, into the street, where I heard a wedding spoken of. I walked about near the entrance of the house where the nuptials were to take place, though with small hopes of success, when a Moorish woman, carefully enveloped in her veil, passed near me, and gently touching my arm, said to me, in excellent French, "Thou wishest to see the wedding? Come!"

She then linked her arm in mine, and we entered the house together. If I was astonished to hear her speak French so well, I was not surprised at the kindness of her act, as they all are, in general, civil and obliging to those that please them. She introduced me into a large hall on the ground floor, where I found myself in company of about twenty Moorish ladies, richly dressed, and all seated in the oriental style. They made room for me, and I seated myself among them. They received me most graciously; and after shaking hands with me, made me the customary salutation by raising their hands to their lips.

Coffee was served, without sugar, and the music began again. Three old women, no less hideous than the witches in Macbeth, resumed their tambourines to accompany the most discordant chaunt that ever offended Christian ears. These three matrons possess a great number of privileges at Bona. They preside at births; and if the new-born infant be a boy, they hail its arrival with the frightful din of their tambourines, and distract the ear of the suffering mother with their noisy congratulations. Part of their business is also to tattoo, which they do with great skill and taste, and to arrange the dress of the brides; in which last particular they signally fail, at least in the eyes of a Parisian.

I had endured my share of this dreadful concert for above three quarters of an hour, wondering in whose honor I was thus exercising my patience, when at last the music ceased, and a pause ensued. The lady who introduced me had taken off the "kouk," or veil, that concealed her splendid attire, and I was able to examine her at leisure. She was singularly handsome, in spite of the pains she had taken to paint her face, according to the Moorish fashion. By this means her beautiful eyebrows were joined in one arch

across her forehead, and her eyes received additional lustre from the tinge of cucuma under her long eyelashes. Black patches were placed on her cheeks that glowed with artificial brightness, reminding one of the belles of the court of Louis XV., and her frequent bursts of gaiety disclosed a set of pearly teeth. Her long black hair was gathered in large rolls under a fillet of crimson silk and gold; her beautifully modeled hands and arms were tattooed so admirably, that they seemed to be covered with black lace-work of the most intricate design; the tips of her fingers were dyed with rooon; and her legs and feet tattooed in the same manner as her arms. Her slippers were richly embroidered with gold and silver, and heavy golden bracelets adorned her arms and legs. All the other women wore the same kind of costume—the only variety consisting in the different arrangement of colors, in the greater or less beauty of the silken trowsers, double chemises of cotton and muslin, and length of the gauze veils ornamented with gold and silver spangles. The weight of the earrings and gold chains with which they were loaded seemed in no degree to impede their motions; and certainly, if their intrinsic value was rather a proof of the wealth than of the taste of the wearers, their size was a still greater testimony of the personal vigor that was able to endure such a weight in the overpowering heat.

When I had finished my scrutiny, which seemed by no means disagreeable to the objects of it, my first acquaintance offered me a place by her side, which I gladly accepted; and the following conversation took place between us: "In a few minutes thou wilt see the bride." "Where is she?" "Behind that great damask curtain, where she has been hidden three days." "Why?" "Because she came with her mother from one of the tribes in the mountains, and is lodging here with the mother of the bridegroom. Nobody is allowed to see her before the moment she is conducted to the nuptial chamber. She was married this morning before the *cadi*, veiled from head to foot, and neither her husband nor we have yet beheld her."

The mother of the bride then made her appearance, and passed behind the damask curtain before mentioned, accompanied by the three matrons.

Small wax lights were distributed among us, after which the curtain rose, and the bride supported on each side, was led into the midst of our circle, and placed on a cushion that had been prepared for her. They next proceeded to arrange her toilet, which had not been required for the ceremony of the morning. The matrons covered her with a velvet mantle worked in gold, slightly resembling the cope worn by our priests, but closed at the sides. On her hair, the long tresses of which were rolled under a fillet, like Fatima's, was placed first a velvet band, five inches in width, stiffly mounted on pasteboard; then a second one of the same kind, but ornamented with gold fringes and strings of golden coins.

When this was done, they proceeded to paint her eyebrows, eyelashes, and lips—a measure which seemed by no means useless, as she was deadly pale, and appeared completely exhausted. The poor young creature had been suffering from fever for several months; while her youth and good constitution had struggled against the malady, unassisted by any scientific help, in consequence of her nation's strange belief in fatalism. She had been betrothed for many years; and the time for her marriage having arrived, the promises exchanged on each side had to be redeemed, without any regard for the consequences.

When her toilet was entirely finished, all the ladies who were present went into the court, and, striking their chins with their fingers, produced that sound so like the barking of a dog, which is often heard in the Arab towns, and is so disagreeable to the ear. This was the signal that the husband's authority was about to commence, and that the moment had arrived when he was permitted to take the first view of his young wife. She was then placed on the threshold of the door, and her hands were left free, in order that she might raise her veil. The bridegroom was just crossing the court; he advanced straight to his wife, viewed her by the light of our tapers, and placed a piece of money on her head, according to an ancient custom, as a sign that he

accepted the spouse chosen for him, though the law would have permitted him immediately to repudiate her.

The poor young woman, who seemed scarcely fifteen years old, exhausted with illness, fatigue, and the painful uncertainty she was suffering, was unable to lift her hand to her head in sufficient time to retain the piece of money, which confirmed her new title. It fell to the ground, upon which arose a general cry of distress; as Arab superstition regards an accident of this kind as an announcement of death to the person who lets fall the fatal medal. The bridegroom retired to his chamber, and the bride was led back among the circle of her friends to hear the hymeneal chaunt. This was another severe trial to my ears; and I much rejoiced that at least I was spared the words of this discordant music, which being in Arabic I did not understand.

We then went in a body to lead the bride to her husband. I wish I could describe to you any of the wonders that the tales of the Arabian Nights relate about the interior of Moorish houses; but I was neither at Bagdad nor Basora, and Bona is still in a state of primitive simplicity in regard to costly furniture and other articles of oriental magnificence: a slight covering of whitewash was the only sign of luxury in the houses of the richest Moors. On entering the nuptial chamber, the only thing I saw was a white mass, squatted on the ground on a corner of the carpet. This was the bridegroom, who had to be roughly shaken before he would change his position and make room for his young wife. She was then placed beside him, and they remained in this singular attitude, resembling the china figures that are sometimes seen on each side of the fire-place in old houses.

We then returned to the hall, where the dancing began, accompanied by the same inevitable music. The mother of the bridegroom first danced for her son, and afterward the mother of the bride for her daughter; then came the performance of the nearest relations.

## ON THE PICTURE OF AN ORPHAN GIRL AT PRAYER.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

Oh! beauteous one, devoutly gazing upward,  
Longing, deserving, hoping to reach there;  
Tell me, dost see thy Saviour smiling on thee?  
Ah, yes! the gate of Heaven is reached by prayer.

Her lips are parted slight, she murmurs "hear me,  
"Thou list'nest to the weary orphan's plea;  
"Oh! how I patient wait till thou dost call me  
"To dwell with Thee through all Eternity."

## M A D E L I N E   A N D   F R A N C E S .

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

A GRAND resolve had just decided me to depart from my usual habits: the evening before, I had seen by the advertisements, that the next day was a holiday at Sevres, and that the china manufactory would be open to the public. I was tempted by the beauty of the morning, and suddenly decided to go there.

I found myself in a railroad carriage with two middle-aged sisters. A few civilities were sufficient to gain me their confidence, and after some minutes I was acquainted with their whole history.

They were two poor women, left orphans at fifteen, and had lived ever since as those who work for their livelihood must live, by economy and privation. For the last twenty or thirty years they had worked in jewelery in the same house; they had seen ten masters succeed one another, and make their fortunes in it, without any change in their own lot. They had always lived in the same room, at the end of one of the passages in the Rue St. Denis, where the air and the sun are unknown. They began their work before daylight, went on with it till after night-fall, and saw year succeed to year without their lives being marked by any other events than the Sunday service, a walk, or an illness.

The younger of those worthy women was forty, and obeyed her sister, as she did when a child. The elder looked after her, took care of her, and scolded her with a mother's tenderness. At first it was amusing; afterward one could not help seeing something affecting in these two grey-haired children, one unable to leave off the habit of obeying, the other that of protecting.

And it was not in that alone that my two companions seemed younger than their years; they knew so little that their wonder never ceased. We had hardly arrived at Clamart, before they involuntarily exclaimed, like the king in the children's game, that *they did not think the world was so great!*

It was the first time they had trusted themselves on a railroad, and it was amusing to see their sudden shocks, their alarms, and, their courageous determination; everything was a marvel to them! They had a remains of youth within them, which made them sensible to things which usually only strike us in childhood. Poor

creatures! they had still the feelings of another age, though they had lost its charms.

But was there not something holy in this simplicity, which had been preserved to them by abstinence from all the joys of life? Ah! accursed be he who first had the bad courage to attach ridicule to that name of Old Maid, which recalls so many images of grievous deception, of dreariness, and of abandonment! accursed be he who can find a subject for sarcasm in involuntary misfortune, and who can crown grey hairs with thorns!

The two sisters were called Frances and Madeline; this day's journey was a feat of courage without example in their lives. The fever of the times had infected them unawares. Yesterday, Madeline had suddenly proposed the idea of the expedition, and Frances had accepted it immediately. Perhaps it would have been better not to have yielded to the temptation offered by her young sister; but "we have our follies at all ages," as the prudent Frances philosophically remarked. As for Madeline, there are no regrets or doubts for her; she is the life-guardsmen of the establishment.

"We really must amuse ourselves," said she; "we do but live once."

And the elder sister smiled at this Epicurean maxim. It was evident that the fever of independence was at its crisis in both of them.

And in truth it would have been a great pity if any scruple had interfered with their happiness, it was so frank and genial! The sight of the trees, which seemed to fly on both sides of the road, caused them unceasing admiration. The meeting a train passing in the contrary direction with the noise and rapidity of a thunderbolt, made them shut their eyes and utter a cry; but it had already disappeared! They look round, take courage again, and express themselves full of astonishment at the marvel.

Madeline declares that such a sight is worth the expense of the journey, and Frances would have agreed with her, if she had not recollected, with some little alarm, the deficit which such an expense must make in their budget. The three francs spent upon this single expedition, were the savings of a whole week of work. Thus the joy of the elder of the two sisters was mixed with

remorse; the prodigal child now and then turned back its eyes toward the back street of St. Denis.

But the motion and the succession of objects distract her; see the bridge of the Val surrounded by its lovely landscape: on the right, Paris with its grand monuments, which rise through the fog, or sparkle in the sun; on the left, Meudon, with its villas, its woods, its vines, and its royal castle! The two workmen look from one window to the other with exclamations of delight. One fellow passenger laughs at their childish wonder; but to myself it is very touching, for I see in it the sign of a long and monotonous seclusion: they are the prisoners of work, who have recovered liberty and fresh air for a few hours.

At last the train stops, and we get out. I show the two sisters the path that leads to Sevres, between the railway and the gardens, and they go on before, while I inquire about the time of returning.

I soon join them again at the next station, where they have stopped at the little garden belonging to the gate-keeper; both are already in deep conversation with him while he digs his garden borders, and marks out the places for flower seeds. He informs them that it is the time for hoeing out weeds, for making grafts and layers, for sowing annuals, and for destroying the insects on the rose-trees. Madeline has on the sill of her window two wooden boxes, in which, for want of air and sun, she has never been able to make anything grow but mustard and cress; but she persuades herself, that, thanks to this information, all other plants may henceforth thrive in them. At last the gate-keeper, who is sowing a border with mignonette, gives her the rest of the seeds which he does not want, and the old maid goes off delighted, and begins to act over again the dream of Perette and her can of milk, with these flowers of her imagination.

The hour arrives at which the doors of the porcelain manufactory, and the museum of pottery, are open to the public. Frightened at finding themselves in the midst of such regal magnificence, the sisters hardly dare walk; they speak in a low tone, as if they were in a church.

I encourage them to go on; I walk first, and they make up their minds to follow me.

What wonders are brought together in this collection! Here we see clay moulded into every shape, tinted with every color, and combined with every sort of substance!

Earth and wood are the first substances worked upon by man, and seem more particularly meant for his use. They, like the domestic animals, are the essential accessories of his life; therefore

there must be a more intimate connection between them and us. Stone and metals require long preparations; they resist our first efforts, and belong less to the individual than to communities. Earth and wood are, on the contrary, the principal instruments of the isolated being who must feed and shelter himself.

This, doubtless, makes me feel so much interested in the collection I am examining. These cups so roughly modeled by the savage, admit me to a knowledge of some of his habits; these elegant yet incorrectly formed vases of the Indian tell me of a declining intelligence, in which still glimmers the twilight of what was once bright sunshine; these jars, loaded with arabesques, show the fancy of the Arab rudely and ignorantly copied by the Spaniard! We find here the stamp of every race, every country, and every age.

My companions seemed little interested in these historical associations: they looked at all with that credulous admiration which leaves no room for examination or discussion. Madeline read the name written under every piece of workmanship, and her sister answered with an exclamation of wonder.

In this way we reached a little court-yard, where they had thrown away the fragments of some broken china. Frances perceived a colored saucer almost whole, of which she took possession, as a record of the visit she was making; henceforth she would have a specimen of the Sevres china, *which is only made for kings!* I would not undeceive her, by telling her that the products of the manufactory are sold all over the world, and that her saucer, before it was cracked, was the same as those that are bought at the shops for sixpence! Why should I destroy the illusions of her humble existence? Are we to break down the hedge-flowers which perfume our paths? Things are oftenest nothing in themselves; the thoughts we attach to them alone give them value. To rectify innocent mistakes, in order to recover some useless reality, is to be like those learned men who will see nothing in a plant but the chemical elements of which it is composed.

On leaving the manufactory, the two sisters, who had taken possession of me with the freedom of artlessness, invited me to share the luncheon they had brought with them. I declined at first, but they insisted with so much good-nature, that I feared to pain them, and with some awkwardness I gave way.

We had only to look for a convenient spot. I led them up the hill, and we found a plot of grass enameled with daisies, and shaded by two walnut-trees.

Madeline could not contain herself for joy.

All her life she had dreamt of a dinner out on the grass! While helping her sister to take the provisions from the basket, she tells me of all her expeditions into the country that had been planned, and put off. Frances, on the other hand, was brought up at Montmorency, and before she became an orphan, she had often gone back to her nurse's house. That which had the attraction of novelty for her sister, had for her the charm of recollection. She told the vintage harvests to which her parents had taken her; the rides on Mother Luret's donkey, that they could not make go to the right without pulling him to the left; the cherry gathering; and the sails on the lake.

These recollections have all the charm and freshness of childhood. Frances recalls to herself less what she has seen than what she has felt. Whilst she is talking the cloth is laid, and we sit down under a tree. Before us winds the valley of Sevres, its many-storied houses abutting upon the gardens and the slopes of the hill: on the other side spreads out the park of St. Cloud, with its magnificent clumps of trees interspersed with meadows: above, stretch the heavens like an immense ocean, in which the clouds are sailing! I look at this beautiful country, and I listen to these good old maids; I admire, and I am interested; and time passes gently on without my perceiving it.

At last the sun sets, and we have to think of returning. Whilst Madeline and Frances clear away the dinner, I walk down to the manufactory to ask the hour. The merry-making is at its height; the blasts of the trombones resound from the band under the acacias; for a few moments I forget myself with looking about; but I have promised the two sisters to take them back to the Bellevue Station: the train cannot wait, and I make haste to climb the path again which leads to the walnut-trees.

Just before I reached them, I heard voices on the other side of the hedge; Madeline and Frances were speaking to a poor girl whose clothes were burnt, her hands blackened, and her face tied up with blood-stained bandages. I saw that she was one of the girls employed at the

gunpowder mills, which are built higher up on the common. An explosion had taken place a few days before; the girl's mother and elder sister were killed; she herself escaped by a miracle, and was now left without any means of support. She told all this with the resigned and unhopeful manner of one who has always been accustomed to suffer. The two sisters were much affected; I saw them consulting with one another in a low tone; then Frances took thirty sous out of a little coarse silk purse, which was all they had left, and gave them to the poor girl. I hastened on to that side of the hedge; but, before I reached it, I met the two old sisters, who called out to me that they would not return by the railway, but on foot!

I then understood that the money they had meant for the journey, had just been given to the beggar! Good, like evil, is contagious; I run to the poor wounded girl, give her the sum that was to pay for my own place, and return to Frances and Madeline, and tell them I will walk with them.

I am just come back from taking them home; and have left them delighted with their day, the recollection of which will long make them happy!

This morning I was pitying those whose lives are obscure and joyless; now, I understand that God has provided a compensation with every trial. The smallest pleasure derives from rarity a relish otherwise unknown. Enjoyment is only what we feel to be such, and the luxurious man feels no longer; satiety has lost him his appetite, while privation preserves to the other that first of earthly blessings—*the being easily made happy*. Oh! that I could persuade every one of this! that so the rich might not abuse their riches, and that the poor might have patience. If happiness is the rarest of blessings, it is because the reception of it is the rarest of virtues.

Madeline and Frances! Ye poor old maids! whose courage, resignation, and generous hearts are your only wealth, pray for the wretched who give themselves up to despair; for the unhappy who hate and envy; and for the unfeeling into whose enjoyments no pity enters!

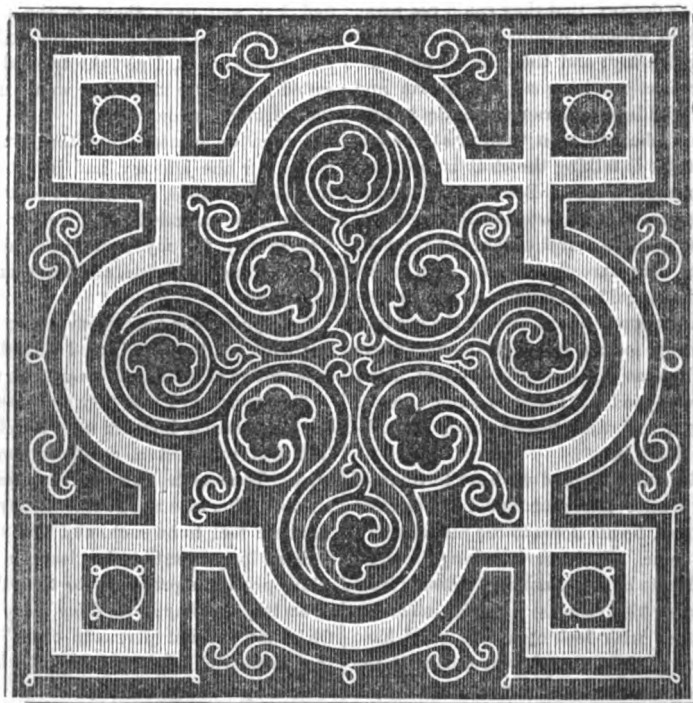
## A QUARREL ARRANGED.

Messrs. Water and Oil  
One day had a broil,  
As down in the glass they were dropping:  
And would not unite,  
But continued to fight  
Without any prospect of stopping.

Mr. Pearlash o'erheard,  
And quick as a word,  
He jump'd in the midst of the clashing;  
When all three agreed,  
And united with speed,  
And Soap came out ready for washing.

# OTTOMAN OR SOFA CUSHION, IN APPLIQUE AND BRAID.

BY M<sup>LLR</sup>. DEFOUR.



THE Materials should be for the ground a piece of fine kerseymere, of a rich deep purple, about three-quarters of a yard square. The light part or fret may be laid down with scarlet military braid, about one inch broad, and edged on both sides with narrow silk braid to match, or if with crimson braid it would give a richer effect. The black part must be a rich deep green velvet—the outer edge of which must be gold braid, not too narrow—the inner edge, crimson silk braid. The lines at the outside of the fret must be in gold, rather broader than the one in the centre. The circles within the corners must also be in gold; the outer edge of all must be a twisted cord of purple and gold, and finished with massive tassels at the corners to match.

The centre part of rich green velvet may be used economically if care is taken in cutting out the pattern. If a piece of about twenty inches square is purchased, by cutting the pattern out whole, it will leave them another pattern exactly the reverse of the other—namely, a dark green centre with a purple figure upon it. The edging will be just the same, and it will make a very handsome pair of cushions. There will require no work on the under half of cushion. After the above is worked, a cushion should be made exactly the same size, and filled with nice combed wool, and put into the worked covering; it will then save all particles from adhering to the work, and prevent it from working through from the inner to the outer side.



## STOMACHER OF A CHILD'S DRESS.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—French muslin, with Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s royal embroidery cotton, No. 50, and Boar's-head sewing cotton, No. 60.

THIS pattern may be enlarged to suit a child of any age. For a child of a year old, or more, it may be increased to double its present size, every part being proportionably enlarged. Should it be desirable to make it yet larger, the number of the scrolls, flowers, &c., should also be increased, as the holes should not be of more than certain dimensions.

Nothing can be simpler than the pattern, or more easy to enlarge. Take a piece of tracing paper, sufficiently large for a full-sized body; rule lines for the top, waist, and sides. Mark the centre, and with a pencil lightly trace the scroll of one-half in simple lines. Correct any little irregularity, and from the one-half trace the

other. The stems of the spray may then be put in the centre. After this is done, draw the pattern perfectly, eyelet holes, leaves, and flowers. Take a sheet of blue tracing paper; lay it with the blue side on muslin, and the clear paper over it, and draw the pattern. Tack it on *toile ciré*, and it is ready to work. Trace every part twice round, and sew it over. For the open-hem, sew a straight line at each edge, and within these two, pierce a succession of holes, first at one edge, and then at the other, with a very coarse needle, and sew over the threads between every two holes. They are so arranged that a hole at one edge falls just between two at the other edge.

For the trimming of the sleeves, &c., the design given at the top of the frock, or any other simple and pretty broderie edging may be used.

## CORAL-BORDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—A square of French cambric. Two skeins of Evans' royal embroidery cotton, No. 30, and six skeins of scarlet ditto. One piece of *toile ciré*.

THIS handkerchief is extremely easy to work, and is, at the same time, remarkably pretty. In the section we give, every part is the full size, and the design may, therefore, be traced from it, and repeated as often as may be required for the handkerchief. The scallop, and the centre part of the letters, is done in raised work, the former being overcast, and the latter in satin-stitch. Our friends have already learned from our instructions in embroidery in previous numbers,

that this raised work is produced by running with soft cotton, backward and forward in the parts to be raised, until there is a sufficient thickness, which is then to be covered with close open stitches, either overcast, or simply sewed across the space. The work is always raised most in the widest parts. As this tracing is not at all seen, and it uses a considerable quantity of cotton, it is advisable to do it with the white, which is very much cheaper than the scarlet. All the work that is seen is to be done in scarlet. The coral branches are done in simple chain-stitch, as are the outlines of the initials. It is very rapidly done, and extremely effective.

## LETTERS FOR MARKING.

BY HARRIET BOWEN.

**MATERIALS.**—French working cotton, No. 120. Work in raised satin-stitch, sewing over the lines, or in button-hole stitch. For the letters see the front of the number.

# THE ORPHANS FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 278.

## CHAPTER IX.

FOUR years!—yes, I think it was a little over four years, after the scene in our last chapter, when we bring our readers to the old homestead again.

It was the evening of a disagreeable, chilly day. Everything was gloomy inside and out. Salina had come up from the Farnham's deserted mansion to spend the evening with aunt Hannah, and arrange the preliminaries for a "husking frolic," which was to take place on the morrow in uncle Nathan's barn. But she found the good lady so taciturn and gloomy, that even her active spirit was awed into stillness. So the two women remained almost in silence, knitting steadily, with a round candle-stand between them.

Uncle Nathan, notwithstanding the cold and the storm, occupied his great chair in the porch. I think the old man must have grown a trifle stouter since the reader saw him, and his face had a still more benevolent look: something of serene goodness, mellowed in the sunshine of his genial nature, was perceptible there, as the tints of a golden pepper when ripened in the autumn sun.

But you could see nothing of this, as the old man sat in his easy-chair that night. Everything was dark around him. Black clouds hung overhead, broken now and then with gleams of pale blue lightning. Once or twice these flashes were bright enough to reveal his features, which were strangely troubled and thoughtful. Since nightfall, he had been sitting there almost in silence, watching the storm gather overhead, and the black shadows as they crowded down from the hills and choked up the garden. He watched the wind as it rose and swelled down the valley, rushing through the orchard boughs, and tossing them up and down in the darkness. The old man was not reposing; thoughtful and aroused he took a clear retrospection of those phases of life that had left scars even on his placid heart.

A shadow, for it seemed nothing more, lingered by his side. It moved now and then, and amid

the hushes of the wind you might have known that two persons breathed close together in the old porch.

At length what seemed the shadow spoke, "Shall we go in, uncle Nathan? The wind is getting high here. How the rain beats on the porch—you will catch cold!"

"No, I'd rather sit out here yet awhile. But go in yourself, Mary; it is getting rather chilly for you."

"No," answered Mary, in her old gentle way, "I'd rather sit with you, uncle Nat."

"I'm bad company," said the old man, "somehow I can't feel like talking to-night."

"Nor I," said Mary Fuller, leaning her cheek against the arm-chair, "something is the matter with us both. I wonder what it is!"

"My heart is full," said uncle Nathan, mournfully.

Mary crept close to him.

"Tell me, uncle Nat, is it about Mr. Ratet's note that you feel so bad?"

"That may have set me to thinking of—of other things. I seem to remember everything that ever happened to-night, I never saw clouds exactly like them before, or heard the wind howl so, but once."

"When was that, uncle Nathan?" inquired his companion, in a whisper.

"The night our sister Anna died," answered the old man, in the same hushed tone.

"Uncle Nathan, do tell me about her, I want to hear it so much, it seems as if I must ask you now, though I never dared before."

Uncle Nathan remained silent a minute or two, then turning in his chair, he said in a low, husky voice,

"See what they are doing in there. Hannah must not hear what we are talking about."

Mary opened the kitchen door and looked through.

"They are sitting by the fire, both of them. Salina is talking. Aunt Hannah knitting hard, with her eyes on the fire, as if she didn't hear." And reseating herself, she continued, "now tell

me about her, she was very handsome, wasn't she?"

"She was like a picture, Mary. You think Isabel Chester handsome, but she don't begin to compare with our Anna. She had the softest and most beautiful brown eyes you ever saw, bright as a star and soft as a rabbit's—and such hair, it was all in wrinkles and waves, breaking out into curls let her braid and twist it as she would—brown when she sat by me at her sewing work in the morning, and shining out like gold when the sun lay in the porch, and she was drawing at her length of woollen yarn, and running it up on the spindle as bright and spry as a bird.

"I wasn't so old nor so heavy," continued uncle Nathan, with a sigh, "as I am now-a-days, but she always loved to wait on me just as you do; and when I came into the stoop, hot days in summer, tired with mowing or planting, away she would run after a pitcher of cool drink, holding it between her two little hands, and laughing till the dimples swarmed about her mouth like lady-bugs around a rose. I do really think, Mary Fuller, that our sister Anna was the handsomest gal I ever sot eyes on, and so sweet tempered: you put me in mind of her every day, Mary."

Mary Fuller did not answer, she was afraid that uncle Nathan might detect the tears that swelled from her heart in her voice.

"I didn't like to part with Anna, she was so young, and both sister and I had promised our parents to take their place with her. We two were the children of their youth, but she was a sort of ewe lamb in the house, the child of their old age, and when they died we looked upon her as our own. We both gave up all ideas of marrying for her sake; that was something for Hannah, she was a tall, good-looking woman then, and might have done well in the world; she did give up a match that I knew her heart was set on. As for me—but no matter about that—I wasn't likely to make a promise to my own parents on their death beds and only half keep it, by marrying and putting a sort of step-mother over Anna—no, Hannah and I just put away all thoughts of settling for life, except with one another, and gave ourselves up to little Anna, heart and soul."

The old man paused awhile, and bent his head as if overpowered by the fierce storm that raged around the house. The porch was sheltered, and though the rain rushed over its low eaves in sheets, no portion of it reached the great easy-chair upon which uncle Nathan sat. Still Mary felt two or three heavy drops fall upon her hand, too warm for rain and too sacred for comment.

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"I couldn't help it," resumed uncle Nathan, in a broken voice. "From the first I was agin Anna's going out to work, but she wanted a new silk dress, and we, in our old-fashioned ideas objected to it—so in her pretty, wilful fashion she determined to earn it for herself. I always thought Hannah had a hankering after the dress too, for she never thought anything too good for the gal, but there was a good many debts left on the old place, and she knew well enough that we couldn't afford to indulge the child that way; but she sided with Anna agin me, and so the poor child went up to Farnhams to spin his wool as I have told you. Salina kept house, and no one thought harm of it. I shall never forget how bright and pretty she looked, that morning, in her pink calico dress and that little straw cottage. Her cheeks were rosy as the dress, and her eyes shone like diamonds, when she came out here to shake hands with me.

"I felt hurt, and couldn't help looking so. She saw how I took it, and tried to laugh in her old cheerful way, but it was of no use; the sound died on her open lips, and her eyes filled with tears. 'Nathan, Nathan,' she said, 'I will give up the dress if you feel so about it,' and she began to untie her bonnet, 'I never had a silk dress in my life, but—but—' she sat down on a stool and fairly burst into sobs. 'Anna,' says I, 'couldn't we make it out, and you stay at home, think? There is Hannah's orange silk gown, that mother gave her years ago, wouldn't that make over for you nicely now?' Anna threw herself back on the stool and laughed like a bird, while the tears sparkled in her eyes. 'Oh, Nathan, don't speak of it, I've tried it on a dozen times, and thought and thought how to make it do, but the waist is under my arms, the skirt gored like an umbrella cover, and so scant, why I couldn't get over a fence or jump a brook in it to save my life.' I answered, 'But you look so nice and pretty in that pink calico, Anna, I wish a silk dress had never come into your head. I'm afraid it'll be the ruin of you.' 'My pink calico!' said the naughty child, lifting up a fold between her thumb and finger, and eyeing me, sideways, like a pet bird as she was, 'don't you think, brother Nat, that I was born for something better than pink calico?' I couldn't keep from laughing, and at that she threw her arms round my neck, and thanked me for letting her go.

"Mary Fuller, my heart sunk like lead as the door closed after her. But what could I do? she would have her own way. She had it, Mary Fuller, the gal had her way!"

Once more the old man paused, while drops fell thick and heavy on Mary Fuller's hand.

"Anna staid three months at Mr. Farnham's, but she came home at last with her silk dress, happy as a lark and handsomer than ever. The dress was heavy white silk. Mr. Farnham had bought it for her in York. 'But what did you get white for, Anna?' says I, as she unfolded the silk, smiling and looking with her bright, eager eyes in my face, 'it isn't a color for use—this comes of trusting young girls to choose things for themselves.' 'I didn't choose it—it was Mr. Farnham,' says she, blushing up to her temples, and trying to laugh. 'Well, what did he get this useless color for?' says Hannah, holding up the silk with one of her stern looks, that I could see made poor Anna tremble from head to foot. 'It will be spoiled the first time of wearing! fit for nothing on earth but the wedding dress of some great lady.' 'It is a wedding dress—that's what Mr. Farnham bought it for,' says Anna, bursting out a crying, while her face was as red as a wild rose. Hannah dropped the silk as if it had been a coal of fire, and her face turned white as a curd. She looked at me, and I at her, then we both looked at Anna. Poor girl! how frightened she was! First she turned to sister; but Hannah was taken by surprise and didn't know how to act—then she crept toward me with a sort of smile on her mouth and her eyes pleading for her, as I've seen a rabbit when taken from a trap—I just reached out one arm without knowing it, and drew her close to my bosom. She flung her arms around my neck and then we both burst out a crying, while Hannah sat down in a chair with her hands folded hard in her lap, and looked on, growing whiter and whiter every minute. 'It's true, brother,' whispered Anna, at last, hiding her face again mine, 'I'm going to be married—kiss me, please, and just whisper that you like it.' I couldn't help kissing her hot cheeks, though every word went to my heart, for I saw well enough how Hannah would take it.

"Anna hung around me till I had kissed her more than once, I'm afraid, then she drew away from my arm, like a child that's afraid to stand alone, and went up to sister Hannah. 'Sister, wont you kiss me, as well as Nathan?' says she, in her sweet, coaxing way. But Hannah sat still, white as ever. She only gave her fingers a closer gripe around each other. Anna sunk down to the floor, bending her ankle back and sitting upon the heel of one little foot. 'Mother Hannah, don't be cross—what harm have I done?' says she, lifting her sweet face, all wet with tears, to meet the hard set look of our sister. 'Mother Hannah,' says the girl again, drawing her face closer and closer, 'won't you kiss me, as Nathan has?' Hannah bent her head, and it seemed as

if a marble woman had moved. She touched the girl's forehead with her lips, and says she, 'God forgive you!'

"I think to this day that sister meant, 'God bless you,' and tried to say it, but 'God forgive you!' came from her lips in spite of that. This frightened Anna. So with a sort of wild look toward me, the girl got up and went out of the room, crying as if her heart would break. She couldn't understand the thing at all.

"The minute she was gone, Hannah unlocked her hands, that shook like dead leaves in parting from each other, and holding them out toward me, she cried out, 'Nathan, Nathan!' and fell down in a fainting fit, just as she did the other night."

"But why," said Mary Fuller, drawing a deep breath, "why did aunt Hannah feel so dreadfully, wasn't Mr. Farnham a good man?"

Uncle Nathan bent down his head and whispered the reply.

"I told you, when our last parent died, Hannah gave up all thoughts of marrying. She had thought of it day and night for two years. Mr. Farnham was the man."

"Poor aunt Hannah," murmured Mary, "it was hard."

"She was up next morning and got breakfast just as usual," said uncle Nathan, "from that day to this she has never spoken of that fainting fit. You see what Hannah is now, she was not so silent or so hard before that day.

"But Anna's wedding was put off," resumed uncle Nathan, after a pause, "Mr. Farnham had gone down to York about some of his affairs, and finally concluded to go into business there. He wrote that it would be some months before he could settle things and come after her. Poor little Anna, how she did practice writing, and how much letter paper the creature tore up and wasted in answering the long letters that came at first every week, then every fortnight, and at last irregularly and at longer and longer intervals apart. She became uneasy, and I could see that Hannah grew sterner and more set every day.

"The next summer a painter came into these parts for his health and to study the shape of trees and rocks as they really grow. He put up at the tavern down in the village and spent his time among the hills, taking pictures of the scenery, as he called them. He took a fancy to the old house here, and I caught him one day sitting across the road on a stool and taking it off on paper. It was about our dinner time, and so I asked him in to take a bite with us.

"He was a clever, gentlemanly sort of a fellow,

not over young, nor much of a dandy, and we all took a sort of liking to him; Hannah, because he'd got a genuine picture of the homestead, and maybe I felt that too a little, for we both set everything by the old place—Anna took to him at first; she loved the homestead as well as we did almost, besides the painter came from York, and she seemed to fancy him for that more than anything else.

"I remember, Anna only got one letter from Mr. Farnham all summer, and that was the only one she did not, sooner or later, let me read. She lost her spirits and really grew thin. The artist was a good deal of company for her; she had talent, he said, and a few lessons would learn her to paint pictures almost as well as himself. He was old enough to be the girl's father, and so Hannah and I were glad to have him there to cheer her up.

"All at once she took a dislike to the man, and when he came to the house, she would always find something to busy herself about, up stairs, or in the cheese-room. Mr. Sanders seemed to feel this, and after awhile it was as much as I could do to get him into the house.

"One day toward fall Salina came home from the square-house with a letter that she gave to Anna, who ran up stairs to read it alone.

"Salina was the only person in the village that knew of Anna's engagement to Mr. Farnham. His letters had always come under cover to her, and she loved the girl as if she had been her own sister. Like the rest of us, she had thought it strange, that he did not write as usual, and was as proud as a peacock when this letter came.

"Anna stayed up stairs a long time, reading her letter, while Salina and I talked it over in the porch. 'I reckon,' says she, 'that we shall have the white dress made up within a week or so. Then, uncle Nat, I'll show you what a genuine house warming is. Just think of little Anna's being the mistress of our house, instead of Hannah!' I felt a little anxious somehow and did not answer at once. She was going to speak again, when we heard the front door shut to, with a sort of groan, as if a pang had passed through it. And so there had, for when we got to the entry and looked out, Anna was a good way from the house, with her bonnet and shawl on, and running in a wild hurry down the street. 'She's gone to see the dressmaker,' says Salina, winking her right eye-lid, and giving me a cunning look from the other eye, 'see the bundle under her arm, did'n't I tell you?'

"I wanted to believe her and we went back to the porch. But there was a strange feeling about me, and I couldn't sit still in the old chair, no

more than if it had been made of red hot iron. As for Hannah——"

The old man paused again, and for some moments the rushing sound of the storm was all that filled the porch. When he spoke, it was with a sort of desperate effort, as if all that was left for him to tell were full of pain.

"Anna did not come back in three days, and then Mr. Sanders, the painter, came with her. She was his wife."

"His wife!" uttered Mary Fuller, "but the letter from Mr. Farnham!"

"It told her that he was married to a city lady. You have seen her, Mary Fuller; it was the woman who came with you into these parts. But you never saw the poor girl they murdered between them, none of us will ever see little Anna again."

Mary was silent, listening to the old man's sobs as they mingled with the storm.

"She came back with her husband," uttered the old man, "the whitest and stillest creature you ever saw. Her husband loved her, and she was so gentle and submissive to him. Poor fellow, poor fellow, he deserved something better than the dead ashes that she had to give him.

"Sanders was nothing but a poor scene painter, wanting to do something better, but with no power to do it. He could dream of beautiful things, and then pine his soul out, because his hand failed in making them. But he had a true, good heart, that was our only comfort when Anna went away with him to live in the city. 'Why did you act so wildly, Anna,' says I, as she crept to my chair and laid her head so sorrowfully on my knee the night before they went away, 'we would have worked ourselves to death, poor child, if you had only staid in the old place—what possessed you that night, Anna?' 'He will never know that I was the forsaken one,' says she, and her cheeks burned with crimson once more. 'I only thought at first of that, but in the pain that his letter gave me, I remembered that which I had dealt on a good man that loved me—I was wild, brother Nathan, but not bad. Poor Sanders, I will make him a humble, patient wife, see if I don't.' And she did, Mary Fuller—the poor girl did make a dutiful, good wife; but it was enough to break your heart to see her trying so hard to please a man, that wanted nothing but her love to make him happy, and knew that she could not give him that."

#### CHAPTER X.

After awhile the old man resumed.

"The next year Farnham came up into the

mountains with his wife. Some city speculation had made him rich, and they cut a terrible dash—but I won't speak of that, Mary. If ever the old adversary does rise in my bosom, it is when I remember the way those two persons drove by the house they had made gloomy as a grave-yard. Hannah was sitting by the window. Her face seemed turning into stone as the woman leaned out of her carriage, gave a long, impudent stare, and then fell back laughing, as if she had found something about my sister's appearance to make fun of.

"A little after this, Anna came home. She wanted care and comfort, poor little darling, and Sanders let her search for it in the old homestead. Farnham went back to New York the day after she came, so I believe she never saw him to the day of his death. Mrs. Farnham was left behind, and poor Salina had a nice time with her airs and the impudence of her city servants, as she called the white slaves that came with her. Our Anna came alone, for her husband could neither spend time nor money to bring her further than Catskill. He had been out of employment, and divided his last few dollars with Anna when they parted.

"She was very down-hearted all the time, and it was more than I could do to make her smile, though I tried to say a thousand droll things; and Hannah, I'm sure, it made my heart ache to see how she tried and tried to cheer the young thing up."

Here again the old man paused. By this time the storm was raging down the valley in a hurricane. The hoary old hemlocks on the river side shook and bent and tossed their gnarled limbs over the vexed waters with terrible fury. The winds roared and held a wild riot in the hill tops. In years and years so fierce a gust of weather had not been known in the mountain passes.

Uncle Nathan bowed his head, and, locking his hands, went on,

"It had been threatening weather all day, and everything looked gloomy inside and outside the house. At sunset the storm commenced just as it did to-night. It seems to me as if it was only yesterday—no—as if this was the very night," continued the old man in a faltering voice. "The wind howled among the trees, and tore down the valley, just as it does now. The rain came down in buckets full, rolling like volleys of shot on the roof, then pouring in sheets of water over the eaves. Out yonder you could see the old apple trees tossing about, and groaning as they do this minute, like live things tormented by the storm. It was an awful night!"

"It is an awful night now!" murmured Mary Fuller, shivering. "How the rain beats, how the old trees tug and wrestle against the wind. The valley is full of fierce noises. I cannot even hear the river in all this rush of wind and water."

"So it was then," said uncle Nathan, "but there was another sound, that I seem to hear now deep in my very heart."

"What was it, uncle Nathan? A wolf or a panther? Such animals used to prowl among the hills here, I know."

"It was the cry of a young child, darter, of our Anna's baby; a little, feeble wail; but I should have heard it, if the storm had been twice as loud. I had been sitting here, from sundown to ten o'clock, with no company but my fears and the raging storm. Hannah came, once or twice, and put her pale face through the door, and went away again as if she wanted me out of the way, but for the whole world I couldn't have moved till that little cry came."

"But you went then," said Mary Fuller, deeply moved, "of course you went then."

"I got up to go, but it was of no use, my knees shook, and knocked together; the porch seemed whirling around, rain and all; I gave one look toward the out-room; fell into the chair again, and burst out a crying. The baby's voice had taken away all my strength."

"But you didn't sit here all night, in a storm like this?" said Mary.

"After awhile—I don't know how long—I got up and went into the house. Everything was still as death. I stood at the out-room door and listened. There was no noise. I thought it was the storm that drowned everything, and opened the door. Hannah was not there, nor Salina either, but a window had blown open, and in drifted the rain and wind over the bed that stood close by it—poor Anna's bed. I could not see distinctly, my eyes were blinded with the storm that leapt into my face, and I could hardly close the window again it.

"At last I got the sash down and went up to Anna's bed. She was there—"

"Well!" said Mary, at length, in a low whisper.

"She was there—all alone—dead—my little sister Anna!" answered the old man, covering his face with both hands, and crying till his sobs were carried away in the louder wail of the storm. "At first I could not believe it. A candle stood on the table, with its wick bent double. It had swirled away at the sides till the tallow ran down upon the brass. After I had shut the window, it gave out a steadier light, that fell on Anna's face. I would not believe it, but bent down and kissed her on the forehead. My lips went as cold as

hers then, I believe. Oh! darter, darter, our poor little Anna was dead—dead—and cold—with the storm blowing over her.”

Mary took uncle Nathan's hand between hers, and kissed it.

“Don't cry,” said the old man, gently removing his hand, upon which her tears had fallen. “I can't help it, but you musn't cry. It was very hard at the time, and the old house has never been the same since, or at any rate,” continued the kind old man, thoughtful of Mary's feelings even in his grief, “not till you came.”

“But I can't be supposed to fill her place,” said Mary, “she, so bright and handsome.”

“I thought,” answered uncle Nathan, “as I sat by her bed that night, and saw her laying there, so young, and with her bright hair falling in waves down the pillow, that one of God's own angels couldn't have looked more lovely. She was smiling in her death, just as I'd seen her a thousand times when she fell asleep. It seemed as if a kiss from brother Nathan would make her start up, and open those great brown eyes again; but when I gave the kiss it didn't wake her, but froze me almost into stone.”

“But the cry you had heard?” said Mary.

“I forgot that, and never thought to ask why every lady had left poor dead Anna alone, with the swirling light and the storm. But the next day Hannah took me up into her bed room, and showed me our sister's child, a little boy, Mary, that might have been a comfort to us. I couldn't bear to look at it, lying there so innocent, like a young robin left alone in its nest, the sight of it broke my heart almost.”

“But what became of it?”

“Hannah brought it up by hand a few weeks, and then went down to York with it herself, and left the poor baby with its father.”

“How could she?” exclaimed Mary, “I wonder you could part with it.”

“I did want to keep him, but Hannah was set in her way, and would not hear of it. She never looked at the helpless little fellow, as he lay there in Anna's bed, like a forsaken robin, without turning pale to the lips. It was enough to kill her!”

“You must have hated to give it up so much though,” said Mary.

“She did her duty—Hannah always does, let what will come. Money has been sent, every year, to help bring the boy up. Let what would come she always scrimps and saves enough out of the old place for that.”

“Perhaps it is this that has put you so behind hand,” suggested the child, thoughtfully.

“I've often misdoubted it—but she's right.

I'd rather see the homestead sold, than have Anna's boy want anything; but somehow the drain comes heavier and heavier every year.”

“And I? what am I but a burden?” said Mary, in a heart-broken voice. “What can I do? Surely, God intended some walk of usefulness to every one of his creation. Oh! uncle Nathan, tell me where mine lies!”

“You ain't much more helpless than I am,” answered uncle Nathan, sadly. “It seems as if the more things go wrong, the more clumsy I grow, and the heavier I weigh. The chair is getting almost too small for me, and I ain't fit for anything but setting in it now.” Mary shook her head, and a quaint smile stole across her lips in the darkness.

“You are too large, uncle Nathan, and I am too small: we are good for nothing but to comfort one another.”

“And Hannah? you don't know how much she loves us both.”

Mary was very thoughtful. The story she had heard for the first time; the rush of the storm; the darkness that seemed to surround her, body and soul, was cruelly depressing. It seemed like an epoch in her life, as if some grave event were approaching, in which she must hold a share.

“Now, darter,” said uncle Nathan, laying his hand on her head, “you and I have got no secrets between us. It's the first time, in years, that I have mentioned Anna. We needn't be afraid to talk about her, now, when Hannah isn't by.”

Just then, amid the turmoil of winds, and the tossing of trees, a burst of thunder shook the house to every stone of its foundation. Then came flash after flash of lightning, shooting long fiery trails through the rain, and spreading sheets of lurid flame in the air. Another crash, another burst of fire, and lo! a column of flame shot up into the blackened sky, lighting the river, the hills, and all the minute surroundings of uncle Nathan's house, as it were with a fiery cataract.

“It is the old hemlock by the river side,” cried uncle Nathan, starting up, “that night it was struck for the first time, this night for the last,” and he rushed out bareheaded, into the storm of fire and rain that deluged the valley.

Mary followed him. A little further down the valley was the grave-yard. The stones with which it was crowded gleamed cold and ghastly in the light of the burning hemlock. On two of these stones, somewhat apart, but facing the same way, Mary could see the black lines with gloomy distinctness.

“Isn't it strange?” said uncle Nathan, pointing

toward the stones, "isn't it strange that the light should fall strongest on those two graves, just as we were talking about them for the first time? What is going to happen now? That night two children came into the world, and one good soul went out of it. While Farnham's wife lay under her silk curtains, with her baby warm and sleeping by her side, our Anna lay alone in her cold bed, and the baby would have been chilled to death on her bosom. Why was the storm only for our old homestead, the sunshine for them?"

"Perhaps God will explain all this when we get to heaven," answered Mary, lifting her forehead in the gloomy light. "Come, uncle Nat—come in!"

With gentle violence the girl drew him into the house.

From that night Mary Fuller ceased to be a child. The story of a woman's wrongs had given her a woman's heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MERRY MAY-DAY.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Oh, ne'er was a merrier May time;  
That coronal day of Spring!  
The zephyr was like the fanning  
Of a gentle spirit's wing.  
The rivulet, lisping gladness,  
Ran fleet to the meadow green,  
Parting the rows of cowslips,  
And coyly going between.  
The sun in the clear, soft Heavens,  
Seemed one from a golden land,  
Returned at length, and the loved ones  
Endowing with lavish hand—  
While dews on the grass-blade pendant,  
Dews beading the violet's breast,  
Were their tears of grateful feeling,  
For the free, the rich bequest.  
Above, on the leafing branches,  
Beside, on the bloomy spray,  
Many and many a wild-bird  
Tuned lively or tender lay—

Till a concert sweetly glorious  
Swelled out through the forest aisles;  
Flowers the raptured audience,  
Answering back with smiles.

Afar on the Southward aloping,  
Appeared as the Winter's vest  
A huddle of fleecy lambkins  
Taking their sunny rest;  
Were kine by the hedges grazing;  
The plow moved over the lea;  
The trout clove the river's crystal;  
Abroad went the cheerful bee.

Oh, ne'er was a merrier May time!  
The best as the loveliest scene,  
Not in meadow, on hill, or in wildwood,  
But out on the village green—  
Where gathered the lads and lassies,  
And wreathed them a Maypole high;  
Then crowned for their May queen, modest,  
Beautiful Bessie Nye.

## LOOK FOR THE RAINBOW.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

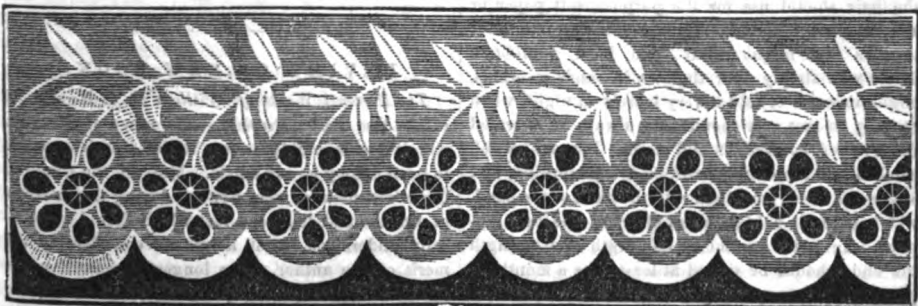
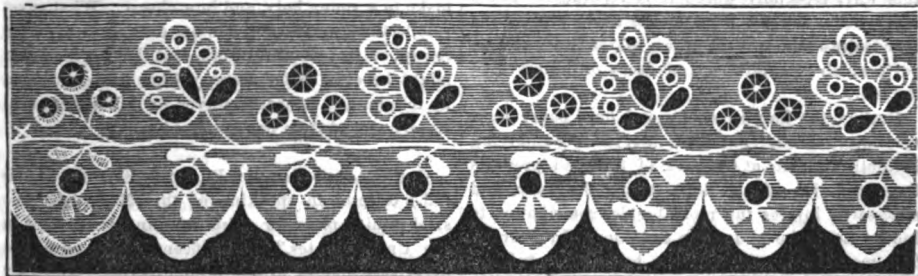
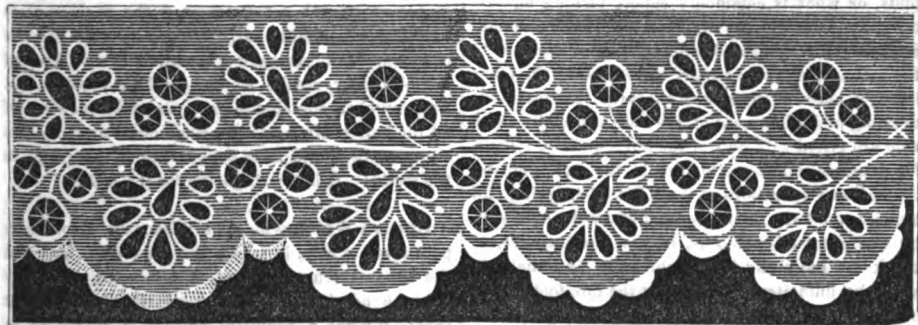
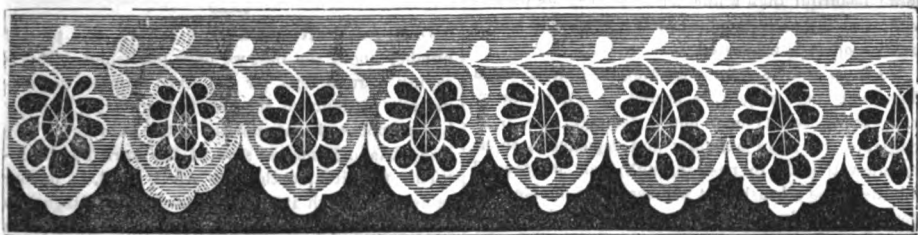
WHEN the storm clouds dark, portentous,  
Sweep athwart the troubled sky,  
And the wild winds sadly mutter,  
As the storm is hurtling by,  
Then upon the land and ocean  
Tremble coward hearts with fear,  
For the faithless can discover  
Naught but death and ruin near.  
But the nobler and the braver,  
Look with faith illumined eye,  
For the gladsome rainbow-promise  
In the concave of the sky;

Faint their hearts in danger, never,  
For they look beyond the storm,  
And the rainbow soon discover,  
Arching with majestic form.  
Cast upon life's troubled ocean,  
Where a thousand sails appear,  
Thus, faint-hearted cowards, ever,  
Watch the storm with constant fear;  
But the braver e'er are looking,  
With a longing, watchful eye,  
Far beyond the cloud and tempest,  
For the rainbow in the sky.



**EDGINGS FOR TRIMMING CHEMISES, BODIES, &c.**

**[TO BE WORKED IN THE USUAL WAY.]**



## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR.**—As there is nothing more beautiful than a fine head of hair, the preservation and management of it is a subject in which every woman is interested.

To keep the hair from matting or entangling, a fine-tooth comb should be passed, at regular intervals, every twenty-four hours, through the hair. Separate the hairs carefully and repeatedly, so as to allow the air to pass through them for several minutes; use a brush that will serve the double purpose of cleansing the scalp, and gently stimulating the hair-bulbs. Before going to bed, it will be desirable to part the hair evenly, so as to avoid false folds, or what is commonly called, turning against the grain, which might even cause the hairs to break. Such are the usual and ordinary requirements as to the management of the hair. There is, on the other hand, a class of persons who carry to excess the dressing and adornment of the hair, especially those who are gifted with hair of the finest quality. Thus, for example, females who are in the habit, during the ordinary operations of the toilet, of dragging and twisting the hair, so as almost to draw the skin with it: the effect of which is, in the first instance, to break the hairs and fatigue the scalp, and finally to alter the bulb itself. Nor must the fine-tooth comb be used too freely. Ladies often injure their hair in this way, especially where it is separated. These separations, and the back of the neck, whence the hair is drawn toward the crown of the head, are the parts which first show sign of decay or falling off of the hair.

Curling the hair in strong and hard paper has a very injurious effect; and twisting, plaiting and tying it tightly in knots at the back of the head, prevents the circulation of the fluid, strains the scalp, and necessarily injures the roots, besides contributing to induce headache and cause irritation of the brain. The more loosely the hair can be folded or twisted, and the less it is artificially crisped, the better is it for its free and luxuriant growth. Ladies who curl the hair should use for the purpose, soft paper or silk, which will prevent the hair cracking and other injuries that might result from hard *papillottes*. Those who simply wear the hair in bands or braids, ought to twist or fold it very loosely at night, when retiring to rest. It should then always be liberated from forced constraints and plaits. It must be well combed and thoroughly brushed every morning, and afterward nicely smoothed with the palm of the hand, which gives it a high gloss, after oil has been applied. In order to add to its length and strength the ends should be tipped at least once a month, to prevent the hair splitting.

When the hair becomes thin, the only remedy is to shave the head, for none of the nostrums, called hair-regenerators, are worth anything.

**OUR APRIL NUMBER.**—We believe the present number about the best we have published. This is saying a great deal, for the April number was universally pronounced superior to the March, as many had pronounced that superior to the February. The Long Island Democrat says of the April number:—"This favorite monthly for April, 1854, is on our table. Although its one of the cheapest Magazines in the country, it is one of the best. It comprises every essential qualification that is requisite to make up a good periodical. Ladies who wish a complete Magazine should get Peterson. The fashion-plate in the April number surpasses any we ever saw—it is magnificent. Increased attention is also devoted to embroidery, crochet work, household receipts, etc. This number contains sixteen embellishments. Of all the ladies' Magazines we commend Peterson—the cheapest, best, and most popular ladies' Magazine in the world! It is the Magazine for the ladies."

**HOW TO WIN LOVE.**—The Wisconsin Republican points out a way, in which a young man may win the kindest remembrances, if not more, from any lady he admires. Speaking of this Magazine it says:—"What a beautiful present it would be to make to a young lady, and how cheap. What sweet recollections would return to her each month, on the receipt of this beautiful work, and though the donor might be ever so far away, yet her thoughts would fly to him, and a hearty prayer for his welfare constantly ascend from her grateful heart."

**OUR COLORED FASHION PLATES.**—Says the Morris (Ill.) Gazette, in speaking of this Magazine, "the steel fashion-plate far exceeds anything ever issued in the United States." Magnificent is the term that everybody applies to our fashion-plates. And they can be *relied on* as new, which is more than can be said of others.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Poetical Works of William H. C. Hosmer.* 2 vols. New York: Redfield.—The name of Mr. Hosmer is too favorably known to the American public to need eulogy at our hands. Most of the poems in these two volumes were written during the intervals of professional leisure, a fact which should be generally understood, as it heightens considerably the merit of the author. The longest composition is a metrical Indian romance, "Yonnondio," descriptive

of events which transpired in the valley of the Genesee, during the summer and autumn of 1837. It is written generally in the style of Scott's legendary poems, and is characterized by fervor, fancy and artistic skill. Some of the shorter pieces, however, please us better, as they are more complete and finished as a whole. A series of poems on the twelve months of the year particularly gratifies us. Several juvenile compositions have been included in the collection—we think with questionable taste. In the choice of American themes for his lyre, Mr. Hosmer cannot, however, be too highly commended; for why should our bards go abroad for subjects, when every hill and valley here is eloquent of poetry? Mr. Redfield issues the work in good style. A capital portrait of the author is prefixed to the first volume.

*The Russian Shores of the Black Sea.* By L. Oliphant. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This work appears at an opportune moment, when Russia is an object of general attention. Mr. Oliphant travelled, in 1852, from St. Petersburg to the Black Sea, by way of Moscow, the Volga and the Don, so that he is the latest writer on the all-engrossing subject. He has the reputation of a reliable narrator, and his book proves him to be an agreeable one. His picture of the autocrat's dominions is not flattering. He says the disaffection in Russia is universal, and that, in the event of a protracted war, the empire will run great risk of crumbling to pieces. Much the larger portion of his work is devoted to the Crimea, so soon probably to be the scene of active hostilities. Numerous graphic illustrations, and two excellent maps, adorn the volume, which is printed in excellent style.

*Margaret.* A Novel. 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A vehement phillip, rather than a novel, a sort of inferior "Alton Locke," with a female substituted for a male as the autobiographer. There is power, without much art, and passionate exaggeration, instead of impartial truth, in this otherwise meritorious fiction. The picture it draws of the degradation of the English poor, were it not confirmed by facts, might be set down as the result of a heated imagination: but there is no doubt that, in this particular, the novel is substantially accurate. With a more skilful plot, and fewer improbable incidents, "Margaret" would take rank almost with "Jane Eyre." We regard it as the production of an unpractised hand, who may do better on a second effort.

*The Bride of the Wilderness.* By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We have not yet had time to read this novel, but it has the reputation of being the best Mr. Bennett has written. In former numbers, we have spoken generally, as well as specially, of the merits of this popular author; and if the present really is his master-piece, it will take high rank among American fictions. We have laid the volume aside for early perusal. Mr. Peterson advertises, on the cover of the present number, a complete series of Mr. Bennett's novels.

*Cut-Flowers. A Collection of Poems.* By Mrs. D. Ellen Goodman Shepard. 1 vol. Springfield: Bessy & Co.—The many admirers of Mrs. Shepard's genius will be glad to have a chance to possess this collected edition of her poems. For many years Mrs. S. was a favorite contributor to this Magazine, and many of the best pieces in her volume we recognize as old friends. She died prematurely, too early for her fame, but alas! far more too early for the loving circle around her. Her genius was still in the process of development when death summoned her away; had she lived she would have become still better as a poet, with each succeeding poem. The volume is handsomely published, and contains a portrait of Mrs. Shepard. A short memoir, written in excellent taste, answers for an introduction to the collection.

*Merrimack; or, Life at The Loom.* By David Kellogg Lee. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—Mr. Lee is already favorably known to the reading public as the author of "Life on a Farm," and "Life at a Trade." He writes with earnestness, and always for a purpose, his fictions instructing as well as amusing. His idea of the dignity of labor is that of a true republican. The present is unquestionably his best work. He is, however, capable of doing still better, both in the management of plot, and in the delineation of character, or we have failed to read him aright. Redfield publishes the novel in his usual neat style.

*The Lamplighter.* 1 vol. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Our cotemporaries of the daily and weekly press generally eulogize this work, which is an anonymous fiction of life in one of our Atlantic cities. We have not yet had leisure to peruse the book, and must, therefore, postpone giving an opinion. The volume is issued in good style.

*The Miser's Heir.* By P. Hamilton Myers. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A deeply interesting tale of real life, a prize-story in fact, and written by a novelist celebrated for other successful prize stories. It is published, in a style of unusual neatness, and may be had bound either in paper or in cloth.

*The Divine Character Vindicated.* By Rev. Moses Ballou. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—An answer to the Rev. Mr. Beecher's "Conflict of Ages." The work will command an extensive sale, especially among inquiring and intelligent readers, for the subject is one which never loses its interest.

*Odd-Fellowship Examined in the Light of Scripture and Reason.* By Rev. Joseph F. Cooper. 1 vol. Philada: W. S. Young.—This is the second edition of a series of lectures, delivered originally without any intention of publication. The volume is neatly printed.

*Marie Louise; or, The Opposite Neighbors.* By Emilie Carlen. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—An agreeable fiction, but not so good a one as "John," noticed in our March number. It is published in the cheap style.

*Congreve's Comedy of Love.* 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This might as well have been suffered to sleep in the obscurity, to which its immorality consigned it more than a century ago. The present edition affects, indeed, to be adapted to modern taste; but Congreve is beyond improvements of this kind: and besides it is a poor business to seek to recommend an author by disguising his morals and debauching his wit.

*Mellichampe.* By W. Gilmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—We have here one of the best of Simms' novels, founded on a legend of the Santee, and depicting life in the South during the stirring period of the great Revolutionary struggle. The book is handsomely printed, and bound; and illustrated with two superior illustrations.

### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*Lobster Salad.*—Take one or two heads of white heart lettuce—they should be as fresh as possible; if they are not "morning gathered," lay them in spring water for an hour or two; then carefully wash them, and trim off all the withered or cankered leaves; let them drain awhile, and dry them lightly in a clean napkin. To make the dressing: boil two eggs for twelve minutes, and put them in a basin of cold water for a few minutes, till the yolks become thoroughly cold and hard. Rub the yolks through a sieve with a wooden spoon, and mix them with a tablespoonful of water; then add two tablespoonfuls of oil or melted butter; when these are well mixed, add by degrees a teaspoonful of salt, and the same of made mustard; when these are smoothly united, add very gradually three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Take out the finest parts of a lobster and mince them small. Just before it is to be served, mince the lettuce; mix it with the lobster and the dressing. Cut up the white of the egg, and garnish the salad with it.

*To Boil Lobsters.*—Put them alive, with their claws tied together, into the water when boiling hot, and keep it so until the fish is done, which, if of a pound weight, will take about fifteen minutes, and if larger will require not quite the same proportion of time, for, if boiled too long, the meat will be stringy. Many people are shocked at the apparent cruelty of thus killing them, but death takes place immediately. When sent to table to be eaten cold, the tail and body should be split from end to end, the claws cracked, but not unshelled, and the meat may be made into salad, or mixed in such manner as each person pleases, and many persons add a teaspoonful of white powdered sugar, thinking that it gives a mellowness to the whole. It is scarcely necessary to mention, that the head of a lobster, and what are called the "lady-fingers," are not to be eaten.

*Mock Cream for Coffee.*—Mix half a tablespoonful of flour with a pint of new milk; let it simmer for five minutes, then beat up the yolk of an egg, stir it into the milk while boiling, and run it through a lawn sieve.

*The Fine Gloss on the New Linen,* is produced by gum arabic starch. Put two ounces of gum arabic in a pitcher, pour on it a pint, or more, of boiling water, according to the strength you may wish it to be; cover, and let it rest all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs, into a clean bottle, cork, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give the lawns, either white, black, or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore after washing.

*Clear Starching.*—Rinse the articles in three waters, and dip them in thick starch, previously strained through muslin; squeeze, shake gently, and hang them up to dry; when dry, dip them two or three times in clear cold water, squeeze and spread them on a linen cloth; roll them up in it, and let them lie for an hour before ironing them. To prevent sticking, make the starch well, and use quite clean and very highly polished irons.

*The Bloom of Cut-Flowers* may be materially quickened by putting them into hot water, into which a small pinch of camphor, about the size of a pea, has been dissolved; a piece of nitrate of soda will have the same effect. Flowers in pots, kept in a warm temperature, and the earth moistened with liquid manure, will bloom much sooner than if the operation is left to nature only.

*To Wash Lace.*—Put the lace in folds in cold water for twelve hours, then wash several times in cold water with white soap; rinse well in clean water; put the lace in thin starch and spread on a blanket to dry; when nearly so pull it out, and when quite dry lay it in the folds of a fine napkin and beat it hard with a rolling-pin until it looks quite smooth, or smooth it with an iron.

*One Great Cause of Failure* in making coffee is over-roasting the berries, grinding them too fine, and not using enough coffee. Over-boiling is another evil, because it extracts the bitter principle from the berries.

### FIRE-SIDE AMUSEMENTS.

*THE PAINTER AND THE COLORS.*—One of the party assumes the character of a painter, the other players adopt the names of the various colors. The painter pretends that he is employed to paint a picture, and when he mentions the word *palette*, all the rest of the players cry "*colors.*" If he mentions the word *colors*, they all cry, "*Here we are!*" If he says *penoil*, they answer "*brush.*" If he asks for his *brush*, they cry "*easel.*" If the painter mentions any color by name, the person who represents that color cries out the name of another color, and then the player representing the last named color says, "*There you are, Mr. Painter!*"

Any deviation from these rules incurs a forfeit, and the principal fun of the game is in the color cited by the painter, naming a color ridiculously unfit for the purpose required. For example:—

*Painter.*—At last my talents have been recognized, and I may now consider my fortune made, when a gentleman of great taste has commissioned me to paint him a picture representing Antony and the beautiful Cleopatra. I now proceed to charge my palette.

*All the Colors.*—Colors! colors!

*Painter.*—The most beautiful colors.

*All.*—Here we are!

*Painter.*—I can't use you all at once, my pencil.

*All.*—Brush! brush!

*Painter.*—True, I will give you the brush.

*All.*—Easel!

*Painter.*—Silence, or I will not employ any of you. Now I commence the hair of my Cleopatra, which must be black.

*Black.*—Red! red!

*Red.*—There you are, Mr. Painter!

*Painter.*—The eyes must be blue.

*Blue.*—Yellow! yellow!

*Yellow.*—There you are, Mr. Painter.

*Painter.*—For the cheeks I will have a superb vermilion.

*Vermillion.*—Green! green!

*Green.*—There you are, Mr. Painter.

*Painter.*—All the colors—

*All.*—Here we are, here we are.

*Painter.*—Will find their place, thanks to the delicacy of my pencil.

*All.*—Brush! brush! (Great confusion.)

## FASHIONS FOR MAY.

**FIG. I.**—A WALKING DRESS OF GREY SILK, with a narrow satin stripe running bias, and thus forming loeenges. Skirt very full and quite long, with a front trimming of a Greek pattern done in braid, of Mazarine blue color, and a vine worked in floss silk of the same hue. Corsage high behind, but cut quite low and square on the bust in front, showing a richly worked chemisette and collar. A jacket of the same material, and trimmed in the same manner as the skirt of the dress, is worn over the corsage. This jacket is rounded in front, and is somewhat loose from the figure behind. Sleeves plain from the shoulder down, but winding below the elbow, with a deep cuff turned up, and embroidered like the jacket. Plain Swiss mull under-sleeves. Bonnet of English straw, trimmed with knots and ends of white Mantua ribbon, striped with blue satin. Face trimming of a profusion of blonde and white flowers.

**FIG. II.**—CARRIAGE DRESS OF RICH PURPLE SILK, trimmed with three flounces, with satin figures woven in the silk. The corsage, which is not seen in our plate, is in the basque style, with an open front; a trimming like the flounces, but much narrower, ornaments the bottom of the basque. Pagoda sleeves. Mantilla of black silk, cut to hang like a large cape to the waist, from whence depends a deep, straight ruffle not very full, put on in box plaits, open at the sides, and trimmed with a quilling of ribbon and

embroidered spots. A quilling of ribbon also forms a heading to the ruffle. The yoke, from which a fall of rich Maltese lace hangs, is also embroidered and trimmed with a ribbon quilling. Bonnet of straw colored silk, ornamented on the outside with white and blue flowers, with a white face trimming of flowers and illusion.

**FIG. III.**—"THE NEBRASKA" is a mantilla of rich glace silk, ashes-of-roses in tint, and made with that degree of fullness so fashionable and so becoming this season. A yoke very slightly pointed in front and open at the neck surrounds the shoulders. This is surrounded by a superb border of raised oak leaves the color of the silk, finished by a fullness of black guipure lace. The back of the mantilla is set into the yoke in full box plaits, and falls around the person in easy folds. It is curved up at the sides admitting the arm, and folding in a wave of lace over the front, which falls plain from the yoke, and is but slightly rounded at the bottom. A rich border of the oak leaves, and a flounce of unique guipure lace, like that on the yoke, surrounds the entire garment.

**FIG. IV.**—BONNET OF VIOLET COLORED SILK AND BLACK LACE.—Under-trimming, a puffing of violet colored ribbon which passes round the edge in the inside. Cap of white blonde with bows of ribbon on one side. A bow with long ends at the back of the bonnet.

**FIG. V.**—BONNET OF LIGHT POMONA GREEN SILK, intermingled with rows of black lace. On one side a long waving ostrich feather in graduated shades of green. Under-trimming, a cap of white blonde with sprays of grass and bows of green ribbon.

**FIG. VI.**—A MANTILLA composed of three deep falls of white Swiss muslin, each fall having the edge embroidered in a wreath and scalloped. This mantilla is somewhat in advance of the season, but knowing that some of our readers like to be prepared for the warm weather early, we give it to them, and those who are fond of "button-holing," even without caring to do the upper row embroidery, can have one ready in time. Another which we have seen, in the same style had only a plain hem, in place of the embroidery, with a rose colored ribbon run through the hem.

**FIG. VII.**—"DANUBE" is a scarf mantilla of glossy fawn colored silk. A long pointed yoke fits to the figure and falls a little below the waist, leaving the neck and front of the dress visible. A trimming of embroidered gauze galoon, enriched with clusters of roses in their natural tints, blended with green leaves, and cut into shallow scallops, surrounds this yoke both at the shoulders and neck. This novel trimming is edged with a delicate fawn colored fringe, that follows the windings of the scallops—a deep, full flounce set on in box plaits surrounds this yoke, falling full and richly over the person. A border of the embroidered galoon finishes the flounce and descends down the front of the mantilla.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—There is no new materia for spring wear, but the varieties of silks and *delaïnes* are quite enough for any reasonable woman to select from. Plaids are still the most fashionable, especially

in silk, though narrower stripes are gradually superseding them. It is to be noticed, however, that the plaids instead of being composed of many smaller plaids of different colors as in the winter goods, are nearly all what is termed "solid," that is, of square blocks of only two colors, but of the same size. Silks of one color are very popular. A rich green, French blue, and pretty shades of dove, tan, or ashes-of-roses are the most sought after. The most expensive style of silk dress is like that of Fig. II., in our fashion-plate, with woven flounces. The silk of the skirt is usually plain, if dark; but of a very small plaid, if it is of a light color. When it is of the latter style, the flounces instead of having flowers woven in them, have the edges composed of heavy checks of the two colors of the dress, as blue and brown, green and brown, &c. The *delains* are nearly all figured with small wreaths or bouquets, or else striped in two colors only; though the more expensive ones have wide stripes of two or even three colors, with palm leaves and vines running through them. Plain *delains* of a fine quality are very popular, and nothing can be more lady-like than a dress of this material, made prettily, trimmed tastefully, and relieved by knots of delicate colored silk around the neck. Flounces are still fashionable, but for silk dresses only. If they are not woven they are usually pinked, bound with a bias piece like the dress, or edged with a pretty ribbon, the watered ribbon being the newest style of trimming. Velvet is of course too heavy for a spring trimming.

**BASQUES** are more in favor than ever, and cut open in front generally, though there are many who prefer warmth and convenience to fashion, and wear them closed up to the neck. The basque waists are invariably made separate from the skirt, and gives one the advantage of wearing a black silk basque with any colored skirt which one may please. For a stout figure, the skirt is set on a kind of yoke, fitting plain over the upper part of the hips, in order that the basque may fit without wrinkling, though very slender persons have the skirt plaited on a plain, straight band. Skirts when not flounced (and there are many) are made very full and quite long. This latter fashion we cannot recommend to those ladies who walk much, and have any notions of cleanliness, but we are like the priestess of Delphi, we cannot alter the decree of the arbitrary goddess, though faithfully transmit, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, the decision of oracle. Sleeves are worn very much as one's taste dictates, though those of the pattern in Fig. I. of our plate are perhaps the most popular.

**MANTILLAS** are usually made full at the lower part, a necessity caused by the exceedingly full skirts worn at present. Many mantillas are made with yokes, and have a full skirt set on as in Fig. II.; others are made in the scarf style, that is low in the neck and open in front, whilst the back part hangs in folds. This scarf front, with a partial circle behind, is a great favorite. All our engravings, in this respect, is of the very latest style. Silk of every hue is used, though black is the most serviceable.

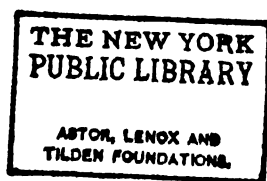
**BONNETS** are made smaller than ever, in fact approaching nothing as fast as possible. Many look no larger than well trimmed caps. The art of keeping these articles on is a miracle that none but a woman can comprehend. They are worn very far back on the head. The crown (what there is of it) is usually plain, all the trimming being reserved for the front, the edge of which is ornamented with ruches of blonde, ribbon, &c. The inside trimming it will be seen is very full, and extends all around the face.

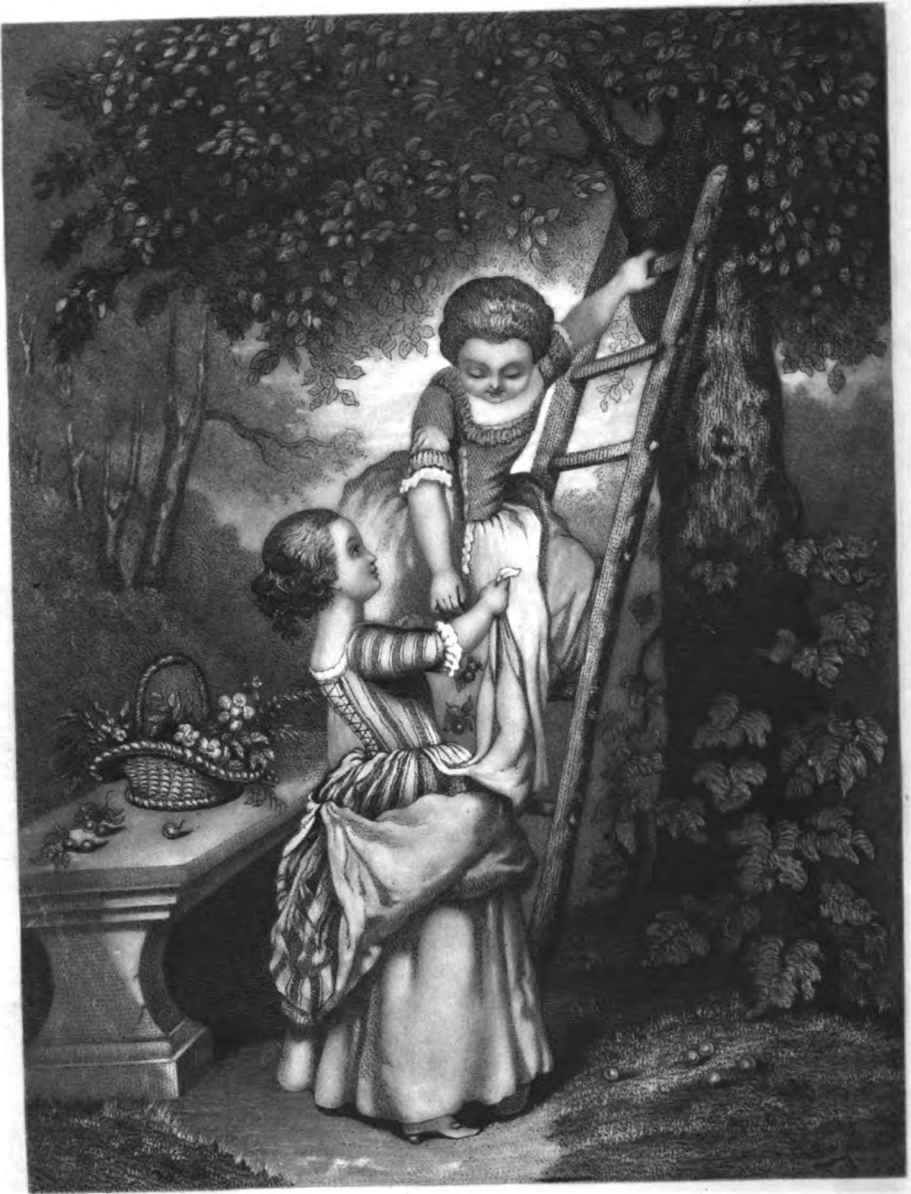
OF THE NEW BONNETS which have just appeared, several consist of fancy straw intermingled with ribbon, tulle, and other materials. One of the prettiest is composed of a combination of French chip, frills of blonde, and puffs of violet silk. The bonnet is trimmed with two curled feathers, one longer than the other, and at the edge of the brim is ornamented with narrow bands of French chip striped with lilac. Another bonnet of French chip and blonde is trimmed with a white water lily, and sea-grass on each side, the inside trimming consisting of lace and small bouquets of rose-buds. The lily is composed of crape.

THE BONNETS worn by little girls very closely resemble those worn by their mammas; they are of small size, have very open fronts, and are trimmed inside with wreaths of rose-buds or other small flowers, or with small loops of narrow ribbon.

#### BELL'S SPRING MANTILLAS.

THE fashions for mantillas this season are really beautiful, and among the most beautiful we deem those selected for illustration for our Magazine, from the extensive Mantilla Establishment of Molyneux Bell, No. 58 Canal street, New York. We know of no better authority than Mr. Bell regarding garments of this class. The best establishments of Philadelphia select their choice mantillas from his emporium, and we remark that his styles have obtained general favor, and are to be found at Boutillier & Brothers, 208 Chesnut street, our most fashionable dealers. This is sufficient proof that we have not judged amiss in selecting him as authority for the styles we endorse as among the latest and most elegant to be found. Those of our readers who have not kept pace with the progress of this elegant business, would be astonished at the extent to which it has reached and the perfection imparted to it. In this one establishment, whole suits of rooms are splendidly furnished for show-rooms, in which every variety of mantillas and cloaks are exhibited, and hundreds of young ladies are employed the year round embroidering, inventing and fabricating thousands of costly garments, that are sent North, South, and West, by almost every steamer and express that finds its way into the country. Of course superior elegance and superior energy alone could have created a business so extensive and so popular as this; and we deem that the mantillas we select this month for illustration are a beautiful proof that these qualities exist in no similar degree, where such results are produced.





THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE END OF THE WORLD.





LES MODES PARISIENNES

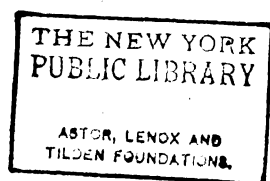




*Ilman & Sons*

LES MODES PARISIENNES

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**"THE FLORENTINE."**

As made by Molyneux Bell, Mantilla and Cloak Importer and Manufacturer,  
No. 58 Canal street, New York; and sold in Philadelphia, by Boutillier &  
Brothers, No. 203 Chesnut street.



**DAHLIA PORTE-MONTE.**



**SUMMER BONNET.**



**LADY'S CAMBRIC SACK.**

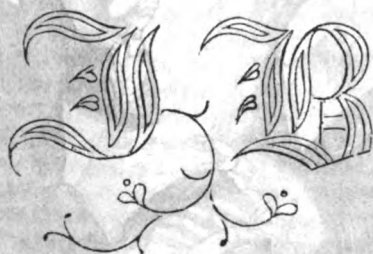


**INFANT'S DRESS.**





PARISIAN WHAT-NOT.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



CHILDREN'S SUMMER FASHIONS.



# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1854.

No. 6.

## LILLY FORESTER'S LAST BALL.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

"HURR, Alice! fasten those pearls, and clasp this bracelet. Quick, it has struck nine. Now give me my bouquet. One kiss, dear mother, and good-bye. Do not sit up for me, as Alice will let me in, and you need rest."

Her fairy step is heard tripping down the stairs. The mother's listening ear catches the sound of the closing door, and the carriage drives off, bearing her still dear, though erring child to scenes of revelry and mirth. And sinking on her knees, the mother's voice goes up in tones of heartfelt earnestness to Him who ever listens to the prayer of the broken-hearted.

"Watch over her when I am gone," she said, "may she not wander in forbidden paths, but prepare to meet me above. Oh, my daughter, my daughter, may God forgive you even as I do."

"Why, mamma, Lilly Forester is quite the belle to-night. Only see what a bevy of admirers have already collected around her. And with what queenly grace she receives the homage so freely offered at her shrine. But is it not strange, mamma, that Lillias is here to-night without a chaperone? For you know this is her first appearance in company since her father's death."

"Strange, Clara," said the proud, aristocratic woman thus addressed, "why it is more than strange. How Mrs. Forester can permit her daughter to go into society alone, as she does, is a problem I cannot solve. But," and a smile of contempt swept over her still handsome features, "if I mistake not she will have cause to regret it ere long."

"Why, mamma, what do you mean?"

"Anna! where are your eyes, that you do not see who is even now pouring those honied words of flattery into her, I fear, too willing ear?"

"Will Miss Anna do me the honor to dance the next quadrille with me?" said a gentleman, at that moment, coming up to where Anna

Wilmington and her mother were standing, and consequently breaking off the conversation.

Anna bowed, accepted the gentleman's hand, and was soon lost to sight in the mazes of the dance.

Yes! reader, Lilly Forester was guilty, guilty of leaving her weary, heart-sick mother at home, to come to such a scene as this: but guiltless of aught that would call forth the censures of the cold worldling who had pronounced against her. Bewildering was the sight—that ball-room. The soft light of the chandeliers reflected upon the fairy forms that mingled in the dance; the music playing in the intervals: all, all there was to intoxicate the sense. But many a pang of remorse shot across Lilly's bosom that evening, as she thought of her dear, suffering parent at home. And many a time did she wish herself once more there, encircled in that mother's arms: and when, at twelve o'clock, the carriage was announced, a joyful exclamation escaped her lips as she hastened to the dressing-room, and was soon at the door of her home.

"Why, Alice," she exclaimed, as the maid answered the summons, "how long you were. Has mamma——" But the face of the servant alarming her, she cried, "is anything the matter with mamma, Alice?" And rushing forward, she was at her mother's chamber door ere the affrighted domestic had time to interpose.

But who shall describe that scene? That pale, dead face; and the too late repentant, erring child.

"Oh, mother!" she bitterly exclaimed, as she knelt beside her, "speak one word, only one little word, to say that you forgive me, mother." But the unfettered spirit had winged its flight; and had gone to its home above where is no more sorrow, nor agony, nor death.

It was a deep lesson which Lilly Forester

learned that night; bitter in its acquirement, yet lasting in its benefits; and though Lilly is now the wife of a Senator, and has mingled much in the world, yet the impressions of that night have never left her. And even now, when she hears the young and thoughtless speak in joyous accents of an anticipated ball, she shudders lest some erring one will return to find an earthly parent bereft of life. For she thinks of her own *Last Ball*.

## SONG.

BY LUCINDA ELLIOTT.

"Oh, would I could forget!"—we hear  
Those mournful words float by,  
In low and thrilling murmurs, and  
With many a heavy sigh:  
"The bright and glorious past—oh, could  
Its memory fade away,  
Less weary and less sorrowful  
Would seem our troubled way."

"Oh, would I could forget!"—the poet  
Murmurs in his song;  
Too sadly do the first sweet dreams  
Of life around me throng:  
I'd give my radiant laurel-wreath,  
I'd give my bright renown,  
For the free and buoyant heart I bore—  
Ere their costly price was known."

"Oh, would I could forget!"—sighs forth  
The maiden young and fair;  
While the rich, red lip is fading,  
And the white brow dimmed with care:

"I have learn'd that traitor-spirits wear  
The guise of holy truth;  
To a worthless shrine have offered up  
The fervent love of youth!"

"Oh, would I could forget!"—and the  
Warrior-hero sighs,  
While the shouts of triumph echo through  
The blue rejoicing skies.  
"Oh, for the tranquil happiness which  
Shone around my life,  
Ere I heard the ringing trumpet  
Sound, or led the battle strife!"

Amid the young and beautiful,  
The way-worn and the old;  
The lowly in his poverty,  
The rich amid his gold—  
How many a cheek has paled with grief,  
How many a lash been wet,  
While the heart-sick murmur floated by—  
"Oh, would I could forget!"

## "I WILL GIVE THEE REST."

BY SERENA L. GRAVES.

How sweet the words which Jesus spake,  
How soothing and how kind!  
Like drops of rain on thirsty ground  
They fall upon the mind;  
What bliss untold the promise brings  
To weary souls oppressed—  
Yes, go to Him, desponding one,  
And He "will give thee rest."

Oh, blessed thought! oh, glorious hope!  
To look beyond this earth,  
And feel that in a Saviour's love,  
Eternal joys have birth;  
To know that we may safe repose  
Upon his faithful breast,  
And there securely lie for aye,  
For He "will give us rest."

Was ever love like this displayed,  
So wondrous in its might?  
Could mortal heart thus throb for us,  
Poor sinners, lost in night?  
No! God alone, with boundless power,  
Can thus supremely bless  
The humble soul which asks of Him  
That He "will give it rest."

Father of mercies, hear our prayer!  
Oh, turn us not away,  
For we are feeble worms of dust,  
Obedient to thy sway;  
Help us, when faint and worn with grief,  
And all within depressed,  
To feel that thou art just and kind—  
That Thou "wilt give us rest!"

## NANNIE AND I.

BY FRANK LEE.

HIGH-HO! There was evidently something the matter!

Nannie sat at the top of the terraced steps which led from our rambling old country house into the garden, intently employed in the interesting task of analyzing a withered flower, and I sat at the bottom, making sad havoc among my mother's pet rose-trees, with the lash of my flogging-whip.

The maiden did not raise her eyes, though she occasionally cast a side-long glance from under her long lashes and labyrinth of curls, and her lips pouted so kissably, like wild strawberries longing to be tasted, while the red stole into her cheeks as if seeking to rival their color. The youth at her feet, a slight—Lord bless me! I had quite forgotten I was writing about myself! Just fill up the blank to suit your own taste, my pretty lady, and in your own imaginative vein, which, you know, does not suit *me*.

Yes, even a blind man could have told there was something the matter—provided he could have seen Nannie's mouth—and as you are a particular friend, I don't mind confiding the secret to you.

There had been a gay party gathered that day within those walls, for my mother—good soul!—had a fancy for gathering a houseful of young people round her during the warm months, and since early morning the grounds had rung to the sounds of merry laughter and joyous voices. But they were all gone now, leaving Nannie and I alone—what we usually desired.

Nannie was my summer cousin—that is, the step-daughter of a distant relative of my father's—a very pleasant relationship indeed! One could steal kisses and breathe tender words, ramble on the river bank, gallop the horses over the hills, and nobody to shake their wise heads or utter envious remarks. Ah, there's nothing so charming as to have a summer cousin—try it on my recommendation, and see if you don't have respect for my judgment ever after!

Among our guests that day was a beautiful Southerner on a visit to some friends whose country-seat was near ours, and as she was a stranger, it became incumbent on me to do the honors of "our poor mansion" with what grace I might—you'll know how much that is when

you make me a visit—I here give you a general invitation, and ask you to bring your sisters "into the bargain."

Heavens! what a lovely girl Genevieve Carrol was! Proud, impetuous, eyes bright as the stars that shone above her fair home, and a passionate nature, fervid as the sun which ripened the tropical fruits of her father's domain. An accomplished flirt was she withal, and I, not being averse to such a thing when a lady's eyes say—"I dare you"—it came to pass that before long we two were as deep in a flirtation as Aired wished to bury the wandering seamen—how many fathoms was it? I can't tell, for I have a horror of arithmetical questions, they remind me of my *case* and *Cain* days!

Nannie had been very gay too, lavishing her most fascinating smiles on a young lieutenant with a moustache like a Circassian's eyebrow. I know I turned more than once from my charming companion to watch that engaged couple, but Nannie couldn't see me, not she! and when that military pullet began to twang a guitar—"Dark eyed one, dark-eyed one, I languish for thee"—I moved impatiently away, feeling an unaccountable aversion to the moustached youth—I always did hate a man that played the guitar!

In spite of my gaiety, I think I have been happier than I was during that bright June day, and it was with a feeling of relief that I bounded up the avenue on my return from seeing Miss Carrol to the gate, and I believe I lost her sunbeam of a parting smile before I reached the terrace where Nannie sat. It was a long time before she condescended to notice me in the least, or pay the slightest attention to my numerous questions "of what ailed her?" But when she had finished dissecting that unfortunate rosebud, she said coolly in answer to my repeated interrogatories,

"It was compassion for you that caused me to be silent! The flow of your conversation has continued in such an unceasing stream all day that I supposed you must be tired."

"Am I ever too tired to talk with you?"

"La, coo, what a lack-a-daisical look!" said she, teasingly; "you are the very picture of a despairing swain."

I was vexed! I am not a vain person—at least

it is my privilege to believe so—and I trust my temper is no hastier than other people's, but Nannie's raillery I never could stand.

She began to hum—

"Dark-eyed one, dark-eyed one, I languish for thee!"

"For heaven's sake don't bore me with that again," said I, peevishly; "that goose of a lieutenant sung it until I'm dead sick!"

"Ah, ha, sets the wind in that quarter?" returned she, jeeringly. "But don't call him a goose, cousin, he's a duck, a perfect duck!"

"Rather a lame duck," was my response.

"I vow your very eyes are turning green," said the inexorable Nannie, and she picked up the guitar which lay on the step beside her, and sang in her sweetest voice another sentimental ditty she had learned from the lieutenant—

"When stars are in the Summer sky,  
Then most I pine for thee;  
Bend on me then those tender eyes,  
As stars look on the sea."

I pulled my cap violently down over my eyes, whistled my dog that lay sleeping on the lawn, then kicked him for coming, and strode away, Nannie's laughter ringing mockingly in my ear mingled with fragments of "I can but know thee as my star," &c.

I did not enter Miss Nannie's presence again that night, and before morning came had fully decided on the line of conduct I should pursue. I was no match for the mischievous damsel during the first moments of pique, but when time had been given me to grow a little cooler, I was fully her equal!

She poured me a dish of coffee with her own fair hands at breakfast next day, passing it with a winning smile, so I knew she had repented, and was eager to atone for her conduct—but I had not!

It had always been our habit to ride early in the morning, but I made no move toward ordering the horses, and with a look of reproach which might have moved a stone, Nannie sat down to an Italian lesson.

"Come here, coz," she called from the hall, as I sat in the breakfast-room over the morning paper, "and help me, for I can't understand this stupid Metastasio at all."

We had been accustomed to pore together over those charmed pages—the volume resting on the broad window-seat—my arm thrown lightly round Nannie's waist—one hand imprisoning hers, while with every movement of her graceful head a shower of bright ringlets swept my cheek, and sent a strange thrill through my frame—ah, believe me, I knew how to study Metastasio!

But on that particular morning I was in no mood to relish his honied measures, and far from being of the "*beate gente*," could better have sympathized with Dante and the souls

"*Che son contenti  
Nel fuoco!*"

"I must beg you to excuse me," replied I, without taking the cigar from my mouth, "I am very busy, and consider old Metastasio a mere twaddler."

Nothing daunted by her defeat, Nannie assailed me in another quarter.

"I have almost forgotten that "*Polacca*" you taught me the other day, do show me again—I'm sadly stupid!"

I didn't contradict her assertion, and she came and leaned over my chair courageously, while the cigar smoke encircled her head like a mist-wreath.

"So have I forgotten it," was my answer, "but I've learned something new—the words are great favorites with you."

She slid her pretty arm with its short muslin sleeve through mine and drew me into the music-room, her face bent toward me just as if she wouldn't be very angry should I try to kiss her. But I had by no means relented, and seating myself at the piano, began a simple prelude, then suddenly burst out with—

"When stars are in the quiet sky."

"That horrid thing!" exclaimed Nannie, before I had finished the first verse; "don't sing it—it's positively sickening."

"I thought you liked it," replied I, innocently, "I learned it on purpose to please you," and I sang it through.

"It sounds better than when that goose of a lieutenant sang it," whispered she.

"'Duck,' Nannie, 'a perfect duck!'"

And Nannie laid her head confidently on my shoulder, while the long curls kissed my cheek, longing to have me say I forgave her—but I didn't; I quietly retreated from her caress, and crossed the room to the bell-pull.

"Tell James to bring my horse," I said to the servant who obeyed my summons.

"Oh, you dear creature!" exclaimed Nannie, fairly clapping her hands with delight. She thought I meant it as a sign of reconciliation—deluded Nannie, she was never more mistaken in her life! "I have wanted a ride all the morning, but thought you were cross, and so did not mention it."

"Cross, Nan, why should I be?"

"Oh, because—because—you know!" and there she broke down.

"No I don't."

"That I acted silly about that dunce of a lieutenant, but I only wished to punish you for deserting me all day for Miss Carrol," and Nannie was close to me again, my arm about her waist.

"Was that all?" I asked.

"All, you unbelieving thing! Wasn't I foolish?" and she put up her lips to be kissed.

"Rather foolish, Nannie!" and as she bounded through the hall up stairs, I added mentally, "in more ways than one." Her confession only made me the more desirous to humble her—you needn't be shocked, I never laid claims to perfection, and the native Adam is pretty strong within.

In a few moments down came Nannie in her cap and riding-skirt, looking prettier than a wood-nymph, and joined me as I stood in the outer door watching the groom bring up my mare.

"Why, the stupid fellow has only brought one horse," said Nan, "what does that mean?"

I turned toward her with a look of innocent wonder. "Did you think of riding this morning? I heard you say it was a fine day for a gallop, but thought you expected the lieutenant. Good morning—I'm going to call on Miss Carrol—shall I present *vos compliments*? Sorry you wouldn't ride with me—don't wait luncheon. Gene—Miss Carrol, I mean, was anxious to visit Prospect Rock—I shall accompany her! *Au revoir*, pray keep me in remembrance till we meet again."

Nannie did not stir while I rattled off that heartless tirade, nor utter a word after I had finished and mounted my horse, waving her a kiss. She looked at me a moment in perfect silence, then gathering up her riding-skirt swept into the house, and I rode away. Before I was down the avenue my heart relented, but pride would not allow me to return, so I rode over to Rose Heath and spent the morning with the fair Southerner—but I believe she thought the preceding day's dissipation had made me dull! I did not return home until almost dinner time, and before I was dressed the family were seated at table. Nannie did not look up as I entered, but I took pains to elevate my voice so that she might have the full benefit of the speech, when in answer to some inquiry of my mother's I said, "I have had a delightful day! Do you know, *petite maman*, I am almost tempted to spend next winter South?"

I glanced at Nannie, her beautiful lips quivered slightly, but she betrayed no other sign of emotion, and went on with her dish of strawberries. She left the room immediately after on some

slight pretext, and I did not see her again that night—her maid said she had a severe headache and did not wish to be disturbed.

I do not know what evil spirit took possession of me, but I determined to spare her no pain, but punish her to the full extent of my power. The Rose Heath party were going to leave the valley in a few days to make a tour of the watering-places and lakes, and thence south to spend the winter with Miss Carrol in New Orleans, and I announced to my mother my determination to accompany them.

"But Nannie and I can't be ready to start when they do!" she said, supposing they were to go with me.

"I beg pardon! Did you think of going, ma'am? I thought you detested travelling."

"But on Nannie's account, for you know she is to stay with us a year."

"Don't be uneasy for her! I am confident she has other plans."

Dear, quiet mamma was easily satisfied, and went away to give orders for preparatory arrangements concerning my sudden departure.

Nannie went to spend the next day with a friend, and I did not see her before she left—the day after I was to start. When she returned in the evening, the lieutenant accompanied her, and she greeted me with a careless kindness very different from her usual manner.

My mother spoke of my intended journey.

"Did you know he was going, Nannie?"

"No, ma'am," replied she, gaily, without turning from the lieutenant, whose head was evidently turned. "I doubt whether he could tear himself from our 'goodlie companie.'"

"You have great confidence in your powers of attraction," replied I, coldly, "I trust you may always be as fortunate."

Nannie did not think I would go—she supposed I was only desirous of trying my power over her, and would at the last moment relent, although I think she would have opposed my departure had it not been for the wound I had given her pride.

Nannie had several callers when I was ready to start in the morning, and she only turned from them to say,

"And you are really going? I don't believe it yet."

Had it not been for that remark I think I should have relented—it altered the whole of my destiny!

I went away from that quiet haunt, but I have sometimes thought that I left my heart behind. I went out into the gay world—there were many to flatter, many to praise, but I found very

few to love. I made the anticipated tour with my acquaintances—flirted with Miss Carrol—weighed her charms in a diamond scale with a certain fair head I knew of—and up flew the heiress' end. I grew tired of the dissipation and frivolity of a Frenchified Southern city—I grew weary of myself, and my old longing for change beset me.

I never wrote to Nannie—a mistaken feeling of pride withheld me! I alluded to her but once in my letters. My mother wrote that she was with them in New York, very gay and a great belle. My soul was filled with bitterness when I read those lines, and I answered them harshly, well aware they would meet her eye for whom they were intended, for Nannie was always letter reader to mamma.

"Gay and a belle you say Nannie is? My pretty summer cousin must be enjoying her season of freedom! Let her take advantage of her fresh sounding ring which attracts so much attention to secure a ring of another kind—she is meant for a holiday existence. I would advise her to marry old Durham Potts, the ex-tallow chandler, who counts moments by gold pieces—he would idolize her, and probably soon melt himself out of the world, and drop into his coffin as he used to pour his grease into a candle mould. Widow's weeds are bewitching things, particularly when there is not a widow's heart under them."

Miss Carrol and I parted soon after. We did not quarrel, but I think we were mutually weary of the light chains woven on a summer day. I left her to console herself with a new lover, while I made a tour through Mexico and California.

How I longed to hear from Nannie, but would not write! My wayward heart had counted up its jewels and found her image its most precious treasure. I learned to know that I loved her—not idly—not with the passing adoration I had felt for others—but with that love which makes or mars a life not for time only, but eternity. During my wanderings through the joyous South and the romance-land of Mexico, amid the excitement of change, new friends, a wild, reckless existence, I ever found my thoughts returning to that summer haunt on the Susquehanna, and the beautiful summer cousin I had left behind. I grew more restless ever—I fretted like a caged bird—and was in the mood when I should have grown tired of heaven in a week, and plunged into hell to vary the monotony. Reader, do you ever have such moods? if so I pity you, for they come of a partial insanity worse than entire madness. During such moments have I heedlessly crushed the brightest flowers in my pathway—

blotted out the sunlight from my own sky—alienated the affections of those who loved—and made myself that which I am.

But heaven preserve us, I am growing sentimental, and that is all out of date! Authors now-a-days are like comic actors—paid for being *amusing*—and what right have they to throw off the fool's cap and bells?

The next June found me at home in dear Wyoming. I arrived a year from the day I started on my mad journey, according to my plan. I think I was more nearly happy when I found myself at the railway station a few miles from ———, than ever before. Utterly petrified must this bosom become ere it refuse to quicken its pulsations at the remembrance of that valley haunt I shall behold never again.

It was evening when my carriage passed through the iron gates of our domain, and rolled swiftly up the broad avenue. I sprang hurriedly out when it reached the entrance, and stole into the house intending to surprise them, but my mother was absent. I was not expected, the housekeeper said.

"Is Miss Nannie here?"

"Miss Nannie? Oh—yes!" I waited to hear no more, though she was about to speak, but bounded out of the side door into the garden. By a fountain that cast up its glittering waters with a murmuring sound I saw the waving of woman's garments—from that distance I recognized Nannie.

I sprang toward her, and before she could move clasped her in my arms. I thought she was going to faint she grew so pale, but my mad kisses brought back her color. She pushed me gently away with a few broken expressions of surprise. I knelt at her feet, and there in the June moonlight told her all—my love—my jealousy—my remorse.

She did not interrupt me—did not stir—her hand lay in mine pulseless as a fragment of marble, though I marked the hue of her cheek alter. When I paused, she drew her hand away, and rose slowly from her seat.

"*Il vint trop tard*—you remember the rest, beau cousin," she said, while I listened breathlessly. "I am much obliged for your good opinion, but my summer friend, I have acted on your very kind suggestion," and she looked steadily at me, "I was married to 'old Durham Potts' a fortnight since."

She gathered her shawl about her, playfully flung her flowers on my forehead and went away. As I lay powerless among the dew-soaked blossoms I heard her merry laugh, and rough tones in response, which I recognized only too well as

those of the ex-tallow chandler—may I be spotted if it wasn't old Potts!

Reader, I have written in a lightsome strain, but there has been a jar along my spirit's chords all the while Nannie has been Mrs. Durham Potts—no matter how long, I keep no count of time! I have never seen her since that night; and as the carriage which conveyed me there took me

immediately away, the old housekeeper was convinced she had seen a ghost, for Nannie kept her own counsel, and no one else saw me. What do you think her silence portends?—does the candle moulder hold those wild pulses in a leash?—does that proud heart nestle quietly in his keeping?

I leave my native land to-morrow for years—when the Arctic sails give a sigh to my memory! Farewell.

## THE SONG OF A CAPTIVE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ZORILLA.

In grated cell the captive sings,  
Alone and sad, his pensive strain;  
While like discordant music rings  
In harsh response, his clashing chain.  
Wind, that in freedom dost rejoice,  
Give freedom to the captive's voice!

My cheated hopes are fading fast—  
I feel my days, my hours depart;  
My spirit's strength succumb at last,  
And ice is gathering round my heart.  
Ah! from my cruel solitude  
My sighs can reach no friendly ear;  
'Tis but the wind, a list'ner rude,  
The story of my grief can hear.  
Wind, that in freedom dost rejoice,  
Give freedom to the captive's voice!

My lov'd one! could my song but fly  
To thee, upon the breezes borne,  
I should not thus be left to die,  
Like one deserted and forlorn.  
But thou art far, oh, far away!  
Happy—unconscious of my pain;  
And I must sing my mournful lay

To the wild music of my chain.  
Wind, that in freedom dost rejoice,  
Give freedom to the captive's voice!

How often in the mirror clear,  
Held up to Love by Fancy's hand,  
I fondly see—delusion dear!—  
Thy graceful form before me stand.  
I speak to thee—no voice replies;  
I strive to clasp thee—like a beam  
Of light obscured, the vision flies—  
Ah! then I feel 'twas but a dream.  
Wind, that in freedom dost rejoice,  
Give freedom to the captive's voice!

My own dear love! the life and light  
Of this sad heart and tearful eyes—  
Gay be thy smiles, thy hopes be bright,  
And gladsome be thy melodies,  
While I, immur'd in gloomy cell,  
Weep for the charms I may not see;  
My only solace is to tell  
The walls how dear thou art to me.  
Wind, that in freedom dost rejoice,  
Give freedom to the captive's voice!

## SONG OF JUNE.

BY O. PORTER.

Who cometh nigh?  
He of the gorgeous glowing sky,  
Spreading his evening canopy  
With light and life for each waking hour,  
With sweet, wild notes for the midnight bower;  
Yet sometimes sending a day or a night  
That falls like a cloud on the prospect bright;  
Touches of sadness—a cold, damp reason  
Wakening a doubt of the smiling season;  
But soon o'ercome by a rush of mirth  
Shaking the laughing sides of earth—  
It is June! It is June!—bright June!

What bringeth he?  
Ask of the rich, full-clothed tree—  
Ask of the bird, and ask of the bee.  
The cup is full, and the banquet spread;  
Purple and golden gleam overhead.  
Up with the lark doth the mower go—  
While the early mist waves to and fro,  
And the glistening nets of the gossamer twine  
Round the straggling stems of eglantine;  
And he feels, like a bird, for a moment free,  
As he listens to Nature's revelry—  
It is June! It is June!—sweet June!

## LITTLE THINGS.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

THE coral insect that forms the banan-waving, fire-nursing islands of the Pacific is a little thing. So is the worm that lurking within the timbers of a mighty ship, eats out the heart of it, and sends it from its native element. World-extending, all-pervading is the empire of little things. Let us see "how great a matter a little fire kindleth" in New York.

"Ma," said Miss Amelia Thorne, "we must give a party. We have had so many invitations this winter that really it looks shabby not to return some of them."

The young lady was lounging over a late breakfast, while her mother, who had finished an hour before, was running over the grocer's bill. Looking up from that, she answered, "Well, my dear, I suppose we ought. But you must ask your father about it. Butter—two-and-sixpence a pound."

"I hate to go to pa. He always talks about my breaking him. If he's going to give me the money at all, he might do it without lecturing me. It's really very disagreeable."

"Eggs—three for a shilling. Terrible."

"Which, ma? the eggs or the lecturing?"

"The eggs, Amelia dear—they only give three for a shilling."

"Oh! do, ma, let the eggs go. I don't care how much they cost. I'm talking to you about giving a party."

"I told you, Amelia, you must ask your father's consent. He was very cross about paying for my last new carriage—that little beauty, you know. And your milliners' bills, Amelia, you really must bring them down."

"Ah, well, never mind now. We must give a party, and when we are doing the thing, may as well do it properly. I'll tease pa to-night."

In blessed unconsciousness of what was in store for him, Mr. Thorne, endeavoring if possible to divest his shoulders of the counting-house stoop, ascended the steps of his splendid house within fashionable distance of Union Square. Miss Amelia's face, as she ran into the parlor to receive him, wore a sweet smile, such as she seldom called up except for her beaux. Soft as the little hand she laid upon his shoulder was the voice in which she asked him if he was tired, and if she could get him anything. After dinner

she brought him all the newspapers, and drew down the French water-slide chandelier so as to suit him exactly; and then placing herself at his side, asked him if he would grant her a request. Mr. Thorne raised the jeweled hand of his pretty daughter to his lips, but warned by past experience, said he must hear it first. As he listened, he drew his brows, and fidgetted in his chair.

"And how much do you suppose this party will cost?" said he.

"I'm sure, I can't tell for certain."

"More than I can afford, that's certain."

"Oh, but, pa, ma wishes it too."

"I see, I see. I believe you and your mother think I'm made of money. Do you suppose I drudge all day in my counting-room just to have you dash round up-town here, tricked out in every new French folly, the envy of Fifth Avenue: or to throw away thousands of dollars in providing music and flowers and waiters and an elegant supper, forsooth, for a parcel of silly popinjays who don't care a snap for you nor you for them, and who haven't sense enough to make a cent of money for themselves!"

"Ah, now, dear papa——"

"Oh! well, well. You must have it, I suppose. Take your own way. Be as moderate as you can, though."

The next day, after Mrs. Thorne had returned from the meeting of a charitable society of which she was First Directress—Mrs. Thorne prided herself upon her talent for managing—Miss Amelia came to her with a paper and pencil to make out the list for the party, and truly their acquaintance would have been wiser if they had heard their remarks upon them. The Seymours, though they scarcely knew them, were to be invited because they gave very handsome parties themselves. The Talcotts names were crossed out because "nobody knew them and they looked so dowdy." "I won't have the Stones," said Amelia, "because one will be sure to have on her everlasting blue dress; and old Mrs. Dean, no one wants her—her eyes are all over—she watches one so."

The names of a great many young ladies were put down merely because they had handsome and agreeable brothers, and a number rejected because they never gave parties themselves.



"Will you invite the Owens, ma?" asked Miss Amelia.

"No, I will not invite the Owens. I don't want anything to do with them. Mrs. Owen is always trying to fasten her acquaintance on me, and I never will give her any encouragement."

"But they have been very polite, ma. You know when James was sick they sent round jellies and creams so often, and one of the girls showed me all about that toilet-cover I embroidered."

"I can't help it, Amelia. They don't know any one who will be here. I will not invite them."

Mr. Thorne had told Amelia to be moderate, and her mother said she shouldn't have a new dress for the occasion, so she contented herself by going down to Stewart's to get Brussel lace at ten dollars a yard to flounce her pink silk. Pink and black were such a pretty contrast, she said, and she always loved three flounces of foot-deep lace.

"Bill, are your sisters going to the Thorne's party?" said a young man to William Owen.

"Don't know. I haven't heard them say anything about it."

"Going to be a grand smash there. Something quite *recherche*, as the ladies say."

When William Owen went home at night, almost his first words were, "mother, have you and the girls received invitations to Mrs. Thorne's party?"

"No; is she going to give one?"

"Yes; on Thursday night. A very large one."

"It's very rude of Mrs. Thorne not to ask us," said Charlotte Owen, laying down her crochet-needle.

"Just like some of Amelia's airs," said Fanny.

"I've been so polite to them that I wonder they can do such a thing," said Mrs. Owen. "But that's all the thanks one ever gets."

It is vain to attempt to describe a New York party within the limits of Japonicadom. Moustached German barons and French counts were there—some Hungarian adventurer trying to throw into his manner some air of Kossuth—a sparing mixture of literary celebrities, not more than one or two, mustn't risk spoiling the stylish air of the party—ladies who carried on their persons far more than their husbands were really worth, if their accounts were settled and debts paid—an array of lovely girls such as only New York can boast—flippant youths who aspire to marry the fortunes that old men grasped so tightly—soul-ravishing music—costly flowers—lights—paintings—statuary—all were grouped together. And two or three mornings after, the bills for the inanimate desirabilities were pre-

sented to Mr. Thorne just before he went to his store. Stop! for the last year we never hear of people going to their "store"—they go to their "place of business."

About a week after the party, before the Owens had ceased to curl their lips at the mention of Mrs. Thorne's name, Mr. Carter, in whose store William Owen was confidential clerk, went up to the desk where the young man was writing, and showed him a note of Mr. Thorne's for a large amount. Owen thought of Mrs. Thorne's gratuitous affront to his family. I really don't know about that," said he.

Mr. Carter was a quiet, easy man, who knew very little about business, and left everything to his head clerk. Surprised at this, he answered, "You don't think it doubtful! It's Mr. Thorne—Daniel Thorne."

"I wouldn't say doubtful, exactly. But I think I wouldn't have it."

"Oh, well, it's all the same to me. I'll tell French I won't take it."

"What?" said the man, when Mr. Carter declined Mr. Thorne's note. "It's Mr. Thorne, in South street. This is as good as gold."

"Maybe so, but I'd rather not have it."

Mr. French went away filled with astonishment at Mr. Carter's folly, but after a while began to think that if that merchant didn't like the note, perhaps he had better get rid of it himself.

"Why," said one of the men to whom he offered it at a discount, "what do you want to dispose of this for? Mr. Thorne does a very large business."

"Perhaps it is too large," said Mr. French.

In the course of the day whispers about Mr. Thorne's stability had circulated among many of the merchants.

"I'll be careful how I trust him," said one, "a note of his was refused this morning."

"Indeed. We'd better take care then. I'm afraid he's going too fast."

So it went on, till in a few days Mrs. Thorne found that an unusual caution was exercised toward him. His credit, formerly unlimited, seemed strangely narrowed down. His affairs, so far as he knew, were as prosperous as ever, but his business being extended and full of risk, without credit it was impossible to carry it on. He promptly met all demands upon him, and by continuing all things the same as ever, and preserving an unruffled countenance, tried to restate himself in his former position. But the deficiency of his credit embarrassed his operations; and then, his mind anxious and harassed, he made two or three rash and unfortunate ventures, which lessened his credit still more.

The stone which a child's hand has started from the brow of the hill gathers force by its own descent. In a few weeks he found it very hard to keep the care-wrinkles off his forehead, and meet his fellow merchants with the same assured glance. If he had had anything real or tangible to combat, he would have known how to meet it. But he could not understand the vague rumors about him—rumors that had so lately been falsehoods, but were now fast making themselves into realities. He hinted something of his perplexities to his wife, but she only ordered her carriage down to Beck's to look at some new spring silks, saying to herself, "Mr. Thorne always was nervous."

Many were the mornings—the bright, breezy spring mornings when his wife and daughter were driving gaily through the palace-lined streets which are the pride of New York, that the merchant sat, anxious and dejected, in his dull, dingy counting-room.

One day, weary and sick, he went home early, and his wife on returning from her round of calls, was surprised to find him sitting in his own bed-room, his face wearing a troubled and gloomy expression such as she had never seen before.

"What on earth is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Have you forgotten what I told you some weeks ago, Margaret?"

"No; but is there anything new?"

"Nothing but the confirmation of what I then feared. I told you then that if my credit was lost, all was lost. And it's nearly gone now."

"Well! what must we do?" said Mrs. Thorne, after a pause, "sell this house and furniture and carriage and horses, and begin to economize as much as possible?"

"No, no, that would bring the blow at once. There must be no difference in outward appearances. We will keep on. I'll go and see my broker again to-morrow. The tide may turn."

On went the whirl of the great city; and the whirl of the half million of human hearts that animate it. The crash came at last. Mr. Thorne failed one morning for a million and a half.

A fortnight after, the red flag was flying from one of the windows of the splendid mansion in Eighteenth street, and a busy crowd was prying into every corner and closet, and fingering the beautiful and costly furniture. The morning papers had blazed with advertisements. Every thing was sold without reserve. Mr. Thorne made a compromise with his creditors, and moved away into the country; and Mrs. Thorne had the satisfaction, whenever the subject was mentioned, of almost boasting of what an amount her husband had failed for.

The effects of that sudden crash were long felt, and widely diffused through all classes of the community. But who of all those who experienced them could look back to the cause? Mrs. Thorne's refusing to send the Owens a card for her party. Even young William Owen himself had no idea that it was his hand that had set the ball a rolling. Truly it was a little thing. Said we not that little things are powerful—and nowhere more so than in New York!

## SONG OF THE MORNING.

BY SARAH A. COREY.

I come in my pride from a bright golden land,  
Health's blushes my fair cheeks adorning;  
I float like a Peri o'er mountain and wave,  
Then greet me—the goddess of morning.  
From my glittering pinions swift arrows of light  
I scatter the gloom of night breaking,  
A shout universal of triumph, of joy,  
Peals forth at earth's glorious waking.

I come as a queen from her kingdom of light,  
Her throne of bright sapphire resigning;  
My robe is of crimson, my crown is a star,  
My sandals with dew-drops are shining.  
Come quaff the rich nectar which flows from my lips,  
Than Grecia's famed fount more entrancing;  
Catch the charm so exquisite that lives in my smile—  
The light from my merry eye glancing.

List, list! to the music which swells on the breeze,  
How blithely the milk-maid goes singing;  
Where the keen sickle's flash 'mid the tall golden grain,  
There the voice of the reaper is singing.  
"Oh, she brings us contentment, health, honor, and wealth,

Huzza! for her glad natal dawning:  
She's old as the earth, yet gay as a sylph,  
Hail, beautiful goddess of morning!"

Young being of beauty, of hope, and of love,  
Let me dwell in thy heart's sweetest mansion:  
Unsullied in brightness the soul shall endure—  
Sublime in its glorious expansion.  
That when in death's shadow earth's light fades away,  
Thou awak'nest no more at its dawning;  
In the spirit of rapture, the joy of release,  
Join the song of Eternity's Morning.

## FANNY'S COSMETIC.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WHAT a lovely girl Miss Comstock is," said Fred Montagne to his chum, the morning after a pic-nic at Roseville. "Positively, Harry, she is the belle of the place."

Fred was a young lawyer from the city, handsome, rich, accomplished, and accustomed to the best society, who had come up to Roseville to spend a few weeks with his friends.

Harry laughed, as he replied, "Our established belles, Miss Irwin and Patty Jones, would toss their heads in scorn, if they heard you placing Fanny Comstock above them. Why, Fred, she's but a 'school marm,' as they call it here, while they are young ladies, *par excellence*, that is they have never done a day's work of any kind in their lives."

"For all that," answered Fred, "she is the prettiest of the party. To tell the truth, Harry, I can scarcely get her image out of my mind. What a complexion she has."

"A complexion!" replied Harry, with mock surprise. "Do you call hers a complexion? My dear fellow, you must be demented, for she never used pearl-powder, much less painted, in her whole life; and that a lady can have a complexion, without using such things, is contradictory to the fashionable orthodoxy of Roseville. Our two belles consider cosmetics as necessary to beauty as oxygen is to animated life. You, as coming from the metropolis, might be tolerated in the heresy of opposing pearl-powder; but if I, a mere native here, was to utter such an absurdity, I'd be set down as an ignorant savage at once."

Harry spoke in this bantering tone, because he knew that Fred was above the fashionable follies of the day, and despised, as much as he did himself, the use of cosmetics by the sex. Fred's words, as he answered, realized all this.

"I tell you what, Harry," he said, "if there's anything that lowers a young lady in my opinion, it is the habit of powdering and painting. It argues such an excessive desire for admiration that it disgusts me at once. Think of a wife, coming down as yellow as a Malay to breakfast, when, at the ball the night before, she looked, with her pearl-powder, as fair as an angel! Such things take all the romance out of love. The woman, who will resort to cosmetics, must be,

more or less, of a hypocrite: for surely, if she will deceive in this matter, she will in things of greater importance. Nothing repels men of sense sooner than the practice, among our fashionable belles, of substituting artificial, for natural, charms. I believe, conscientiously, it has more to do with the bachelorship of educated men, in our great cities, than the ladies suspect. One can't find anything real, any more, in town; everything is false and hollow; and yet, when one comes out into the country, it don't seem much better. Miss Comstock is positively the only natural young lady I've seen."

"Fanny's only cosmetics are exercise, fresh air, and pure water," answered Harry. "She's as talented, too, as she is bright-complexioned, and as amiable as she is talented. But it won't do for me to talk of her, or I shall fall in love myself; and as I'm as poor as a church mouse that won't do:—my profession must be my mistress for many a long year yet."

"In simple truth, Harry," replied Fred, "I shall not quarrel with your poverty, for I don't want such a rival as you would make. Miss Comstock wouldn't look at a stranger like me, if an old friend such as you was to enter the list."

Harry looked at Fred slyly as he answered, "Don't believe it, my dear fellow. If I can trust my eyes, Fanny half lost her heart, yesterday, when you were expatiating so eloquently on the social wrongs of the British operatives, such as you had witnessed for yourself: and, without flattery, Fred, you described the poor colliers, in their underground dens, in terms almost to bring tears. By-the-bye, too, Fanny is the only one of the party, who was ignorant how rich you are. You must know that she is as proud as she is poor, and will hardly speak to a young fellow with a fortune, lest he, or others, might think she was after his wealth. So I told her, jocularly, not to confound you with your rich cousin, the millionaire Montagne: and it had the effect I intended; for she evidently thought you were a poor drudge of a lawyer like myself."

Fred slightly frowned. He did not like deceit of any kind, and had no faith in the doctrine, "that the end justifies the means."

Here the conversation ceased. But its results did not. What Harry had said in favor of

Fanny heightened the admiration, which Fred had already conceived for the artless girl; and this liking, before our hero had been a month in Roseville, grew into a profound love. The established belles of the place made incessant attempts to estrange him from Fanny's side. Now they spoke slightly of her, because she taught school; now they ridiculed her plainness of dress; and now they fabricated falsehoods that would have tended to her disadvantage, if the tales had not carried their own refutation on their face.

But this envy and malice was in vain. The gossip of her jealous and unprincipled rivals cost Fanny, indeed, many a secret tear; but the faith of her lover in her was not shaken: and the arts of her enemies only recoiled on themselves.

Harry's prophecy proved correct, though Fred, with the diffidence of real merit, doubted to the last. But nature had constituted Fanny and our hero for each other. She loved Fred from the first. In his nobility of soul her own inner consciousness found its counterpart; and when, at last, tremulous with agitation, he asked her

hand, she answered without coquetry or affection.

What a commotion the village was in, when it was reported that Fanny, after all, had carried off the prize. Never was the old church so crowded as on the day of the wedding, which took place, at Fred's urgent request, as soon as Fanny's term at the school was over. Harry accompanied the happy couple to Niagara, as groomsman, the bride's-maid being Fred's sister, to whom, we may add here, he was married a couple of years later, and who brought him a handsome fortune.

On Harry's return, he was beset, on every side, for a description of the splendid mansion, with its furniture and pictures, to which Fred had carried his bride. He was nothing loath to expatiate on it, for it gave him an opportunity to enjoy the mortification of Miss Irwin, and the other belles of the place.

"It was all owing to Mrs. Montagne keeping to her natural charms," he said, maliciously. "If you want to catch a man of sense, girls, you must use FANNY'S COSMETIC."

## OH, NE'ER AGAIN.

BY WILLIAM BODERICK LAWRENCE.

Oh, ne'er again speak light of her  
Who to my heart was once so dear,  
Those burning words you uttered there,  
Oh, nevermore pray let me hear.  
I never can forget the hours  
That we in happiness have past,  
Then let those words of censure keen  
Which just escaped you—be the last.

To me she may not be the friend  
She was when first she breathed my name,  
Yet till my heart shall cease to beat  
To her, I shall remain the same;  
And though we ne'er shall meet again  
Where we in love have often roved,  
Oh, nevermore in words of blame  
Speak lightly of the one I loved.

## THE POOR MAN TO HIS BRIDE.

BY W. GURNER.

No gems have I, dear girl, to offer,  
No pearls to deck thy silken hair;  
No stores of gold in secret coffer,  
No lordly halls for thee to share.  
But yet I do not fear to woo thee,  
My Annie! lovely as thou art,  
Though I have nought with which to sue thee,  
Except a fond and dotting heart.

What though the world may frown upon us,  
And earthly comforts pass away;  
Affection's lamp is shining on us,  
To guide our steps, and cheer our way.  
Then do not, dearest, longer tarry,  
In dread of penury and woe,  
We cannot be too poor to marry,  
While health and love within us glow

## THE CARELESS MOTHER.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"I WONDER if Mrs. Sanders knows how that servant treats her child?" said Mrs. Curran, as she sat at her parlor window one day, directing, as she spoke, the attention of her sister to a nursery maid, who was occupying a window opposite. The sash was wide up, and though the bleak March wind blew directly in, the maid held a young infant in her arms. "I am sometimes tempted to tell Mrs. Sanders of the girl's carelessness, for the idle thing sits there, with that poor child, every time the mother goes out. But we don't visit, and Mrs. Sanders might think I was interfering."

In great cities, as many readers doubtless are aware, ladies often live opposite to each other, for years, without being acquainted.

"I wouldn't have anything to do with it," replied Mrs. Curran's sister, who was a good type of the selfish, prudent lady, "it's Mrs. Sanders' business to see that she has a good servant; and besides she might think you were unjust to the girl:—I never knew any good to come of playing the good Samaritan in matters of this kind."

"Perhaps you're right," answered Mrs. Curran, only half convinced, "but it makes my heart ache to see the poor little thing. It's never clothed sufficiently warm, and, when the window is up, it looks blue with cold."

"It's a first child," replied the sister, sententiously, going on with her crocheting, "when Mrs. Sanders has half a dozen, she'll know better."

"A great, strong Irish girl," indignantly cried Mrs. Curran, "to sit there unconcernedly, as if the dear, poor babe could resist cold as well as herself."

"Softly, softly, Mrs. Impetuous," said the humored sister, "Mrs. Sanders can't be so blind as not to know the real state of the case; and, in that event, she would consider your interference as an imputation on her as a mother."

Much more was said, but Mrs. Curran's benevolent purpose was over-ruled, principally, it must be confessed, on the plea last advanced.

Injustice, however, was done, by that plea, to Mrs. Sanders. She was young and inexperienced; had robust health herself; believed her nursery maid to be prudent, because the girl

had come well recommended; and had remained ignorant of the exposure of her infant, because, though a dozen neighbors had seen the servant's criminal folly, no one cared to assume the responsibility of interfering.

No mother could have loved her child better than Mrs. Sanders. To the extent of her knowledge, she did all she could to rear it healthfully; and if the babe was sick for even half a day, would not let it go out of her arms. But, when the child seemed well, she was accustomed, for an hour or two daily, to walk out for exercise and fresh air: a commendable habit, and one indirectly beneficial to the infant, but which, as we have seen, led to the exposure of the babe to the chilliest winds of March.

The fault was, therefore, not in a want of love, nor in leaving the infant to seek necessary exercise for herself, but in believing too implicitly in the recommendations her servant had received as a prudent nurse.

A day or two subsequent to the conversation we have recorded, a physician's carriage stopped at the door of Mrs. Sanders. There was neither servant, nor infant at the window that afternoon, nor had the mother been seen to go out.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Sanders' baby is sick," said Mrs. Curran. "It's the time it's at the window with its nurse."

"Likely enough," retorted her sister. "Such exposure would make most of us sick."

"How I wish I knew the mother," answered the kind-hearted Mrs. Curran. "Poor thing! I remember how I suffered, when my first child was ill, and she's just as inexperienced, I've no doubt, as I was then."

The next day, when Mrs. Curran went to her chamber window, after dressing, she saw the opposite house closed, and a bit of crape, tied with ribbon, hung to the door-bell. The child, as she learned on inquiry, had died in the night, from an attack of croup.

"Oh! if I had only warned the poor mother in time," she said, bitterly.

The almost heart-broken mother heard the truth respecting her servant, when it was too late.

"Oh! if I had been more careful," she cried, in anguish, "and seen for myself that the nurse

was trustworthy. But now, no care can give me  
baby again. No, never, never!"

Thus both reproached themselves, and both  
careless mother, or an over prudent neighbor?

## SING, BROOKLETS SING.

BY PHILA A. EARLE.

SING, brooklets sing,  
Through sunny Summer glades;  
Sing, brooklets sing,  
Through dark green forest shades;  
Sing with sweet harmonious tones  
O'er the lichen-dotted stones,  
O'er the pebbles clear and white,  
Glide with murmurs soft and light.

Sing, brooklets sing  
By the wavy green hill-side;  
Sing, brooklets sing,  
And lightly onward glide;  
Sing, for birdies sing with you,  
Songs of sunshine, bright and true,  
As they nestle 'mong the leaves  
Of the green, stream-guarding trees.

Sing, brooklets sing,  
A low and dreamy song;  
Sing, brooklets sing,  
Through masses glide along;  
Sunbeams golden on you rest,  
Silver ripples gild your breast,  
Zephyrs their soft whispers bring,  
Mingling with the songs you sing.

Sing, brooklets sing  
Where bright flowerets grow;  
Sing, brooklets sing,  
As through the glen you flow;  
Sing through meadows bright and green—  
Sweetly sing to us in dreams  
As we linger you beside,  
In the hush of eventide.

Sing, brooklets sing,  
As in years ago;  
Sing, brooklets sing,  
Never sad's your song;  
Sorrow ne'er in your lay breathes,  
Ne'er on you his shadow leaves;  
Sing then brooklets, gay and free,  
Lightly trill your songs of glee.

Sing, brooklets sing,  
Songs of hope and love;  
Sing, brooklets sing  
Of the home above;  
Sing of that bliss-haunted land,  
Where sweet sing an angel band,  
Sing how holy, pure they are  
In the Eden-land afar.

## LINES TO ———.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

Oh, not when friends are round thee,  
With merry jest and smile—  
When scenes of festal gladness  
The fleeting hours beguile—  
When time is flowing onward  
With richest blessings fraught,  
Not then I'd have thee cherish  
Of me a passing thought.

I would not mar thy gladness,  
I would not seek to fang  
A shadow o'er the golden light  
Of life's untroubled Spring.  
But should earth's cares oppress thee,  
Should bitter trials come  
To rob thy eyes of brightness,  
And pale thy cheek's fair bloom;

Then 'mid thy lonely musings  
O'er other, happier years,  
When memory's spell is on thee  
With sighs—perchance with tears—  
When gloomy shadows gather  
Around thy anxious heart,  
Then I would bid my image  
From memory's cavern start.

As some pale star unheeded  
'Mid evening's glittering train,  
Oft faintly gleams when tempests  
Are darkening o'er the plain;  
Thus would I wish my memory  
Blent with long vanished hours,  
Should rise to cheer thy loneliness,  
When sorrow o'er thee lowers.

## EMILY LAWRENCE.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 329.

### CHAPTER V.

In a deep, loathsome dungeon in the north of Spain sat, or rather lay, a mother by the side of her dying child. But at this time she thought not of the dungeon. It was a place of light, almost of joy to her; for she had that day been restored to her beloved child.

Many months had elapsed since she had looked upon the face of the loved one. But now she could minister to her wants; and she felt happy. For this she had prayed, until her prayers were answered; though, whether in mercy to her, or that the lingering death of her child might be a yet greater punishment, I will not here attempt to say. She had learned by sad experience the truth of inspiration, "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruelty." But her prayers had been registered above, and her heavenly Father, though he lingered long, had not forgotten her—no, not one cry from her agonized heart; He had already begun to work for her deliverance. He had created an intense interest for her in the heart of one of the "Sisters of Charity," who had resolved to effect her escape, or die in the attempt. She well knew that death by dreadful tortures would be her fate, if she should be discovered in comforting and releasing a detested heretic. But the grace of God had touched her heart; her eyes had been opened to the wickedness of the "man of sin," by the patience and submission exhibited in the life and conversation of the prisoners placed under her care.

Emily Ellingwood, for it was no other than she, had confided to her sympathizing friend all the prominent events of her life. It was fortunate for Emily that she could speak Spanish fluently, else she might not have been able to reach the heart of one, who, from entertaining the strongest prejudices against her, had been converted into a true Christian friend.

But three times during the long, long period of her imprisonment had Emily seen the face of any other human being; and that was the face of a monk, who came to see if she was prepared to renounce her errors and to embrace the Romish faith.

When she with her daughter narrowly escaped the fate of Mr. Lenox, who was shot through the heart, they were bound and carried to a vessel belonging to the government, a vessel prepared to receive prisoners and to convey them to Spain. Here the afflicted woman soon found her captors were entirely indifferent to her supposed offence at conniving at the plot of the insurgents; but their indifference was soon converted into deadly hate, as they ascertained that she was a heretic. They treated her with every indignity, and upon her arrival in Spain delivered her at once to the "fathers of the inquisition." Here she had remained separated from her daughter, whom the priest hoped to win over to the true church.

Alice was treated with far less severity than her mother, but would infinitely have preferred sharing all her mother's hardships, could she have enjoyed her society. She was now near her end and had been removed to her mother's dungeon, upon the representation of sister Isa to the "holy fathers," that she thought the presence and death of Alice would serve to convert her mother to the true faith. By this *she* meant faith in Christ alone; but *they* not dreaming it to be possible that she had imbibed heretical sentiments, had understood her to mean the true Catholic Church.

I cannot—I will not attempt to describe the feelings of Emily, as suddenly starting from sleep she gazed by the dim taper into the face of her daughter to ascertain if she still lived. Alas! the vital spark had fled. The marble brow upon which the hand of the mother was quickly placed, told too truly the tale of death. Alice was safe from her captivity and rejoicing before the throne of God.

Exhausted with many days and nights of watching, with the want of nourishing food, Emily had fallen into a heavy sleep, during which the angel of death, whom no bolts or bars can keep out, had entered the low dungeon and borne the ransomed soul away to its home in the sky. Emily wept not; she hoped soon to follow her; she rejoiced; yes, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable, that her beloved child had not accepted her deliverance by renouncing her Saviour. Now

she was with Him and would be with Him forever. But it was a joy of which the world in which she lived knew not. They could feel nothing of the peace which filled her soul, as she seemed sitting at the gate of heaven.

A pallet of straw, a jug, and an iron vessel were the only furniture of the low cell; but to her it seemed like a Paradise, because she felt it to be full of the presence of her God. Now she had received an answer to her prayers. The gracious Saviour had fulfilled his promise, "those that thou gavest me I have kept," and had taken the redeemed one to himself, that she might forever behold his glory.

When Isa conveyed the intelligence of the death of Alice, the fathers exhorted her to be faithful to the soul of the remaining captive, for her turn would soon come.

In the most solemn manner she assured them she would be faithful to her even unto death; when commending her zeal they waved her away; but sister Isa still lingered. She told them that the dampness of the dungeon in which the English woman was confined affected her own health; and that she feared on that account she had not been faithful as she ought. She requested as a favor to herself, that the prisoner might be removed to the cell formerly occupied by her daughter.

Hastily granting her request, they gave her liberty to do with the heretic as she would, only not to trouble them with her, as they had more important business than the conversion of one poor outcast.

This, sister Isa knew to be the most hopeful feature of the case. The formation of a new society, similar to the society of Jesus, occupied all their thoughts and rendered them far less vigilant and vindictive than they would otherwise have been. Within her recollection their had never been a time more fortunate for her plans than the present. She now turned the cunning, which she had been taught was right in promoting the good cause, to great account. One important step had been taken, Emily had been removed by the consent of the fathers from a dungeon out of which it would have been impossible for her to escape. Sister Isa bent all her energies to the devise of a plan for her deliverance.

This was no easy task. Surrounded every where by the spies of the Inquisitors, she hardly dared to think aloud, for fear the fact of her having in heart renounced Romanism should be even suspected. Her only hope under God grew out of the facts that the minds of the holy fathers and bishops were turned in another direc-

tion, and that they had great confidence in her zeal for the church. Many hours did she spend with Emily in prayer to God for their success. Mrs. Ellingwood lived a new life. Hope had once more entered her soul; hope of being released from the slimy walls of the dungeon; of breathing again the pure air; of seeing the glorious light of day; but more, far more than all else, of returning to the beloved ones whom she had not expected to behold until the morning of the resurrection. She knew not that her mother had gone to her everlasting home. In her long years of thought, thought, nothing but thought, when memory called back every scene through which she had passed, it was strange that imagination had not pictured to her changes which might have taken place in the home circle. No, not once had she even dreamed that another beloved one might be occupying her seat by the home fireside, her place in the heart of her husband.

At length, sister Isa announced that her arrangements were completed. She had nearly given up all hope of success; every plan had been frustrated, when suddenly a new thought occurred to her. A sacred relict was to be exposed for worship in a town near the court of Spain. She went immediately and asked leave for herself and sister Agnes to be present on the great occasion.

Consent was easily obtained upon her promising to procure some one to whom she could safely confide her charge. Success seemed almost certain. Sister Agnes was sick, and knew not of the use made of her name. She was a bigoted Catholic, and would have died rather than have afforded any aid in such a cause.

Sister Isa had obtained the use of her cloak and hood, which was the dress usually worn by the Sisters of Charity. This she had conveyed to the cell where Emily was confined. She had also provided wine, food, and money to take with them. It was their intention to leave in the morning, and proceed at once to the residence of the English consul, and put themselves under his protection and aid.

This, Isa thought, would take them two days; and unless Agnes should recover more rapidly than she expected, and thus fall in with those who would suppose her absent, she thought nothing would be suspected. Very early on the following morning, the good sister hastened to the cell of the prisoner. She made a powerful effort to control her emotion for fear she might betray herself. She was about to leave the only home she had ever known; and to leave it forever. She had determined to follow Emily to England.



With a pale face, but a firm heart, for she had well counted the cost, she bid the poor prisoner array herself quickly; then giving her a portion of cordial they went out of the cell, sister Isa locking the door as usual and putting the key in her pocket.

With stealthy footsteps they passed through one dark passage and then another, firmly grasping each other by the hand, and trying to still the beating of their own hearts lest they should be heard by others; when suddenly a firm step was heard approaching.

Sister Isa, who knew every stone in the building, quickly pushed Emily behind a large pillar, and retreating as far as possible into the shade, hoped to escape observation. How great then was her joy when the steps passed on; and they were not discovered.

With her heart throbbing with gratitude to God, the good sister was about to leave her hiding-place and raise the trap-door, when she perceived that Emily had fainted.

For a moment she gave up all for lost, but applying the cordial once more to Emily's lips, and chafing her hands, she soon had the satisfaction of seeing her revive. Ten minutes more and they were outside the walls, where the liberated captive would fain have fallen on her knees and given thanks to God; but her kind friend hurried her on. She had not proceeded many rods, however, when a new difficulty arose. Emily, cramped and enfeebled by her long confinement, could walk no further, and sank to the ground. But this time they were not long left in doubt. A market man rode by, and looking wishfully at them, recognized, as he thought, the sisters Agnes and Isa.

"Abroad early this morning," he said, pleasantly, as he rode slowly on.

In as careless a manner as she could assume, Isa asked where he was going, and found to her great joy that he would take them nearly half the distance they were expecting to go that day.

"Sister Agnes was too sick to come at all," said she, in reply to his inquiring look at her; "but we had obtained permission to go to Madrid, and we thought it would be a blessing to us all our days if we did but touch the holy coat. I will fix a place in the back of the wagon," continued sister Isa, "and see if she will not sleep."

Having arranged Emily as comfortable as possible, she devoted herself to her companion, and so interested him in the account of the sacred relic that he expressed an earnest wish to see it; and at length induced by a liberal present of money, he agreed to carry them the entire distance.

Thus far had Providence directed their course, and their hearts leaped for joy. Toward the close of the second day of their journey they bid adieu to their travelling companion, and leaving him to visit the sacred coat, they went at once to a small inn, where Isa could obtain a pass to the English consul. This she was aware was a dangerous step, for she feared it would excite suspicion; but pretending to be upon an errand of mercy to one of his servants, she soon received the requisite information and document.

## CHAPTER VI.

Who can describe the joy which thrilled the heart of Emily, when she once more set her foot upon her native soil? She with her companion have long since laid aside the habiliments of a nun, and assumed the English dress provided them by the consul's lady. Not one moment would the returning wife allow herself for repose, but travelled day and night until she reached her native village. But she could not stop there, she still hurried on.

"Oh! Emily, my heart aches for thee, methinks, thou wilt regret thou ever left thy dungeon to find thy place so soon supplied."

It was twilight when they reached Cheswell; and Emily rather flew than ran to Rosedale, her cottage home, when a sudden impulse led her to turn aside into a narrow lane leading her to the back part of the house, to her own little room where she had passed so many happy days.

A bright light was in the apartment; but the curtains were not yet drawn. She approached quickly. One window opened upon the balcony which led by steps into the garden. Emily hastily ascended the steps, when—oh! could it be so? Was it not a fearful dream? She saw her husband—her own Charles tossing an infant in his arms, who was crowing with delight. He then put the chirping boy into the hands of a lady who received him with maternal fondness, and upon whose forehead he, yes, *her* husband, imprinted a tender kiss.

The horrified woman stood transfixed to the spot. Not for worlds could she have moved! She saw Mary, who had grown to resemble her lost Alice; she saw Susan come in and take the baby from the mother, but she noticed no one but her husband. Thoughts and feelings were crowding upon her, which she even then wondered had not before filled her mind.

Her companion had by this time come up, and understood all at a glance.

In the meantime, Mr. Ellingwood, who on this evening was uncommonly cheerful, sat down and

took Mary on his knee, while the lady opposite looked the very picture of contentment. Still it was not quite three years since Emily left her happy home.

Could she have forgotten so soon? No! no! She was so sure of the steadfastness and growth of her own affection, that it had not once occurred to her it could be otherwise with him.

At this moment, Mr. Ellingwood, turning around, noticed that the curtain remained undrawn, and walking slowly across the room shut them from sight.

It needed then but one motion of her finger for Emily to open the window, and throw herself into the arms of her husband. Should she do it? What woman's heart answers "yes?"

She would at that moment far sooner have returned to the dungeon, from which she had escaped, than to have had him know that she had witnessed such a scene.

Sister Isa was too conversant with Emily's feelings and hopes, not to understand well how the iron hand of grief had taken hold of her soul. When the curtain fell she put her arm around her friend, and for one moment pressed her tightly to her bosom, then half carrying her down the steps led her away.

Oh! how different was this from the overwhelming joy with which her poor Emily had fondly expected her return would be greeted! She spoke not; her lips were firmly compressed; her eyes glared wildly, as sister Isa saw by every light they passed.

What should she do? Something must be done quickly. She knew but few words of English; but she made herself understood sufficiently to ascertain that a tavern was near, and whither she led her almost unconscious charge. Yes, reason was fast leaving her throne, and by the time they arrived at their destination Emily had sunk into a kind of apathy.

Sister Isa was indeed in a deplorable condition. In her confusion and distress she could not make herself understood, she could merely point to her sick friend and make signs for a bed. The kind-hearted landlady hastened to prepare a room, and herself assisted the afflicted woman into bed.

No sooner had the hostess departed from the room than all hope left poor Isa's heart; and throwing herself on her knees by the side of the bed, wept bitterly.

For some time she gave way to her grief; then she suddenly started at the recollection that Emily had not stirred, or given signs of life. Isa held the candle before her face to see if she breathed, but the flame wavered not, and with

a horrible fear lest life was extinct, she ran hastily for assistance.

A physician was immediately called, who found his patient in a deep swoon. It was the good Dr. Crosby; but he would as soon have thought of seeing his own wife, who had been dead twenty years, raise from her grave, as of recognizing his esteemed, departed friend, Mrs. Ellingwood, in the poor, unconscious creature before him. He questioned Isa as to the cause of her friend's sickness, but could make nothing of her answers.

Indeed the good sister knew not what to say. Had she understood that the man standing before her was one of Emily's earliest friends, she would have made a great effort to make herself known.

After prescribing some powerful remedies, and waiting until she began to revive he left, promising to call again in two or three hours. He was on his way to see a patient who lived several miles distant, but would look in as he returned.

Sister Isa followed implicitly the directions of the physician. She had always been accustomed to the care of the sick; and vigorously chafing the limbs of the patient, she sat down to watch the operation of the medicine. But when fifteen, twenty minutes, then an hour passed and Emily grew no better, she came to a sudden determination that when the doctor returned, she would by some means communicate to him her desire to see Mr. Ellingwood. When she had decided upon this, she began to be very impatient for the doctor to arrive, and feared lest life might be gone ere that time.

The landlady, who continued in the room, was puzzled to understand the condition or conduct of her guests. She could not make out what relation existed between them. Poor Isa now wept and wrung her hands, then violently embraced her inanimate friend, kissing her repeatedly.

Thus the hours wore away. Emily was still able to swallow the cordial with which her lips were wet; and this was the only indication to them that life remained when Dr. Crosby returned. On entering the room, he was not a little startled when sister Isa sprang up, seized both his hands, and said, "Seignor Ellingwood," then pointing to the bed, said in Spanish, "she see him." As he shook his head in token that he could not understand her, she repeated it in French, and was overjoyed to find that he understood her wish to see Mr. Ellingwood.

The kind man, who supposed she wished merely for a clergyman, and who really thought the patient would not survive until morning, proposed to go for him at once.

The silence of midnight reigned at the parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Ellingwood were startled from their slumber by a loud ringing of the door bell. He hastily threw up the window and inquiring who was there, recognized the familiar voice of Dr. Crosby, desiring him to dress quickly and to come below, as a dying person wished to see him.

Hurrying on his clothes, he went out of the room, saying, "Go to sleep, Lucy, I shall not probably be gone long."

"Oh! Lucy, how little dost thou realize that never—no, never shalt thou share his couch again!—never see him more!"

During their hasty walk, Dr. Crosby related to his companion all that he knew of his patient; but that was very little; he only knew that she was dying and wished to see a minister. The Rector followed the physician directly to the chamber, where he was impatiently expected.

During the short absence of the doctor Emily had suddenly revived, which the landlady thought a precursor of death. Sister Isa sat on the bed supporting her charge in her arms when they entered. For one moment the poor wife gazed fixedly upon her husband; then with a convulsive start she gave one fearful shriek, while her arms were outstretched toward him, and fell back insensible.

Mr. Ellingwood sprang forward, and with one bound reached the bed; where snatching a candle from the table, he held it so that the light could shine upon her face, when with a joyful, yet terrible cry, "*Oh! my God!—oh! my Emily!*" sank upon his knees overpowered by his emotion!

The doctor thought him insane, and approaching the bed looked earnestly in the face of the poor sufferer; but for a long time could trace no resemblance to his beloved friend. With great anxiety he felt her pulse and administered restoratives, but with indifferent success. She would sometimes revive a little, then with a sob as from a breaking heart, would again sink away.

Her husband held her hand in his while he continued on his knees by her side, and seemed almost overwhelmed with joy. He feared to wake and find it a delusive dream. Could it be that his own Emily, whom for years he had supposed to be an inhabitant of another world, were indeed restored to him? He did not think she would die. Oh! no, she must live! God would not have restored her to take her so soon away. From his inmost soul the prayer was constantly rising, "Blessed Lord, spare her life!—oh! spare her yet a little longer!"

Through the next day Emily remained about the same, but toward evening sank into a deep

sleep, from which it was impossible to rouse her. Mr. Ellingwood had not for one instant left her side. As he conversed readily in Spanish, he soon drew from sister Isa the events of the last three years; but when she informed him of their arrival at Cheswell, of their visit to the cottage of Rosedale, of the discovery which had proved so fatal to her poor Emily, he started to his feet. He for the first time realized the horror of his situation as the husband of two living wives. He thought not of himself—not of Lucy—but of the agony such a discovery must have given Emily. He wept aloud; and the sympathizing woman wept with him. She realized even more fully than he did the trials before him, for she felt that if the poor inanimate form before her was restored to life, she would be lost to him forever.

Dr. Crosby considered this the crisis of her disease. If she awoke refreshed there might be room for hope of her recovery; but if not, she would probably have a short season of consciousness and sink rapidly in death. Isa pointed to her hair, which from being on their arrival slightly sprinkled with grey, was now white as snow. Her afflicted husband sat by her side weeping and praying, while the good sister kept a sponge wet with brandy at her lips. All was silent as death, save the ticking of the watch in the doctor's hand. Every few minutes he held a mirror to her lips to see if she breathed. He evidently thought her dying. At length he pressed a spoonful of wine between her teeth, and finding she could swallow gave her a powerful stimulant, which soon produced a perceptible increase of pulse. From this time she slowly, very slowly recovered, until the doctor joyfully pronounced her out of danger.

The invalid thought herself still in the dungeon. She recognized no one but her dear, kind Isa and Mary, whom she thought was Alice. She lived over again her life in the cell, and her faithful nurse in following the doctor's directions humored all her fancies.

It is time now to turn to Rosedale. The news that Mrs. Ellingwood was alive, had returned, and was now lying at the point of death, spread rapidly through the town, and could not long be kept from the inmates of the cottage. Susan was so overcome with joy that she could not speak, and began to cry heartily. Mary knew not what to think. She was glad, very glad, but her pleasure was not unmixed with pain. She was devotedly attached to her baby brother, and was well aware that if her own mother returned, her step-mother and dear, sweet Charley must leave.

"But Lucy, poor, timid Lucy, what will become of thee? How hard it would be for thy husband to send thee away!"

Lucy Mansfield would not wait to be sent away. No sooner was she convinced that the person supposed to be dying was Mrs. Emily Ellingwood than all her timidity vanished. She was changed at once. She sat down and wrote a letter of several sheets, which in a husky voice she requested Susan to give to Mr. Ellingwood; then with womanly fortitude, taking a small bundle containing a change of clothes for herself and child, she left her sweet home forever. She dared not give herself a moment for thought, but did at once what every true woman would do. Mary ran weeping after her. The bereaved woman turned, laid the baby on the grass, and held the child of her adoption in a long, close embrace, then turning away, said in a voice so full of sorrow that Mary never forgot it, "You will never see me more."

The poor girl returned to the house weeping bitterly, where she was soon joined by Susan, who now realized the dreadful situation of her late mistress, but respected her more than ever for her decision and self-denial.

As soon as Dr. Crosby considered it safe, Emily was removed to the parsonage, where, with Isa and Mary, she occupied her own room fitted up for her convenience as an invalid. Susan related the circumstances of Lucy's departure to Mr. Ellingwood, who at this time had only heard the fact that she was gone. He was much affected, and sighing heavily, he said, "I fear I did wrong in marrying her, entertaining, as I did, only a brotherly affection."

"She only said," replied Susan, "that she thought you would never take her child from her."

Lucy's letter to Mr. Ellingwood was destined to undeceive him in regard to the nature of her affection; for there she poured out all the love which she had heretofore so carefully concealed from him. In concluding her letter, she said, "You will see me no more; farewell, forever farewell!"

In the meantime his domestic trials continued. Emily remained in utter unconsciousness of her present situation. He longed to be able to tell her of the ardent love he bore her; to explain and beg pardon for his seeming forgetfulness. He considered it very doubtful, whether with her sensitive heart she would consent to remain his wife; yet he was determined never to give her up. For a few days he had noticed a change in her manner toward him, and became painfully conscious that he was connected with something

disagreeable in her thoughts. He at length asked sister Isa if she had noticed any such indication, who replied that she had and considered it a very favorable symptom.

Months passed away without any marked improvement in the invalid, though her mental developments were various. At one time she would be rendered frantic by the sight of her husband; then would sink into apathy which alarmed them still more. In the latter state her countenance was almost idiotic.

Dr. Crosby visited her constantly and doubted whether it would not be best for her to be removed to an insane hospital. But Mr. Ellingwood would not listen to it for a moment. He would have the best advice in England. He would spend every cent he had in the world. The parsonage might be converted into a hospital, but she should never leave him; on that point he was decided.

The doctor was alarmed to see him so much agitated, and determined to press the matter no farther. A consultation of eminent physicians was therefore called, who agreed perfectly with Dr. Crosby in his treatment of the case, advising strongly that all excitement should be avoided, as it was commonly succeeded by apathy and stupor, which was far the most alarming symptom of her complaint.

Mary often retired to weep in secret at these sufferings of her mother; and also to mourn over the loss of her dear teacher, as she again called Miss Mansfield. She longed to throw her arms about the neck of this absent friend and tell her she loved her still; and that dear baby brother, the sweet little curly-headed Charley—oh! what would she not give to see him once more.

Poor Susan, whose former attachment to her dear mistress had revived, was now wholly absorbed in her interest for her. One day, when about her household duties, she was singing a hymn; when suddenly it occurred to her that that was Mrs. Ellingwood's favorite air, to whom she had often sung it in years long, long passed. Impelled by her strong feelings, she suddenly left her work, hastened to the nursery, unloosed the long, white hair, which was closely confined under a cap, and as had formerly been her wont when thus employed, began to sing.

For one moment Emily caught her breath, then turning quickly, exclaimed, "Why Susan," in her own rational voice. No one present dared to speak; but Susan, with wonderful presence of mind, said calmly, though she feared her heart would burst it beat so wildly, "Did I hurt you, ma'am? I'm in something of a hurry to get it done before Mr. Ellingwood comes in."

Isa turned pale and shook her head at Susan, as if imploring her not to spoil all by going too far; yet the faithful woman took no notice, but continued, "Well, Mrs. Ellingwood, I'll put on the brown dress to-day," and going to the wardrobe, took from it a dress which had formerly been a favorite one of Emily's, and which had been unpacked from a trunk a few days previous, in order to be repaired for her. This the kind woman assisted her to put on, significantly winking to Mary to go and prepare her father to come in. But presently fearing to trust him to enter, lest he should not understand what had happened, she said, "Mrs. Ellingwood, if you'll just sit there a minute, I'll come back and fix your collar on; now please don't go to moving, you ain't so strong as you used to be."

Emily leaned back in the easy-chair, and her face was so pale that sister Isa feared she would faint; yet there was a natural expression upon it she had not seen for many a day; and she dared not stir for fear of jostling reason from its throne. How great then was her joy, when, turning toward where she sat, Emily said, "Susan is a dear, faithful soul; but, Isa, how came we here?"—putting her hand to her head to quiet its throbbings, as she suddenly perceived she was in her own room.

At this moment Mr. Ellingwood entered, endeavoring to appear calm; but his pale, agitated face betrayed his struggling emotions. The instant that Emily heard his step she started from her chair, and running forward threw herself into his arms, where she fainted from excess of joy. Her husband laid her tenderly upon a couch, but could no longer restrain his feelings. Hastily retiring to his study he poured forth his heart in gratitude to God for this undeserved, unexpected mercy; then quickly returning, found to his unspeakable joy that when his beloved wife awoke, the light of reason beamed from her eyes, and that she recognized all about her.

From this time she rapidly recovered health and strength. The startling discovery she had made through the long window opening upon the balcony seemed altogether obliterated from her memory; and as far as they could learn, she was altogether ignorant that another had ever filled her place.

For a long time the fear that she would suddenly learn this, was a source of constant anxiety to her husband, lest her reason might again be dethroned; but after two years she was so perfectly recovered, and her whole character seemed so softened and subdued by suffering, that he thought it best to tell her his whole history during her absence.

The doctor, however, advised otherwise, and thought the longer he could keep it from her the better, and the less likely would she be to feel it her duty to leave him. With almost any other person it would be different; but with her excessive sensitiveness and high sense of honor the result might be fatal to her happiness, if not to her life.

## CHAPTER VII.

FIVE years had now passed since Emily's return to Cheswell. Sister Isa, for so every one called her, was still a valued member of the family at Rosedale. She visited the sick, comforted the afflicted, and was in the very best sense of the term a Sister of Charity, both in her own character and in the feelings with which she inspired others.

Mary was married and settled near the paternal dwelling. In the course of her education her father had often called to mind the remark of her grandfather, that he had regretted when too late, that he had not educated his daughter's judgment more, and her feeling or impulse less. He had never indulged her in giving way to sudden outbursts of emotion, either joyous or grievous; and he now had the satisfaction of seeing her well settled in life, happy in her social relation, and beloved by all around her.

Susan still continued faithful in all her duties, and rejoicing in the prosperity of her beloved friends; and though she never mentioned Miss Mansfield, or the child who had become so dear to her, she often thought of them, and would willingly have walked a hundred miles to see them once more.

Of Mr. Ellingwood's feelings with regard to them no one could judge, as he never spoke of them; but there were those who believed that the thought of Lucy and his child caused him no small anxiety.

It was ascertained that he having learned that she had left his house, had requested Dr. Crosby to institute a strict search for her; that the doctor had done this, and had soon found that upon leaving Rosedale, Miss Mansfield had gone to the residence of a dear friend in whom she knew she could confide; her father having died during her residence at the parsonage, and having given free vent to her feelings, she sought advice as to the course she should pursue.

"I can never see him again," exclaimed the poor, sobbing woman, "for my own sake as well as for hers I must leave here immediately and forever. He never loved me but as a sister, but I have loved him too well, and now it is sin,"

said she, covering her face with her hands. "Oh! God, help me in this hour of my distress." Her friend at length succeeded in soothing her, and a plan was subsequently arranged whereby Lucy went to India with a brother, who was at that time visiting his native country. This was all that had been known of her; and this only to a very few individuals.

One morning when the post-boy entered, he gave Mr. Ellingwood a letter that had the India mark upon the wrapper; and on looking at it a moment he recognized the writing of Lucy. He tried to appear unmoved; but fearing to attract Emily's attention to himself, he left the room. As he did not return immediately, his wife arose and followed him to the study.

What then was her surprise upon opening the door to see him upon his knees; and while his voice quivered with emotions, he was concluding his prayers in these words, "My God, again I thank Thee for this intelligence which removes a mountain weight from my mind!"

Then hearing a noise and perceiving Emily, he started to his feet and caught her in his arms, and in his joy embraced her tenderly.

"What is this?" asked she, not at all understanding what he could mean.

"My dear Emily," replied he, "I have had a secret for five years; and it has at times almost crushed me, because I could not share it with you. Now I am determined since receiving this letter," continued he, holding it up, "to live so no longer. Are you prepared to hear something very strange? Here, my more than ever loved wife, sit on my knee and listen to many things which occurred while you were absent, and of which you are entirely ignorant."

Emily, pale and trembling, did as he requested; when he opened his whole heart to her, from the beginning of his acquaintance with Lucy; then taking the letter from the table he read thus:

"DEAR AND RESPECTED FRIEND—No doubt you have often wondered what was the fate of Lucy

Mansfield. As I think the information I can now give of myself would be gratifying to you, I gladly embrace the present opportunity to write you. I have been for two years married to an English gentleman residing here, by the name of Woodfield. I became acquainted with him soon after I arrived in India; and he proposed marriage at that time, supposing I was a widow. I told him my true circumstances; and when he still pressed his suit, and wished to adopt dear Charley for his own and educate him for a clergyman, which was the earnest desire of my heart, I freely told him the shock I had received was so great that nought but time could restore me. He expressed himself willing to wait, which he did for two years and a half.

"The sweet precious bud which was unfolding itself so gracefully, was transplanted to the heavenly Paradise just one month after my marriage. Enclosed I send you a lock of his hair, which fell in a curl over his blessed forehead. I have rejoiced sincerely in the recovery of your restored Emily, and thank God that in all your intercourse with me you were frank and honest as to the state of your own heart; otherwise I think the shock would have been fatal to me. But I felt that you only loved me as a sister; and this aided me in conquering my love for you. Now I can say I am truly happy.

"With grateful remembrance to dear Mary and faithful Susan, I remain your sincere friend,  
LUCY W. WOODFIELD."

"P. S. By this vessel I have sent some small tokens to the loved inmates of Rosedale, which they will gratify me by accepting from an old friend.  
L. W. W."

Not one word had Emily spoken until the letter was concluded. Then taking the sweet curl from her husband's hand, her tears fell quick and fast upon it, and with the words "blessed boy," she kissed her husband's forehead and left the room.

## IMPROMPTU.

### ON THE RECEPTION OF PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Highly prized and loved companion,  
Partner of my leisure hours,  
Thou to me art ever welcome,  
As to earth the cooling showers.

On thy fair unspotted pages,  
Love and truth together blend,  
And I ever hail thy coming,  
As some old, congenial friend.

## THE ECONOMY AND ELEGANCE OF DRESS.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

THE art of dressing well "on literally nothing," as some poor souls phrase it, whose purses are not as long as their fancies, is a mystery that but few women out of France can comprehend. Some look like preambulating rainbows in their tawdry finery, whilst others err on the opposite though better side, and remind one of bags of bran meal in the unmitigated plainness of their dress.

You will not be offended with us, dear readers, for a little advice on the subject, will you?

*Of course* it is unnecessary to premise that the hose and skirts—in fact all the under-dress—must be of spotless purity, for every innate lady must see the propriety of that; but let us say a few words about morning dresses.

"It is nothing but a shilling calico, I'll have it made into a loose wrapper, they are so handy," says many a fair dame; and consequently she presents herself to her husband at the breakfast-table in an untidy, awkward-looking thing; probably with dishevelled hair too, for she argues, "Oh! my hair will do well enough with that wrapper;" collarless also it may be, or what is but little better, with a torn, half-soiled one that has formerly figured over a handsome dress, but now bears unmistakable evidence of wear and "baby's" arms.

"But baby crumples up everything so, one cannot dress," say you?

Not so, if you please. We want you to wear nothing but your shilling calico, but have it made neatly to fit that buxom figure of yours. It will cost no more than the wrapper. Supply yourself with some gingham or white plaid muslin aprons; transfer the French work, on the worn-out collar to the "rag-bag," or what is better, to some fine muslin or lace, which you can soon fashion into a new one; and replace it with some plain linen or cambric ones for your morning's wear. Above all have the hair smoothly braided or banded for Mr. — at the breakfast-table, which you took so much pains to brush and curl for Mr. — in the evenings before you were married. Our word for it, good wife, he will think that you are growing younger and prettier than ever.

To daughters and sisters the same advice is most kindly and respectfully urged. You have no "baby" to be the scape-goat of your short

comings. Five minutes earlier rising will give you time to accomplish all the extra labor of a neat toilet, and depend upon it, though a man may scarcely be conscious of the *cause*, a slovenly woman affects him with a feeling of discomfort, very much as a drizzly day or house-cleaning does. And moreover, whatever may be a woman's beauty, amiability or talents, an intelligent observer is sure to think that there is a "screw loose" somewhere, if she is untidy.

But to change the subject. Are your means limited, and are you a *lady of taste*? for if you are, we venture to say that your dress is more becoming, aye, and *stylish* too, than your neighbor Miss Snob's, although she paid fifty dollars for her new silk with its woven flounces, or a hundred for her last winter's mantle. Perhaps you did sigh a little, as you turned over Mrs. —'s last arrival of goods. That gay plaid silk was certainly dazzling, (was it not a little flimsy though?) and the palm stripes of that *de laine* were most oriental in their effect, but believe us, neither of them suited you. Both were too showy, dear friend, if you will let us say so; for you cannot afford to buy half a dozen new dresses this summer, and consequently those which you do get you must wear very frequently; and you should not fatigue the eyes of your friends by parading before them a plaid a quarter of a yard square, or a combination of palm-leaves so intertwined, that they are as intricate as a Chinese puzzle.

That pretty plain silk of yours will *always* be in style, and it is both rich and lady-like. With the extra yard or two, which you bought for a new body and sleeves, or a "clean front breadth," you can alter it next spring, and it will come out then "just as good as new," and when it is wearable no longer in its present state, what a capital quilted skirt or nice linings it will make.

The plaid silk after all was not of an extra quality, (*always* buy a *good* silk) you would have soon tired of anything so showy, and it would not have been nearly so suitable for linings, &c., when you come to cut it up.

Your *de laine* to be sure is not very high-priced, but it is very neat, and what is more, fits you charmingly. There is no objection to the basque, for it is trimmed with only a narrow gimp,

though a watered ribbon would have looked equally well, but is somewhat more expensive.

A dress of that kind is much more convenient closed up the front than if you were obliged to put on a chemisette every time you wear it, and we are glad to see a neat, *durable* button in the place of a silk one or a fancy one, which pulls from the eye the first time it is used. We do not want to flatter you, but indeed you *do* look charming with those clean cambric under-sleeves, and that pretty little collar confined by the knot of rich ribbon.

"I did buy a plaid silk though," you say. Well, but it was an India silk, with the bars so small that at a little distance you could not tell it from a plain one. It is not at all objectionable, for it is not *prononce*. Have it made up prettily, with an open front if you like, for it will be worn as a better dress, and if a chemisette with *good* work on it, is too expensive, buy some silk illusion, fold it *lengthwise*, (*not by any means corner it like a neck-handkerchief*) put it on after the dress, but of course before you fasten it in front, and although it will appear in what old ladies call a "*ruck*," in the back of the neck, spread the front folds out neatly, push those at the back down beneath the dress, and you have a cheap, neat, and very becoming addition to your toilet. A black velvet band of an inch in width around the neck and wrists, (if your under-sleeves are open) will also be an improvement.

Do not look so longingly at that apple-green silk mantilla. It is beautiful, we know, but not suitable for you, for did you not tell us just now that your means were limited, and as that is the case this article has the same objection that the gay, plaid dress has, for it is too showy and frail for *much* use.

Take our advice now and get a *good, rich*, black silk, cut it in any shape you please, that is *becoming to your figure*, and trim it with lace, watered or figured ribbon, put on plain, or a plain ribbon with a pretty edge quilled on; or there are fringes and gimps in endless variety if you prefer them. Let all your materials be *good*, and as long as it is a mantilla it will be handsome; but if you buy a "*wrap*" in light colors, it has always an untidy look as a "*second best*" article. This is for spring or a cool summer day, but if you will look into last month's "*Peterson*" you will see a charming style for a summer mantilla, which can be easily made by yourself at but a trifling expense.

"That love of a bonnet!" yes, yes, we know, for we belong to your sex, and have a great admiration for those "*airy nothings*." Do not buy it though. That miracle of crape, tulle, ribbon,

lace and flowers will be of no use to you. It is too frail for any woman except she can afford to have three or four of the same kind in the season. The colors will fade, the dust has a thousand hiding-places there, and before the summer is over it will look as if it had seen the vicissitudes of three summers instead of one, even with a "*second best*" to save it. Now, there are charming blue, white, or blossom colored "*silk casings*," with only bows of thick ribbon as a trimming, and wreaths of face flowers so natural that it seems one could almost smell them, that, with *care*, will last you the summer through. Or what is more economical still, there is an English straw. Trim it with a heavy, white ribbon, with a satin edge and a bunch of white roses, or some other pretty flowers on the side, and it will be irresistible. Then next season it can be done up as a "*hack*," if you wish it.

Do not think of that lilac and green ribbon for a face trimming, we beseech of you; you will look as sallow as a returned East Indian in those colors. Your complexion is as fair and fresh as a dewy morning; and you have the light colored hair so much prized by the old Italian painters, which looks as if sunbeams were playing hide and seek through it; and perhaps your sisters' is some shades darker, of a rich brown, smooth and glossy; but our word for it, you will both find a blue and white face trimming the most becoming thing possible. You have wisely decided upon a straw bonnet, but your affections are equally divided between the handsome English and the fanciful French ones, I see. You observe how far the face of the bonnet stands up from the head, well that is to allow of the very full inside trimming so fashionable and becoming now. The floods of blonde or illusion with which bonnet faces are filled, interspersed with pretty flowers here and there, or partially concealing a wreath, is a most charming style. Now, make an illusion puffing to go around the inside of your bonnet, and stud it all over with some delicate blue-tinted flowers, taking care *not to let the flowers, but the blonde come next to your hair and face*, and you will see that your hair has a richer color, and your cheek a more delicate bloom than you ever noticed on it before.

That brown-haired sister of yours may also wear blue with equal advantage, or you both will be charming in a delicate blossom colored (not deep pink) flower and ribbon.

Now your friend Miss —, with her *very high color*, can with the greatest advantage wear green or lilac as a face trimming, or bonnet even without the addition of white, but by no means let it approach your face. The grave shades, such



as dove and the various shades of grey, will do for her also. Your other friend, Miss ———, who has so dark a complexion, but with no color in her cheeks, can wear orange, or orange and black, straw color, pink, purple and maize color without fear. Either of your friends would look like frights in blue, and you would appear equally bad in their colors. Neither is lilac suitable for you, and in fact, except in the most delicate tints, it generally makes one look too old.

Select your dresses with the same reference to colors. Black is becoming to every one, exceedingly so to a fair complexion, which it brings out. White is charming for a young girl, or a lady somewhat older, who has still a bloom on her cheek. The mode or dove colors are also suitable for most persons; but with a fair and rather colorless face, there should be bows of blue or rose colored ribbon at the neck to relieve it. The remarks which have been made, as to the colors of bonnets, will also apply to dress.

A very fair lady can wear scarlet better than crimson, though the latter color is the more becoming of the two to a person of dark complexion.

In dark dresses, the various shades of browns, clarets or garnets, and dark blues, are admirable for you, but leave to your darker complexioned, higher colored friends the purples and greens. Neither ought you to wear a large figured dress composed of a great variety of colors, it may be pretty in itself, but you will not look well in it.

As you are of quite the medium, or perhaps

a little above the medium height, and rather slender, you can wear flounces or large plaids, (provided you have a sufficient quantity of dresses, you know.) But your cousin is both short and stout. Dissuade her by all means from those three flounces, or that immense plaid which she has set her heart upon, for she will look as if she was quartered.

You may easily wear that mantilla which is plaited so full on to the yoke, but she should never let anything of the kind come near her shoulders; there should be nothing to break the line from the top of her mantilla to the bottom, and it should set as close to the figure as is consistent with the fulness of the dress.

She must by all means have her skirts plaited at the waist, but if you prefer it, you can wear gathers. Your sleeves can also be somewhat wider than her's, and a profusion of trimming would be more becoming to you.

The present style of arranging the hair, spread out at the sides in bandeaux, is becoming to most faces. The *coiffure a la Eugenie*, where the hair is turned or rolled back entirely from the forehead, is better adapted to a youthful face or very regular features. Ringlets are almost invariably more becoming to blondes than to brunettes, the ringlets *a la Seigne* particularly, where the curls begin high up on the forehead, and increase in length till the lower ones nearly touch the shoulder, should be worn only by persons with very light hair.

## HOT CORN.

BY M. S. WOODFORD.

SISTERS hear my plaintive cry,  
Corn, Hot Corn, oh, will you buy?  
Corn from morn to night I cry,  
Hear, oh, come and buy.

Here I've lingered time so long,  
Heard you not my plaintive song,  
While the busy passing throng  
Heedless pass me by?

See the sinking and the gay  
How they throng the Appian way,  
Life is but a dream, they say,  
While I faint and die.

Will the thoughtless let me die?  
Will the heedless pass me by?  
While from morn to night I cry  
Hot Corn, buy of me.

In my early days of bliss  
I had such a home as this;

Once a father's holy kiss  
Chas'd my cares away.

Evening lingers with delight,  
Bright'ning on the brow of night,  
All around enjoy the sight  
But the poor homeless.

From life's cares and woes oppress'd,  
Had I wings I'd flee to rest,  
To the home of all the blest—  
Home for the homeless.

Passing stranger heed my cry,  
'Tis for bread alone I sigh:  
Give me bread or I must die—  
Help the wanderer.

Soon will cease my vital breath:  
Soon this cheek will pale in death;  
Must I to my latest breath  
Plead in vain for bread?

## ADA LESTER'S SEASON IN NEW YORK.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

### PART IV.

NEW YORK, May 12th.

I FEEL, Maggie, as though I should die if I staid here. Nothing but home can restore me. If you hear of any of our friends in C—— who will be in New York soon, for a few days, tell them I shall be glad of an escort. I dare not write papa to come for me, for fear of alarming my mother and himself.

My friends notice my increasing paleness. Uncle says I am so thoroughly a country girl, that he fears the city air does not agree with me; the rest insist on it that it is because I take so little amusement; and Louise adds triumphantly, that I can see now to what a lady would come, in New York, if she sat moping at home, like a second Dorcas, as I do.

Gertrude and George particularly are very kind. Yesterday at dinner the latter said he had taken seats at the theatre, and that we must all go, but especially myself, as a celebrated *danseuse* was to appear, whom I had never seen. I tried at first to excuse myself; for indeed, Maggie, I do not feel like going out; but George was imperative, and when Gertrude joined her entreaties, looking anxiously at me, I consented.

The curtain had just risen as we took our seats. I determined to appear interested, in return for George's kindness, so I kept my eyes fixed on the stage, though my thoughts were far enough away. At the end of the first piece, which was nothing but a one act comedy, I turned to speak to Gertrude, when to my surprise I saw Horace Blanchard sitting between her and Louise. I started, for he was the last person I expected to see; and I fear I colored also: I felt at least as if I did. Since the night of the music party I have seen but little of him. He comes as rarely as possible to my uncle's, and I suspect would come less frequently, if it was not that he fears to awaken inquiry. Sometimes I am in the drawing-room, and sometimes not; I never go down if I hear he is there; but I never leave it either when he enters. Louise monopolizes the principal share of his conversation; laughs and talks with him; and really has, I begin to suspect, designs on his heart. She will marry him, perhaps. Oh! how false and

hollow, Maggie, this life here is, and how one loathes it.

I cannot altogether understand Mr. Blanchard, however. Frequently, if I happen to look up, I find his eyes fixed on me with a mournful, inquiring gaze. Sometimes, when he is trifling with Louise's work, or carrying on a war of gay *repartee* with her, I think he is more bitter in his wit than formerly. Last night when I turned to Gertrude, he was watching me with that sad, scrutinizing look. In spite of evidence to the contrary, I almost, for the moment, doubted his guilt.

In a short time the bell rung and the curtain rose. The *ballet*, you know, is in pantomime. The story is this. A very young girl is picked up, in some of the mountain passes of Spain, by a band of gipsies and adopted by them. As she grows older, the gipsy chief loves her with all the passion of his passionate race. She, in the meantime, has met with a young French count, in some of her wanderings, and they become enamored of each other. Then comes the gipsy's declaration of his passion, her scornful refusal of it, and his discovery that she loves the count. An enemy of the latter wishes to get him out of the way, so he appeals to the gipsy's jealousy and avarice, and the chief promises to put the count to death. All this the girl discovers, whilst concealed in a room where the conspirators are. The count is to be inveigled there, have a narcotic put into his wine, and whilst asleep to be stabbed. But woman's wit never fails. The count comes in, suspecting nothing. The girl manages to inform her lover of his danger whilst the gipsy's back is turned. By a manœuvre of her's, which makes the gipsy start to his feet and look around, as quick as lightning she changes the wine cups, and the chief drinks off the potion prepared for the count.

Well, Maggie, all this pantomime seemed to tell the story more vividly than words could have done.

When the heroine of the story came on the stage, it was with a bound as light as a fawn's. I can imagine nothing human so graceful. Oh! if I could but describe her dancing. Now she swayed backward and forward with the lightness of a willow branch. Now she rose and fell, rose

and fell silently and dreamily as a fountain by moonlight. Now, all at once, she darted away, circled around and around, and came down again with a low, graceful swoop, like a white sea-bird settling upon the water. For a moment the audience was hushed in admiration; then a deep, long-drawn breath was heard over the whole house; and when this had passed the tempest of applause burst, shaking the theatre with enthusiastic "bravos," and covering the stage with its showers of bouquets.

This is in a dance before the governor of the province, and after it comes the love-making of the chief. The gipsy girl draws herself up in an attitude the most scornful I ever saw; and then, as if the proud woman suddenly dissolved into the wild girl, in the very abandon of mischief she lures the chief on, gliding up to him with airy steps, giving and withdrawing her hand, enticing him till he is again on his knees before her; then with a sudden bound she is off again a few paces from him, standing on tip-toe, and one little foot twinkling in his face, her figure again drawn up in scorn, but her whole countenance running over with mischief.

The scene where she is commanded to dance before the count, in order to lull his suspicions, after he is entrapped into the gipsy's room, comes next. The chief, by mistake, has taken the narcotic, but she is fearful that the gipsy gang will return before he is fairly asleep, so that her lover, in spite of her efforts to save him, will be put to death. You can see the whole agony and expectation now in her countenance and figure as the gipsy becomes slightly drowsy. Her steps keep lightning time with her clattering castanets. She sways backward and forward around the chief, fanning him into a deeper slumber with the waving of her figure, as it were, watching the gradual stupor creeping over him, till he at last sleeps soundly, and then she gives way. Nature can do no more. Her step grows slower and slower, the castanets scarcely clash in her hands, she sinks back, and they fall clattering to the floor.

But her last dance, in which she appears with her lover, in the brilliantly lighted saloon of her uncle, was still more astonishing. I now realized, for the first time, what I had read of Taglioni, and often laughed at as extravagant; for music was never more harmonious than her movements; nor could poetry ever call up more beautiful visions than her speaking face.

No warning was given of her coming. But suddenly, in the midst of a breathless hush, she appeared; her robe of illusion floating around her with its voluminous folds like a rose colored

cloud. She crossed the upper end of the stage with a bound, lighting, like a bird, on the very tip of her little foot; but before one thought her fairly settled she was off again; and now came circling down the stage like a snow-flake softly whirling on the air. The orchestral accompaniment sank into a whisper, as if fearing to break the spell of the dancer. The audience gazed with suspended breath. Involuntarily I leaned forward. She had stopped in front of the foot-lights, and kneeling on one knee, her head thrown swan-like back, her arms swaying around her, she slowly subsided into rest. It was like the dying sound of a horn across evening waters.

The hush was prolonged for a moment; and then, like a crash of thunder, came the applause. The gentlemen rose *en masse*. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs. Bouquets rained on the stage. The house rocked from parquette to ceiling with the clapping of hands, the shouts and the "encores." For an instant there was a lull. All this time the dancer still knelt. But now her head was bowed, and her arms crossed over her breast as if in meek deprecation of this homage. The sight roused the enthusiasm of the spectators to a higher pitch than ever, and the applause burst forth again now absolutely deafening. Oh! it was the grandest sight in the world, Maggie. I fairly shed tears.

When the excitement had subsided a little, I turned to Gertrude again, and once more caught Mr. Blanchard's eyes fixed earnestly on me. I felt my color rise to my temples under his gaze. He seemed embarrassed at being detected, and began immediately to whisper with Louise. But, a minute afterward, when I thoughtlessly looked again, he was watching me anew. I shall never recall that look without thinking he is innocent. And oh! Maggie, what if I have condemned him unjustly.

Yours, ADA.

NEW YORK, May 18th.

FORGIVE my folly, dear Maggie, in writing as I did at the close of my last, for I allowed myself almost to question Mr. Blanchard's guilt. I weep for shame when I recall it.

There is not a shadow of doubt now—not a shadow, Maggie. I have had this morning, with my own eyes, evidence of his crime.

Lately I have been in the habit of rising very early, and taking a walk before breakfast. Sometimes it has been but a short one, and I have returned before the family was up; then again breakfast has been nearly finished before I reached home. This morning I strolled on unconsciously till I reached Union Park. I opened the great iron gates and went in. I suppose

everything looked beautifully. The morning sunshine must have been bright, and the grass green in its young strength; the leaves on the trees must have seemed so happily busy, as they danced and swayed in the breeze. But it all had a sickly look to me. You know the peculiar appearance of Nature, when seen through a smoked glass; well, I feel as if I should always see the world through a smoked glass now. And then the birds singing too! How *can* the little bird sing in such a great city? Their strain was very sad, at least I thought so, and that it was right it should be so.

I was sauntering listlessly along down one of the gravel walks, when I saw, coming toward me, Horace Blanchard walking with Lucy Barclay. There was no way of avoiding them, except by turning back. Suddenly she looked up at me. All this had taken but a moment. Yet in that interval I had realized all her beauty. When I saw her before it was at a comparative distance; but now she was quite close; and moreover was gazing directly at me, as if something in my appearance attracted her attention.

I think I never saw such a face. As fair, and child-like, and innocent as a little babe's. But alas! that sweet mouth was too flexible and tremulous to possess any strength; and the deep blue eyes only looked like pleading. No wonder that Horace Blanchard, with all his fascinations, could sway a girl like that to his will. And no wonder that she believes even yet that he will marry her, and forgives him. Such a one "will love through all things," and die loving.

As they came on they were conversing, and I heard her say to him, "You are *sure* they will receive me?" Oh, Maggie! you should have heard that voice; so low and silvery, and with an indescribably lady-like intonation; but most of all, you should have seen the grateful look with which it was accompanied. How *could* any man have taken advantage of one so trusting? The villain! to still lure her on with false hopes, pretending that he would yet marry her, and that his family would welcome her.

Her companion did not answer, for just then he heard my step, and looked up. Our eyes met. I felt mine flash with indignation. Had my life depended on it I could not have helped it. Mr. Blanchard started, colored, and looked aside in confusion. I scarcely know what followed. But I believe I showed in my face the haughty disdain I felt, for as I passed I glanced at the poor girl beside him; and her bewildered, deprecating, even supplicatory look, haunts me to this moment. I hope she did not think I meant it for her. But I fear she did.

I have been all day since in a state of feverish excitement. It is a relief to write to you. To think that this was the man, who, only night before last, had almost persuaded me, by his demeanor, that he could not be guilty.

Is it right, Maggie, that this poor girl should be allowed still to be juggled by that man's promises, yet no one raise a hand to save her?

God help her! God help me also, and show me what is right. I am so bewildered that I feel as if all judgment and reason had deserted me.

Yours,

ADA.

NEW YORK, May 16th.

I WILL try to be calm, dear, *dearest* Maggie, but I scarcely know how to tell you what I have to say. Let me commence at the beginning.

This morning the girls went up to Lawson's "opening" to select their millinery; and Gertrude, who was waiting for George to accompany us in a drive, came into my room.

"It is a glorious day, and the country must be looking beautifully. I do wish George had asked Mr. Blanchard to go with us," said she.

As I could not reiterate her wish I was silent.

"I really think Horace Blanchard the finest man I know—except my *husband* of course," she continued, after a pause.

"Is he?" said I, in a voice which I vainly endeavored should not be constrained, for I felt that I must say something.

"Yes, and I am astonished that you do not seem to like him more. I should think you would suit each other exactly. Your tastes and opinions are so much alike."

I overturned my work-basket, and the picking up and arranging of my sewing implements, prevented the necessity of my replying.

Gertrude has a vast deal of tact, but I never saw her so pertinacious as she was this morning. She continued,

"Why Ella said that you used to be so intimate with Horace before we came back, and that all at once you behaved so coldly toward him. She hinted vaguely of some story which you had heard of him."

"Did she?" I muttered, not knowing what else to say, and in my agitation trying in vain to thread my needle.

Gertrude was silent again, and arose and walked to the window. I saw that she waited to be questioned, but I had suffered too much to willingly open the wound anew.

"It was about Lucy Barclay, poor thing, I suppose," said she, after awhile.

Her persistence annoyed me, and I made no answer.

"He's not so much to blame as you think," she said, after another pause.

I spoke now, for I was thoroughly angry. To think that *she* too should look upon such a dreadful crime as a light thing. "Pshaw!" said I, and I know my lip curled with all the loathing I felt. "I suppose you mean to say that she seduced him—that it was *her* fault," and before the sentence was completed, my voice was fairly quivering with indignation.

"Ada Lester, you know nothing at all about it," she said, suddenly standing before me, and with her dignified manner, which none can resist.

I was awed for the moment only, then I said hurriedly, "I know more than I wish to, Gertrude. This subject *must* be dropped hereafter, between us." I arose and gathered my sewing materials together, as if to put an end to the conversation. It was growing unbearable.

My companion moved restlessly about the room for a few minutes, then she said,

"I am afraid, Ada, that the 'charity which suffereth long and is kind,' is not a part of your religion. You must hear what I have to say in exculpation of Horace Blanchard."

I was wrought up to a pitch of agony, which was unendurable. "For God's sake, Gertrude," I cried, "why will you torture me so? Do leave me."

"Ada, I *will* not leave you till you hear me," was her reply; and taking my hand, she drew me to her side.

"Lucy, poor thing, is an orphan," she began. "Her father was a humble country clergyman, and died when she was but four years old. Her mother came to the city with her child to obtain work; and among her patrons was Mrs. Blanchard. Poverty and grief soon laid her beside her husband, and in her last moments Mrs. Blanchard promised to take care of the child. Mrs. Blanchard, I think, only intended at first to give her a very plain education, and then apprentice her to some trade, by which she could make a living for herself; but, you know, she has no daughters of her own, and insensibly the beautiful and affectionate child wound herself so around the heart of her patroness, that the good woman determined on a different destiny for her. She gave her all the advantages of an excellent school, made a will, that in case of her death the child would be secured from want, and determined to keep her with her as a companion. Mrs. Blanchard's delicate health made this the more desirable, and Lucy, who was devotedly attached to her adopted mother, sewed for her, read to her, and nursed her most tenderly. Horace and

Lucy grew up meantime almost like brother and sister.

"Last winter was a year, Mrs. Blanchard's illness assumed a more serious form; she was confined entirely to her chamber, and a great deal of the time to her bed. Lucy was her constant and only nurse. Doctor Franklin, who had been her physician for years, was himself ill, and not able to attend her; but his son, also a physician, who was just getting into practice, came in his place. He is a very handsome man, and remarkably agreeable in his manners. Day after day, throughout the whole winter, his visits continued. Lucy was always in the room. It was Lucy who met him at the head of the staircase when he came in; it was Lucy who took his directions with regard to the medicines; it was Lucy who again saw him to the staircase when he departed."

Maggie, I found myself here, leaning eagerly over toward Gertrude, drinking in every word with a wild hope trembling around my heart. Gertrude had paused a moment, then again resumed.

"Mrs. Blanchard grew better toward spring, but her sweet young nurse was becoming paler and thinner every day. Young Franklin was still the physician. Mrs. Blanchard spoke anxiously about Lucy. The doctor recommended fresh air and exercise. This her patroness compelled Lucy to take daily. But alas! she knew not that the poor girl was always accompanied by the physician who had prescribed the remedy. Lucy's sweet face soon bore unmistakable traces of intense mental agony. In vain Mrs. Blanchard questioned her, she only answered with her tears. Thus the spring and summer wore on. Mrs. Blanchard went to her sister's on the Hudson to pass a week. Lucy excused herself from accompanying her as she had heretofore done; and when Mrs. Blanchard returned she was *gone*. She left a wild, incoherent letter, saying she had disgraced one whom she had loved more than a mother, and had gone to hide her misery and shame where none would hear of her. From what could be gathered from words so wild, her struggles had been terrible. But poor, innocent child, her loving heart was no match for the lawless passions of her betrayer. She gave no name, but said he had promised to marry her. Mrs. Blanchard's suspicions immediately fell on young Franklin. A thousand little circumstances, unnoticed at the time, fully confirmed her in this idea. She sent immediately to his office, but he had gone to Europe. Whilst a doubt remained, she dared not worry his father with the story after his own severe illness. Horace, who had

been out in the far West, was hurried home. Every exertion was made to find the poor girl; but with no avail. The servants and neighbors sometimes talked of a pale face and woe-worn figure that glided up and down before Mrs. Blanchard's house at night; but nothing definite could be obtained. Horace went to Europe, and sought out Dr. Franklin, who acknowledged his crime, but refused to marry Lucy——"

I could bear it no longer, Maggie. I had risen and paced the room, some time before; and now I burst into hysteric weeping, and flung myself on the bed. Gertrude left me to myself for awhile; then came and sat down by me and passed her soft hand across my brow. It soothed me like magnetism.

At last she resumed. "Horace's entreaties to young Franklin were in vain. He said he really loved Lucy, but that his family would never receive the humble companion of Mrs. Blanchard as his wife. Horace, you know, returned home in December. In the meantime search was again instituted for Lucy, but again in vain. Young Franklin had positively denied any knowledge of her residence. It was through you, Ada, that she was at last discovered."

"Me?"

"Yes, Horace went one morning to call on Mrs. Richards, and saw Lucy coming out of a house opposite. He crossed over, laid his hand on her shoulder and called her by name. He said she nearly fainted. He went back with her to the house, and eagerly assured the poor girl of his mother's forgiveness. Her only reply when he told her of the search which had been made for her was, 'Oh! if you had only never found me—oh! if you had only never found me.' By degrees he learned that she had gone off to the country, after she had left home, and there eked out the little money she took with her by sewing. Just before her child was born she returned to the city, still supporting herself by her needle. Her baby died. A woman who nursed her said that her grief for it, and her ravings for the father, who had promised to marry her, was terrible. Horace went very frequently to see her, carrying her money and kind messages from his mother, whom she at first utterly refused to see again. But he did more than that. Young Dr. Franklin returned about two weeks ago from Europe. Horace waited upon him immediately, and again proposed his marrying Lucy, and he again refused, saying he still loved her, but could not marry her on account of his family. Horace is as quick to act as to conceive. He took young Franklin by the arm and walked immediately into his father's office. There, to the son's

astonishment, with but little circumlocution, he told Dr. Franklin the whole story. The father is a rigid Presbyterian, and though no doubt it cost his pride some pangs, he did not hesitate as to his duty: young Franklin was commanded to marry Lucy, or else be discarded. The gratitude of the poor girl, I learn, was most painful to witness, and she has behaved beautifully through it all. She refused to see her lover till she was to stand beside him as his wife. Horace prevailed on her a few days ago to see his mother, and she at length consented. It was an ordeal which her timid nature could not endure alone, so he met her yesterday morning, which was to be her first visit, and accompanied her back to Mrs. Blanchard. She is to be privately married at their house in the course of a few days, and leave the city immediately."

I had no tears, Maggie, at the end of Gertrude's recital, but every nerve in my frame was quivering with excitement.

After a few moments Gertrude rose to go, saying she must see if the carriage had come. I suspect it had never been ordered.

I was not satisfied yet. I caught hold of her dress, and gasped out,

"When did you learn all this?"

"I knew the first part of the affair when I was in Europe, and Horace has kept my husband informed of the progress of events since our return; but," said she, with a smile, "I never imagined how important it was that *you* should know the story too till yesterday."

I believe I muttered "What do you mean?" although I suspected that I very well knew.

"Nothing, except that you told the whole thing in a glance to Horace, when you met him with poor Lucy in the park, and he, for the first time, suspected that he was bearing another man's sin. By the way, Ada, I would advise you, as a friend, to learn to wear a fashionable face, and not let it be telling tales on you all the time."

"How do you know I met them in the park?" I faltered out.

"How do I know?" and she laughed gaily, "why didn't he spend half of the day in hunting George up, and when he found him wanted him to leave off giving directions about our new house, in order to coax me to tell you the story somehow! But I had half a mind to give it up a dozen times. I never saw such an impracticable woman as you are. I pity the husband that will get you. And, by the way, Ada, is there any truth in Louise's insinuation that you are engaged to a young lawyer in C——?"

"About as much," answered I, angrily, "as

there was in her adroit confirmation of Horace Blanchard's guilt to me."

Gertrude kissed me, and left the room to look for the apocryphal carriage.

It has been hours since then, Maggie, and I was able to do nothing till I commenced writing to you. I could not quiet myself. I trembled too much to sew, and I could not read. I hardly know how the hours passed. In the midst of happy weeping I have kept murmuring to myself all the time, "He is innocent, he is innocent," as if it was too much bliss. Yours, ADA.

NEW YORK, May 24th.

Mr last letter from New York, dear Maggie, I think, for we shall be with you in a week.

With *uncle's permission* (for mine he seems to take as a matter of course) Mr. Blanchard will accompany us.

You ask if my "usual effrontery sustained me, in my first interview with Horace, after Gertrude's story."

I am obliged to confess that it did not. You know so much, Maggie, that you shall know all now. I had kept my room under the plea of indisposition all day. I think I was never so still in my life as at dinner time. I was in such a happy dream I could not talk. Gertrude and George both kindly shielded me from observation as much as possible, but the latter could not, for the life of him, keep from sending laughing glances across the table at me. That evening happened to be the one on which the girls have their weekly *conversations*, to which about twenty or thirty of their intimate friends always come.

I tried in vain to dress myself. I think there was a dream between every stroke of the hair-brush. I frequently awoke to consciousness to find myself sitting in my sewing-chair, with arms folded, and smiling in my reverie. Don't laugh too much, Maggie, but I tell you it is an absolute truth, that when I was dressed I found I had put on my walking gaiter boots instead of my black satin slippers. I do not know to this moment how they got on, but there they were neatly laced, and my dressing slippers and satin shoes were arranged cosily side by side on the wash-stand. This incident recalled me to myself somewhat, though Gertrude came into my room and said that she had knocked half a dozen times at least and got no answer; but I do not believe her.

After all my heart failed me. I felt as if I *could not* go down stairs and meet Mr. Blanchard. Gertrude coaxed some time in vain, till she put forth one unanswerable argument—"It will be a great deal less embarrassing to meet him thus

than alone." So I slowly followed her down the staircase. I really behaved like a child. I laugh now when I think of it. When we got nearly to the bottom, without stopping to consider, I suddenly turned and rushed up again to my own room. Gertrude came panting and laughing after me. "I couldn't help it," was all my excuse.

"Now, Ada," said Gertrude, still laughing, "I'll just tell you what it is, if you do not go down with me, I'll send Horace up for you."

"Goodness gracious! Gertrude do have a little patience," and with these words I again followed her. The drawing-room was brilliantly lighted and the doors open. As we reached it, I saw groups scattered about gaily talking; but immediately opposite the door was Mr. Blanchard and George earnestly conversing. I could not help shrinking behind Gertrude, and a little to one side. Mr. Blanchard looked up, saw her, and anxiously scanned her face; I suppose she telegraphed back favorably, for his whole countenance lighted up, and his quick glance darted past her to where I stood. Then he came forward, and half frankly, half hesitatingly, took my hand. Censorious people, dear Maggie, might have said that he retained it longer than was absolutely necessary, but I had not the heart to find fault with it. This seemed to satisfy him, and he was too considerate to increase my agitation, which I knew he saw, by addressing a word to me except on ordinary subjects in the presence of others. But I felt him hovering near me all the evening. Only as he was taking leave, whilst the others were busily talking, he bent down his head and whispered, "Are we friends now, Ada?" I do not believe I said a word in reply, but I judged by his face that he was quite contented, for all.

The next morning, Gertrude produced a German song from some mysterious, unpacked trunk, which she could not learn without I played the accompaniment for her; at least so she said.

We had been at the piano but a short time, when I heard the hall bell ring. I played falsely in my trepidation, and then stopped altogether. Gertrude went on rolling out the horrible gutturals with the utmost coolness, giving me a *punch* in the shoulder, with a "Why don't you go on?" I played away vigorously again, and by the time Mr. Blanchard entered the parlor, was "going on" with as much energy and as bad time as Gertrude could wish. She greeted Mr. Blanchard warmly, but I was too much occupied to do more than bow. Horace drew a chair up to the piano, and as my cousin stopped the song, I of course

was obliged to stop the accompaniment. I was beginning to feel entirely unembarrassed, when George came to the door with "How do, Blanchard? My patience, Gertrude, I believe you are like all the women, never ready. It is time now we were off to look at that furniture, and you promised to stop at Thompsons for the girls. I'll be back for you in fifteen minutes if you can be ready."

The trepidation of the previous night seized me again. I involuntarily turned around on the piano stool, and seized Gertrude's dress as she arose to go, and my next impulse was to follow her. Just then I happened to catch Mr. Blanchard's laughing eye and amused expression of countenance, and—will you believe it, Maggie?—I burst into a hearty fit of laughter, somewhat nervous, to be sure, from sympathy. I returned to the piano again as my only resource, and played away vigorously. Presently he laid his hand on mine and said, "When you have finished that intricate piece of music, Ada, I would like to speak with you." As he did not release my hand, I, of course, was obliged to stop playing, only striking a key now and then with one of my fingers.

"Would you consider the proposal made to you, some weeks ago, an insult now, Ada?" he asked, after a pause.

Had my life depended on it I could not have spoken. He clasped my hand more closely as he resumed, "I would not have given up so soon then, believe me, had I not been led to believe, through Miss Hinton, that you were already engaged. But I could not help thinking that you loved me, sometimes, in spite of that. Do you?"

I was saved the necessity, dear Maggie, of acknowledging the *degrading fact*, by hearing George enter the front door, and Gertrude descend the staircase. I sprang to the window to see the carriage drive off, and Mr. Blanchard must have had some curiosity on the subject also, for he followed me. I do not think I felt or looked like fainting, but Mr. Blanchard seemed to consider it necessary to lead me to the sofa, from which he did not release me till uncle's key was heard in the hall door.

"Hey! what's the matter, Ada?" asked the good man, in astonishment, as I rushed past him and up the staircase; but I did not think it worth while to stop, for Horace had promised to explain it all.

You cannot tell how I dreaded the ordeal of the dinner-table. I knew I should have to undergo my uncle's raillery, and something more from Louise.

"Ho, ho!" was the greeting, as I entered the dining-room somewhat late. Every eye was turned upon me except George's and Gertrude's. "Ho, ho! so you're going to take a New York husband after all, you puss! Well, I am heartily glad, for your mother can't say now that I didn't do my duty by you. You couldn't have got a finer fellow if you had tried. I've given my permission."

I involuntarily glanced at Louise. She was perfectly livid, and her great, black eyes fairly snapped with anger. Had she really loved Horace, Maggie, I should have felt truly sorry that I was disappointing her, but I think I understand her too well now not to know that it was his fortune and position, and not himself that she coveted; and that her feelings toward me are those of envy rather than jealousy.

I despatched a letter that very night to mamma; and Horace and uncle both wrote to papa by the same post, I believe.

Yesterday I received a most beautiful, affectionate note from Mrs. Blanchard, asking me if I would not lay aside formality, and come to see her before I left the city, as she was too much of an invalid to call on me. It was accompanied by an exquisite bouquet of hyacinths and roses.

Of course I consented, and Horace called for me this morning. I never felt so anxious about my appearance in my life, Maggie, nor such a wish to make a good impression.

"Here, mother, is the daughter I am going to bring you," said Horace, as we entered the room.

"I *know* that I shall love her very much," was the kind reply, accompanied by a kiss.

I felt at ease in a moment, and never passed a pleasanter hour than in that sick chamber. Mrs. Blanchard seems to be such a cheerful Christian, and such an intelligent woman, that one *must* love her.

Now, Maggie, do not laugh at me, and ask where the "smoked glass" is now; I acknowledge that I see everything through a most absurdly bright *couleur de rose* medium; but it is much the pleasantest, I assure you.

In a week I hope to see you.

Ever yours, ADA.

P. S. Ella, the witch, vows she is going to be bride's-maid, to which I have consented, promising that it must be second to your charming self, dear Maggie.

C—, September 20th.

DEAR MOTHER—Ada and Horace left this morning on their bridal tour, and after the excitement of the wedding the house looks desolate enough, I assure you. One can scarcely realize



that these drawing-rooms, with their faded flowers and falling evergreens, were the scene only last night of so much gaiety and life. I really think that half of C—— was crowded into the house, or rather in the house and piazzas; for fortunately the evening was delightful, and the greater part of the younger portion of the company preferred the brilliant moonlight and fresh air to the solar lights and warm rooms.

Ada strenuously objected to all this parade at first, but her friend Maggie Hazleton and Ella nearly broke their hearts at the idea of a private wedding, when they were to look so charming, and Mrs. Lester said, that as Ada was going away to live, she thought it would be the easiest and most gratifying way to most of her acquaintance in C—— to bid them farewell in this manner.

Ada at last yielded, for she was too thoroughly happy to think that anything of the kind can make much difference to her.

I suppose that I could not convince yourself and Louise, who are even yet in all the excitement of Newport beaux and belles, of the very delightful season which we have spent here. Ella puts on a long face when New York is mentioned.

Now I do not know whether young Hazleton, Maggie's brother, has anything to do with it, but I think if he was to ask her to laugh away life with him, (it seems to be the natural disposition of both) that no one would reasonably object to the proposal.

The society in C—— is delightful. Very much above the ordinary level in point of intelligence, and the Lesters, not only from Mr. Lester's standing as a lawyer, but for their own merits, are at the head of it.

But you said you wanted to know about the wedding, and I am telling you everything but that.

Maggie, Ella and ourselves were all day yesterday hanging the parlors with evergreens and flowers, the latter of which were most bountifully supplied by Ada's friends. I think every garden in C——, belonging to high or low, added something as a parting token to a universal favorite.

The rooms looked beautifully, I assure you.

The marriage took place at seven o'clock, and none but the family and most intimate friends were invited. At eight o'clock the other guests came pouring in. One large room up stairs was cleared for dancing, and every foot of the floor was occupied till after eleven o'clock by nimble feet flying around to the music.

The people of C—— seem to think that they assemble together for something else beside eat-

ing and drinking, for though the dining-room was thrown open, and the table bountifully spread with cake, wine, creams, and other things more substantial, it was never crowded as we see the tables at parties in New York.

Good Mrs. Richards seemed perfectly ubiquitous, but most in her glory in the dining-room, where she presided over the coffee-urn with gracious dignity. She occupies a comfortable room in a pleasant part of C——, and has as much sewing as she can do, for which she is *well* paid. Her devotion and gratitude to Ada is almost unbounded.

But I have forgotten about the bride's dress, the last thing to be neglected, I know. It was of a plain white silk, rich and heavy, without ornament of any kind, except a *bouquet de corsage* of orange flowers and clematis. A wreath of the same flowers fastened the superb Brussels lace veil, which you sent to Ada, on her head. Horace gave her a superb set of diamonds and pearls, but she would not wear a particle of jewelry. Mrs. Blanchard has given as a bridal present a crimson camel's-hair shawl, that will make half of the "upper ten" gnaw their lips with envy.

As to father's pile of bank bills, I suspect that most of them will be left in C—— in the shape of comforts for some of Ada's poor charges. She has certainly received no present which has given her so much pleasure, for in this way she has been fully enabled to gratify her native-born benevolence.

George and myself will leave in a few days for New York. I am anxious now that our home is ready to get into it. As to the bridal party, there is no knowing when they will return, not before the latter part of October, I suppose. They all went off in high spirits, though Horace and Ada seemed to think that it would be a formidable piece of work to keep three such turbulent spirits as Ella's, Maggie's, and young Hazleton's in order. Maggie Hazleton is to spend the winter with Ada.

It seems that Mrs. Blanchard has refurnished the house entirely in magnificent style, reserving but two rooms for herself with their old-fashioned furniture. This troubles Ada exceedingly, who cares a great deal more for her mother-in-law's love and comfort than for rosewood and brocattelle, but Horace said that Mrs. Blanchard would not listen to his representations on the subject, so he was obliged to give up.

I suppose we shall not see you till after the fancy ball is over, though I should think the sea breezes rather cool now.

What is the rumor about Louise's flirtation with that fellow who styles himself the Count

de Monthin? George declares that from the description, he is sure that he is the same man whom he saw on the steps of the "St. Nicholas" just before we left home, and who was a barber in the *rue de Richelieu* at Paris, and a most expert thrower of "the bones."

I am, dear mother, your affectionate daughter,  
GERTRUDE HINTON.

## ICE FAIRIES.

BY PHILA A. EARLE.

In their icy-pearled boats gleaming,  
All ice-gemmed and spangled o'er,  
Came from fairy-land the fairies,  
Wielding light each crystal oar;  
They have passed with noiseless footsteps,  
By the dreamy streamlet's side,  
In their snow-white robes all gliding,  
They have lingered it beside.

They have waved their icy sceptres  
O'er each leaping little rill,  
O'er the brooklets that are gushing  
From each mountain side and hill;  
They have shed their icy tear-drops  
On the rocks o'erhanging eaves—  
And upon the hazel bushes  
Every tear a jewel leaves.

By the stream the crispy leaflets  
Are bespangled as with gems,  
As if pearls had fallen 'mong them,  
Wreathing all the leafless stems.  
On the trees the snowy fairies,  
Have their frosty mantles hung  
With their icicled, white fingers—  
While o'er all their smiles are flung.

They have traced with wands so magic,  
Glimpses on the window-pane  
Of the Eden-land of beauty,  
Where there's never grief or pain;  
When these visions pure are silvered  
By the moonbeams soft and bright,  
Like, it seems, to rays of glory  
That enwrap the world of light.

## MUSINGS.

BY ANNIE GRAY.

THERE are soft voices down the woodland steep,  
Glad hymnings on the orchard's breezy spray,  
And life is thrilling like a fountain's leap  
To the light chorus of earth's holiday.

Oh! many hearts are full of earnest hope  
Throbbing swift measures to a music deep,  
And youth with fervent brow now turns to grope  
The dream-land where its glorious visions sleep.

We swell the notes of joy with warm, proud hands,  
We echo back the songs our comrades sing,

Like weary travellers o'er Arabian sands  
We gladly circle each enchanted Spring!

These are sweet waters; will their fountains fail  
When we are weary on life's sloping years,  
When Love's soft hands are ashen, and the gale  
Sends a low cry alone to calm our tears?

No, no! The Autumn rich in golden light  
And Faith's high lore, and Memory's dreams will  
come,  
While Hope serene shall quiver round the height  
Where slanting sunbeams point our harvest-home!

## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

GUARDIAN angels! do we doubt them?  
Night by night, and day by day,  
Could we guide our steps without them  
Where would wav'ring fancy sway?  
Ev'ry noble thought that's spoken,  
Ev'ry smile, and ev'ry sigh,  
Are they not a sign—a token  
That some guardian angel's by?

Guardian angels, hovering o'er us,  
Keep the soul, in mercy, pure;  
Had we not bright hope before us,  
Could we this frail world endure?  
Then, be sure, that ever near us  
Voices come from forms unseen,  
Breathed by voices sent to cheer us—  
Watching earth and Heav'n between!

## A CHAPTER ON GOLD FISH.

BY MRS. ANNA WHARTON.

GOLD and silver fish, though slightly different in color, are identically of the same species, being a variety of the *cyprinidæ*, or carp tribe, and are known to naturalists as the *cyprinus auratus*—golden carp—of Linneus. Originally natives of China, they were first imported into England, and thence into this country.

The extreme elegance of form of the gold fishes, the splendor of their scaly covering, the ease and agility of their movements, and the facility with which they may be kept alive in very small vessels, place them in the first class of our most pleasing and desirable domestic pets. They even recommend themselves by another agreeable quality—that of appearing to entertain an affection, not only for their keeper, but also for each other. Mr. Jesse, in his most interesting “Gleanings on Natural History,” informs us that a lady who kept two of these fishes in a glass globe gave one away to a friend, and that the other immediately refused to eat, and showed other evident symptoms of unhappiness, until its companion was restored, when it frisked about its glass prison, apparently in the highest of glee and good spirits.

Indeed few objects can be more ornamental or amusing than a glass globe containing gold fish. The double refractions of the glass and water represent them, when in motion, in a most beautiful variety of sizes, shades, and colors, while the two mediums, glass and water, assisted by the concavo-convex form of the vessel, magnify and distort them; besides, we have the gratification of introducing another element and its beautiful inhabitants into our very parlors and drawing-rooms.

Though gold fish are seen to the greatest advantage when kept in glass globes, yet we regret to be compelled to say that they are very unsuitable dwellings for them. Just let us consider for a moment the conditions which are absolutely necessary for the health and even the existence of fish, and we will find that a glass globe, however beautiful they may appear in it, is one of the most inappropriate of vessels for keeping them in. In the first place, they require abundance of air. Now, scarcely any other shape than a globular one contains so much water with so little exposure to the air. Fish, too, require

shade, not when we choose to give it to them, but when they feel the want of it; and it need scarcely be observed that all day long a glass globe is in a blaze of light. Still more, the water in a globe must be daily changed, consequently the fish must be lifted out either by the hand or a small net; and it is almost impossible, however careful we may be, to handle or net these delicate, little, struggling creatures without injuring them, at one time or another. Where there can be a contrivance made for letting a flow of water, be it ever so small, say a drop a minute, in and out of the vessel containing the fish, the water will not require to be changed; and a small water plant, say the very curious *vallisneria spiralis*, would afford the required shade.

But as a globe will be ever the most popular domicile for these fishes, we shall give a few directions respecting how they should be treated in it. When purchasing a globe procure as wide-mouthed a one as possible, and subsequently never let it be more than three parts full of water. By these means you will secure as much air for the fish as is possible under the circumstances. Keep the globe also in the most airy part of the room, never letting it be in the sun, nor near the fire. Change the water daily, and handle the fish tenderly when doing so. Some persons, when changing, use a small net, some the hand—we cannot say which is the best, but would advise our readers to use that which they may find the handiest. Never give the fish any food, all they require when in a globe is plenty of fresh air and fresh water—they will derive sufficient nutriment from the animalculæ contained in the water. Numbers of people kill their gold fish by giving them bread. Now, we do not deny that bread is good for gold fish, and that they will eat it, but the uneaten crumbs immediately get sour and deteriorate the water, to the great injury of the fish. One hint more: if, on getting up in the morning, you find a fish missing, and can discover no traces of it, you must not conclude that it has taken wings to itself and flown away, but that the cat has hooked it out with her claws and eaten it. Not that pussy hated wet feet less, but that she loved fresh fish more.

Two diseases, being the most frequent, may be

pointed out as the principal ills which it is the lot of gold fish to be heirs to. Sometimes a fish seems less lively than usual, and on a close inspection will have a sort of mealy look, and, in a day or two, this mealiness will turn out to be a parasitical fungus. We have heard of several remedies for this very mysterious disease, but never found any of them of the slightest use. There is absolutely nothing for it but to take the fish, at the first appearance of the disease, and throw it away, for it will not recover, and it will infect the others, and thus destroy the whole stock. We would, however, advise the inexperienced gold fish keeper, whenever a fish seems unhealthy, to place it by itself for a few days, he will then see whether the fungus makes its appearance; if not, the fish may recover, and be returned to the globe.

The other disease is apparently an affection of the air-bladder, arising from being supplied with too little air. We have found fish recover from it when removed from the globe and placed in a pond. When under the influence of this disease the fish swims sideways, with its body bent as if its back were broken, and in a short time dies. Whenever those symptoms are observed, the fish should be placed in a large tube of water, and a small stream of water allowed to drop into it; the water, through dropping, becomes more aerated, and the fish, thus receiving an abundant supply of air, will frequently recover.

## OTHER DAYS.

BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE.

In memory's mellowing glass I gaze,  
And mirrored there are other days;  
The sound of which has passed away,  
Fraught as it was with melody.

In stranger lands I wander now,  
And other breezes fan my brow—  
Than when a child—I felt their breath,  
Their under-tone sings now of death!

Sings of bright hopes that passed away,  
Sings of fair scenes that faded lay—  
Sings of loved friends whose funeral bell  
Still echoes to me its parting knell.

These Southern skies are not as blue;  
These foreign flowers have not the hue  
Of childhood's roses—bright and gay—  
Which once quite thornless strewed my way.

I oftimes sweep my fingers o'er  
My silent harp—to hear once more  
The music of that early lay,  
Which once I sang in life's young day.

Alas! 'tis vain, tuneless each string,  
Its jarring notes with discord ring;  
And weary—I then stop to weep  
O'er hopes that in the bright past sleep.

## CLARA COTTERILL.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

The Summer dew was falling fast  
On meads and leafy bowers!  
The grass like gems—like diadems  
Of glory shone the flowers.  
The grass might grow, the flowers might blow,  
And sweetest dews might fall,  
But gentle Clara Cotterill  
Was sweeter than them all;  
And oh, for Clara Cotterill,  
I'd give my life, my all.

The morning's early dawn was dear,  
Day's prime was dearer still;  
But dearest was the gloaming grey,  
Beside the whispering rill.  
Beside the rill above the mill,

Beneath the birchen tree,  
Where charming Clara Cotterill  
Gave hand and heart to me,  
And oh, to Clara Cotterill  
I'll never faithless be.

I ever love the Summer time,  
In forest, glen, or grove,  
For sunny Summer brought to me  
A Summer tide of love.  
And now, when Autumn's ripened fruit  
Hangs heavy on the bough,  
My darling Clara Cotterill,  
Life's sweetest fruit art thou;  
My own, my Clara Cotterill,  
My wife—my life art thou.

## THE FIRST PARTY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

FOR weeks the house of Brellington, root and branch, had been in earnest consultation over the "coming out" of the only daughter. They were an important family—important in themselves and in their influential connections; and it seemed strange that an important, consequential-looking woman like Mrs. Brellington should be called "mother" by such a delicate snow-drop as Ella.

The Brellingtons, with their city palace and all proper appurtenances, were at the head of the very elite; and Mr. Brellington was the leading member of a clique of choice spirits endowed with too much intellect and soul for the aimless character of mere fashionable men. Ella Brellington, therefore, could not "begin the world" under more favorable auspices. But *is was* provoking, as her mother thought, that the child should be so thoroughly a child, and so obstinately indifferent to the triumphs that awaited her. Mrs. Brellington had in her younger days been a reigning belle—*was* a belle still; but she was quite willing to resign her throne to the youthful beauty who now engaged all her hopes and plans.

It was so unfortunate, though, that Ella should have no particular "style." Mrs. Brellington's characteristics had been expressed by the terms "magnificent," "distingue," "queen-like;" but Ella was neither haughty-looking nor hoydenish-looking—she was neither a romp nor an icicle; but simply a bright, enthusiastic girl, who was sometimes in gay spirits and sometimes in dull ones, and who would never have distinguished herself as an actress from her incapacity of maintaining the same *role* for any length of time.

Mrs. Brellington was in despair; just as the drooping eyelids and sweet sadness had made her an Ophelia, a gay, mocking expression and laughing eyes transformed her into a Rosalind—then came the noble countenance of Portia, and the reckless, defying Beatrice. That lovely young face was a perfect kaleidoscope of expressions, and Mrs. Brellington was sadly afraid that her only daughter would fail of making a sensation.

The proud father, however, was delighted that his rosebud preferred the subdued light of home to the glare of fashionable assemblies; and the two spent many pleasant hours in the library—hours that should have been employed by Ella in

listening to her mother's instructions. But lately these conferences had been interrupted; one might have supposed that Mrs. Hauteville's party was the only one that would ever be given—that it would enjoy as melancholy a distinction as the last rose of summer; and Ella raised her violet eyes until they were perfect notes of interrogation, when her mother impressively observed:

"Recollect that on this, your first appearance in 'the world,' depends everything."

"Don't recollect any such thing!" exclaimed her father, "upon this 'first appearance' depends nothing but the certainty of your having more beaux than you can possibly talk to, and hearing more nonsense than you can possibly understand. And now let us take a visit to the bowling-alley—you look fairly bleached for want of exercise."

The next moment they were flying down the path, and Mrs. Brellington watched Ella's glowing face and disordered hair with a conviction that her praiseworthy efforts in that daughter's behalf were entirely wasted.

The important evening arrived, and Ella was placed under the hands of the French maid hours before it was necessary. Upon the subject of her toilet all had had something to say; and yet such was Mrs. Brellington's tact that none felt offended at the rejection of their proposals.

There was Miss Jerusha Brellington, a rich, spinster aunt of Mr. Brellington's, who was a perfect terror to her relations from a habit of hunting up causes of offence and making a fresh will at least once a week. She had lost a lover in her younger days, by testing the strength of his affection in various unique ways that have not transpired. This lady, having produced a thick, brocade silk, that fairly stood alone from its very richness, with some magnificent old lace, that looked as though it had just been baptized in coffee, "took the chair" and held forth upon the mighty things that had been done by herself in that snuff colored brocade. She concluded by observing, in a manner that expressed her conviction of being accommodating to a fault, that "she would allow the dress to be taken in for Ella, and, perhaps, *modernized a little!*"

Ella's tip-toe height was only an inch above five feet, and her two arms would scarcely fill one ample sleeve of Miss Jerusha's dress; therefore

she laughed in the very face of her scandalized aunt in uncontrollable merriment.

Mrs. Brellington would as soon have equipped the pretty debutante in one of her drawing-room curtains, but she wisely remembered that the self-important spinster had property to "give and bequeath;" so she laid her hand on Miss Jerusha's shoulder, and looking down into her face, with an expression that seemed to be saying: "You generous woman!" she replied, in the most grateful of voices.

"Dear aunt, this is really *too* kind!"

"Don't mention it," said Miss Jerusha, looking as though her niece *ought* to be too full for utterance.

"We all know how *much* you prize that elegant dress——" Miss Jerusha turned it over and regarded it affectionately, "but even *my* partiality cannot consider Ella as suitably attired in any dress that has been graced by *you*."

Miss Jerusha looked reflective, and encountered her niece's eyes in the mirror.

"We all know what *you* must have been in that dress," proceeded Mrs. Brellington, in a touching manner, "you have kindly given us a description of your appearance, thus attired—and do not, my dear aunt, for one moment imagine that we cannot appreciate you without such sacrifices. Believe me that I shall be far better satisfied with Ella in a toilet more adapted to her humbler charms than if she were attired with the unworthy attempt of aping that which is so far above her."

Miss Jerusha looked triumphant, as she departed with the treasured brocade; and that very evening she remade her will in favor of "her dear niece, Sarah Brellington."

The next attack came from grandmother Brellington. The old lady had set her heart upon seeing Ella decked in a pair of pearl ear-rings, a garnet necklace, and a brooch of turquoise and diamonds. The articles were exquisite in the fashion of a bye-gone time; but Mrs. Brellington, who had a nervous horror of things that didn't match, adroitly replied:

"We really do not deserve so much kindness! But, my dear madam, you must not tempt me with a sight of these beautiful ornaments, for Ella is such a careless little thing that I cannot allow her to wear them. Think how I should feel if she returned without that exquisite brooch, or if the drop of one of those lovely ear-rings should be missing!"

Grandmother looked frightened; they were too valuable to be lost, and she hastily replaced them in their cases—saying, as she did so:

"Well, well—we must try to console the child for her disappointment."

But Ella was not even aware of the existence of the ornaments, for during the discussion she had been deeply absorbed in the pages of "Henilworth."

She certainly *was* a strange child; and so thought her mother as she entered her room on the night preceding that eventful evening. The apartment had been furnished by a mother who was both able and anxious to gratify every fancy of a beloved child; and articles of beauty were grouped around in charming confusion.

Ella was asleep; and Mrs. Brellington approached the richly carved bedstead with its pink and white draperies, and stood watching the slumberer, as she had often watched in bye-gone years. She glanced at the small, white hand that rested on the counterpane, and started at the sight of a slender ring of gold, in which was set a small ruby heart. She had never seen the ring before—who could have given it to her? It looked most suspiciously like a *gage d'amour*, but it might prove nothing more alarming than a *gage d'amitie*. "Some school girl token, I suppose," thought the watchful mother; but she determined to question Ella upon the subject.

The next morning Ella blushed and hesitated beneath her mother's searching glance; but at length she replied:

"I have had it for some time—I got it at aunt Sarah's."

"Did aunt Sarah give it to you?" continued Mrs. Brellington.

"Please don't ask me now, dear mother!" replied Ella, in great distress, "I will tell you all about it to-morrow."

Mrs. Brellington was anxious to hear the whole story at once; but Ella coaxed, and the wary mother, reflecting that "a scene" might materially interfere with her hopes and expectations for the evening, prudently dropped the subject for the present.

Poor Ella! It was with a heavy heart that she surveyed the party preparations; and while trying on her wreath, her busy thoughts conjured up a background of grand, old trees and summer skies—and another hand than hers twined wreaths of violets gathered beside the old brook. For in her heart the poor child carried a secret that had not even been unfolded to her indulgent father; a something would rise up to choke her on the very eve of an unuttered confession. So all that day she roamed vaguely through the house; and when her eye fell upon the ruby heart, her own grew heavy.

Years ago, when Ella Brellington was a sickly, half neglected child, she had been confided to the care of Mrs. Brellington's aunt—a kind-hearted,

energetic woman, who would now-a-days be termed "strong-minded," from the fact of managing her own farm. After a short sojourn at "aunt Sarah's," it would scarcely have been possible to identify the delicate child with the rosy romp who delighted to climb fences, swing on gates, and do everything else not usually found in books of etiquette for girls.

Ella's rapid progress in such accomplishments was doubtless owing to her boy-companion, Lindley Mellwood, who seemed to have taken root at aunt Sarah's before the young lady's arrival. He was the orphan child of a much-lamented friend; and aunt Sarah insisted upon his making her house his home. Lindley remained in obedience to her wishes; but having a more than common share of enthusiasm and love of adventure, he determined, before long, to carve out his own way.

The little, bright-eyed Ella soon mingled with his dreams—and while the child sat playing with the daisies and buttercups, he loved to picture her in all the graces of beautiful womanhood—they two setting forth, hand in hand, upon the pilgrimage of life.

Lindley was very much given to repeating poetry; and while indulging such visions, he was sure to think of those beautiful lines of Longfellow's:

"Not as a *child* shall we again behold her,  
For when, with rapture wild,  
In our embraces we again unfold her,  
She will not be a child!

But a fair maiden in her father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace,  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,  
Shall we behold her face!"

One day, when Ella was about fourteen, her mother suddenly remembered her existence—a circumstance nearly forgotten in Mrs. Brellington's unending round of gayeties—and the absent daughter was forthwith recalled. Lindley had before this departed "to seek his fortune," as the fairy tales say; but there had been quite a scene in the old grape-arbor—and Ella emerged from the interview the possessor of the ruby heart, which she had purchased at the price of her own.

Aunt Sarah yielded up her charge, little deeming that "the baby," as she still called her, had had the audacity to become *engaged*; and Mrs. Brellington received her without a doubt that, except in the matter of health and the natural change effected in five years, she was in all respects the daughter whom one of aunt Sarah's country neighbors had pronounced her "too lazy to raise."

This was the episode in the young life of Ella

Brellington that threatened to cloud all her future days.

Mrs. Brellington, though a skilful manœuvrer, was foiled in her turn. She had determined that Ella's first appearance should at least be characterized by magnificence; and for this desirable end she had procured an elegant white satin dress, brocaded with silver, and had her own rich diamonds splendidly reset; but papa declared that "he would not have his perfect little piece of statuary overloaded in this heavy style." So he and Ella put their heads together and between them composed a dress which Mrs. Brellington at once vetoed as "romantic-looking."

But papa persevered, and Ella entreated; and with considerable reluctance the French assistant arranged the folds of lace beneath which glistened the satin under-skirt. Bouquets of violets looped up the over-dress, and one purple cluster fastened the folds of lace at the bosom; while a wreath of the same contrasted prettily with the golden colored hair of the wearer. Even the disappointed mother acknowledged to herself that the smiling, young party-goer looked wondrously lovely; while papa contemplated her dress with rapture, as entirely his own work—although, had Ella followed his directions *implicitly*, her appearance would have been decidedly unique.

Mrs. Brellington had, unfortunately, injured her foot in a manner that prevented her from using it; and after watching and tending it in vain for Mrs. Hauteville's party, she was reluctantly obliged to consign Ella to the care of another chaperone. Mr. Brellington was to accompany his daughter; and in the dressing-room they were to meet an old friend of mamma's who was delighted to usher in the radiance of this new star.

Ella, beautiful as a dream, or the genius of spring, as she sat there decked with violets, thought sadly of the morrow's confession and scarcely raised her eyes to the many faces in the room—the property of various relatives who had assembled to pronounce their judgement upon her appearance.

Aunt Jerusha kindly observed that "she would *pass*"—and then reflected what a splendid change would have been produced by the snuff-colored brocade. Grandmother Brellington thought that she "really did very well," but sighed as she remembered the beauties of her own day, and how they had degenerated; "*then*, a person must really *deserve* the distinction of belle-ship—*now*, a *little* beauty, a great deal of brass, a fantastic style of dress, and numerous unmeaning airs and graces did the thing at once."

Other less important judges were enraptured with the fair vision who sat absorbed in a silent

contemplation of her bouquet; and Mr. Brellington, after surveying her from all points of view, observed in a tone half earnest, half ironical.

"Your *first party*, Ella! Your first introduction to the gay world—I think that is the phrase—and to friends who will commence their good offices by criticising your dress, disapproving your style, and insinuating that the diffidence of the debutante is, doubtless, the skill of the practised tactician."

"But I am wrong," he added, as his face resumed its pleasant expression, "to give you this 'peep behind the scenes,' when more agreeable thoughts might occupy our hour of waiting. I was just thinking of my 'first party,' and the rather original ideas which, at that tender age, I attached to merry-makings. I was then just fourteen; and was to have the honor of accompanying my sister, two years older, in the character of beau. I had been dressed for some time; and impatiently perambulating up and down, as I beheld one curl after another slowly emerge from its paper-chrysalis, I began to fear that my companion never *would* be presentable, and I exclaimed at length:

"Oh! sister! *Do* make haste! The party will certainly be *in* before we get there!"

"Whether I had visions of a demolished supper-table—expecting the first arrivals to make a hungry descent upon the viands—or whether I was tormented by the apparition of a room full of dancers, and no resting-place for the soles of *our* feet, I do not remember; but my appeal, instead of hastening matters, proved fatal to the already arranged curls, and it took my sister some time to recover from a fit of laughter."

"*My first party*," said Mrs. Brellington, "was a rose surrounded by thorns. I was young in such things, then, and my mother had just bought me a particularly handsome, round shell-comb, to keep back my hair. I had broken several before, and was strictly charged not to remove this from my head during the evening.

"Eve, however, couldn't be contented in Paradise, without knowing how *those* apples tasted; and before long, I was boasting to my companions of the wonderful *stretching* qualities possessed by that comb. Upon the principle that 'seeing is believing,' I attempted to illustrate my assertion; but as I sat pulling the elastic shell, it suddenly snap'd in two—and I remained for some moments overwhelmed by the thoughts of *punishment*. But at the supper-table a bright idea struck me: mamma, I knew, was fond of macaroons, and watching an opportunity, I slipped half a dozen in my pocket for a sin-offering.

"I presented these and the broken comb

together; but, instead of being appeased, mamma was perfectly horrified—and I am quite certain that the severest punishment I *ever* received was given more for my *vulgarity* than for my disobedience."

"I shall watch your pocket this evening, Ella," said her father, laughingly, "to see that no contraband goods are slipped into it. I think, though," he added, "that you are more in danger from love-letters than confectionary."

Ella's face was perfectly crimson, and complaining of the heat, she walked into the conservatory; but her father soon joined her to ask an explanation of this singular emotion.

She told him *all*, but the expression of his countenance puzzled her. He looked neither surprised, nor grieved, nor angry.

"Unfortunately for your candor," said he, at length, "I have heard very much such a story before. Tale-bearers are to be found everywhere, and the friend who informed me of your singular penchant was by no means a *disinterested* one."

Could aunt Sarah have been in the arbor on that eventful afternoon? Had she related, then, their conversation? Ella's face wore such a look of distressful interrogation that Mr. Brellington was quite moved by it.

"I am ashamed of you, Ella!" said he, with a merry light in his eyes, "you are a perfect disgrace to the sisterhood! After being 'got up,' regardless of trouble or expense, to go forth and distinguish yourself in the peculiar line of practise 'sacred to young ladies,' you remorselessly give a death-blow to the hopes of your sanguine relations by acknowledging yourself to be a perfectly *heartless* individual—having parted with the same to a harlequin of a young man, who seems to have distinguished himself in your eyes by turning somersets and climbing fences!"

"Oh, papa!" said Ella, reproachfully, "how can you?"

"I don't know, indeed," said he, "how I can—for you are, of course, pondering over the possibility of my consenting to smile upon this ridiculous love affair. Nought and nought never made anything when I was at school, so, how can you two expect to become *one*? For I had it, from the best authority, that your hero is as unencumbered with worldly goods as any romance reader could desire."

Ella was mercilessly pulling the camelias to pieces, but she looked up to say in *such* a tone: "Oh, papa! If you had only seen him!"

Mr. Brellington smiled and turned his head toward the door; but Ella thought his silence ominous, and mournfully followed him back to the drawing-room.



Aunt Jerusha was just fairly started (for the fortieth time) on the narrative of her "first party," which comprised the entire history of that wonderful brocade—a description of her whole personal appearance and powers of fascination—with other particulars "too numerous to mention"—when, to the relief of her auditory, the hall-bell was violently pulled, and all exclaimed: "There's the carriage!"

Ella stepped into the hall as the door was opened; but, instead of Thomas, she beheld an elegant-looking young gentleman, and a face which, though considerably altered, had often looked down upon her from the top of a tree, or gleamed roguishly out from loads of hay.

Lindley Mellwood stood gazing upon the young May queen, who had appeared so suddenly in silent admiration; while Ella neither screamed nor approached him; but in spite of the rudeness of the thing she retreated into the parlor, and sought refuge in the farthest corner. Provoked at her own folly, she sat waiting the result with feelings that were a perfect whirlpool of confusion.

The first words that fell upon her ear were an exclamation from her father of: "Lindley Mellwood! Is it possible? This is very unexpected!"

Then followed some communication in a low tone that she easily recognized; and Mr. Brellington entered the drawing-room with the guest—saying, as he presented him to his wife,

"Allow me to introduce a young friend of mine and an old playmate of Ella's—one who is dear to me as well for his father's sake as for his own."

Mrs. Brellington was too well-bred to show her surprise; but Ella felt more foolish than ever. She trembled and meditated an escape when her father approached with Lindley Mellwood; her confusion increasing as Mr. Brellington whispered, so that only the two could hear him,

"I am inclined to think, Ella, either that the touching story you just related to me was a little fiction invented for my amusement, or that I have been mistaken in the name. Did you not tell me that you were engaged to Lindley Mellwood?"

"Ella!" whispered a voice that thrilled her with old memories. She looked up—Mr. Brellington was deeply engaged in conversation with his wife, and the lovers soon got up a whispering in their retired corner, which showed that neither were familiar with the book of etiquette.

"After I left you," said Lindley, "I had a dreary, aching feeling at my heart that almost unfitted me for any exertion—but I knew that the prize could not be won without vigilant and active effort. Poverty is a hard task-master;

but as I plodded through with the weary routine of a lawyer's office, your image would often gild the dull books before me until, in *my* eyes, they became 'illuminated volumes.' You remember the old arbor, Ella?"

At this juncture, Lindley suddenly stooped to kiss a ruby ring that flashed before his eyes; but aunt Jerusha, who was sharp in such matters, was quite sure that the little, snow-flake of a hand on which it rested came in for at least a "lion's share" of the salute. The whispering was resumed.

"My adventures, you recollect, were not to appear piecemeal, like the chapters in magazines, but were to be condemned in one volume, before they were submitted to your inspection—or, in other words, dearest, my obstinacy and indomitable confidence in my own powers of success, made me refuse to give you the least clue to my wanderings until, like the heroes in fairy tales, I should return loaded with wealth and honors. But as time opened on, and no good genius came to my aid, I began to be weighed down by a sense of my delinquency in having inveigled a child like yourself into a clandestine engagement—conscience whispered that it was not *honorable*, and acting from a good impulse, I went to your father's office, and encouraged by his kind, sympathizing manner, told him the whole story. He looked grave at first—but having promised him never to see you without his permission, he praised what he was pleased to call 'my candor and sense of honor'—gave me both advice and assistance in my discouraging affairs—and concluded by telling me that my father had been an early friend of his, and that he had no doubt of my proving quite as worthy of his esteem.

"You may imagine, Ella, what a load was lifted from my heart by the interview, and how perseveringly I toiled after *that*. But ah! it was a difficult thing to keep my ridiculous imagination within proper bounds; in the midst of the most matter-of-fact employments, wild visions of adventure came galloping across my brain, and at one time I was quite beset by the idea of a pilgrim journey in the Bayard Taylor style—so taken was I with the handsome pedestrian in his pilgrim hat and blouse. But the shadow of a little fairy in a sun-bonnet was to be linked to mine to render these journeys desirable; and I began to fancy that papa might not altogether fancy these gipsy wanderings for his only daughter.

"I plodded on—wondering when and how all this would end; but one day I saw an advertisement in a daily paper for one Lindley Mellwood, who was requested to go somewhere and hear

something to his advantage. To oblige the advertiser I complied, and found to my great surprise, that by the death of a distant relative, I had become the possessor of an elegant residence, with horses, carriages, and other vanities, and a most liberal allowance of substantial bank stock. After being regularly installed in possession, I came to be absolved by your father from my promise.

"Our carriage is at the door, Ella—our home is pining after its mistress—when is our marriage to be?"

"Eleven o'clock!" said Mrs. Brellington, "why has not the stupid Thomas arrived? I told him to be here at ten."

"He came," replied her husband, mischievously, "but I told him that the carriage would not be required to-night."

To the great surprise of the family party, Mr. Brellington then published an "intention of marriage" between Ella and Lindley Mellwood; and "although Mrs. Brellington didn't know, upon consideration, that Ella *could* have done better, it was certainly provoking that her 'first party' should never come off, after all!"

Ella's chaperone waited in vain for her expected charge; but she was afterward informed that, on the evening in question, the young lady was "*very much engaged*" at home.

## SEVENTEEN.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

FAIR giri! methinks my heart were of strange mould,  
If I could gaze upon thee now, and not  
Do homage to thy youthful charms. I see  
Thee in my dreams this happy morn, as pure  
And fresh as flowers that woo the Summer air,  
And free as the soft winds that waft those curls  
From off thy sunny brow; and there are thoughts  
That glance from those veiled orbs, that ever speak  
In silent language of the merry heart within—  
Untouched by sorrow, or the cares of life.

The world is bright to thee—there is no stain  
Upon thy young life's page, to bring a gloom  
To that fair brow, and chase away its wealth  
Of sunny smiles—no dream of darker hours  
To dim the lustre of those speaking eyes  
With secret tears, or rob thy bounding heart  
Of dreams that make the sunshine brighter still.  
There's music lingering round thy being now,  
That breathes of all things good and beautiful;

And fancy wakes the chords of thy sweet lute  
To thoughts that bring a gentle dream of more  
Than earthly happiness.

Ah, yes! the world  
Is bright to thee. The gladsome Spring that once  
Again has wreathed its flowers in thy hair,  
Ne'er thrilled a heart more happy than thine own,  
Or one that loved this lovely season more.  
There's language to thee in the flowers' birth,  
And in the beautiful around thy path,  
That brings a dream too deep for idle words.  
Thy spirit's lyre is ever murmuring sweet tones  
Of melody, that others know not of;  
While in the cloudless bosom of the blue  
And arching Summer sky, or o'er the fair  
And smiling earth, thy thoughts are wandering,  
And gathering the beautiful, to keep  
Thy young life glad and pure!

## OUR FIRST BORN.

BY E. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

Our little blue-eyed laughing girl—  
The first pledge of a youthful love!  
How fond a father's heart doth beat—  
A mother's pray'rs ascend above;  
Why not thy path be always bright?  
Why not thy cheek as warm as now—  
The curls which float so lightly round,  
Be ever thus upon thy brow?

The first born of a mother's love!  
Eliza how thy parents feel  
The duty, pressing on their hearts—  
And how thro' all their minds it steals;  
To guard thee with a watchful care,  
And train thee in the way to go;  
And with thy first faint whisp'rings, tell  
Thee all 'tis meet, a child should know.

## ALLIE.

BY WILLIE EDGAR FAVOR.

"The dark arrow fled  
In the moon."—SHELLEY.

THE bow of the universal archer sprung at his touch; the arrow sped like the lurid flash in the midst of a summer storm; and another flower of regal loveliness lay sere upon the floor of Time: one sheaf more was garnered in the great charnel house. Alas! poor Allie.

The cool zephyr flitted through the open casement, and, seemingly horror-struck at the scene presented, hastened with invisible steps from the place, murmuring that so bright a star should fall from its high eminency.

With white hands folded lovingly over her bosom; a fillet of flowers upon her Parian brow; and robed in spotless white, Allie lay ready for the grave; while those who watched by the side of the dreamless sleeper, fancied they heard the rustling of angel wings in the air around and above them. Time gathered the winged hours in his fold, and covered the mantle of the past over them, thus hiding their dark tableau from the gaze of mortals; the hour came when Allie was to be consigned to the City of the Silent; with tears and sighs she was laid low beneath the sods of the valley. Willows bent mournfully over the hallowed spot, and her companions scattered white blossoms upon her grave.

She was loved too well; her hours were too holy to be "long drawn out" upon earth; on our wondering visions "she came like the moon from the cloud in the east; loveliness was around her like light. Her steps were like the music of songs."\* The void left in numerous breasts will never be tenanted as erst, and memory alone shall sit where the form of Allie was enshrined—recollections of the past will tint the present, and irradiate the future. But let us retrospect.

### FIRST PICTURE.

"Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

"I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,  
But qualify the fire's extremest rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE sat in a wildwood bower, where the

woodbine trailed up the branches, and ivy dressed the rugged oak in vernal habiliments, two persons—one a youth, the other a maiden. "One beautiful, both young."

"The sun," said the lady, "stoops not from his fiery chariot, as he rides with scathing steeds the interminable expanse above! The eagle, having plumed his wings, stoops not in his aerial flight to watch the mundane notions of an inferior bird! Why should you, with the talents you possess, sufficient to satisfy the aspirations of a mortal, stoop from the temple of fame, choosing rather to abide in an humble cottage, where nought but wild buds bloom around, and the perfumed zephyr flits warily over the golden grain? Look higher—higher!" and the lady, as she spoke, bent her eyes full upon the face of the poet (for he was one) and waited his reply.

"Aye, lady!" his tones were caustic in the extreme, and his whole soul seemed poured out as he spoke, "well said; but I have found a flower, that, though I long to soar higher, has brought me lowly at its shrine; it remains for you to decide whether this flower shall repose in my bosom—over a heart as true as ever beat in the breast of man, and as capable of adoring as the sun is of shining. I offer you my heart—dare I hope for your's in return?"

Silence reigned for a few moments; then in cold tones these words fell upon the ear of the young poet, transfixing him with astonishment and surprise:

"Do not ask me for my heart, for I have none to give. Blot out my name for that of another's more brilliant; let *love* be sacrificed to *ambition*; let it be your guiding star! its brilliant light will lead you onward, long after the former will have faded and gone out; seek its shrine, and there pour out your libation; think not of me, for I cannot love you. I admire you for your great talents, and will one day join the band of worshippers to award you the meed of praise, and the voice of ambition at the triumph of genius will be far more sweeter than the soft melody of love; the latter too soon fades into the lethean air."

\* Ossian.

"And you love another?" queried her listener.

"I do! One great and noble; not that you are not, but for him I have preserved my store of love, and for none other!"

"And I——"

"Seek some other if you will; there are many who would be grateful for the preference—showing it by the homage of a life time. Yet—I would counsel you to let *ambition* be your only love—*fame* the goal to which your step should be directed, and the praise of the world will ring in your ears a grateful offering, as the laurel wreath graces your brow."

"And the hollow meed of praise will only reverberate through the chambers of a heart rendered desolate and lonesome by unrequited love. The crown of fame will have many a thorn concealed within its wealth of laurel, and they will pierce to the very vitals, ringing out as with leaden weight a monody of woe, drowning the murmurs of praise. A canker will be eating at my very soul, and, though the world may see a smile wreathing itself around my lips, they will not know that, beneath a gay exterior, there is a secret grief shading the soul of the poet with all the banefulness of the Upas, and as deadly as the vapors of the Eastern valley."

"Your picture is mournful—but one which, I opine, will never darken the mirror of life," was the reply, in calm tones.

"Never, say you? It will, and in its desolation its shadow will creep over your's, and you be enveloped in its deadly influence," and as he ended, the youth passed forth from the bower an altered being; the flow of love was succumbing to despair.

## SECOND PICTURE.

"The lovely *Thais* by his side  
Sat blooming like an Eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride."

COLLINS.

SLIGHTLY different, but full as truthful as the former, is the picture here presented. How true it is "through what new scenes" some pass during the progress of "life's fitful fever;" but let me not moralize, for what is

"Soonest begun  
Is soonest done."

Once more tones of love fell on the ear of the lady; this time they were received—listen:

"I have loved you long—and now tell you, for the first time in words, that my love is quenchless; you have ever been the star that led me on, and now I bend at the shrine of the lovely and peerless asking if I dare hope! Ever since we first met there has been but

"One spell upon my brain—  
Upon my pencil—in my strain,"

and but one look the loadstone that drew me on to love. Need I name the one? Tell me, lady, will the future be bright with the beams of your love, or are the hours yet to come to be enveloped in darkness?

Soft as the chiming of silver bells or the melody of elfin voices came the reply,

"I love none but you."

Short—but oh! how expressive; it was the first outburst of an affection pent up for a long time, and now that the stream had commenced moving—a mighty torrent gave evidence of its strength and told of mighty resources to supply the demand.

Yet, as a wind ruffles the placid bosom of a stream, or as darkness shades the sunny wave as it sinks in its billowy path, came the words of the unloved one, "And in its desolation its shadow will creep over your's, and you feel its deadly influence." It acted powerfully upon her mind, and her endeavors to shake it off proved powerless.

The dim and almost uncertain shadow was already creeping over the pure mirror; a mist was raising out of those words, enveloping her even now.

## THIRD PICTURE.

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

BYRON.

"They found *Ginerva* dead! if it be death  
To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath;  
With waxen cheeks and limbs cold, stiff and white;  
And open eyes, whose fixed and glassy stare  
Mocked at the speculation they had owned."

SHELLEY.

Soft music floated through the chancel, and the voices of many a merry couple chimed in gentle cadence, as they waited the coming of the bridegroom and the bride.

The door swings wide open, and up the broad aisle they come; before the altar they stand, and now are heard the words of the minister as he utters the solemn injunction and repeats the service. The last word is spoken, and they are about to mingle with their friends, when lo! from the further corner of the chapel a person with blood-shot eyes, matted hair, and cheeks wan with despair, steps up before the astonished couple and assemblage.

Gazing around, he lets his eyes fall upon the bride with a ferociousness of expression that caused her to shrink back into the arms of her husband. Now the maniac, for such he is, commences singing; first it is low and plaintive; he speaks of love's birth and its bliss—then comes

the declaration of affection, and with stinging language he speaks of the refusal. Higher rises the strain, for he speaks of the lady's beauty; then changing again, with bitter irony he whispers her counsel and his despair. Yet again, in soft cadence comes another confession and the plighted troth; the scene changes once more to the bridal hour, while long and loud are the anathemas hurled by the mad poet on the faithless one.

But the sound ceases! See! he plucks a dagger from his girdle, and ere the hands of those around him are stretched forth to interpose, it is

plunged into his own bosom, while a wild cry of horror falls from the lips of those assembled; all but one joins the cry; that one is—the bride! gazing on the fallen one weltering in his own blood, she sinks to the floor by his side lifeless. With the name of *Allie* trembling on his lips, the mad lover passed into the shadow land.

—  
This, reader, is the story of Allie. Mourn with us for her early fate—that darkness so soon overshadowed the bright and beautiful—coming like the storm King in his fury, with scathing influence. *Requiescat in Pace!*

## PARISIAN WHAT-NOT IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—A piece of pale blue moire silk, claret velvet, pure gold braid, gold thread, and gold and ruby beads.

The Parisian what-not is a sort of embroidered pocket, standing on a table against the wall, to contain odds and ends of all descriptions. The back, made of silk, and covered with cardboard, is quite flat, the foundation is nearly a half-round, and the front takes that form. It sometimes has cords, by which it is suspended to the wall. These what-nots are worked in braiding, canvass work, crochet, or embroidery.

The beautiful specimen we now give, is of embroidery in application. The entire pattern is cut out in claret velvet, laid on a light blue

moire ground. The edges of the flowers, &c., are worked with gold thread; the stems with coarse gold cord. The fibres of the leaves and the thorns in gold bullion. The eye of the flower is imitated by gold and ruby beads. The scroll, also formed of velvet, is edged with gold braid, and all the pattern on it is worked on the same.

When made up, the bottom of *strong* cardboard is to be covered, as well as the back, with light blue moire, like the front, on the inner side, and with claret on the outer. The front is to be lined with thin cardboard only. The work covers it on one side, and blue moire on the other. A cord, to match, finishes the edges; and also, if desired, serves to suspend it to the wall.

## DAHLIA PORTE-MONTRE.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.

**MATERIALS.**—A pair of wire frames, two shades of chenille ordinaire, and a small quantity of a lighter shade of wire chenille. Also a small quantity of chenille of another color, and a morsel of satin to match.

This port-montre is a veritable Parisian novelty, and may, with great ease, be fashioned into a beautiful object. The frames have two rows of wires, which are simply covered with the two dark shades of chenille (the darker outside.) This also covers the loop by which they are suspended. Then a series of loops, bending inwards

toward the centre. This flower pattern may serve as a model to our young friends, and enable them, by the exercise of their fancy and skill, to fashion others equally as pretty. It is not the mere copying of any article which constitutes ingenuity, but a certain originality of improving and devising. The hook with the round space is covered with the chenille, like the satin. Nothing can be more quickly or easily done than this porte-montre. The ends of the chenille must be neatly and securely sewed; but otherwise there is no *work* whatever in them.

# THE ORPHANS FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 346.

## CHAPTER XI.

WHILE uncle Nathan and Mary were conversing in the porch, the two women within doors remained comparatively silent, till the storm rose almost to a hurricane. The gloominess of the night seemed to oppress them, and they sat before the hearth heedless that the fire had nearly smouldered out, leaving only a couple of large pointed brands of what had been a back-log, protruding from a bed of ashes, that grew whiter and deeper with each coal that crumbled away from them.

With her calf-skin shoes planted on each foot of the andiron, and her dress just enough lifted to reveal a glimpse of her blue yarn stockings, aunt Hannah sat gazing on the embers, with a countenance that grew stern and troubled as the storm raged more and more fiercely. Her knitting work lay upon the stand beside her; three of the needles formed a triangle, and the fourth was thrust through the stocking, in a way that betokened some strange tumult in the owner, for never, save when it was the sign of some great calamity, had aunt Hannah been known to lay down her knitting except at the seam stitch.

That some bitter trouble weighed upon her now was certain, for the thoughts that possessed her seemed bowing her person forward. She stooped heavily toward the fire, with her long flail-like arms clasped around her knees, not rocking back and forth as seemed most natural to the position, but immovable as the andiron upon which her feet rested, and sombre as the storm that shook the windows and howled down the chimney.

Salina occupied the other andiron. Her leathern shoes were tinged with mud about the soles, and a spot or two had settled on her white yarn stockings, which were slightly exposed at the ankles. But while aunt Hannah stooped forward, bowed down by thought, Salina sat upright as a church-steeple, with one elbow planted on each knee, and her sharp chin supported by her two palms. Faint flashes from the brands now and then gloomed across her hair, firing it up with

ferocious redness; and her eyes were bent upon the broken back-log, as if defying it to competition, while her feet were planted on the andiron.

At last, when the storm grew so fierce that it rocked the old house to its foundations, and gusts of rain came sweeping down the chimney, the two women looked into each others eyes.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" said Salina.

It was an exclamation only, but aunt Hannah answered as if her thoughts had been questioned.

"Yes, once—that night!"

"True enough—that was an awful night. I hate to think of it."

"But how can one help it?" said aunt Hannah, bending her white face downward again, "I'd give anything on earth to forget that one night."

"Well," answered Salina, "I have sort of forgot a good deal about it; but now, as you bring it to mind, there was a thing or two happened, that I never told of before, and couldn't account for in any way—that is for the whole of it."

"What was that?" questioned aunt Hannah, sharply.

"Well now, it's no use snapping one's head off, if the night is howling like old Nick himself," answered Salina, kindling up.

"If I was snappish, it wasn't because I meant it," said aunt Hannah, sinking to her dejected position again, "you said something about that night—what was it?"

"Well now, I'll up and tell you—it's nothing worth mentioning—but somehow I always sort of remembered it. You know, after poor little Anna died, I went home in all the storm, for I had only run over to tell you about Mrs. Farnham's baby, and hadn't expected to stay. I couldn't but just get along; the wind and rain beat in my face so; and somehow what I had seen here took away all my nat'ral strength; besides it was dark as pitch; and before I got home there wasn't a dry thread on me. Well, I went in through the back door, mighty still, I tell you, for I didn't want any one to know that I'd been

out when there was sickness in the house. Besides, I'd promised the nus to sit up and tend the baby, while she got a little sleep. So, without stopping to bolt the back door, or anything, I jest stole up to the chamber next Mrs. Farnham's, where the nus was with the baby, and opening the door a trifle told her to go to bed and I'd be down in less than no time.

"The baby was sound asleep in the cradle, that had been ready for it ever so long, so the nus just put the blanket a little more over its head and went out.

"I ran up stairs, got off my wet clothes, and went down to the room agin, but first I remembered the back door and went to fasten it, before any one found out that I had been away from home.

"When I got to the door, it was wide open, and the wind came storming in like all possessed. The candle swirled till it almost went out in my hand, and I was as much as I could make out to shut the door and get things to rights, without being wet through agin. At last I got the door shut to and fastened, but when I went to cross the kitchen, where I never would let them put a carpet down, you know, the floor was tramped over and over with wet footsteps. Now, I hadn't crossed it but once with my wet things on, and the footsteps went both ways, as if some one had gone in and went out agin. Well, I held down the light and followed these same steps along the carpet clear into the room where the baby was; I hadn't gone across the threshold, remember, and yet the steps were all over the room, and a little puddle of water lay close agin the cradle—are you listening, aunt Hannah?"

"Go on," answered the old woman, in a husky voice.

"I haven't anything more to say, only this," said Salina, "the baby lay snug in the cradle, but its little hands were as cold as stone, and I'm sartin there was a drop of water on its forehead. That wasn't all. As I was looking around, I saw a little baby's night-gown a lying half across the door-sill."

Aunt Hannah looked up suddenly, and Salina checked herself.

"Good gracious, how pale you are!—do tell—what's the matter?"

"You heard the thunder—I always was afraid of thunder."

"Yea," answered Salina, "lightning don't amount to much, but when thunder strikes it is awful. That elap wasn't nothing to speak of, though, after all."

"Wasn't it?" said aunt Hannah, dropping her face between both her hands. "It seemed terribly loud to me."

"Well, as I was a saying about that night. There was a baby's night-gown on the door-sill. I took it up and looked at it. It was fine cotton, edged round with a little worked pattern, such as I'd seen our Anna working there in the out room. The sight of it sort of puzzled me, I can tell you, besides it made me feel bad to think how cold her poor little fingers were then, so I sat down and cried over it all by myself. But how came the little gown there? It didn't belong to Mrs. Farnham, for her baby's clothes were all linen, cambric and lace, and French work. I sat down and thought and thought, but at last burst out a crying agin. It was all clear enough."

"How," said aunt Hannah, lifting her face suddenly, "how was it clear?"

"Why, the night-gown must have stuck to my shawl when we laid Anna's baby in your bed up stairs. Everything was tossed about, you know; and I always am catching to briars and things every time I move. Never could go a blackberrying with other gals, but the first thing they were calling out, 'that Salina had got a beau,' and there would be a great, long briar dragging to the bottom of my frock. It was my luck always to have things hanging unto me. I wish you could see the ticks and burdock leaves that I have jerked off from this identical dress since harvest."

Aunt Hannah drew herself up a little more freely, but it was some moments before she spoke.

"Did you keep the night-gown?" she inquired.

"Yes, I hadn't the heart to bring it here at the time, so I looked it up in the till of my chest, and there it lies yet, as yellow as saffron. Would you like to have it now?"

"No," answered aunt Hannah, "what should I have it for; keep it safe just as it is; who knows but it may be wanted yet?"

Salina drew herself firmly up, and observed that if the best man in Green county was to offer himself to her, he would get sent about his business in double quick time.

Aunt Hannah raised her eyes, with a heavy questioning look, but dropped them again without in the least comprehending the drift of Salina's thoughts.

"No, said the spinster, stoutly. "It's of no use looking at me in that way, if every hair of his head was hung with diamonds, I wouldn't have him. It's no use asking me, I'm a set creature where I am set, aunt Hannah."

While Salina was moving her head up and down, with a force that almost dislodged the horn comb from her fiery tresses, a clap of thunder shook the house to its foundations, and sheets of lightning rushed athwart the windows.

"Nathan, where is my brother Nathan?" cried aunt Hannah, starting to her feet.

"No, it's of no use calling even him," persisted Salina, unmindful of both thunder and lightning. "The face of man can't change me, you needn't call him, I tell you it's of no use, I'm granite."

"The old hemlock is in flames again!" cried aunt Hannah, rushing through the porch, "and Nathan's chair empty. Is this for him? Nathan! Nathan!"

By the light of the stricken hemlock, she saw her brother coming toward the porch, holding Mary Fuller by the hand.

"Come, brother, come!" she cried, stretching forth her arms, "you are all that I have left."

Nathan heard his sister, and came toward her. She saw that he was safe, and her old manner returned.

"Come," she said, opening the kitchen door, "it is time for prayers."

"Yes, let us pray," said uncle Nathan, solemnly, "for truly, God speaketh to us in the thunder and the lightning."

Salina, who had remained standing in the room, was so struck by the unusual sadness of every face around her, that for the time she forgot herself. There was something in uncle Nathan's face that she had never seen before, a depth and intensity of feeling that held even her rude strength in awe.

"Good night," she said, tying on her hood and folding a large blanket shawl over her person, "it's time for me to be a going."

"Not in this rain," said Mary, "you will be wet through."

"Well, what then? I an't neither sugar nor salt," she said, folding her shawl closer. "The old tree gives light enough, and as for a little rain I can stand that."

"It mayn't be safe to pass the hemlock, when it's on fire. I'll go with you till you get beyond that," said uncle Nathan, taking his great drab overcoat from a nail behind the door.

Salina drew the shawl with still more desperate resolution around her lathy figure.

"No, sir," she said, with emphasis, "after what your sister has been saying to-night, I feel it a duty that I owe to myself to go home alone."

"But this terrible weather," said uncle Nathan, holding his great-coat irresolutely in his hand.

"As I observed before," said Salina, "I'm neither sugar nor salt, sir, but granite, marble, or, if there is a stone harder than these, I'm that."

Uncle Nathan was too thoroughly saddened for contention; indeed he scarcely noticed the magnificent change in Salina's manner; and, if the

truth must be told, was rather glad to be left under the shelter of a roof, when the rain was rattling over it so fiercely.

"Well," he said, hanging up his coat again, "if you'd rather go home alone than stay all night, or let me go with you, of course I don't want to interfere."

"Thank you," answered the lady, tossing her head and snuffing the air like a race-horse, "I'm sure I'm obliged beyond anything. It's kind of good to let me have my own way."

Uncle Nathan looked at little Mary Fuller to gather her opinion of the unaccountable airs their guest was putting on, but the girl's heart was full of the story she had been listening to, and she sat by the table gazing sadly upon the floor, with one hand supporting her forehead. Aunt Hannah too had seated herself on the hearth again, and was gazing absorbed into the embers, Salina had poor uncle Nathan thus entirely to herself.

"Now," said she, "if you will have the goodness to turn your face toward the chamber door while I pin up the skirt of my dress a little, I shall be prepared to depart from this roof."

Uncle Nathan quietly withdrew into the porch, and sat down in his easy-chair. Salina would have puzzled him exceedingly but for the pre-occupation of his feelings. As it was the old man was rather sorry that she *would* go home alone, in all the rain, but his heart was too heavy for a second thought on the subject. I do not pretend to be a judge of these matters, but really I believe Salina was a little taken aback, when she came forth into the porch, with her dress nicely tucked up, and her shawl folded in a fashion that left one arm at liberty, and saw uncle Nathan sitting there in the dark, instead of standing by the cheese-press, hat in hand, determined as a man of spirit ought to have been after the trouble she had taken with the shawl. Nor do I pretend to say that she was disappointed, or anything of the sort, because Salina in her day possessed the very germ and root of a strong-minded woman of modern times, and we are shy of running counter to ladies of that class—all that we venture to assert is that she made a dead halt on the porch, looked up and down the garden, observed in an under-tone that "It was raining cats and dogs yet," devices by which a weak-minded woman might have insinuated that she had taken the subject of going home alone into consideration and thought better of it. Uncle Nathan instead of suspecting those things that we have been wicked enough to insinuate, seemed perfectly oblivious of the antique damsel's presence. At last she gathered up her raiment and



muttering, "Well, now, I never did!" was preparing to step from the porch, when the voice of uncle Nat arrested her.

"Salina, is it you? Come here, Salina!"

Salina drew close to uncle Nathan's chair—very close considering the circumstances, and with a relenting voice answered, "Well, Mr. Nathan, I'm here—what is it you want to say?"

Uncle Nathan reached forth his hand. Salina unconsciously crept out from the folds of her shawl, in a sort of way as if she didn't intend to let the left hand know what the right was about.

"Salina," said uncle Nathan, pressing her fingers in his broad palm.

"Well, uncle Nathan?"

"My heart is full to-night, Salina, I feel almost broke down."

"Well now, don't take on this way. My bark is worse than my bite, you know that."

"You are a kind soul at the bottom, I always knew that, and have always been a friend to us, I shall never forget you for it."

I don't know as uncle Nathan was conscious of it, but Salina's hand certainly tightened around his plump fingers.

"You were kind to *her*, and I want to thank you for it."

"*Her!* Who are you talking about?"

"Our Anna. The night has put me so in mind of her. I've been talking about her to little Mary all the evening, and now let me thank you, for you were always good to Anna."

Salina drew her hand from uncle Nathan's, and folded it in her shawl.

"I hope I haven't hurt your feelings mentioning her suddenly, after so many years," said the old man.

Salina stood upright while he was speaking, but the moment he ceased, the dim light through the kitchen window revealed her wading through the wet plaitain leaves as she turned a corner of the house.

"She always was a kind creature," said uncle Nathan, moving his head with gentle compunction. "I'm afraid it come hard though to hear poor Anna mentioned, but I couldn't help it,"

With these meek words, half of sorrow, half of self-reproach, uncle Nathan went back into the kitchen. Aunt Hannah had gone up stairs, but Mary sat by the little stand, reading in the open Bible. She turned it gently toward the old man as he sat down, but he shook his head and motioned her to read aloud.

Mary had a clear, silver-toned voice, and she read with that natural pathos which true feeling always renders effective. That night there was depth and sweetness in her reading, that fell like the voice of an angel on the excited feelings of uncle Nathan. The storm was now hushing itself in the valley, and her voice rose sweet and clear, till it penetrated to the room above, where aunt Hannah lay.

Why had aunt Hannah absented herself from family prayer that night? Why did she, as the voice of that young girl rose to her ears, cower down in the bed, and nervously draw up the coverlet to shut those sweet tones out from her soul?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TRUST NOT TO THE SUNNY SMILE.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Trust not to the sunny smile  
Which plays round a shaded brow,  
For joyless the weary while  
Are the thoughts which lie below;  
As flowers whose rosy bloom  
Is over a tombstone shed,  
A smile may the face illumine  
When the heart within is dead.

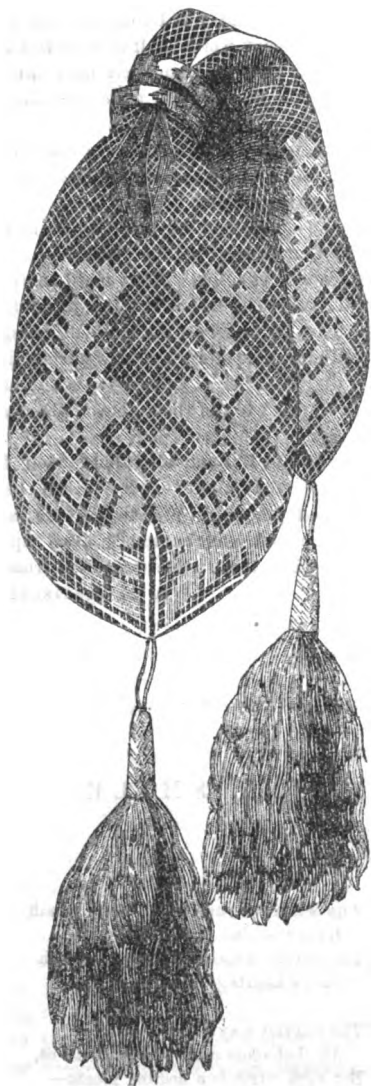
The winds may release the waves  
In their hour of brief repose,  
But the faithless deep hides graves,  
Though its tide so softly flows;

And when the rude whirlwind's breath  
Hath banished that calm serene,  
The wrecks which have slept beneath  
On its heaving breast are seen.

The saddest may sometimes seem  
All that souls most bless'd could be,  
But such mirth is a fleeting gleam—  
The calm of a breezeless sea.  
The winds will the billows shake  
Till arise the wrecks of years;  
And chance-words the heart may break  
Which conceals a fount of tears.

## GENTLEMAN'S LONG PURSE IN NETTING.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



WE give an unusually elegant pattern, this month, for a gentleman's purse. It is the very latest brought out in Paris, and would be a suitable present to a brother, father or husband on his birth-day.

**MATERIALS.**—Two skeins of the finest black netting silk, six skeins of gold thread, No. 0, two very handsome tassels in black and gold, and slides to correspond. A very fine netting-needle, and mesh, No. 17.

In doing netting so fine and delicate as that of the purse before us, it will be found necessary not to fill even the smallest netting-needle too full of silk; as if made too full, it becomes so difficult to pass through the loops as to tire the patience of the best worker. Begin on four stitches, made on a thread only as a foundation. Draw two off the mesh, and work two on each of the four, forming them into a round, and never keeping more than two stitches together on the mesh. Continue to work round and round, making two stitches in every small stitch, and by so doing increasing four stitches in every round, until there are sixty altogether, when you will do forty-nine rounds, without any increase.

After this, instead of working round, work backward and forward fifty rows. Again close for a round, with the same number of stitches (sixty), and make forty-nine rounds. To decrease for the end, net two stitches together four times in every round, until only four stitches remain. The two stitches must be taken together invariably at the quarters.

The pattern is darned entirely in gold. A star is first done at each side of the lines forming the increase or decrease, and the remainder is worked from the engraving. The pattern, which occupies fifteen stitches, is repeated four times at each end. A simple zig-zag pattern, done on each side of the opening, strengthens as well as ornaments it.

In darning netting, always work in one direction, if the pattern inclines so; but where (as in the present case), there is a *centre* to each design, the darning must radiate from it in opposite directions, the right side being to the right, and the other being reversed. This purse would look well in cerise, blue, or green, and might be darned with silver instead of gold, in which case the garniture must correspond with it.

The silk is the finest made in Paris, and resembles that used for Maltese netting. The beauty of the purse depends greatly on the extreme fineness of the silk employed for it.

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LADY'S CAMBRIC SACK.

BY HARRIET BOWEN.

THIS dressing-gown is of the short length muslin, and is tastefully trimmed with needle-adapted for the toilet. It is made of cambric work.

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A CHILD'S FROCK.

THE form is that of the blouse, high to the throat, and the sleeves demi-long. It may be made either in white cambric muslin, trimmed with needlework, or of colored cashmere, ornamented with braid or embroidery.

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CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

MATERIALS.—French cambric and fine work-cotton, No. 120. Work in button-hole stitch and satin stitch. This is a pattern of very great beauty.

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SPARE MY HEART FROM GROWING OLD.

BY H. HITCHINGS.

OLD Time, I ask a boon of thee—  
 Thou'st stripped my hearth of many a friend,  
 Ta'en half my joys and all my glee—  
 Be just for once to make amend;  
 And, since thy hand must leave its trace,  
 Turn locks to grey, turn blood to cold—  
 Do what thou wilt with form and face,  
 But spare my heart from growing old.

I know thou'st ta'en from many a mind  
 Its dearest wealth, its choicest store,  
 And only lingering left behind  
 O'er wise Experience's bitter lore.

'Tis sad to mark the mind's decay,  
 Feel wit grow dim and memory cold—  
 Take these, old Time, take all away,  
 But spare my heart from growing old.

Give me to live with friendship still,  
 And Hope and Love till life be o'er—  
 Let be the first the final chill  
 That bids the bosom bound no more,  
 That so, when I am passed away,  
 And in my grave lie slumbering cold,  
 With fond remembrance friends may say,  
 "His heart, his heart grew never old!"

---

JUNE.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

JUNE, with its flowers, has come,  
 List to the bee's low hum,  
 Hear the bright waters flowing,  
 See where the buds are blowing.

June, girlhood of the years,  
 Too hopeful yet for tears.  
 Alas! soon fails its breath,  
 And Winter comes and death!

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**OUR ORIGINAL STORIES.**—The newspaper press continues to give us the credit of publishing the best original tales of any of the magazines. Says The People's Press, at Skowhegan, Me.:—"Peterson publishes more interesting stories than any other magazine." The North Carolina Whig says:—"Its original tales are undoubtedly the best published in the United States." The Suffolk (Mass.) Gazette, after copying one of our original stories, says:—"Peterson for 1854 is greatly improved, both in its *style of publication*, and in the *quantity of reading matter*. It always contains the very best original American tales of any work of the kind in the country."

More of our stories are copied by the press than those of any cotemporary. "Ada Lester's Season In New York," finished in this number, though unusually long, has been already reprinted in several places. The British ladies magazines continually take our tales without credit. Those of Germany and France translate them almost every month. But were we without any corps of original contributors at all, we should consider this still the best Magazine, in consequence of the copy-righted novels of our co-editor, Mrs. Stephens, with whom "power and beauty," as a great critic said, "go hand-in-hand." Where, indeed, is her equal?

The new volume, beginning with July, will excel even this in its literary matter, if possible.

**OUR MAY NUMBER AND THIS.**—Our May number was generally pronounced superior even to the April one, "Old Snow Ball" being a favorite with every body. Says the Mechanicsburg Gleaner:—"Peterson is the ladies favorite, and well merits its extensive patronage." Says the Wooster Republican:—"Peterson's Ladies' National for May has come to hand, and keeps up about an even race with the three dollar fashionable monthlies. Its sketches and brief tales, are among the best found anywhere." Says the Shepardstown (Va.) Register:—"We have received this popular monthly for May, and must say without intention of flattery, that it is improving rapidly, every number purports to be on a progressive order, in point of beauty and refinement in reading."

Yes! we are progressive. The present number, for example, is more elegant than even the May one: "Picking Cherries" being an unequalled mezzotint, and the colored fashion-plate a *gem of beauty*. With the July number begins a new volume, affording a capital opportunity to subscribe. So, fair ladies, recommend "The Ladies' National" to your friends. Remember, every person who will send us a club gets for a premium a copy of Miss Leslie's new book on cookery.

**HOW TO REMIT MONEY.**—Carefully enclose your money, and get the post-master to register the letter: in this case the remittance may be at the publisher's risk. In writing the letter, name the *post-office, county and state*. We have now several letters on file, which we are unable to attend to, because the writers have omitted the state, and we either cannot find the post-office in the published catalogues, or find half a dozen of the same name.

**CHANGE OF DIRECTIONS.**—Whenever a subscriber wishes his, or her, post-office address changed, it is necessary to state *from what office*, as well as *to what one*, they wish it altered. To look for a name among our forty thousand, without this guide, is like "hunting for a needle in a hay-stack."

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of My Education.* By Hugh Miller. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—The author of this autobiography is one of the most graphic and eloquent of cotemporary writers: it is of him that Dr. Buckland said, at a meeting of the British Association, "I would give my left hand to possess such powers of description." Born in humble life, and brought up as a stone mason, he rose, by his energy, good conduct and abilities, to high rank as a literary man, and even higher as a geologist. The present volume is a narrative of his boyhood, youth, and earlier manhood, terminating at the period when he became editor of "The Witness," the organ of the Free Church movement in Scotland. It is a story full of instruction. It shows how to the self-educated man observation supplies the place of books; how such education is really derived from the best kind of schoolmasters; and how no man need despair, whatever his disadvantages of original position, provided he is in earnest in his desire to rise. As the honest record of a resolute character's development this volume is invaluable. It is of course marked by more or less peculiarities, as all autobiographies are; but they are such as only give zest to the narrative. The book throws much light on the condition of the working classes in Scotland, and would be meritorious on that account, if no other. It contains numerous fine descriptive passages, written in the author's unequalled style. The publishers issue it in a very neat form, with a portrait of Mr. Miller in the front. It may be had, in this city of H. C. Baird, Hart's Buildings, North Sixth street.

*An Art-Student In Munich.* By Anna Mary Howitt. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—This charming book is the record of a residence in Munich, during which the author, a daughter of

William and Mary Howitt, studied art with Kolbach. It is brimful of youthful enthusiasm; the delicacy of womanly genius; and descriptive passages of German art, manners and scenery. The reader actually seems to be walking, with the fair writer, in the quaint suburbs of Munich, or across the green meadows leading to Kolbach's studio; to be watching, with her, the uncovering of the colossal Bavaria, or the acting of the Miracle-Play at Ober-Ammergau. It is a real live book, and no mere mechanical bit of writing. Apart from its interest in other respects, it contains a capital account of the best school of art, which these latter days have seen: the school of the earnest, religious Germans, which almost, if not quite, recalls the age of the Italian masters. Ticknor, Read & Co. have issued the volume in a very handsome style.

*Spirit Manifestations Examined and Explained.* By John Beeve Dods. 1 vol. New York: Devitt & Davenport.—In this neat volume we have a series of lectures, which, though often delivered orally, are now first published. Right glad are we to see them in print. If they could be dispassionately read, by the believers in what are called spiritual rappings, they would do much to explode that disgraceful delusion. Mr. Dods does not deny the fact of the phenomena, which pass, with so many persons, for spiritual manifestations, but he correctly argues that it is illogical to refer them to *super-natural* causes, while a possibility is left of their having a natural origin. He then explains some laws of the mind not generally understood, and in this way gets at the source of these curious phenomena. We advise every lover of truth, at all interested in the subject, to purchase the book.

*A Year With the Turks.* By W. W. Smyth. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—The author of this book travelled through both Asiatic and European Turkey, within a twelvemonth past, and now offers the fruit of his observations to the public, in a well-considered, reliable volume. Mr. Smyth speaks highly of the Turk, whose character he thinks has been maligned. According to him, the Ottoman is not a cruel, brutal master, but generous and kindly to his inferiors: and altogether the best of the many races inhabiting Turkey. The distribution of these various races, Greeks, Armenians, Slavonians, Arnots, Georgians, Wallachians, and Turks proper, is explained, by a map of Turkey, in which each race has a different color. The volume is published with the clear type, white paper, and tasteful binding for which Redfield has won such a reputation.

*The Two Records: The Mosaic and Geological.* By Hugh Miller. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, London. Like every thing else by Mr. Miller it is sound as well as eloquent. No candid person, after perusing this lecture, can say that geology contradicts the Bible, but must believe that like every other science, it confirms the Word of God.

*The Book of Curiosities.* By the Rev. J. Platts. 1 vol. Philada: Leary & Getz.—This is an octavo volume of nearly a thousand pages, illustrated with about fifty engravings, and handsomely bound in embossed morocco. It contains descriptions of remarkable places, beings, animals, customs, experiments and phenomena, of both ancient and modern times, embracing authentic accounts of the most wonderful freaks of nature and arts of men. About ten thousand of the wonders and curiosities of nature and art are thus brought to the reader's notice. When we were a boy, a somewhat similar work, entitled "The Hundred Wonders of the World," was an unfailing source of mystery and delight to us; and nothing shows the advance of mankind more than the difference between that book and this, though separated by less than twenty years. Any family that buys this volume will ensure to all its members a never-failing intellectual treat.

*Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington.* Edited by B. P. Shillaber, of the Boston Post. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We have here the *real* Mrs. Partington, as any one can learn for himself, who will attempt to read the book. Mr. Shillaber, you will be the death of us yet: we have to lay down the volume continually: for, if we did not, we should die of laughing. The work is worth a dozen doctors. If we had a few more like it, there would be no need of lunatic asylums, at least for melancholic patients. The illustrations are only less humorous than the text: Mrs. Partington's portrait particularly has one of her jokes in every line and wrinkle. The book is got up in the very best style. It ought to have an unprecedented sale.

*Martin Merrivale.* By Paul Creyton. No. I. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A new serial fiction, to be published in elegant numbers, semi-monthly, at twelve and a half cents. The author is favorably known to our readers as one of our best occasional contributors. "Martin Merrivale" opens well. It is full of interesting incident, and has a high moral tone. The story is that of a young man from the country, who attempts, in a great city, to earn a livelihood by literature; and we foresee many capital sketches of society and men, humorous and pathetic, the consequence of this plot.

*Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1854.* Edited by David A. Wells. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—Another of the admirable series of year-books of facts in science and art. For reference these compendiums are priceless. We keep them convenient in our library, and look into them almost every week. The present volume has a good portrait of Professor Hitchcock.

*Clinton. A Book For Boys.* By William Symonds. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This is an admirably told story, and as good in its moral as it is captivating in incident. We cordially commend it to parents. It is neatly printed, and embellished with illustrations.

*Narrative of a Voyage to the North West Coast of America in the years 1811, 1812, 1813 and 1814. By Gabriel Franchère. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.*—One of the most picturesque narratives of exploration we have ever read. As the translator and editor, Mr. J. V. Huntington, says, it has really a "Defoe-like simplicity." The author was a young French Canadian, who participated in the foundation of Astoria, the first American settlement established on the Pacific. The work will have a historic value, for it is accurate even to minuteness. Col. Benton has pronounced it the most authentic of all the accounts of the settlement of Oregon. The volume is beautifully printed, and illustrated with engravings. The translator, himself an authority of high ability, has rendered the original with fidelity, spirit and elegance.

*The Catacombs of Rome. By the Right Rev. William Ingraham Kip, D. D. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.*—The author of this work is the Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church to California. He is favorably known to the public by several preceding publications of merit. The present volume describes the famous catacombs of Rome, the scene of its early Christian worship, and afterward of martyrdom and burial. The book is a vivid illustration of the perils of believers during the first three centuries. Numerous engravings adorn and explain the text.

*The Curse of Clifton. By Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. 2 vols. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A new novel, by a popular female author, who is particularly distinguished for the felicity with which she describes Virginia life, and who, if she intensified less, and was more artistic, might take very high rank as a novelist. Mr. Peterson also publishes, "Shannondale," "The Mother-In-Law," "The Deserted Wife," "Virginia and Magdalena," and other fictions by the same author, all in neat editions, at a cheap price.

## HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES.

**A CHEAP FILTERER.**—A very cheap and good contrivance for filtering is to take a large garden flower-pot, and lay in the bottom a piece of sponge, so as to cover the whole. Upon this, put a few smooth, clean pebbles, to keep the sponge in its place, and fill up the pot, to within two or three inches of the brim, with a mixture of one part powdered charcoal, to two parts of fine sharp sand. Then cover the top of the pot with a piece of clean white flannel, tied tightly round the rim with a twine, but so as to sink or sway down in the centre. Set the flower-pot in a pan or tub, and pour the water into the flannel, letting it filter through the charcoal, &c.; and, by the time it has passed through the sponges, and come out at the bottom, it will be clear.

**ESSENCE OF FLOWERS.**—Procure the petals of any flowers that have an agreeable fragrance, card thin layers of cotton wool which dip into the finest Florence

or Lucea oil, sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers, and lay them on a layer of cotton, and a layer of flowers, until an earthen jar or wide-mouthed glass bottle is full, tie the top close with bladder, then lay the vessel in a south aspect to the heat of the sun, and in fifteen days, when you uncover it, a fragrant oil may be squeezed out of the cotton mass altogether, which will be found little inferior to the celebrated otto of roses, if those flowers have been used.

**MANAGEMENT OF CARPETS.**—Previous to laying down a carpet, cover the joints of the floor with stripes of brown paper; this will prevent the dust from rising between the boards. Take up your carpets frequently, and have them shaken and afterward drawn along the surface of a lawn or meadow, to remove the dust. If a carpet is kept down too long the dust passes through it, and assists to wear it out by grinding the under surface. If you want to clean a carpet well, put one-third of a bullock's gall into a pint of water, and scrub the carpet with it, after it is nailed down; if the carpet is not nailed down it will shrink.

## FIRE-SIDE AMUSEMENTS.

**THE AVIARY.**—A keeper is first chosen, and then all the company assume the names of different birds, which they communicate to the keeper, but do not make known to each other. The keeper then sets down the names of the players, with that of the birds they severally represent, lest he should make any mistake, and opens the game in a bombastic strain, somewhat similar to the following:—

"Beautiful ladies and brave gentlemen. Regardless of toil, trouble, or expense, I have collected together the most magnificent aviary ever seen in this, or any other part of the habitable globe. My birds are distinguished by the beauty of their plumage, form, and color; the melody of their voices, and their general intelligence." He then repeats the names of the birds thought upon, and expresses his desire to know which of his birds are objects of affection or antipathy to the company. Turning to the nearest lady, he says—

"To which of my birds will you give your heart?"

"To which will you reveal your secret?"

"From which would you pluck a feather?"

The lady may probably reply—

"I will give my heart to the eagle."

"I will tell my secret to the nightingale."

"I will pluck a feather from the owl."

The keeper makes a note of these dispositions, and then addresses the same questions to a gentleman, who may reply—

"I will give my heart to the dove."

"I will tell my secret to the lark."

"I will pluck a feather from the rook."

When any player says he will give his heart to a bird named by another for the same gift, or which is not in the keeper's list, he must pay a forfeit, and make a new choice; and, if he makes a similar mis-

take a second time, he must pay another forfeit. The game being one solely depending on memory, the players must pay great attention to the list of birds, when read by the keeper, and to the choice of those who speak first.

When all have answered, the keeper announces the names of the persons represented by the birds, and commands each to salute the bird to which his or her heart was given—to whisper a secret to the one thought worthy of such confidence, and receive a forfeit from the one whose feather was to be plucked.

The players are forbidden to give their hearts or secrets to themselves, under penalty of a forfeit, or desire to pluck their own feathers under a penalty of two.

### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*Salad Dressing.*—Pound very smoothly the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs with two teaspoonfuls of unmade mustard, one ditto of pounded sugar, and one of salt; mix very gradually with these a teaspoonful of very pure oil and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar; more salt and acid can be added at pleasure. A few drops of chili, or of cayenne pepper, will improve the mixture. The eggs should be boiled fifteen minutes, and allowed to become quite cold before they are pounded. Should it curdle, which it will do if not very carefully made, add to it the yolk of a fresh unboiled egg.

*A Savoury Supper Dish,* or to eat with veal at any time. Grate four ounces of good lean ham, and mix it with a pound of potatoes mashed with fresh butter. Add salt, pepper, and two eggs to bind the ingredients. Mould this into small loaves, and fry, and serve either with or without brown gravy. Another is, cold meat minced, and boiled in paste, as small puddings. Macaroni a la fromage is also a savoury supper dish. Croquets are minced meat of various kinds, rolled up as small sausages, dipped in egg, rolled in bread crumbs, fried, and served with crimped parsley.

*Calves Head.*—Wash the head, soak it in hot water, par-boil it, cut down one-half with the skinned tongue, the palate, &c., into dice and other neatly shaped bits. Trim and brush the other half with egg, and strew crumbs and chopped parsley on it; stick butter over it, and set it to brown, basting it with more crumbs, &c. Meanwhile stew the remainder in good veal broth, or other stock, seasoned with mixed spices, lemon, &c. Dish the minced and lay the browned head upon it. Garnish with brain cakes, forced-meat balls, or fried cinetins.

*Green Gooseberry Pudding.*—Boil together, from ten to twelve minutes, a pound of gooseberries, five ounces of sugar, and rather more than a quarter of a pint of water; then beat the fruit to a mash, and stir to it an ounce and a half of fresh butter: when nearly or quite cold, add two ounces and a half of very fine bread crumbs and four well-whisked eggs. Bake the pudding half an hour.

*Green Gooseberry Jam.*—Cut the stalks and tops from the fruit; weigh, and bruise it slightly, boil it for six to seven minutes, keeping it well turned during the time; then, to every three pounds of fruit add two pounds and a half of pounded sugar; boil the preserve quickly for three-quarters of an hour. It must be constantly stirred and carefully cleared from scum, employing either a wooden or a china spoon. The German-enamelled stew-pans are now used for the purpose of making preserves.

*White Currant Jam.*—Boil together quickly for seven minutes equal quantities of fine white currants carefully picket from their stalks, and of the best pounded white sugar passed through a sieve. Stir the preserve gently the whole time and be careful to skim it thoroughly. Just before it is taken from the fire throw in the strained juice of one good lemon to four pounds of the fruit.

*To Prevent Rust.*—A composition that will effectually prevent iron, steel, &c., from rusting. Mix with fat oil varnish four-fifths of well rectified spirit of turpentine. Apply this varnish with a sponge, and the articles will retain their metallic brilliancy, and not be liable to rust.

*Nitre Whey.*—Pour into the boiling milk and water a dessert spoonful of the sweet spirit of nitre; strain, sweeten, and drink as warm as possible. Its use is that of promoting perspiration, without the stimulating effects of wine whey.

### FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—A MORNING DRESS OF PEARL COLORED DE LAIN, made with a basque corsage open in front, and trimmed with a pink plaid ribbon. The sleeves are open on the back of the arm as far up as the elbow, (a style very fashionable at present) and trimmed to correspond with the skirt and basque. Bows of ribbon ornament the sleeves and basque. Mull under-sleeves, fastened by a band at the wrist. A Valenciennes lace, set on rather full, finishes the neck of the corsage. Cap of Valenciennes, trimmed with bows of pink plaid ribbon.

FIG. II.—A DRESS OF PLAIN WHITE CAMBRIC, skirt full and plain. The basque is very deep and trimmed with a worked cambric ruffle. The sleeves are finished in a corresponding style. Straw bonnet, ornamented at the sides with bouquets of wild flowers. A wreath of the same trims the face of the bonnet.

FIG. III.—THE FLORENTINE.—This is of the Talma shape, being of a very light fabric, it is especially adapted for very warm weather. It is made of black Bruxelles net with a beautiful application of vine leaves and grapes intermingled in two shades of green silk, the color of the leaf and grape being varied. The stalks are of dark tan colored silk. The design, an exact copy of nature, is another of Mr. Bell's chef d'œuvres.

FIG. IV.—A BONNET COMPOSED OF BLACK LACE AND PIPINGS OF GREEN SILK.—The under-trimming consists of flowers, white blonde, and ribbon. It

will be observed that the flowers are only on one side of the face, reaching nearly across the forehead, whilst the trimming on the opposite side consists of ribbon bows and lace.

FIG. V.—YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.—Robe of pink barege; the skirt ornamented with Bayadere stripes in black, running horizontally. Mantelet of dark-blue silk, edged with broad silk fringe of the same color; and above the fringe several rows of dark-blue velvet. The corsage of the barege dress is made half-high, and over it is worn a canesou of white muslin, high to the throat. The sleeves of the canesou are loose at the ends, and are finished with rows of vandyked needle-work. The front of the bonnet is of Leghorn, and the crown is drawn pink silk. Round the edge of the bonnet, a *ruche* of narrow pink ribbon. Under-rimming, bouquets of roses; and across the upper part of the forehead a plaiting of hair. A green parasol.

FIG. VI.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS.—Jacket of chequered cashmere; the chequers running in a lozenge form, and the pattern black on a cinnamon-colored ground. The jacket has a short basque or skirt, and is edged with several rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. It is fastened up the front by a row of black velvet buttons. Trousers of white linen drilling. The sleeves of the jacket, which are demi-long and loose, are trimmed at the ends with rows of velvet ribbon. Full under-sleeves of white cambric, the fulness gathered at the wrists on plain bands. A plain linen collar and straw cap.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Grenadine or twisted silk is the material most in favor for summer dresses, though tissues, bareges, lawns and India silk are very much worn. The twisted silk possesses the advantage of wearing well, and not "rumpling" as much as most materials, but it costs much more. The usual price for a good grenadine is a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a yard. There are many skirts woven a *disposition*, without flounces, and others again have two or three broad flounces woven in wreaths, arabesque figures, satin stripes, plaids of bright colors, &c. Some of the prettiest grenadines are of beautiful plaids, of very soft tints, with flounces of either a deeper or some well contrasting shade. Some of these dresses have deep blue patterns for the flounces, on a lighter blue check—green on a lavender or stone check—and similar combinations. Some carriage dresses have flounces of two colors, for instance, on a plain dove colored dress, a flounce of dove color like the silk and a plain light blue flounce.

A NOVELTY in Paris caprice, has become quite a feature on the promenade this year, consisting of white muslin dresses with flounces, with mantles of the same; white bonnets with garniture, whether of flowers or marabouts entirely white. Sometimes the entire whiteness of this toilet is relieved by the garniture of the dress being composed of *bouillonnes* reaching to the knee, through which are passed ribbons of bright pink or blue, exactly in the fashion worn more than twenty years ago. These dresses, worn with the mantle and bonnet to match, seem

made expressly for wear in the *Americaine*—the carriage so much in vogue for the Bois de Boulogne; it would be impossible to keep them from getting crumpled and faded in any other description of vehicle.

THERE is nothing new in the cut of dresses. Nearly all dishabilles are made with a high body. For dress toilets, the bodies are always open, sometimes with cross bars, so as to show off the richness of the lace chemisette mixed with embroideries. Dresses of summer silk have an abundance of flounces.

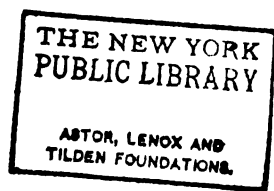
A GREAT many flounces are ornamented with a narrow guipure laid on flat and having a colored ribbon under it. The same ornament is also employed on the body and sleeves, which last, though varying in trimming, undergo but little change of form. Those most generally worn are the *Anne of Austria* sleeve, the single and double pagoda sleeve, the sleeve slit up on both sides with cross bands of ribbon, or only on the outside, as on our fashion plate, and lastly the sleeve with revers, or cuffs.

WE MAY mention that the skirt and corsage of dresses are usually made separate. In this way a black silk basque can be worn with a white or any colored skirt, on a cool day, and for a young lady a white basque with colored skirts is a most charming style. In general, dresses of silk or any heavy material have the skirt set on in large flat plaits, and those of transparent textures are set on in gathers.

COLLARS are still worn rather large, and those edged with deep vandyke points are most in favor. The needlework, with which they are thickly covered, is intermingled with small eyelet holes, producing a light and lace-like effect. Valenciennes insertion is not unfrequently introduced along with needlework. These large vandyked collars have a very pretty effect when worn with high dresses. The chemisettes worn with high dresses frequently have collars attached to them. The collar is then of small size, and is usually edged with one or more rows of Valenciennes, set on full. Vast numbers of under-sleeves, in various styles, are now in course of preparation. The most favorite form for under-sleeves is that consisting of one large puff, confined at the wrist by a band, over which is worn a broad turned-up cuff of needlework; frequently eyelet-hole work, with pointed vandykes. Sleeves of nansouk, of the form just mentioned, and richly ornamented with eyelet-hole work, are intended to be worn without the turned-up cuffs.

SUMMER BONNETS.—Some of the prettiest and at the same time most serviceable bonnets which we have seen, have been made of grey or drab-colored crape and silk. One is composed of frills and drab silk, embroidered with light-blue chenille. These frills are separated one from another by *ruches* of light-blue ribbon. The trimming consists of a large rose, composed of light-blue and drab-colored crape, placed on one side, and of flowers, blonde, and ribbon, in the inside. The same style of bonnet, in dust-color and pink, is exceedingly pretty.







## THE SEA BATHERS.

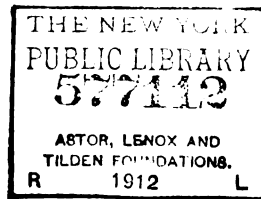
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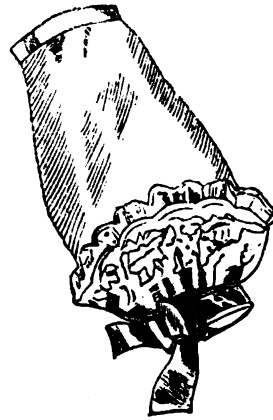


**THE PARAGON.**

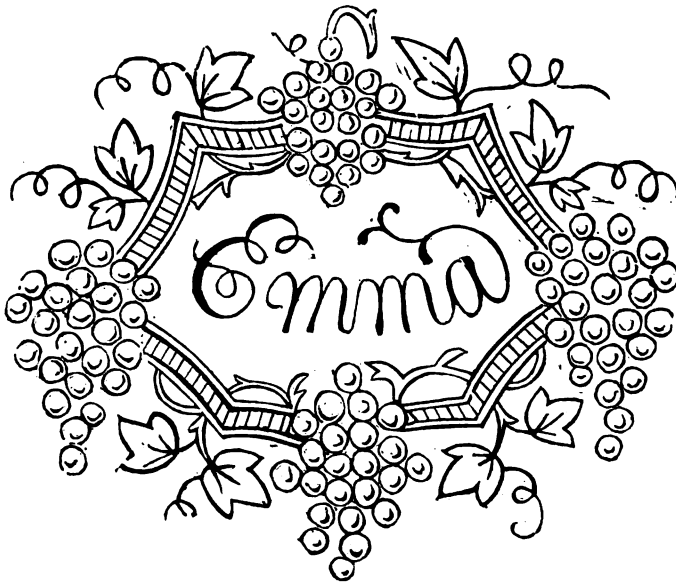
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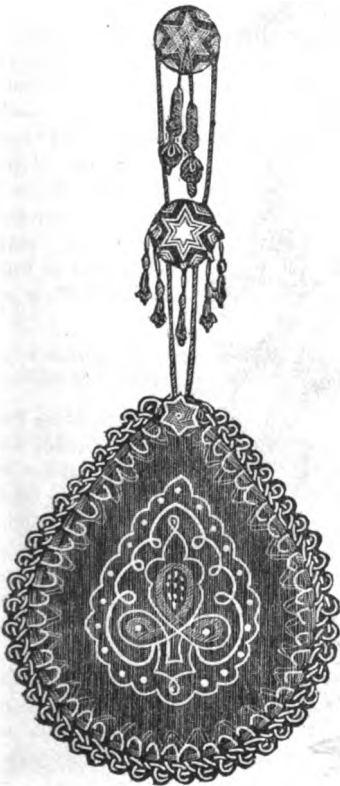
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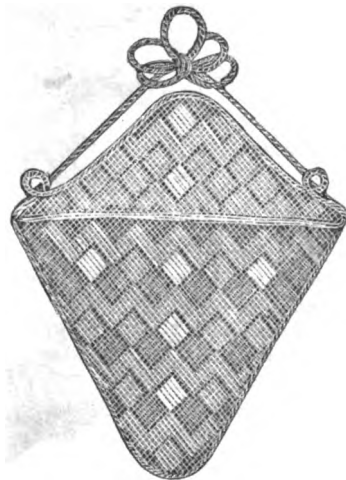
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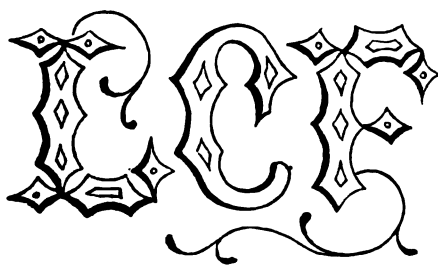
**SUMMER BONNET.**



**EMBROIDERED CHATELAIN.**



**WATCH-POCKET.**



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

## MY FIRST LOVE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

THERE is something beautiful in the language of flowers—something that is linked with associations that time can never destroy; and like an enchanter's wand, they call into being the shadowy dreams that lie sleeping in the heart, and bring back sweet memories of other days.

'TWAS thus I dreamed one sunny day, as I wandered along a fair stream, that is endeared to my heart by pleasing recollections from my very childhood. Forgetting that I had intended to imitate the occupation of that "prince of anglers," of whom we have so often read, I strolled on until I reached a favorite retreat, and there, as Willis has said, I "found violets."

"There is to me  
A daintiness about these early flowers,  
That touches me like poetry."

As I gazed upon them, my thoughts went back to the olden time—to my school boy days in all their holiday excitement, and my gentle companions with whom I roamed to cull the early cownlips, and twine them into wreaths to place upon their fair young brows.

But among those "shadows of the past," that stole so softly to my heart, there was one o'er which I lingered longer and more fondly than the rest. It was the dream of my first love; and I will whisper it to you, gentle reader, if you promise not to laugh at my sentimental—non-sense, some may call it.

I was just at that interesting period of my life, when I began to fancy myself a man—that is, about eighteen—when I accepted the invitation of a dear "chum" to spend the summer vacation with him at his country home. I soon felt quite at ease after our arrival, for it was a delightful residence—one of those fine old mansions that combine both beauty and comfort; and the scenery around it, beautiful and romantic enough to captivate any one far less enthusiastic than

myself. Fishing excursions and rambles in the country were planned every day, to my infinite satisfaction; for after the weary confinement of a school-room, nothing is so pleasant as out-door recreation; and still, as if our enjoyment was not yet complete, frequent mention was made in the family of the expected visit of a dear cousin from the "sunny South," to which all looked forward with the greatest eagerness.

At first I paid but little attention to these remarks, but as the time drew nearer, I began to feel no slight curiosity to behold this paragon of beauty and excellence, as they were constantly describing her to me. In fact, scarcely a day passed without my being told something concerning her, that would be sure to interest me. Did any one sing and play well, "Cousin Louise's" voice and execution were pronounced to be far superior; did any one read or sketch well, it was said that "Cousin Louise" would please me far more. "Your tastes are so similar," said they, "and we are sure you will be friends at once."

This was really beginning to be pleasant, for even at that early age, I was an ardent admirer of those finer feelings and accomplishments in woman; and you will not wonder that I anxiously awaited the period when I should meet one, who now seemed the very ideal of my dreams.

The long looked-for day at length arrived. It was a lovely evening in mid-summer. Softly did the low winds fan the sleeping flowers, and never did nature seem clothed with such a magic charm. We were all collected on the portico, when a carriage drove up to the gate, the steps were let down, and a slight form sprang out, and ascended up the gravel walk. The family were instantly collected around her, even intercepting her passage to the portico, with such exclamations as, "My dear cousin Louise," "Oh, I am so glad;" and I, who, of course, kept in the

background, inwardly wondered whether she would safely get through such a vigorous reception.

But at length she reached the portico, and we were introduced. Her beaming eyes met mine, as I warmly clasped her hand, and never will I forget that exquisite moment. The dream-girl of my imagination stood before me.

In person she was tall, and gracefully formed, and her complexion pure and fair as the tinted coral. This was rendered still more dazzlingly beautiful, by the heavy masses of dark brown hair that waved over her temples, and fell like a shadow upon the snowy neck. But the most striking feature in that pure, almost sad countenance, was the eyes—large, dreamy, and of the most brilliant jet, with an expression that was irresistibly lovely. There is a charm in the eye—that mirror of the soul—that may not be written or told; and it was in those pensive orbs that I read something so familiar and dear, that one glance was enough—I was deeply, irretrievably in love!

You must remember I was eighteen, and not laugh at my enthusiasm. I was truly—or at least I fancied myself truly in love, which sometimes nearly amounts to the same thing; but be that as it may, I still remember how I enjoyed those exquisite moments, which now steal back to me like some pleasant dream; or, as one has said, “like hidden music heard in sleep.”

The next day we passed together in the parlor, with music and books. “Cousin Louise,” as I familiarly called her, played and sang with much feeling and taste. I dearly love music, but it must be of that kind where energy, spirit, vivacity and strength are combined, without which music has lost its sweetest charms, and has no more soul than a statue. Preserve me from lifeless, soulless, middling minstrelsy, when I expect something better; for I would have it gush forth with the whole soul, heart, and strength, and then I am lost in admiration. Ah, never will I forget those sweet ballads that Louise warbled for me in those days gone by, for they were indeed the very *poetry of music*, and such as linger in the memory as something too beautiful entirely to fade away.

We were soon like old friends. The familiar poets, over which we had both lingered, almost from our childhood, were the key to unlock the sympathies of our hearts, and reveal our inmost thoughts. The charmed pages of “*Childe Harold*” and “*Lalla Rookh*” assumed a new interest for me, when I heard passages breathed from *her* lips, and her child-like and enthusiastic admiration of them. Byron was her true ideal

of the poet, but still she was passionately fond of “*Lalla Rookh*.”

“In this poem,” said she, “I discover so much that is in perfect harmony with my own thoughts and feelings, and it is expressed in such simple, yet beautiful language. There is nothing forced or unnatural in it; everything is so easy, fresh, and graceful—a beautiful Eastern flower, rich and gorgeous in all its oriental colors, and breathing its fragrance to the heart. And not only the poetry, but the air of deep romance that lingers around the whole plot, has endeared it to me. The story of the beautiful princess—the description of the journey, in all its oriental luxury—her love for the young minstrel, the disguised sovereign of Bucharra, and their joyous meeting at the end, adds so much interest and glowing imagery to the poetry, that I read it often, and always with pleasure.”

Thus passed those pleasant summer days. Louise was the constant companion of all our walks, drives, and excursions; and added materially to our enjoyment—to *mine*, I know. I am afraid I was selfish in my devotion to her alone, but I followed the natural impulses of my heart, and as she seemed to encourage my attentions, I was happy. It was upon *my* arm she leaned when weary; it was for *my* assistance she looked when she wished to sketch some admired landscape; and it was for me she sang and read the most.

The day previous to our separation, we all wandered along the banks of a beautiful stream, not far from the mansion; and Louise and myself found ourselves alone in a favorite retreat, and seated together upon the mossy turf. It was a lovely day, though very warm; and the exercise had brought a soft flush to the cheek of my fair companion, who was twining the flowers we had gathered in the tresses of her wavy hair, with which the fragrant air was dallying as it kissed her pure brow. She was in the gayest mood, delighting in everything—now warbling a note of some ballad, or making the wilds re-echo with her musical laugh—while I was lying at her feet, and likening her to “*Titania*,” the queen of the fairies; “*Cytherea*,” the fairest of nymphs; and I know not what, for I had clasped her snowy hand in mine, and was just on the point of making an ardent declaration of my love, when my friend Harry suddenly burst upon us with the startling intelligence that a heavy thunder shower was approaching, and that we had better seek shelter. Inwardly wishing the poor fellow somewhere else, just at that moment, I was forced to comply; but determined to reveal my attachment to Louise by letter, if I would not

have an opportunity of doing so before her departure.

The next morning Louise left us. We were all collected on the portico, where we had first welcomed her, but it was with sadder hearts that we now bade the gentle girl good-bye. Slowly she passed from one to another with an affectionate farewell, and at last reached me. Clasp- ing her hand, and obeying a sudden impulse, I drew her to my heart, and for an instant pressed my lips to her own. Gently extricating herself, she sprang into the carriage.

"Louise," I exclaimed, "you are not offended?"

She turned to me a face radiant with smiles and blushes, and throwing me a few flowers she held in her hand—was gone.

Ah, how does memory, faithful memory, still treasure up that sweet and smiling face that last met my gaze, and how those flowers are pre- served and guarded as a precious memento of happy days, forever gone!

Has there been anything since then to repay me for the swelling ecstasy of my heart in those early years? I scarcely know. It has been well

said, in "Hyperion," I think, that "the life of man upon this fair earth is made up, for the most part, of little pains and little pleasures. The great wonder-flowers bloom but once in a life-time."

A month after, I was seated in our little sanctum, busily engaged in poring over the classic Virgil, when Harry burst into the room, saying that he had just received a letter from Cousin Louise. "She speaks of you very kindly," said he, "and says she will never forget those happy hours she spent in our Northern home."

How I thanked her.

"But," continued Harry, "I have not yet told you the best part. She was married last week."

"Married!" exclaimed I, starting from the chair, and dropping Virgil inglorious at my feet.

"Yes, to a wealthy young planter, to whom she says she has been engaged for some time; and she earnestly requests us both to visit them at their beautiful Southern villa."

So ended MY FIRST LOVE!

## THE SONG OF THE FADING FLOWERS.

BY LUCINDA ELLIOTT.

We are passing away from your Summer bowers,

We are passing away, sweet Earth!

With our shining hues and our rich perfume,

And the diamond dew on our dazzling bloom;

We are fading away by the streams and dells,

And the fragrance is faint in our starry bells;

Thus do we leave thee, Earth!

We have smiled o'er thy radiant festive scenes,

In the hours of song and mirth;

Oh, the bridal tresses we have proudly crowned,

And the fair young foreheads with chaplets bound!

We have shone through the revel's brilliant light,

We have decked rare beauty with garlands bright;

Now must we leave thee, Earth!

We have mourned for those who have passed away

From the sad and silent hearth

With odors we have breathed o'er their lonely rest,

And their low green graves with sweet blossoms drest;

And we've wooed the beam and the dew to come,

As hallowed guests to their quiet home;

Now must we leave thee, Earth!

Ye are passing away from my Summer bowers,

A lovely and gentle band;

Ye are fading away by the woods and streams,

Like the shadowy beauty of mortal dreams;

But there is a land where no change will come

O'er the glorious flowers around each home;

No sighs are breathed, and no tears are shed,

For youth, and for bloom, and for glory fled,

In that far and deathless land.

## LIFE.

BY JANE WEAVER.

Our life is but a breath,

An arrow's flight,

A birth, a strife, a death,

And then deep night.

And yet not night. Oh! soul

Thou knowest 'tis day.

The final blessed goal,

With God alway.

## ALMOST A ROMANCE.

BY FRANK LEE.

PEOPLE that have travelled are so fond of saying—"When we were in Florence, or the winter we spent in Rome," &c. Now, I poor devil! can't use the phrase they rattle off so glibly, but when I do go abroad, the first place I wish to visit is Genoa, "*la superba*." As there seems no probability of my starting this week—to-day is Saturday, and I have lost the *lining* to my purse—I shall tell you a little story, the scene of which is laid in my favorite dream-haunt, though I have always intended to save and cook it up in the first of my series of "Letters from Abroad." The earliest tale I ever wrote was a sentimental romance within its storied walls, and, as this is the *last* sentimental one I mean to write for an indefinite time, why should not my labors in this line end where they began?

Near the old palace of the Prince of Doria, stands a stately mansion that once belonged to—the Lord knows what great family—but at the time of which I speak, had been made the abode of a wealthy American lady, ordered there for the winter by her physician, and her two charges, a fair niece and fairer daughter.

It would have been a hard task to find two more lovely girls, than those children of the great republic, and though Genoa was that season crowded with the wealth and fashion of Europe, the faces of the painted beauties of France, and the proud dames of England, were at a discount.

Alice Greville was of Northern blood, though reared amid the orange groves of the sunny South, with complexion soft and creamy, like the leaf of a camelia, large dark eyes, like the first violets that peep out from among the wood-leaves, a profusion of billowy, golden hair, silky as the braids on the forehead of a Madonna, such as Italians always worship.

Alice had acute poetical sensibilities, that the retirement in which she had lived only deepened, and existence had passed in wearing those glowing visions, which are bright as frail. Alice Greville was a dreamer, enthusiastic, aye—and I do not fear to use the word—romantic! Youth without these loses half its charms. A girl trained and educated until every natural impulse has left her, who moves, thinks and speaks by rule, is about as interesting an object

as a well-made automaton dressed by a French milliner. Give me bright dreams, high hopes, unchecked sensibilities for the young—God knows they will soon enough learn those lessons the world ever teaches! Let them have a little of ideal enjoyment—aye, a time for dreams. I am glad that a few years of my early life were spent in an old, rambling dwelling, into the half of whose many-cornered apartments the sun never shone freely, round which great trees stood like sentinels, over whose casements vines grew in unpruned luxuriousness—I thank heaven, that a portion of my life was thus passed—I am glad that I have been a dreamer.

But this is not to my story, so let me return, though I could write a volume from the memories which cluster round my warm spirit, and my heart goes back to the long galleries it so loved, and will not be recalled.

Reader, when I finished that sentence I dropped my pen, and lost myself amid the host of recollections that returned to my bosom like spirits to their desolate haunts. I sang under the old trees, and stood in the window, while the moonbeams slanted through, a cool wind from the groves of the buried Past fanned my brow, and I was again a child. But a passing step roused me—I look round and say—"Was that ever *my* abiding place?"—and come back to my task; so Mr. Peterson needn't look so cross, you are not going to lose the story after all.

In a small apartment that opened out of the grand reception-room in the old palace, sat a merry group. Mrs. Greville was reclining in a cushioned chair, with her pretty niece on a low footstool at her feet, her great eyes full of mischief, and her little mouth full of smiles. Near the casement sat Alice, leaning back in a quaint-carved seat, her hand still holding the book from which she had been reading, though it was closed, and the long fingers gleamed out like sculptured ivory, from their contrast with the stained oak of her seat. Her delicate feet cased in embroidered slippers, that had been the envy of many an English duchess, were resting on a cushion of crimson satin, which caught the rays from the chandelier, and flashed them back as in mockery.

Her robe of rich black silk was singularly



becoming, and the fall of heavy lace like a shadow on her neck and arms, and those braids of golden hair which seemed constantly changing in their hue, were ornament enough for the beautiful head.

To complete the picture—for the very prettiest portrait must have its auxiliaries—a tall, graceful youth was flung on a low couch near, in an attitude pleasing from its very carelessness. Alice's guitar lay beside him, and ever and anon, during the pauses in conversation, he would sweep his fingers across the strings, waking broken chords of melody. In spite of his careless mien and mirthful sallies, there was an expression in his black eyes, when raised to the face of that young girl, which told a secret the eyes will speak, and the smile which broke over his feature when he addressed her, softened them like sunlight on a gloomy landscape. The eagled buttons on his tight uniform, betokened that Harry Mildrers was a lieutenant in the United States Army, though they did not add that he held the rank of third cousin to Alice, and claimed to be first—but he did, and was her most devoted lover—a bit of information he didn't put in, probably thinking it was, as the advertisements for lost property, say—"Of no value to any but the original owner."

They were discussing the novel which Alice had been reading, and of course their opinions very materially differed.

"Oh," exclaimed Fannie, "Alice is so romantic!" Commend me to a little common sense."

"Not if it is dull and common-place," laughed Alice.

"Ah, yes! that's just like you, Ally. Now, I'll wager my left ear-ring against Harry's pet moustache—which he has cherished so carefully since you admired it—that from the time we came to Genoa, you have been dreaming of brigand chiefs and other nice young men, 'with a pretty considerable propensity to strolling,' as the Yankees say. How delightful to be run away with, and carried off to some tumble-down old castle—I beg your pardon, dilapidated palazzo—by a man in slouched hat and feathers, prettily dressed as Wallack, and handsome enough for the hero of one of Mrs. Ratcliffe's novels."

"Which," asked Harry, teasingly, "the man or the feathers?"

"There, sir, don't interrupt your elders; 'little boys should be seen and not heard,' the old proverb says—Alice must teach it you. Of course, the lover would fall at your feet, vow you must be his, say love made him desperate, and all that—and of course you would forgive

him—return to mamma—be married—and as the fairy tales end—'live happily to the end of your days.'"

"I bar that last clause," replied her cousin, "for I always did hate it, it sounds—"

"So common place!" exclaimed Fan, twisting her little face into such a comical shape, that the stiff old cavaliers on the walls, must have laughed in spite of themselves.

"Has Alice a desire to enact the heroine?" asked Mrs. Greville, whom the tumult roused from her nap.

"Oh, to be sure," cried Fanny.

"She don't know what she desires," muttered Harry, who had been a little out of humor all day, because Alice smiled on a Russian prince, the night before.

"But you do," said Fannie, maliciously, in a stage whisper, that effectually checked the lieutenant's loquacity.

"No, mamma," said Alice, "but I do say that I think a long humdrum courtship of four years is a horrid thing, and then spending an unknown number of years with a man, of whom you know nothing after all, except that he has *seemed* kind, I do not fancy."

"Oh, no," returned Fannie, "jumping out of a four story window would be so much more romantic."

"Not if you fell on the bricks," added Mrs. Greville; "I would advise you to follow the plan of the lady in the farce, and have a 'premeditated load of hay below.'"

"Good Lord, ma'am, of course your lover would catch you."

"Well, you don't seem likely to alter one another's opinion," replied the lady, "so I move we adjourn to bed, for I heard the old clock strike eleven, sometime since."

After a few more words of gay badinage, they rose to seek their respective chambers, but Harry managed to detain Alice after the others had left the room.

"What do you want?" she said, though the gleam in her eye showed that the question was a very useless one. "I want to go to bed—I am so sleepy," and she got up the prettiest yawn imaginable.

"Probably, if the Prince was talking, you would be willing to listen till morning," said he, peevishly.

"Possibly," replied she, with another well affected yawn, "how charmingly he spoke Spanish—Harry, I wish you would learn."

"I'll learn Sanscrit, if you'll only say you love me."

"Lord!" muttered Fannie, who was listening

at the key-hole, "he'll break his jaw if he tries, so she better not say so if she think it."

"But, Harry," said Alice, "I am not certain that I do! I like you very much, but——"

"Confound the buts!" cried Harry, "there's two in a sentence."

"Come to bed, Ally!" shouted Fannie from the hall. Then she rushed through, and sprang into the room, looking so innocent, you'd have sworn she came from the other side of the house. She fairly turned Alice out, but before she went herself, caught Master Harry by the ear, and giving it a most unmerciful pull, exclaimed—

"Oh, you poor little military goose, you newly fledged lieutenant, you're as soft as a chicken with the pip. If I were in your place, I'd find a way to make her say yes in double quick time, but you won't—not you—so I'll be Madam Fate, (though she was an old maid,) and help you."

Fannie stood on her tiptoes, and tried to look very stern when she talked about personifying Fate, but in spite of all she could do she was only four feet eleven, and her dignified expression made Harry laugh, notwithstanding his ill temper.

She flew up the great staircase after Alice, making the old windows echo to her gleesome song-bursts. The spirit of mischief seemed to have taken undisputed possession of her, for after dancing herself out of breath round their monstrous chamber, she sat down on the floor and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks, that looked like two poppies from such unwonted exertion.

"Just have the goodness to get into bed and spin a romance," was her only reply to Alice's repeated question of "What on earth ailed her?" and then she laughed to see how provoked Alice was, and made her laugh too, then the little minx asked her what she laughed at, and shook her because she couldn't tell.

The ghosts moving with stately tread through those gloomy apartments, must have been shocked at the young barbarian's actions, but it was little Miss Fannie cared for dignity, and she would have pulled Queen Bess' spirits ruff without the slightest hesitation, and poured hot water on a whole line of Italian ghosts, with as little mercy as Morgiana exercised toward the forty thieves.

Two nights after, Alice was alone in the house, with the exception of the old porter, for her mother and cousins were at a ball, and the servants had obtained permission to go to some merry-meeting. She had staid at home because

there was a weight on her spirits, which, though she could not define it, cast a shadow over her heart, and she felt that it would be impossible for her to attempt to be gay.

She went up to her own chamber, and taking a book sought to lose her ideal sorrow in the pages of a favorite romance. A couple of hours passed before she was roused from her absorption in the tale. Suddenly the turret clock tolled twelve; she started when the sound fell on her ear, waking echoes far through the stillness, and she could hear the beating of her heart in each stroke. When the tones died away she sat down again, smiling at her own folly, yet with a feeling of nervousness strangely unusual to her.

Again, an unwonted noise disturbed her—it was not the chime of the clock that time, and she pressed her hand against her heart to stay its beatings. She had been reading Anne Radcliffe's *Udolpho*, and was just where Emily was wandering through the castle vaults, so she listened once more, and hearing nothing, concluded it was her imagination, which might well become excited. A few moments after there was another sound as of a window being raised—she sprang up—a faint cry died on her lips. Her imagination might be powerful, but it couldn't raise a window—at least one so heavy as any of those in the palace. She listened in mute horror, for she heard heavy steps echoing through the galleries, and once or twice the smothered tone of voices met her ear. She could not move—fear deprived her of all strength, and she was about sinking on the floor, when the grating of the door of her room on its hinges restored her. She looked up—several muffled forms were entering—she cast a glance at the foremost, his features were almost concealed by a slouched hat, but she recognized the countenance of a man whom she had seen near the palazzo the day before.

Her spirit rose in spite of her terror, and she said in a tolerably firm voice, (without stopping to think her favorite heroine would have fainted under the circumstances) "What do you wish?"

"Fear not," he said, in broken English, "we will not harm you, but you must go wid us."

She shrank back, but he came close to her, laid his hand on her shoulder, and motioned his attendants. There were six of them; five powerful men and a masked page. There was a dilapidated mansion—bandits with moustachios, pistols, drooping plumes, and she didn't stop to see what else—beside a page with flesh-colored silk tights, very little calf to his leg, and a blue doublet—all the concomitants to a three volume romance, certainly.

"Fear not," said the brigand chief, "you are as safe as if in de moder's arms." What a pity he should speak such villainous English. "Coom, Anselmo, dake de signora's mandle," he said to the page. The boy approached, and wrapped a shawl round the frightened girl, then turned away—oh, unromantic page—unworthy accessory to a thrilling romance—to laugh.

Alice gave a shriek, by no means a lady-like one, as the bandit seized her in his arms, and folding the shawl over her head, hurried down the stairs, followed by his attendants.

"For God's sake let me free!" cried the agonized girl. "Take all I possess—gold, jewels—but set me down."

He set her down as a gentleman would, but only for a moment, then he seized her again, and was carrying her through the hall which rang with her shrieks, when the great door suddenly opened, and Harry appeared.

"Save me!" she cried. The chief dropped his burden and ran, still followed by his attendants, page and all, who of course would go where their captain led. Harry stopped him, and drew his sword, but the *noble* was too quick for him, and vanished without even leaving his card.

"What in God's name does this mean?" exclaimed the lieutenant. But there was no one to answer, for Alice had fainted. He raised her, and was too busy restoring her to think of pursuing the villains.

"Oh, is it you?" she cried, when she came to her senses. "I thought I was lost."

Harry explained that he left the ball before the others, because Fannie hated to have her alone, and whispered a few words that brought the blood in a torrent to her cheek. He knelt at her feet, and said,

"Are you not certain now?"

Alice replied not, but laid her head back on his arm, and two long, blissful hours elapsed ere they roused themselves from that vision of happiness.

I fancy she was certain, for a year afterward they were all safe in their native land, and the slaves on Mrs. Greville's plantation danced in honor of a wedding where Alice wore white, and Harry looked unusually handsome in a new uniform.

"Are you certain?" whispered a merry voice, as they stood alone at one end of the room; "are you certain?" They looked up and saw Fannie. "For God's sake let me go," continued she, mimicking the tones of one in distress. "Take gold—anything—but leave my mother's darling! Say, are you certain?"

They gazed on her for a moment in silent astonishment—the old palace—the midnight assault—the attempted duel—rose before their sight—and then they comprehended all!

Alice became certain of more than one thing, but she will be a grandmother before Fannie has ceased to laugh over her attempted romance, and her own one trial at performing the part of the brigand's page.

## THE FORSAKEN.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

WHAT sorrow clouds thy youthful brow,  
And pales the sunny light  
Which e'er illumed those lovely eyes  
So radiantly bright?  
What stole the color from those lips,  
So rosy in their hue;  
Or those soft cheeks whose healthy bloom  
Was once surpassed by few?

And when the name of one we speak,  
Once to thy heart so dear—  
Why dost thou start and paler grow,  
As if o'ercome with fear?  
And why from those fair violet eyes  
Do burning tear-drops fall,  
Or why with drooping head dost hear  
Unheeded, Friendship's call?

I know the secret thou would'st keep  
Within thine aching breast,  
For he who wore thy tender heart,  
And whom thy love had blest—  
Unworthy of the trust hath proved,  
And left thy heart to pine;  
And though he pledged his hand to thee,  
He never can be thine!

Then fond one do not longer grieve  
That he unworthy proved,  
The one thy warm and trusting heart  
In innocence hath loved;  
All earthly roses hide a thorn  
Beneath their richest bloom,  
True happiness is seldom found  
In aught this side the tomb.

## HAZLERIDGE PARSONAGE.

BY FLORA FLOWERSVALE.

SPRING has come at last, and we in the country are heartily rejoiced. It is not with us the mere putting on of a new bonnet which marks the changes of the seasons. We are so directly and immediately brought into contact with nature, that all her phases are not merely objects of picturesque interest, but of guidance. When we look over the beautiful landscape just now, with its alternate green and brown and dun, like a huge tessellated pavement, it is with a practical, as well as an artistic eye; for we well understand that the bright green is the wheat greener than ever after its recent very unseasonable snow bath; and that the brown and dun are the fields which are yet waiting for the corn, or into which the oats have been already harrowed and rolled. Without quite the matter-of-fact spirit of the tailor who exclaimed at Niagara "Shears! What a place to sponge a coat!" we have still enough of the prose in us to make our poetry all the more beautiful by the contrast. Plain sense is a capital foil for raptures, and country pictures, to country people, are all the better that they can discern the background of stern use and utility, as well as the higher effects of "grouping," and "light and shade." Look with me for a moment from our verandah. That clump of trees is beautiful—is it not?—and in just the place too for the embellishment of the picture. And those other bushy, grand old giants, there, and there, and there! All very delightful, and as prettily placed as if they had been planted by a landscape gardener. Come with me next July, after hay harvest, when the solstice is at the fiercest, and under that clump I will show you the nicest and coolest pool, and the grateful kine standing there in a bath which Cleopatra might envy. And the shady side of every tree in the grassy land shall have its occupants, lazily flourishing their long and convenient, natural fly-bushes, and chewing the cud of "sweet and bitter fancy," with just enough of the latter for a relish. Please the Fauns, don't let it be wild garlic to spoil our milk!

Each season has its appropriate duties which can neither be neglected nor postponed. Perhaps among them all, those of spring are the most delightful, because they are really the least selfish, and the most conducive to true faith and

confidence in Him who has promised that seed time and harvest shall not fail us. When it comes to harvesting and in-gathering, whether large crops or fruits for immediate gratification, we ought to be thankful, and I hope we are; but there is a lower stratum of mere sensual pleasure in the best of us.

In spring, we derive no immediate pleasure or profit from our work, but look in hope and confidence for the rewards which a kind Father has promised as the results of our obedience. Indeed we are busy. Our city friends, who fancy that country folk have nothing to do but to send butter to market, (*which the cows make*) and eggs, (*which the hens bring into the house in baskets*) have little notion of our activity and diligence. There goes the stage by our gate, and Carrie Phelps kisses her hand "good-bye!" to me. So she is gone! I knew it, and it was with her as my ideal heroine I sat down to write you this rambling page or two of country life.

To do this I must go back into the winter; no unpleasant retrospect, let me assure you, whatever city may picture to themselves of winter in the country, as a time of doleful dumps. The out-door view is beautiful—especially when the snowy mantle covers hill-side and plain, dotted with dark skeleton trees, and enlivened with clusters of houses which seem in winter time to draw into close neighborhood, as if to keep warm. Abundance we have of cheerful company and rational enjoyment. Nor are we at any time devoid of subjects for conversation, whatever people may think who can't breakfast till they have seen the daily paper. We are always well enough read up in the city news, the foreign war movements, and the national politics. And then there is our own neighborhood chat, pleasantly postponed once a month by the Ladies' National Magazine, with its literature, art and fashions. Take a country girl's word for it, time never hangs heavy with us, even here, where we have no Julien concerts or Musical Fund Hall. As to public exhibitions generally, if we may judge from the occasional twelve and a half cent specimens, which find their way to our village, we are well rid of them.

*Apropos*—of topics for talk. Our village at this present writing is in a state of feverish, but

most pleasant excitement. Five years ago our old minister died. (Don't laugh, we villagers are much better interested in clergymen, than you citys in the Signori Whiskerini and Signore Taffetine, who form the rallying points of fashionable factions.) He had lived among us so long, and performed the last offices for so many people, that it almost seemed that he must be exempt from death. His family had grown up among us, all excellent sons and daughters, the popular prejudice against ministers' children to the contrary, notwithstanding. The people had built a house for him and his successors in the charge; and he went on from year to year improving it, till there was not a more beautiful place in the village than the parsonage. Everybody felt an unselfish interest in it. It was common property, and so was the venerable tenant. He was always cheerful, and so was his house; for, though at last, all his children had moved away and settled elsewhere, there never was a week that some of them did not visit their birth-place, or some of their children come to see grandfather. He knew, and loved, and welcomed all. They were the guests of the village. We should as soon have thought of blotting Hazleridge from the map of the country, as of regarding the minister's family as belonging to any other place. Caroline Phelps was the minister's niece, and it was through this circumstance that she first saw Hazleridge.

Death is inexorable. The venerable pastor who had folded so many generations, laid down his office and his life together. It was a sad day in Hazleridge, when the words were said over his remains, which no other voice than his had pronounced in that cemetery for half a century. I could scarce feel, as I saw the earth piled up over him, that he was not standing, as it had ever been his wont, with kind respect for the dead, whether pauper or equal, to watch with moistened eyes the last movement of the sexton's spade.

The widow lived on in the house, by invitation of the parish, given not only formally, but in the sound of every voice, and the kind regards of every countenance. She strove to keep up the hospitable and cheerful character of the mansion. The new minister, a young unmarried man, was domiciled with her, so that the house was still the parsonage, in fact, as well as in name. But we could not feel it so. Whenever we called, the visits to the dwelling which used to be so delightful, would be sad in spite of us. The widow's eyes would fill with tears, though she welcomed us with smiles, and strove, good Christian heart, to be resigned. The blank which his departure, who had been the light of

the dwelling had left, was too much for hostess and for guests. And with her own children we soon discovered, that the sorrow of a visit was not much less. They grieved at meeting their mother, and again at separation; and after a few months trial of this mode of living, the widow attempted it no longer, but removed to the house of one of her sons.

The young clergyman of course, did not want the house. It was but a short time closed, however, before a tenant was found on the honorable and pleasant terms of boarding the clergyman. Everybody liked him; but the sentiment of filial affection which his predecessor inspired, so young a man could not hope to awaken. A clergyman is never at his zenith of usefulness before his hair is a little silvered. But Mr. Mortimer always commanded respect. His conduct was unexceptionable and dignified, and though not morose, or insensible to the charms of social intercourse, there was no approach to levity in his conversation, nor, we may add, in his presence. Thus he escaped the folly which too often drives young clergymen into matrimony, as their only security against mischievous gossip. The keenest eye in the village could not detect anything in his conduct or demeanor, on which to found the small talk imputation of an "engagement." He stood in a gentlemanly and dignified attitude to the young of both sexes, and in a deferential, yet commanding position to the old. He "magnified his office," and while he claimed no personal respect, wore still the panoply, and commanded the honor due to an ambassador of heaven.

Thus stood matters up to this very morning; and after this somewhat long, though necessary digression, we may again take up the thread of our story—if it has any thread, which I begin to doubt. Well, this day the town is all astir with the news that the minister is going to take the house himself. It is well understood—for we take care to be well posted in such matters, that he has no mother or sister, or aunt or cousin, who can come to keep house for him. He is certainly going to be married. Who can she be? Will she become ex-officio President of our Ladies' Society, or leave the old lady in possession, who holds the office now by seniority? Will she propose a fancy fair, to aid in painting the old church? Will she invite the sewing circle to the parsonage? Numberless are the questions, and vague the replies. Nobody seems to know anything about her. It can be nobody among us. There is not a girl in the parish who has had the slightest hope of him—though there are a score who would have been too happy

to have secured his good graces. Who *can* it be?

There is not the slightest doubt of the main fact in the case—that the young gentleman intends to bring hither a female colleague. Two or three of our oldest men, our “wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best,” as Milton hath it, are superintending improvements, restorations and alterations about the house and grounds. These ancients are put to a whimsical torture with questions and cross-questions; but they only shake their heads with proposed sagacity, and refuse with most provoking importance to answer inquiries. They evidently know; and are as evidently well pleased. Who *can* it be?

But I perceive my pen has run away from the subject. This sketch—scratch—letter—call it what you will, has had hitherto little to do with my heroine, Carrie Phelps. Let me see—where was I? Oh, seeing her off in the stage. You perceive, however, that *our* attention may be distracted here in the country, as well as *yours* in town. News is news in Hazleridge, and when we have any, we make the most of it.

Carrie Phelps was but a wee thing when she used to come here in her aunt's time; but a few years may make a wonderful difference in a young lady. Indeed it seems to me sometimes that women spring up out of little girls, like an arctic season, with as little interval between childhood and adolescence, as there is between a polar winter and summer. Of course, people could not be supposed to know anything of her as a teacher; but her aunt's recommendation was enough. That she was a connection of the deceased pastor, predisposed everybody in her favor, and the warrant of her welcome was never withdrawn. She proved a most excellent teacher—but, thank fortune, I have been done with school for a *long* time—full eighteen months, so we will let the professional part of her character pass.

For the rest—Carrie was the delight of the Hazleridge society, and everybody's favorite. A prominent position among strangers is a trying position for a young lady. To conduct with proper discretion and tact; neither offending by hauteur, and repelling by coldness on the one hand, nor losing respect by too great lightness or affability on the other, is a difficult mean to observe. I sometimes think that a teacher's vocation is favorable to the solution of this difficult problem. I have been half inclined myself to take a school to learn lessons in gravity, and staid decorum. The schoolmistress has, in her little kingdom, the province of command, and learns self-respect, while she is enforcing obedience. Some foolish girls can learn no-

where, but Caroline Phelps was not one of these.

Our young men became her perfect idolators—all except the Rev. Mr. Mortimer. He walked on, as staid and unmoved, as if she had been his sister. She boarded in the same family, but failed to excite a single glance, or to obtain one smile from his placid face—except such a smile as was no “*fee smile*” to her, but was disseminated over the “*general weal*” of the whole household. (You see I have been reading Shakspeare. Carrie borrowed Mr. Mortimer's copy, and we read parts of it together. I dare say the insensible mortal told her to be sure and not turn down the leaves!)

Carrie was with us nearly a year. She came for the summer term, but pleased so well that the directors did the unusual thing to ask her to take charge of a winter school. They even invited her to return and teach the summer again, but she declined. It was too provoking! I am sure she has no friends anywhere who love her half as well, and as for me, I loved her like a sister. If she was only here now, we might learn something of what is doing at the parsonage, and what it looks like, and what things promise. Those fussy old men, one can get nothing out of them. And as to joking Mr. Mortimer, or asking him any thing which he don't tell of his own accord—we should as soon think of talking nonsense to the statue of General Washington.

*Revenons a nos moutons*—not that Carrie is a sheep, you know, but one must quote French in these days of boarding-school proficiency. I will adhere to my story, and not mention Mr. Mortimer again. All the young men, as I told you, were smitten with Caroline Phelps. The young women might have been jealous and spiteful, if Carrie had not been as decorous and unaffected through the whole of it, that she soon restored the men to their senses, and prevented them making themselves or herself appear ridiculous. She had the most perfect knack at generalizing what was intended for a particular attention, and diffusing what was meant as an offering to herself, over a whole party. Let me tell you that this scattering the rays of the men's admiration, and preventing their convergence on one point, prevented several disastrous conflagrations here last winter.

We are all quite of the opinion that Carrie was affianced before she came here; and that thus armed, she was proof against all Hazleridge gallantry. It was not merely matter of course attentions that she received—but we happen to know that the best and most eligible

party here made her distinct proposals, which she politely, but positively declined. There is no coquetry in Carrie. She never laid herself out to attract admiration, but rather discouraged it. The man who made advances to her, did it entirely of his own notion, and has no one to blame but himself in his disappointment. Still we are all sorry for poor George —. He had quite set his heart on her. He made his approaches in the siege which he laid to her hand in the most orthodox and improved manner. All the skilful skirmishing of small attentions, which she could not receive without seeming to approve, or refuse without being impolite, were paid to her. Gradually and handsomely he closed his

lines, and drew nearer and nearer to the attack. All, up to the last moment was uncertainty; though all the Hazleridge world up to last evening, thought it must be a match. He proposed—and was rejected. I confess I share the general surprise.

P. S. The quiet, reserved, lady-like, elegant, dear, delightful, accomplished little puss:—The mysterious, solemn, excellent, dignified, Rev. Mr. Mortimer:—Don't you think—dare you believe—shall I tell you, Mr. Peterson? Carrie Phelps that is, Mortimer that is to be, is the future mistress of Hazlewood Parsonage.

## NIGHT MEMORIES.

BY MARTHA CAMERON.

THE full moon of a soft May night,  
Is flooding earth and sea with light,  
And through the uncurtained window pours  
Her radiance on my chamber floors;  
On floor and whitewashed wall it lies  
Like a stray beam from Paradise;  
Oh! if this world of sin and care,  
So much of beauty still can wear,  
What must it be where angels are?

And sounds that oft have soothed to rest  
After a day of weariness;  
Gentle and low are passing by,  
Murm'ring a midnight lullaby.  
The break of waves on pebbly shore,  
Proclaim the reign of Winter o'er;  
While through the leafless locust trees,  
And round our humble cottage eaves  
Lingers the loving Southern breeze.

The loving breeze: and yet for me  
To-night it sounds reproachfully;  
Takes a low, well-remembered tone,

And wails for trust and friendship gone,  
Whisp'ring the fault were all my own.

The fault my own! Oh, well I know  
The bitter words that wounded so;  
Estranged a gentle loving heart,  
But left with mine the keenest smart:  
Strive to forget them as I will,  
Those words of passion haunt me still,  
I've thought them o'er and o'er again,  
While tears of penitence and shame,  
Upon my pillow fell like rain.

Forgive—'tis all that I can ask,  
The sweet confidingness is past  
That made our blessing. Nevermore  
Will earth that confidence restore,  
Which in my mood I cast away.  
And now, beloved one, to pray,  
To ask all blessings fervently,  
At morning, noon and night for thee,  
Is all of friendship left to me.

## SUNSET.

BY VIOLET VALE.

How oft I have wander'd alone and serene,  
When sunset was gilding the woodlands so green;  
And heard the clear note of the whip-poor-will swell  
On the pure Summer air from the heart of some dell.

When softly the low wind was rustling the corn,  
And twitter'd the bird from his nest on the thorn,  
And tinkling of bells from the kye coming home  
Sounded sweet on the breeze of the dowy eve borne.

And wav'd the white grain like the billowy sea,  
And soft came the perfume of flowers from the lea,  
When slowly day's monarch sunk down to his rest,  
Leaving trace of his glory behind in the West.

Soon o'er the wide forest shades gather'd afar,  
And hung in rich lustre eve's first gentle star,  
And peace seem'd to reign as when Eden first smil'd  
From the hand of its Maker, by sin undefil'd.

## ERNESTINE GRAY.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

"I do believe," said a gentleman to his wife, "that if a perfect human character ever existed, it is that of your placid and cheerful, yet sad-looking friend. She seems too good for earth—so practical and yet ethereal; so full of common sense, usefulness and compassion, and yet herself above all common desires and disappointments."

"Hers is a history. Shall I relate it?"

"Pray do so. I only wonder that you have not given me the narrative before."

"Men are always disposed to disparage maiden ladies; and I never felt like exposing Ernestine Gray's touching character to even the shadow of a smile. It is one of my sacred themes; fit only for a guest hour like this, when the shadow of her almost saintly presence has disposed the mind to contemplate the higher beauties of the Christian character; the Truth and Love which in their purity make us realize the heavenly influence of a Christian life."

The character which you so much admired, and so justly, is one that has been perfected through suffering. What I am about to tell you is not her confession, formally made to me in an hour of confidence; for Ernestine Gray is not one of those who are addicted to obtruding their private griefs upon their friends, and challenging admiration of their martyrdom. Nor does she regard herself as at all notable or remarkable. In her quiet humility, she would be very much surprised that I can find patience to recount, or that you can be interested in hearing the events of her life. In the course of her pilgrimage we may see only suffering; but in each event she discerns the goodness of God in permitting her to be useful to her kind, and schooling her by the discipline of sorrow, to calmness of spirit and strength of religious character. What I know of her I have learned chiefly of others; and her accidental allusions to herself have only enabled me to correct and connect the narrative.

I first met with her a few years since, during the prevalence of a disease among children, which was so severe as almost to take the character of an epidemic. The wealthy could remove their children from the influence of the infection, or disarm disease of a portion of its

terrors by the provision of remedies and the comforts of attendance and suitable nourishment and palliatives. But the poor, deprived of all luxuries, and in many cases of absolute necessities, shut up in close courts and lanes, and debarred that first requisite to health, wholesome air, perished in great numbers. The ladies, in organized societies, or as the representatives of churches, and also in their own continual capacity as the representatives of humanity, made great efforts to stay the malady and relieve the distressed.

Foremost among them was Ernestine Gray—foremost but unobtrusive. Many women had the safety of their own children to consult, and could not compromise it by actual contact with the disease. Many others, generous, but faint-hearted, were ready to give without stint, but feared to place themselves within the reach of the dreaded miasma, or were positively interdicted by friends from so doing. Almoners to distribute aid were more needed than alms-givers to furnish it. Ernestine had none of these clogs upon her benevolence which I have spoken of; and she had no fears. Wherever the cry of distress appealed to her, she answered it with calm and unconscious courage and self-denial—never with the reckless fanaticism of mere impulse. She guarded her own life, and husbanded her own strength, and she would not tempt Providence by heedless and unnecessary exposure, or abridge her own usefulness by the prostration of her energies. I had never heard of her before. Her name is never prominent. She does not assume directed, but silently co-operates in whatever good, requiring aid, is undertaken by any one else; and always diligently pursues her own course in the retired paths of mercy, where one gentle woman can put a thousand ills to flight.

One day I met Ernestine in the street, and as our ways lay together, we busily compared notes of what we had seen, and who needed assistance. This was before I became a selfish wife, and while I yet had opportunity to give to the poor the care and love which one's household comes in time to monopolize. We were stopped by a child who begged us with honest, natural tears, "Oh, good ladies, do come for father is dying!" Following the little messenger up a court we



were ushered into a scene, the memory of which will never leave me. On a miserable dusty bed lay a man in his last throes, his heavy breathing convulsing his whole frame. The damps of death were on his brow. Several women, his poor neighbors, were gathered round, looking with troubled curiosity at this "last scene of all." The dying man, as we drew near, raised himself upon his elbow—a flash of light passed over his vision, his corrugated features relaxed into a faint smile of welcome; his lips moved as if to speak, and he sank on his pillow to rise no more.

Ernestine had pressed up to the bedside, and stood just before me, fixedly looking at the dead. She even took one cold hand in hers, and as she did so, I saw her frame shake with powerful emotion. She crossed his arms upon his breast, pressed down his eyelids, and busied herself for a moment in composing his matted hair. When she turned I saw in her features the traces of a fearful struggle—but though her eyes swam in tears, not a cry, not a word escaped her lips. She raised the child, who had thrown herself weeping upon the foot of the bed, and said, "Was this your father?" The child replied by throwing herself upon the lifeless body; and it required no little exertion of strength to disengage her from that fearful embrace. "Come with me," said Ernestine to the little forsaken one; but the only reply was to rush back to the bedside and cling with frantic energy to the cold form of him who had been her last, her only friend. "Go with the lady," said one of the women, wiping the child's eyes with her apron, and adjusting as well as she could her wreck of a bonnet; "go with the lady, and when all is ready for the burying you shall come back again." The little one looked up, as if scarce understanding what was said, but suffered herself to be persuaded. When we reached the street Ernestine beckoned to a cab, and not wishing to intrude myself upon her purposes, whatever they might be, I pursued my way home alone, heart weary at the woe in the world, of which I had just seen this new instance.

Ernestine never recalled the events of that day again to me, though we met often during that sad summer, and have since kept up a constant intercourse. But she had acquired such a strange interest in my eyes, that the curiosity with which I traced her history must be pardonable. I learned that at an early age she lost her father, and upon Ernestine fell the double charge of a helpless mother and an infant sister. It was not that poverty compelled this labor; but there are attentions which wealth cannot purchase, and requirements and attentions which affection only

can supply. Ernestine was remarkably capable of fulfilling these demands—a very little woman, wise beyond her years; but the burthen caused a premature development of her character, and imprinted upon her youthful face the stamp of care and solicitude. What might have been budding beauty under happier auspices, was changed to a look of anxiety which bespoke powers overtasked. To guide the waywardness of infancy is a task even for the old and experienced; the child Ernestine was obliged to control her sister six years younger. And she was required moreover to rule with such discretion that the cunning perseverance of little Mary would not defeat her by appeals to a nerveless sufferer, for whom the physician enjoined repose. Thus early did Ernestine Gray learn self-sacrifice.

Her mother's death came upon her as a great and oppressive affliction; but she learned afterward to feel that it was a deliverance and a mercy to the sufferer, and a relief to her children. The early years of Ernestine could not long have endured the double task; and mind, or body, or both, must have sunk beneath it. In such a school was she early trained to endure the trials of life; and to feel that "no one liveth to himself."

From eighteen years of age, when she wept over her mother's grave to four or five and twenty, were the sunny days of Ernestine Gray. She became, after the death of her parents, the light of the household of her mother's sister; and at once perfected her own education, and brought forward her younger cousins and her sister. Labor is pleasure when we labor for those we love; and in constant occupation is the secret of enjoyment as well as of usefulness. To all the house Ernestine was dear, and by all beloved; but the love which existed between her and her charge was passing beautiful. The gentle sway of the elder sister—not imperious from the love of power, but firm in the depth of affection, and the consciousness of well-earned right, never failed to control Mary, wayward as she was. The very contrast in their characters made their sisterly union more delightful. Mary was heedless, happy, impulsive—and her merry laugh and sunny face arrested you at a glance, and bound you afterward. You could not but love the frolicsome, innocent heart, which opened to you as if sorrow had never entered into the world, and deceit and evil were not known in it. Frequently Mary Gray came under grave reproof; but the very lips which chid her transgressions, were oftenest suddenly turned away to conceal a smile.

Mary was her uncle's favorite, Ernestine was

his admiration. He could not, however, have found a nearer way to the unselfish heart of Ernestine Gray, than in his kindness to Mary. When, therefore, Mary was chosen to accompany her cousins and their father on a long summer tour, Ernestine smiled a pleased acquiescence in his remark, that he would "leave the two old ladies at home." Mrs. Warner had positively declined to accompany the party; and as it was necessary that some one should remain at home with her, the choice of course fell upon the gentle-hearted girl who appeared to have no higher pleasure in life than consulting the wishes of her friends.

It was a dull house during the many weeks that the family were absent. Ernestine began to acknowledge weariness, almost for the first time in her life. It was not the weariness of application, but the want of employment. Chance threw in her way a new friend; or rather the politeness of one who had long been an occasional visitor at the house, seemed to her the more grateful that, when so little remained to attract him, his visits were increased rather than diminished in number. Old ladies are keen-eyed, and Mrs. Warner looked on and smiled at Ernestine's innocent self-deception. There was no need of frowns certainly, for the frequent guest was in every way worthy of Ernestine's affection, if he should succeed in winning it.

Herbert gained her confidence. And the evidence of this was that she talked unreservedly and warmly to him, not of herself, but of those she dearly loved. Her kind aunt and uncle, her cousins, and, above all, her own dear sister, were the themes on which she delighted to dwell. She read to him portions of her sister's letters; and it was from all this that he learned to divine how deep a well of affection her outward calmness concealed. Ernestine seemed then, as she now does, passionless and almost cold. It was only her intimates, her own family circle who knew what a wealth of love was hid in her placid breast. And Herbert first found favor in her eyes, that he listened with such pleased attention to her praises of her sister. She thought it was interest in the absent which lighted up his face, as she talked to him. She did not suspect that all other human beings were absent from his thought as well as sight as he listened to her.

Old ladies, we have said, are keen-sighted. Mrs. Warner forgot the loneliness of the house, in her amusement at the little drama which was acting under her eyes. She could have told Ernestine more than she knew or suspected of the secrets of her own heart; but she was discreet and silent, and diverted herself with the thought

how much all would be amazed when they returned, to find that even Ernestine was not insensible—and that she also, the self-sacrificing, had discovered that another might live for her, and be beloved for it. Ernestine did not yet know her own heart. It was still to be revealed to her. Herbert was so far from exacting any thing, that he did not even commit himself. They were a couple of very blind lovers.

In due time the family returned; not a day too soon, as Mrs. Warner declared, "for nobody could tell what would have happened in their longer absence." Ernestine blushed, as the old lady went on to dilate upon the frequency of Herbert's visits. She had never felt her face crimson before, at any such illusion. Perhaps she began to suspect the true state of the case. Punctual as night fall, Herbert was at the house.

Returned travellers monopolize conversation. It is their right. And Mary Gray was voluble in her descriptions of what she had seen, and animated in her account of what she had enjoyed. Ernestine more than shared her pleasure, and as she looked on this vision of beauty, she was more than pleased that Herbert was quite wrapt in it. "Beautiful!" he said to her in an undertone; and Ernestine's face glowed with pleasure. Was not Mary her own creature, so far as the human being can mould another? How their hearts knit, as hand in hand they knelt at their bedside that night, to thank the Good Being who had once more restored them to each other!

Herbert's benevolent attachment to the deserted house did not cease when it became once more inhabited. If possible his assiduous attention was increased. Aunt Warner who saw a clear case before the return of her family, saw less clearly now. And Ernestine?—could that pang have been jealousy—jealousy of her own sister? The anxious look came in a heavier cloud upon her brow again; but she wrestled with her feelings and was still. What she had not suspected till too late in herself, she read plainly in the transparent bosom of her sister.

Aunt Warner was sitting alone in the twilight. She heard a light footstep, and called "Ernestine!" The niece came and sat down by her side. "I have a surprise for you. Herbert has obtained the permission of your sister formally to ask our consent to his marriage with her." The matron felt the hand of Ernestine grow cold in in hers—and then a glow of heat came to the very finger ends. Her niece said, in a calm voice, "He is worthy of her."

"Are you a perfect stoic?" asked her aunt after a pause. "How can you conceal your own thoughts and disappointments?"

"I hope, my dear aunt, that I hide nothing which it would benefit others to disclose."

"Ernestine, you are more than human——"

"Less, oh, much less, a weak, silly child!"

Ernestine bowed her head upon Mrs. Warner's neck, and her aunt felt the scalding tears falling into her bosom. The happy voices of Mary and her cousins, and the deep, manly tones of Herbert were heard as they approached. Two figures glided out of the room as they entered. Lights were brought, and the happy laugh resounded where a moment before the heart which would not break, silently struggled, and yielded to the requirements of a high sense of duty.

The victory over self was perfect in Ernestine. Her light-hearted sister did not dream, while kind advice and direction and assistance were continually given, at how great a price to another she had acquired her dreams of joy. Ernestine, as was her wont, was the soul of all the preparations. Even Herbert, who had at first some twinges of conscience, when he saw the unconstrained and uncomplaining manner in which the elder sister fulfilled what she deemed her mission, was put completely at ease. Only Mrs. Warner knew the struggles of that tried heart, and loved her niece more than ever. Herbert felt almost angry at her insensibility, rejoiced at his own escape, and was nearly ready to reproach Ernestine with having kindled in him an affection which she did not reciprocate. What an artful casuist is an inconstant heart!

Herbert and Mary were married. The sister showed no more emotion than was natural—less outwardly than her aunt. Only farce writers make marriages scenes of unmixed happiness, as if all our life ties could be disturbed, and we unmoved. To be sure, the future is full of hope—but brief was the dream of happiness for Mary. A short year scarcely passed before the bride was consigned to the tomb; but Ernestine Gray, as she wept over the dead, had still a consolation which no one knew, save herself. Mary died, as she had lived, her dear sister. Not a suspicion of the secret clouded her brief day, or dimmed the hour in which she surrendered to her God the youthful spirit which a sister's care had trained to meet that sure event—the end of all the living.

And now, you are ready to say, Ernestine's cup was full—her desolate existence could know no further sorrow. She saw her aunt, a second mother, laid in the grave—but she was gathered into the garner as a shock fully ripe. Death brings not an abiding grief to those who sorrow not without hope. It is a transient separation—not an everlasting farewell.

Calmly Ernestine rose above these sorrows. She bowed to the blast, and when it was over-past, rose again, gentle and pliant, but having within herself the elements of strength—for her trust was in One whose arm is mighty, and whose mercy sure. The memory of the departed was sacred to her, and she could heartily give thanks for those departed this life in the true faith and fear. On Herbert—stricken and almost inconsolable in his despair, she could look with the tenderest pity. He was dear to her, as one whose life had been united to her sister. The unhappy past had faded from her thoughts in the sacredness of the more recent affliction, in which, with him she had a common lot. She softened his grief with gentle words of holy consolation. And again Herbert discerned in her heart its wealth of pure affection. Again he found that she was not cold and insensible. The living Mary had once taught him this; the memory of the dead caused the lesson to be repeated.

Herbert could not understand the noble nature of Ernestine. His love for her gentle spirit to which her brilliant sister had done unconscious and innocent wrong, returned with new strength. It seemed to him that he had loved them both as one; that Mary had been dear to him for the sake of Ernestine; and that sorrow for the dead now made the living sister more dear. He would sit for hours, recalling the every word and gesture and thought of the departed; and Ernestine gave way with the sweet sadness of affection to such communion with him. Herbert was to her a dear brother, and the love with which she regarded him was pure and holy as the relation in which he seemed to stand to her—the living representative of the sainted dead.

For many months this innocent dream lasted. But Ernestine had learned to distrust her own heart. And what was sadder far—for the grieved spirit mourns to find its hopes disappointed—she was forced to distrust Herbert. She saw to what they were tending; and to discern her duty was to resolve to do it. Ernestine calmly pointed out to him the danger in which they stood.

Herbert said, "You have saved me the awkwardness of an explanation. Why should you describe that as a danger—a result to be feared and dreaded—which to me seems our only hope of happiness, our plain course of duty—if duty consist in preserving our peace and usefulness?"

Ernestine fixed upon him a gaze of grieved astonishment. Then all the woman in her came to her aid; her bruised spirit rebelled against its oppressor. Herbert needed no interpreter of the glance from that sternly beautiful face; and

when he dared to look up, she was gone from him, and forever.

"Well, upon my word," said the gentleman, looking at his watch, as his wife's voice ceased, "you have made me forget my club. You should be a Sultan's bride, for nothing in the Thousand and One Nights is half so interesting. Pray, where did you learn to improvise, little one, and

why have you concealed your accomplishment so long?"

"No raillery, sir, or you will break your faith."

"I am dumb. But the girl who comes here with Miss Gray, is she her sister's child?"

"No, she is Herbert's, the daughter of another wife, for Mary died childless. She is the orphan, whom I saw Ernestine Gray lead from her father's death bed."

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY H. W.

Cold is thy bed, my baby-love,  
No doating mother's fostering breast  
May now thy downy pillow prove,  
Or lull thy little head to rest.

These arms no more shall fondly twine  
Around thy beauteous infant form,  
No more my lips be pressed to thine,  
Printing maternal kisses warm.

Thy spirit longed to soar on high,  
Too Heavenly pure to linger here,  
And sought full soon its native sky  
To meet a kindlier spirit there.

Oh! I had thought to keep thee long,  
And much I loved to see thee smile,  
And I would weave some pensive song  
To soothe thy little cares the while.

And oft would Hope in visions gay  
Delight to paint thy future years,

And brightest scenes of bliss pourtray  
To cheat my bosom's anxious fears.

But Heaven decreed it might not be,  
And summoned thee, loved one, away,  
While yet in infant purity,  
To regions of celestial day.

And should I grieve, now thou art blest,  
And wish thee back on earth again?  
Or sigh that thou dost sweetly rest,  
While I in this sad world remain?

Ah, no! the gracious power that gave  
May sure his own free gift resume;  
His mercy chastens but to save,  
And leads us Heavenward through the tomb.

That Goodness gives, that Wisdom takes,  
Is quite enough for man to know,  
And while my heart with sorrow breaks,  
I'll kiss the hand that deals the blow.

## MY FRIENDS.

BY N. F. CARTER.

THE true, the tender-hearted,  
These are the friends for me,  
Companions with me started  
To cross life's troubled sea.  
To them by love united,  
My heart is light and free,  
And holy vows are plighted  
Of faith and constancy.

And so I prize them ever  
As gems from Eden-mines,  
Whose burnished radiance never  
With shadowy dimness shines.  
Their smile to me is gladness,  
Enlivening cheek and eye;  
Its absence spirit-sadness,  
Which darkens earth and sky.

So I would have them near me,  
While in this storm-girt clime,  
With kindly words to cheer me  
Each sad and lonely time.  
Then light would be the sorrows  
That crowd along life's way;  
Nor thoughts of sad to-morrows  
Would clothe in gloom to-day.

And then what joy would fill me,  
Enrapturing all my soul,  
While songs of angels thrill me,  
Till love holds full control!  
And so their love I'd cherish  
As flowers we rarely find;  
But found will never perish,  
Within the heart enshrined!

## MISS SALLY SLICER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY ALICE BOND.

WELL, I declare, I never get so tired any other day in the week as I do Sunday; but now I have eat supper and washed and put away the tea-things and I'll sit down and rest a few minutes.

I shouldn't think the people of Centreville would tolerate such a minister as Mr. Culver any longer; he does preach such dull, prosy sermons, with no striking thoughts clothed in beautiful language, no flight of fancy, no highly wrought sentences. He only exhorts his hearers to be good and useful, warns them of the punishment that is sure to follow sin, and explains some few passages of Scripture. So old fashioned! One can't be religious if they would.

I think we need some one here that is talented; some young clergyman that is unmarried. A man without any family would have so much more time to prepare his sermons, and visit the members of his church. Poor Mr. Culver! I never did see such an inattentive audience as his was to-day. But then it was ridiculous for Deacon Jones to go to sleep right in meeting time, sitting bolt-upright in his long pew, with his mouth wide open, and snoring loud enough to disturb the whole congregation; I did feel sorry for old Mrs. Jones when she jogged his elbow and he gave such a start, knocking her parasol and hymn-book down to the floor. And then to think Ellen Mason should giggle so. I know I blushed every time I looked at her, sitting there, looking as innocent as a kitten, with the lining to her dress cut out so low in the neck. Thinks her shoulders are white, I suppose. The shameless creature! If I could get hold of her, I would give her one good shaking, I know. I don't like Mrs. Green's new spring bonnet at all. So dashing for a woman of her age; her children haven't any manners, no kind of bringing up. Everybody could see that when that ugly little brat Sammy screamed out in the porch, "there goes old Sally Slicer," his mother boxed his ears soundly, but not half so much as he deserved, and one of those proud Misses Hall smiled, pretending however that she tried to suppress it. I do think it's real wicked for those girls to stand and talk and laugh with the gentlemen in the porch, and then go into church and look right straight at the minister and their hymn-books all the time so very seriously. I believe they are arrant hypocrites. But

it's getting dusk, and I'll go into the parlor and watch by the west window to see who goes by.

That snow-ball bush is right in the way now it's "leaved out," but I'll have it cut down next week. There come the Miss Meddlers; going to Methodist meeting; think somebody will offer to go home with them, I suppose. All they go to meeting for is to get a beau, Methodist indeed! Time was, when all the Methodist women were dressed as plainly as the Quakers; but now, nobody wears so many feathers, and chains, and flounces, and furbelows, as the Miss Meddlers. There they go swinging and twisting along down the street. I wonder who that is; it must be Dr. Hall going to see Mary Sprague. He goes every Sunday night, and once or twice in the middle of the week besides, but "I don't think it's any credit to either of them."

That must be Enoch Treadwell, going to see Polly Hill. The old fool! They say he has killed two wives, and I know Polly won't have anything to say to him. What a life that old maid must lead, she is always scrubbing; everything in her house must be clean and white as a snow-drift. Folks say she is half crazy, and I believe it, for whenever there is a hard thunder-shower Polly can be heard singing away happy as a bird.

Mrs. Green said Enoch went there last Sunday night, and Polly locked the doors so that he couldn't come in and stayed in the chambers. I guess she has done so again to-night. There sure enough goes Enoch in at the gate. He is knocking at the south door. No one comes to open it. Now he has gone round to the west door. Here he comes back again and is looking in at the window. Polly is raising the chamber window. I wonder what for? She is holding a tin pail. Down goes a whole bucket of water right on to Enoch's head. Ha! ha! ha! the old fellow must be thoroughly drenched. There he goes off, muttering to himself, and I think he will never trouble Polly again. Here comes a wagon. It's George Harris and Susan White; he is leaning over toward her dreadful lovingly, with his arm laid across the back of the wagon seat. I suppose he thinks Kate Parsons will see them go by. He intends that she shall hear him at any rate. Mercy! you might hear him shout to his horse "go along," and hear the crack of his whip

anywhere in Centreville. There Betsey Payne has put a light in the parlor again. She sets a candle in every night to make folks think some one is there. But I have watched ten Sunday nights in succession, and haven't seen even the shadow of a gentleman knock at the hall door. The deceitful creature! Well, I am tired. I should like to see how long Betsey Payne will keep the candle burning in the parlor, and who goes home with the Miss Meddlers, and how long Dr. Hall stays at Mr. Sprague's, but I guess I

will not wait to see, for I'm tired and my eyes ache.

And Miss Sally groped her way from the parlor to the kitchen, lit the candle that had been placed in readiness, and stalked up the stairs to her chamber. After carefully closing the door she loosened her teeth, rattled them around in her mouth, took them out and placed them on the table, washed the color from her face, and—extinguished the candle.

## CONFESSIONS.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

Yes, I have often thought of thee,  
When in the festal hall,  
When hearts were wildly beating  
To Pleasure's syren call,  
When rang the merry laugh and free,  
I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee.

When I have bowed in sorrow down,  
When weary sad and lone,  
When Memories came flitting by,  
Like music's saddened tone,  
And brought the past all back to me,  
I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee.

When by the babbling, noisy brook  
That gossiped with the flowers,  
I've wandered in the Summer day  
To while the golden hours,  
And with my book alone by me  
I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee.

And often have I thought of thee  
When in the stranger throng,  
When life was swiftly flitting by  
Like idle, careless song,  
And as I saw how man could be  
I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee.

When on a gentle moonlight night,  
The South winds all were still,  
And magic seemed to linger on  
Each valley and green hill,  
When music floated o'er the lea  
I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee.

When I have gazed upon the sky  
With its blue arch afar,  
And watched the gentle coming of  
My bright-eyed, favorite star,  
And saw its light steal down on me,  
I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee.

And I have fondly thought of thee  
When Autumn winds were sighing,  
And all around the gentle flowers  
Were calmly, meekly dying;  
When leaves were sore on every tree  
I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee.

And I can never tell the time  
When Memory hath not turned  
And watched that bright and sacred fire,  
That in my heart hath burned  
And ever thus oh, trust to me,  
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee.

## HOPE.

BY E. P. MARBLE.

CELESTIAL Hope! blest stay to mortals given!  
On earth the light that cheers our road to Heaven!  
Religion's guiding star that ever shines!  
Now, hail'd with joy—dim seen in former times!  
Elate the soul pursues thy trackless way,  
Lives in thy realms of unobscured day;  
Inspir'd by thee now chants in holy strains  
Anthems of praise to Him who ever reigns.

A blest abode for endless time to come,  
Sees the glad spirit round Jehovah's throne;  
Hears now, approving, Heaven's parental word.  
"Enter ye blest, the presence of thy Lord!"  
Life's grovelling cares—all ill of mortal lot—  
Death's dart now pointless and its sting forgot!  
O'er Heaven's wide range the captive spirit, free,  
Now scans the glories of the world to be!

## DR. WETHERGREEN'S PRACTICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

### CHAPTER I.

"BIRDY, thou darling!" He, that is, young Dr. Joseph Wethergreen, held the stranger-bird in both hands to his cheek. "And how didst know, darling birdy—what put it into thy little head—that my heart was aching for some live thing?"

He held the bird off a little from him now, looking steadily into her eyes, as he talked to her. "You knew where to come, didn't you, darling?—darling!"

The bird, a pretty Canary, had just flown, first to the young doctor's window-sill; and, then, upon his calling her tenderly and holding out his hand to her, holding it a little nearer, and a little nearer, she came and lit upon his fore-finger and clung to it. Soon as he talked to her, with his face near her; with his eyes on hers, telling her things and asking her questions; she began tipping her head one way and another, as if she were pleasantly coquetting; she picking at the ring he wore on his little finger, picked at it so smartly, so pertinaciously, twisting the plate—underneath which the tiniest look of very light hair lay curling—or twisting her bill, rather, in trying to twist the plate, and almost coming off her feet, in tugging and twisting, that the young doctor laughed aloud and merrily, calling her "a jealous thing!"

But he told her to "never mind; 'twas all over now. Anna Rogers was now nothing to him, or he to Anna Rogers. Because he was poor, birdy. Did birdy know what that meant, being poor?"

Birdy made a lively, chirping sound, as if she meant—"Yes; yes, she had heard about it; but didn't mind it."

"Well," the young doctor told her, "he was poor. Poorer than the mice that came by night, and sometimes by day—for it was very still there in his room most of the time," he told birdy—"to his closet, which birdy saw there; and that found, when there was neither crust nor bone, the backs of his books to gnaw. And Anna Rogers was rich. Richer than any Jewess, didn't you know it, birdy?" with his eyes steadily on the bird's, stroking her feathers and speaking cheerfully.

It was a year, just a year that day—and he

repeated the thought after it came to him, aloud to birdy; it was just a year that day since old Dr. Rogers, of Roxbury, Dean of the J—— street Medical College in Boston, where he (Joseph Wethergreen, that is) was in a few more days to graduate, told him that Anna was rich.

"Why, young man," spitting the words out of his mouth, as he walked the floor with his head turned a little toward the pale candidate; "she's more money, or will have when I have done with it, than any girl in Roxbury! She could marry the president or any of the faculty to-morrow, if they hadn't wives already! That she could, sir; she's—a—match—for—any—man."

He drew the last words out with slow sententiousness; managing in that way, and in the sneering tones and features, to express a quantity of the loftiest contempt ever yet visited upon the head of any gentlemanly, scholarly candidate whatever. The young doctor went through the reminiscence half to himself, half aloud to the bird, adding with a cheerful face and voice—"Didn't he, birdy?"

Birdy chirped, and, in an airy way, lifted her wings a little, evidently meaning "Yes, but then don't mind him. He's a stupid thing. He thinks gold made him; but it didn't, did it? Maybe he'll know better some day. If he don't, more's the pity for him. But never mind him. Never mind his rich daughter. I'll pick and twist her ring some more, gold and all."

She tugged at the ring again, and almost went tail over head, pulling and twisting. Then she stood upright, wiping her bill clear of the whole matter and seeing to her feathers.

Now, it was true—Dr. Joseph told birdy it was—that, in the year that had dragged itself along, some way, he hardly knew how, since old Dr. Rogers explained to him how rich Anna was, how she could marry any one, and so was not for him, he had not once before that evening spoken Anna's name nor heard it spoken. He had crossed over to the other side of the street and then turned back home, not more than two weeks ago, either, one day when he was on his way to the baker's for his loaf, because he saw young Murdock, son of Professor Murdock, of J—— street college, before him; that he need not meet him and hear him say in his vaulting way, "You!

Wethergreen! you remember Anna Rogers! of course you do! of course you have reason! She's going to be married, old boy!"

"Eh?" said birdy, tipping her head, and with a voice that the young doctor already loved.

"Yes, birdy," he said; and his busy thoughts, some of which he spoke aloud to birdy, went back and forth, between the past and the present. He was on his way after his loaf, he repeated to birdy, two slices of which loaf, together with the bowl of coffee that his landlady's little daughter regularly brought in to him, morning and evening, was to constitute his supper. He turned, and let his loaf go, when he saw young Murdock on the pavement before him. He hurried back to his room, (the room where they were then, he told birdy, seeing that she tipped her head and looked into his face; the room which was at once office, dining-room and dormitory.) He turned the key of his door, that young Murdock might not, by any chance, come to him there, to quiz him about this business, and to ask him with fixed gaze, what he would give to see Anna Rogers.

"But now," once more speaking aloud, "let him come. With birdy on my finger, I can be the first to cry—"Do you know how Anna Rogers is?—my old flame, you know? Is she married, I wonder?"

He did not know whether she was married. He had carefully kept his eyes away from the marriage lists of all the papers. While he was thinking about this, he turned the evening paper over—he was reading it when birdy came in; he looked over the marriages; and by a curious coincidence saw this—"On Wednesday, A. M., August 23th, at the summer residence of the bride's father, Anna Matilda Rogers, only child of Professor Rogers, M. D., Dean of J— street Medical College, to Charles James Murdock, only son of Dr. Murdock, Professor of Materia Medica of the same Institution. The bridal pair, with the father of the bride, sailed the same day, we understand, for Europe. Success go with them."

"Yes; the same young Murdock I was telling you about, just now, birdy. He I came across when I was going after my loaf. I went without my supper on his account, birdy."

"Eh?" whispered the bird, as if she were thinking "that's queer! that's a queer thing for you to do."

"Yes, birdy; queer, wasn't it? And his head isn't bigger than that," showing birdy his loosely closed hand. "His brains are all lead; only there is a little chaff somewhere in the packing. Sometimes that flies a little; and then he's a little

lively, birdy; in a way though as if his head were dizzy."

Birdy chirped gaily; and even warbled a little.

"Where did you come from, birdy?" setting his hand up before his face, to talk in a regular way to the bird.

"Eh?" said birdy, as if she did not understand.

"Where did you come from, darling? where is your old home?"

"Eh?" she said again, stepping gaily along his finger, with a manner as if she meant "I shan't tell you."

And then she warbled a full, prolonged strain, with her pretty head lifted, and her delicate throat fluttering.

"You beauty!—you shall have some supper, that you shall. Sit here by me on the table; there, that's a pretty one. Sit here, and we will look our money over to see how much we've got between us. Then we shall know what we can do."

He opened his pocket-book—a huge one, given to him by his good old grandfather the day he left home to come and settle at M——. A huge pocket-book it was, an old one; he remembered seeing it when he was a boy, well rounded out with bank notes in part, but mostly with notes of demand, in his grandfather's hands. He used to come up close, in those days, and stand on tip-toe, that he might know better what was in it. Now, in those days, he looked into it sitting quite at his ease. There was nothing to hinder him. There was almost always a little "change" in one department; in the others were sometimes scraps of memoranda, and the like; but never anything any better. So that gradually the habit had come upon him of beginning at once to whistle softly or hum softly, and in rather a sad way—"The harp that once in Tara Halls"—whenever he took the huge, dark, empty thing into his hands.

"See, birdy!" he said, now showing the little one that stood there before him, watching him, how large and empty it was, and how many apartments it had; "see! I call it Tara's Hall; and my heart grows quite sick sometimes, what with the empty pocket-book—when I've been here so long, toying, birdy—and with the harp of the song hanging as mute on Tara's walls, as if the soul of music and of everything beautiful and hopeful were dead, birdy. Isn't it too bad?"

"Eh?" settling her wings. "Eh?" It was a lively sound, albeit, very touching. It had comfort in it some way for the young doctor, who began now with brightened face to pick out the bits of money, making up their amount aloud to birdy.



"Yes, you know what to say to one, beauty! Twenty-five cents, birdy, for pulling the Irishman's snag of a tooth. Old Dr. Gravesend sent him round—because he thought the poor rascal could have no money to pay, birdy; that's why old Dr. Gravesend sent him. Twenty-eight, thirty-seven, sixty-two; sixty-two cents. That's all. That's every cent you and I have got in the world, birdy."

"Eh?" chirped the bird, with an air so unconcerned that it did the young doctor good to see it.

"Yes, birdy; every cent," exchanging his dressing-gown for a coat. "Take good care of things, birdy; I'm going out."

"Eh," meaning "yes," this time. The young doctor knew it by her looks. He had closed the window upon birdy's entrance. He looked round now to see if all was right; tried the fire-board, whether it had any little openings chimney-ward, nodded his head, said "Good-bye" to birdy, and was gone; gone with springing steps, to buy a loaf for himself, some seed and a drinking cup for birdy, together with a half dozen candles for both himself and birdy.

Birdy didn't care about them, though, contented little thing! On the contrary, when Dr. Joseph returned, she was in a corner of the room behind a folio, with her head tucked close under her wing; tucked so close that he could hardly believe she had any head, and fell to asking her about it, and to telling her that he wanted to see her eyes once more; and that, especially, he wanted to know, for a certainty, whether she had any head.

Birdy wouldn't wake. Perhaps she waked far enough to think to herself in her contented way, "No use in it. It's bed-time; I'll attend to him, with all my heart, in the morning." Dr. Joseph felt as if she had some such thought when she nestled a little at his speaking to her, only to tuck her head farther, and shut her wings closer than they were shut before.

So he laid the paper of seed on a book-shelf, cleared the books and manuscript away from one side of his table, and putting the bell down close to the floor, rang for his coffee. When it came, he sat with his eyes on the corner where birdy nestled—fast asleep by this time, he had no doubt—and made his simple meal in peace.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN Dr. Joseph first came to Manchester, he wrote often to "the old folks at home," letters filled with hope and courage, and cheery messages for the old and the young. Of late he had

put it over, whenever he could, as a burden that oppressed him, if he took it up. And when he did write, he had little to say of the present, much of "by-and-bye." By-and-bye it would be so and so; by-and-bye thus and thus; and then!—

For he had felt cheerless and worn, nearly all of the time of late; cheerless, with no heavy sorrow near him, or pending; worn, with no work for his hands or his feet to do; both cheerless and worn of waiting—waiting—through the long morning, through the heavy noon-day, through the slow gathering twilight and the evening; waiting while fever tossed its restless arms in many chambers near; so near that he could see the lights shining through the nights, night after night; and while cholera infantum and the whole troop of summer complaints for children, sent their low murmurs or their sharp cries through the open windows, by day and by night; while the hearse went back and forth, back and forth; and, beyond this, while old Dr. Gravesend and Dr. Coffin, his neighbors both of them, had so much to do that they flew one way and another; that they pulled off their *robes de chambre* in the halls, in the doors, sometimes; threw them to their wives, receiving from them their coats instead, to put on while they were on the way to their carriages; and hurried in entering their carriages and in leaving them, so that, whew! they hardly knew their heads from their feet; hardly knew whether they gave their patients camphor or nux vomica, ipecac or arsenic. They had more than they could do. They said so, whenever there was a chance, in the pale, young doctor's hearing. It did them so much good to say it in *his* hearing! to let *him* see the hurry they kept up! They laughed more, said more jocular things, all day, thinking of it; thinking how he would go to his still room and sit and think of it, growing paler and sadder, as he thought.

And he did go back and think of it, and brood over it; and, in that time, he was the paler and the sadder for it. Then he cast it off from him; and was, as it were, inspired by it. He laid hold of his books and said, with the color coming back to his face and the light to his eyes—"I'll work! By-and-bye, by-and-bye, they will see! They will be old men, by-and-bye; and in need that the young should wait for them and stay their steps. They'll come to this while I am yet in my prime, God blessing me; and then I'll wait for them; I'll attend to them; I'll do all I can for them, so help me God! If He will help me, no man old and past his work, or young and looking in vain for his work, shall feel that I make it the

worse for him. Now I can wait, I thank them! and study, I thank them! and make ready for any time."

The next morning after birdy came to live with him, after he and birdy had taken their breakfast—at the same time and the same table—he sat cheerfully down to answer letters from home, and letters from his cousin, Nathan Ambrose; once, his idlest of all school and playmates, now one of the "fast" men of California. He took the letters to which he would reply, out of his drawer, and read the one from home to himself with thoughtful features. Horace's he read aloud to birdy, birdy chirping and warbling all the time.

"I'm on the high road to fortune, if you know where that is," wrote Ambrose. "I make money, now that I have so much to work with, and experience, about as fast as I have a mind to. But it is often, in a deuce of a way. You'd come to your feet, if you knew how, white-faced, slender things as you are, you'd come to your feet, (as I've seen you more than once in my day, when I was bullying poor, little, patched-up, snub-nosed Horace Grennell, who never had a handkerchief of his own to wipe the tears he was always letting fall, and—*par parenthesis sub parenthesis*—if I use my French or Latin, whichever it is, right; I picked it up, you know, and it wasn't labeled—I wonder where poor Horace is now;) you'd go straight to the place where you keep my letters, and the lumps of gold and quartz I sent you and you'd bring them on, looking mighty sober and sorry. You'd burn the letters, watching them still with sober eyes until their ashes disappeared. You'd throw the lumps of quartz and gold in next—taking care to handle the lumps by the quartz; taking care not to touch the gold, lest it should defile you too. Then, while you watched them, you'd fall to ruminating; to settling it in your mind whether gold is an unmitigated blessing or an unmitigated curse; coming at last to the conclusion, perhaps, that it is not an unmitigated anything, that it is to yourself, to me, to all its possessors, pretty much what you, I and the rest of its possessors, make it. Then you'd say, 'Heigho'—with a long breath, one-half of which had better been left in your lungs, or stomach, or somewhere there, for your pleasure and health's sake. Still I tell you it isn't so bad. Isn't so bad, I mean, making money as I do. Everybody does it here; church members and all. So here goes!

"Nan says in her letters that she knows you don't get along, although you never say a word. She says you wait and wait for patients to come ringing at your door. *Eccc*, then! (Don't *ecc*

mean *behold*? I guess it does.) Well, I'm going to run over home, one of these days. I want to see you and mother and Nan. I want to prop your affairs and mother's and Nan's up a little with some gilded pillars. Don't now, Jo, stand yourself up straight in the middle of your room, in the old way that I remember so well, lock your hands and arms together in the old way, and say—'No; nobody shall come near to see to my affairs or to prop them. I alone will see to my affairs, and so manage them, that, at last, they shall stand and thrive without propping.' Because you see this would be foolish under the circumstances. *Au revoir, NAT."*

"*Post Scriptum*.—Jo! keep yourself in wrestling condition. I'm a mightier fellow, altogether, than I was when you saw the last of me; so that Hugh McReid never says—'Mr. Ambrose faced them down,' but—'Mr. Ambrose turned his entire broadside upon 'em, jist 'ithout spaking at all, at all; and they succumbed, that they did, they did!' My face used to be as round as the moon in her full, you know. Now it is as large, it is, I swear! And you never saw hands like these of mine. I could establish you nicely, here on the back of my left hand; you and mother and little Nan. Perhaps I will when I come. Good-bye."

"Half good, isn't he, birdy?" said the young doctor, dipping his pen in the ink. But birdy did not say a word.

He wrote a short, lively letter to his cousin, in conclusion, telling him to be careful in his money-making, about this one thing—never, in any of the days or the hours of his life, to say a single word, or do a single act, to which, in the last of his life here, he must look back as to a blot, a stain upon his life, upon his soul. Would he think of that?

To his family he wrote first about his wife, meaning birdy. As for his business, why people didn't know yet, hadn't found it out yet that he was there close by them, with knowledge, skill and good-will enough in him, to set them all on their feet and keep them going. But never mind! by-and-bye they would understand. He sent word to grandfather that "the chiefs and ladies bright" hadn't come back, as yet, to Tara's halls; but never mind; they would come by-and-bye. Humorous messages he sent to the children; humorous as could well be, they surely were. But the parents, the eighteen-years-old Belinda, the fifteen-years-old John, and the ten-years-old Juliet had tears over them when the letter came, at the same time that they had laughter; had pity, inasmuch that it amounted to heartache, at the same time that they had

hope and courage in the cheery "by-and-bye—by-and-bye." The little ones, Jerome and Hetty, laughed and danced for the funny, dear things that brother Joseph said to them; yet they stood still a little now and then, to be sure that their elders were really glad and not sorry; that they did really laugh and not cry.

### CHAPTER III.

"My child—his name is Willy; Willy Harvey;" the mother was taking off the little fellow's cap. The little fellow looked ingenuously up into Dr. Joseph's face; and, when Dr. Joseph said, "How do you do, Master Willy?" he answered, still looking into his face—"I ain't very well, thank you. I've got a sore finger;" raising a little the hand that he carried in a sling.

"And he would come to you, Dr. Wethergreen. From our windows," pointing to a large house, which was near, although not on the same street, "he has looked over here to your's to see you and your bird sitting together. He has watched you hours since his finger has been sore, poor fellow! He seems to feel quite acquainted with you." She laughed, as if she thought Willy rather a queer little fellow for this; but the boy kept his honest face. It was clear that he had not the remotest consciousness of its being queer, or anything, but perfectly natural and consistent.

It was a felon, or a run-round, or something of the sort. Mrs. Harvey hardly knew what. She only knew that it was a very painful thing; and that Willy had taken cold in it, or it had been mismanaged, or something. She could see that it grew worse. And for the last day or two, he had been unwilling that Dr. Gravesend should touch it, or look at it, when he came. "He is so rough, you see," interposed Willy. "He hurts me so!"

"You shall see how easy *I* can be," said Joseph, beginning to take off the bandages. He talked constantly to the boy, telling him little stories about what birdy would do; and birdy was close by stepping about, tipping her head and confirming it all by her vivacious "Eho?" and her prolonged warblings. So that the finger was dressed; and, so far was Willy from having suffered by the operation, that he was soothed and ready to sleep from the touch of the gentle fingers, the sound of the gentle voice.

"Why don't you have a bird-cage for your bird, Dr. Wethergreen?" asked Willy, as he was standing with his cap in his hand ready to go.

"Because I haven't money to spare to buy one, my boy."

"My mother has just let you have some money.

Now you can buy a cage, can't you? Oh! mother, I mean to bring ours over to him. Tom's dead, you know."

"If Dr. Wethergreen would like it, certainly."

Dr. Wethergreen would like it, and be very grateful to them for it, he told them; and then they bade him "good morning," Willy saying, the second time, when he was in the door, "I shall come in and see you again, Dr. Wethergreen."

"Certainly, my boy. Good-bye."

Does anybody know of how much worth this one little incident was to our pale, young doctor? He blessed that boy, and had a warm, loving and thankful heart all day. And the next day; for the next day they came again, and a servant bringing the cage. They came for many days in close succession; for the little fellow had a hard time of it. When it was raining, or likely to rain; sometimes when it was not raining, or likely to rain, they sent for Dr. Joseph to come to them, and kept him to dinner, if they could by a little persuasion; if they could not, kept him awhile to chat with them and see the pictures and the garden. Mr. Harvey came round, more than once, with Willy in the carriage, and called to invite him to ride out on some of the pleasant country roads with them. These attentions were continued after the boy was so far recovered as to be in no need whatever of Dr. Joseph's medical services. He still came, where, as yet so few came, (and none other with face and breeding like his) showing his honest, blessed face, taking hold of the doctor's finger leading him off over to their house to dine, or to take his supper with them, or to see what papa had been bringing, or mamma making; or to walk in the garden to eat plums and peaches, and to see how his beans were growing. One day he came in bringing a beautiful little vase of porcelain, inscribed with gilt letters, "To my Friend;" he had just been to Affutt's crockery store alone, to buy it, he said. And, after that, scarcely a day passed that the little feet didn't come pattering up the stairs and along the passage, that the young voice, rich with welling love and gladness, did not call out, even before the chamber door was gained, sometimes, "I'm coming, Dr. Wethergreen. I've got something for you! some beautiful flowers; see!"

Does any one know, can any one think how great was the worth of this little boy to the pale, worn, anxious man? how great it is in the memory of it now, after so many years have passed? how great it will be while he lives, and when he lies looking over the varied past, waiting his summons? Can any one think? There have

been others, it may be, with like needs, who have met like ministries. If there have been any such, they know.

#### CHAPTER IV.

DR. JOSEPH was a very elegant man, with pleasant eyes, and a pleasant voice; with a fine form, of middling height, and easy, noble manners. To those then who just saw him here and there, who knew only this of him, that he went and came with buoyant steps, he had the undoubted air of a man thoroughly endowed, in all respects. And this makes us think how it was with a poor architect, who had his dwelling near, and who called up one day when he was on his way to his work, to ask the doctor to go in and see his sick child. He didn't suppose anything could be done for the child now, he said; or, indeed that there had been any chance from the beginning. But, of late, the doctor—Dr. Gravesend he had been having—had given the child up; as he sometimes thought, because he supposed there would be little, or no pay coming, and because he had business as much as he wanted, that would be sure to pay. Would *he* go?

"Certainly!" Dr. Joseph said.

Ambrose had come "running over home," as he said he should do, and stood now in the doctor's room, with huge rings on three or four fingers, with a huge chain and huge key and seal and charms dangling, and a huge shirt-pin of rough gold, mounted in gold elaborately wrought. Always, from a boy, at play when he was not at work, now he tossed a half dozen twenty-dollar pieces in his wide hand. He stopped tossing them, however, when the architect, with a look as if he half doubted his right to medical services, and even to a standing and breathing place on the earth, asked Dr. Joseph whether he would go to see his child. He Ambrose, that is, looked steadily at the doctor, holding his breath to see what he would do. When he replied, with an expression as if he wondered that the architect should doubt it, and with a voice of such genuine kindness, Ambrose breathed again, a long breath, and said—"I guess he will go, sir! If he refused, I'd toss 'im along head over heels, heels over head, all the way. I would, sir!" seeing that the architect smiled.

The architect gave Dr. Joseph directions at the door; and there they parted. The doctor, accompanied by Ambrose, went to see if any thing could be done for the sick child, the architect went another way to his work, with a hod for bricks upon his shoulder, and cumbered with

trowels and other implements of the mason's trade. For now, in this time of great need, he could no more depend upon his beautiful art, for which there was but slow requisition as yet at M—. He must go here and there with the carpenters and the masons, often with burdens heavy to be borne. This day his shoulders were bent beneath them. And his whole manhood too was bowed this day, for the child growing paler and more like wax every hour, for the eyes becoming larger and brighter, and for the dear voice which had more and more of the new, strange melody in it, as if very soon it would "go wavering away up to heaven," to be heard no more at the door when he came, nor at the board where they had their simple meals.

He turned to look after the two young men as they went on with firm, elastic steps. He had watched the doctor many times before, to see how firm his step was. This day he bent his head more and more, as he again went forward with his trowels and his hod. He said within himself—"There's a man, there are some men who can be happy; who have nothing in their way."

Yes, brother; even as thou canst, even as the most severely tried one can, if he calls home his trust from that which is without, from the friends or the riches that he has or desires, and bids it repose quietly in his own soul; if he does it, knowing and feeling in every nerve and fibre of his being, that there the great, the loving Father dwells *always*, if he would but know it, if he would but feel it; that He waits there always to take His child close to Him, to breathe into him the breath of His own exalted strength and serenity. So that, in the midst of the downfall of his dearest mortal comforts, he may still be blest; blest even beyond what that man can conceive who sits with his unbroken possessions all around him, keeping his eyes forever on them, his whole mind forever on them, trusting in them, believing in them, trusting and believing in nothing greater, nothing dearer. Only—only, he *must* have more of them; more riches, more friends; for, some how, of all that he has, not one thing can he take to himself close, keep it close, feeling his innermost life satisfied thereby. He must have one more treasure, one more friend. Oh, for one more! for the *right* one, that shall satisfy him, so that he may feel the mental hungering and thirsting no more forever.

Yes; he gets them. There they are, the treasure on his board, the friend on his heart. And because they are there, he says to himself, "This shall be enough. Nor shall I want and search no more."

But see whether it is enough. See whether the old longing, the old discontent does not soon again creep in upon him. And this is because he did not *first* render himself worthy of his gift of the earthly, by his greater love of the heavenly. Christ taught this same lesson, when He said—"Seek *first* the kingdom of heaven," meaning the the "kingdom that is not meat and drink, but the doing the will of the Father"—"and all these things shall be added unto you."

The philosophers teach it, when they say—"And thus does the poor child of eternity, going forth from his native home, and surrounded on all sides by his heavenly inheritance, which yet his trembling hand delays to grasp, wander with fugitive and uncertain steps throughout the waste; everywhere laboring to establish for himself a dwelling-place, yet happily ever reminded by the speedy downfall of each of his succeeding habitations, that he can find peace nowhere but in his Father's house."

We wonder, by the way, if any one of our young and lively readers have impatience because we tarry so long out of our legitimate business of story-telling. We would deplore this, gentle ones; because we would gladly help you to patience and pleasure at all times, and especially when we speak of this dearest, sublimest of all truths; this truth the least understood of all.

We are not always to sit here in the familiar places to write; nor are you to be here always in the familiar places to read. This we feel; and we would now and then say some of those things that it best befits us to say, best befits you to hear, as we and you go on toward our dying hour, toward the home that is beyond that hour. We would that all, we who write and you who read, might not so often have discontent, that we might not so habitually disregard the true riches, the true capacity and beauty within us, while we go searching for this and for that which lies beyond us; and that too with an avidity, which, of itself, demonstrates our unworthiness of success, our unfitness for its serene, Christ-like enjoyment. And we would too that the hod-carriers, and all the poor and troubled, may know that the *supreme* good is in readiness for them, the same as for others; that God dwelleth in them, the same as He dwelleth in others; and that treasures and friends, although they are indeed beautiful and dear accessories of the divine life, can never be pressed into our service as its substitutes.

The poor architect's child was dying when Dr. Joseph came; dying gently and with such wonderfully bright-looking eyes, that nurse was

saying to a neighbor as he went in—"She'll live to be a blessing to her poor father yet."

The child died at midnight, just as a fearful shower of lightning and dashing rain was clearing itself away from the face of the moon. She was the last of his household. The wife Jane, the child Jane both slept now; still, as he looked upon the bright spot in the sky where the black clouds were parting and taking their rim of silver radiance, it was to him as if the faces of his beloved and of the Redeemer who kept them, who was so much to him now in his time of "thick darkness," looked peacefully, benignly forth; as if they beckoned him and said—"Come: come and drink of the full fountains that satisfy. Then thou shalt have peace and strength for thy earthly work. Then shalt thou be with us still, and we will be with thee, while thou art on the earth and when thou comest hither."

He wept still, now and then, when he looked upon the stiff form and thought of all that it had been to him in his home. But he had no more bitterness or envying discontent. He loved Dr. Joseph at once, as if he were his brother; and gave him his hand, when he saw a tear fall from his eye upon the beautiful face of the dead.

Dr. Joseph himself took a lesson there of death, and of the manly resignation of the stricken father. The tear that fell was one, in part of sympathy with sorrow, in part of humility over his own life of inward repining for that which was denied, of thankless indifference for that which was given. Ambrose, who also was there to be of what service he might on the occasion, wept gushing, streaming tears, like a child; and said, more than once with his eyes on the still face—"Too bad, I swear."

"Humph!" said he, on the way with Joseph to his room—"I hated my gold, when I was there. I pulled off my rings—hateful things, I've been such a fool with 'em, you see; and tucked them into my pocket, here," striking his broad palm hard upon a side pocket; "and tucked my ox-chain and harrow and plough in out of sight; in where I shouldn't be put in mind of them, and of my miserable nonsense in wearing them, by touching them accidentally with my hand. It's done me good, you see, being there and seeing that child die. That's something I shan't forget in one day. You see, I had been thinking all along before, that, somehow my gold didn't make me any more of a man than I was before I got it. When I was there in that room I thought I understood why. I thought that perhaps God had never meant that we *should* be improved, or satisfied with anything that we can't take on with us as a sort of welcome, or preparation, or some-

thing of that sort; as a sort of shining crown, you see, for the head and a clean robe for the body, when we go where that little child has gone to-night."

The next day he went to a jeweler's with his "lot of trumpery," as he called it, when he laid it before the jeweler's eyes. He sold all but the watch that had been his father's—he would half-starve before he would sell that, he told the jeweler—and a ring for his little finger, of plain gold. "Made out of a bit of ore that a poor fellow gave me when he was dying, off there," tossing his hand westward. "He thought I'd done him some good, poor fellow!" with his eyes on the ring. "He wanted to do something for me, you see," lifting his head now and vigorously wiping his nose—"and so he gave me this, out of his vest pocket. All you've got here, sir," running his eyes over the glittering array, "wouldn't buy this little ring; nor *begin* to."

There it was. Love blessed that ring to his soul, so that it was really and truly "added unto him;" really made a blessing and a treasure, for

this life and for the life to come. And the watch that was his father's, Love, the heaven-born, blessed that too. The rest were gew-gaws hanging about him, making him conscious at all times of self, of his outward self; and than this, there can be nothing without the range of the positive vices, more adverse to genuine nobleness of spirit, to genuine manliness and grace of deportment.

He purchased a black guard for his watch and put it on, with the old watch and the old key hanging by it. He bought back the pin, after he had once made it over to the jeweler, twisted it up close in a bit of soft paper, and put it into his pocket with his watch. The rest he had in gold—so much. And just so much as he received, he sent in that afternoon, by express, to the architect. He gave no name, nor date, nor locality. He merely wrote in an old-fashioned, irregular hand, very unlike his true, smooth, dashing style—"For value received I send you this. Use it as you would if it were express payment for one of your designs. YOUR FRIEND."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## "THE CLASP OF THY HAND."

BY MRS. SARAH A. CORNY.

I PASS by the cottage—I gaze on the stream,  
Where fell his last arrow, the day god's bright beam!  
The rose-tree still bends o'er the moss-covered seat,  
To kiss (blushing deeply) the flowers at its feet.  
The nightingale waits in the sycamore shade,  
To sing for the moonbeams that dance on the glade;  
Each leaf gently flutters by soft breezes fanned—  
But I miss thee—I miss the warm clasp of thy hand,  
Bright spirit of Beauty; her form lingers here;  
In each tone there is music, her smiles are still dear;  
But the cot is deserted, the hearth-stone is lone:  
And the well-beaten path by rank grass is o'ergrown;  
For the tones of the loved I may listen in vain—

Their smiles will ne'er gladden this bosom again—  
Though o'er us Fate's shadow is hovering, yet  
The soft clasp of thy hand I can never forget.  
I miss thee: all perished have Hope's fairest flowers,  
Which we gathered in Spring-time from Life's choicest  
    bowers.  
But the Spring-time is past—its mild sunlight and  
    dews,  
And the rainbow of promise has lost its bright hues.  
So I painfully crush the sweet buds which would start,  
And force back the fond native streams of the heart.  
Could but Mem'ry restore, with her magical wand,  
I would crave her best treasure—the clasp of thy hand.

## TRUTH.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

As stands the old oak when the tempest is raging,  
While others less firm are upturned by the blast,  
So Truth, though with Error a warfare is waging,  
Is firm and unyielding, triumphant at last;  
She stands as unmoved as the bold promontory,  
That towers so proud by the waves of the sea,  
Her heart-gushing song and soul-cheering story  
Should bless and make glad ev'ry land that may be.

Then friends of the right do not falter in terror,  
But boldly press onward with Truth for your guide,  
Press onward, for lo! Superstition and Error,  
All powerless and weak will fall by your side  
Truth mighty and noble down came from the Maker,  
The Sovereign Ruler of earth and of sky,  
Then cling to her fondly and never forsake her  
Till death shall have sealed thy now beaming eye.

## MARY'S PHRASEOLOGY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

MARY EASTWOOD was narrating to a young friend an accident, which had come near being fatal to her father and herself.

"The horse," she said, "couldn't be stopped for ever so long. I declare I was quite frightened to death."

Her father, who had seemed to be absorbed in reading the newspaper, looked up.

"Frightened to death!" he said. "I must say, my daughter, that, for a person frightened to death yesterday, you are pretty brisk to-day."

"La! pa, you know what I mean," cried Mary, a little discomposed. "But that's the way," she continued, turning to her companion, "that pa always talks. As if one could forever say exactly what one means."

"Was it when you were coming back from Redbury, that it happened?" asked her friend.

"No, it was when we were going over to it."

"Going over!" interrupted her father, looking up again. "We didn't cross any river that I remember. We went over nothing. You should have said 'going' merely."

"Oh! dear me, I declare, pa, what a critic you are. You've gone and thrown all my ideas into a heap, and I don't know what I was saying, that I don't."

"I should think not," quietly replied Mr. Eastwood, "for you go from bad to worse. Had you said, 'What a critic you are, pa,' it would have expressed all, without the 'Oh! dear me, I declare.' Besides, you don't call it elegant, do you, to say that another person has 'gone and thrown' all your ideas 'into a heap.' I know no parallel to the first part of the phrase, except the negro idiom 'gone done,' or anything rivalling the last in vulgarity, unless it is 'knocked into a cocked-hat.' You have got into a shameful way of talking lately, Mary," he added, with severity, "and one would think you never heard correct English spoken."

The daughter crimsoned with mortification, but answered, with an attempt at composure,

"Oh! but, pa, you can't expect us girls to talk like books. I'm sure I should faint right off if I thought I had to. When one stops to calculate every word one has to say, one gets dreadfully prosy; and I'll be bound you think so yourself."

"You don't improve," replied the father. "Can

you," he added, with a tone of some vexation, "talk properly for even a minute, Mary? You don't intend to 'faint,' you know, for any such small matter as being compelled to 'talk like a book;' especially 'faint right off,' and certainly you never heard the phrase 'I'll be bound' from my lips, or that of your teachers. Remember, my dear, that an educated lady is detected by her choice of words, sooner than by almost any thing else. An intelligent gentleman instinctively avoids a woman who uses vulgar phrases, or incorrect expressions."

"Now I'm sure you're too severe, pa," cried the daughter. "Gentlemen never think of such things, unless they're stupid book-worms. A beautiful time we'd have, in society, if the beaux were always parsing one's conversation, or carrying pocket dictionaries to see if one used synonyms correctly." And Mary laughed merrily at the picture she had conjured up.

Her father smiled, but answered. "What do you mean by a beautiful time? We can properly call a landscape beautiful, or a picture, but we can't call time beautiful. Your lively tongue is forever running away with you. To be frank with you, Mary, I never hear your friend talk so at random: she is invariably correct, yet not prosaic either."

Mary's companion blushed at this compliment. The daughter colored, though from a different cause, replying hastily,

"Bless my stars, pa, you don't mean to say I don't talk like Jane."

"Jane never said, 'Bless my stars' in her whole life. Did you, Jane?"

"Oh! I don't mean that," cried Mary, coloring still higher. "I mean in our general way of talking. But you make one so nervous, pa, that I don't wonder at what I say: it's a downright miracle I don't lose my temper, that it is."

"Lest it should come to that," said Mr. Eastwood, rising. "I'll leave the room, especially as I have an engagement about this time. But, my dear, you don't mean any such thing: to use your own hyperbole, it would be a 'down-right miracle' if you did: you never do. You never think, dearest, when you speak," he said, kissing her, "or you'd be more careful in your phraseology. If you could see this half hour's

conversation written down, it might do something to cure you, for you'd then realize how very carelessly you generally talk. Young ladies get insensibly into a habit of incorrect speaking, and little dream how ridiculous they appear."

As there are many Mary Eastwoods in the world, we have followed the advice, and written down this conversation. If, by so doing, we can "hold the mirror up to Nature" to a good purpose, we shall be content.

## FOR EVA.

BY WILLIE EDGAR FABOR.

SOFTLY the wind floats o'er the lea—  
And calmly speeds its gentle way,  
Bearing from distant plain and sea  
The perfume of the buds of May.  
But softer, purer, sweeter too,  
A gentle memory floats in me,  
Possessed of that enrapturing hue  
That evermore reminds of thee.

There is one image in my heart,  
There is one name upon my lips;  
And nevvore shall it depart,  
Or I from Love's cup cease to sip.  
There is one spell upon my brain,  
One vision ever in my eye,  
And to my song this sweet refrain,  
"My love for thee well never die."

Oh! lady of the soft blue eye,  
So soft at twilight's fall to me!  
I love to linger very nigh  
And ponder on my love for thee.  
And when thy voice falls on my ear,  
So like a voice I've heard in dreams,  
I think I've nothing more to fear,  
But float upon Love's placid streams.

Oh! lady of the downy cheek,  
Where roses love to lie at rest—  
No utterance care can ever speak,  
The murmurs of a love-lost breast;  
No words pourtray how tempest-tost  
The heart that passion works upon  
One moment—fearing thou art lost,  
Another—hoping thou art won.

Oh! lady, in the vernal prime  
When blossoms fleck Life's sunny plain,  
And moments pass like woven rhyme,  
That once may come, but ne'er again—  
I pray thee listen to my lay,  
For love like mine will never be  
A ripple that may pass away,  
Like the faint ripple on the sea.

Oh! lady of the step as light  
As bounding fawn on sylvan plain,  
There never came unto my sight,  
And never will there come again,  
A vision as there came that day  
When russet was the elfin dale,  
When love first taught my steps to stray,  
And made my erst proud spirit quail.

I'll sing to thee, I'll sing of thee,  
And never tire the gentle song;  
Thy name will fill my reverie  
And echo love to chaunt it long—  
The sweetest and the fairest one,  
That ever wasted to my soul  
A thought that, pondering upon,  
Would waves of bliss upon me roll.

Now, Eva! as I at thy shrine  
Lay this light random offering,  
May I dare hope to call thee mine  
When Autumn spells are on the wing?  
Oh! hasten to return to me,  
Reply to my impassioned plea;  
Decide my future destiny  
Whether for weal or woe it be.

## A JULY AFTERNOON.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE bees are humming in the grass,  
The grain is softly waving;  
And knee-deep in the shady brook,  
The patient kine are laving.  
Deep in the wood the waterfall  
Is heard with hollow rumble;

And in the sunshine, 'neath the dam,  
The silver minnows tumble.  
From the red school-house by the grove  
The loosened crowd is rushing.  
Lo! sunset all the azure West  
With gold and purple flushing.



## THE CYPRESS FOREST.

BY A. L. OTIS.

IN one of those immense cypress forests which clothe the banks of the Mississippi, a father and son were working, with a doggedness and sullenness that seemed habitual. They were felling those giant cypresses, and at regular intervals of time was heard the crash of destruction, as the hoary tree, with its long beard, broke through the extended arms of its companions, and fell on its knees—literally and figuratively—before the power of man. It was winter. The western sun penetrated the woods, shone reflected from the innumerable cypress trees, and made the yard long moss that hung from the limbs look like grey beards dyed golden.

But the sunshine and the shadow seemed unheeded by those dogged laborers. Perhaps the boy gave a wandering thought to the grandeur of that wild maze of giant trunks and the netted canopy they upheld, for he sometimes glanced around and upward; but the old man's eyes were upon his work, and his heart was single in its purpose. His face expressed his soul. It was cunning and cruel. Honesty had no place there, and no right to one, for he made it his business to deplete upon the public lands. These trees belonged to government; but he unscrupulously felled them, rafted them down the river, and sold them in New Orleans. He was miserly and suspicious. Though there were many engaged in the same business, he chose to associate with none, even when doing so was to his advantage.

His son, his constant and only companion, was about twelve years old. He had a stout, broad figure, and a massive, well-shaped head. His face was heavy, and his large features were as yet undeveloped into anything prepossessing, notwithstanding his strongly marked black eyebrows, glowing eyes, and white rows of teeth. There seemed to be absolutely no expression in his face, except perhaps a quietness which was not meaningless. Though engaged in such a nefarious business, the boy had true honesty of soul. He was too young, too much accustomed to his mode of life, and too strongly attached to his father (whose old visage was doubtless beautiful in the boy's eyes, as he saw no other for nine months in the year) to see the wrong he was doing. But another vision of beauty was about to dawn upon him.

One night when sent by Mr. Clayton to the banks of the Mississippi, about five miles distant, he arrived just in time to see the surviving passengers of a steamboat which had been snagged and sunk, take their departure in another boat. In the hurry and confusion, a little girl of four years had been left behind. She had just awaked, and was screaming with terror at finding herself alone, when Robert's kind arms were placed around her. From her answers to his questions, Robert concluded that her father and nurse, with whom she had been travelling, were drowned, and he took the child home with him.

Although the little Clementine Bruger, for such was the name marked on her clothes, was an angel of delight to Robert, she was also the cause of much suffering to him—for his miserly father not only beat him unmercifully for bringing her home, but would wreak his vengeance in a similar manner upon him whenever he saw her eating, or occupying Robert's time. This suffering seemed only a joy to Robert, since it was for her sake. Mr. Clayton once attempted to strike the child, but found she had such a daring and determined defender in Robert, that afraid his son would desert him for her sake, he desisted in future.

A strange life little Clementine led. Her food, which consisted of ship-biscuit, or corn-cake, salt pork and oranges, was always placed by Robert in his own little strong box under the root of a tree. Clementine satisfied her hunger privately, never daring to eat before Mr. Clayton, lest her dearly loved Robert should suffer for it. Neither did she ever venture to caress her benefactor in his sight, for any such appearance of affection for him was sure to bring a shower of abuse upon both of them.

For Robert's sake and from terror, she learned to keep out of Mr. Clayton's way—to endure hunger, cold, and solitude, shivering with dread in a dark corner in their joyless evenings, rather than by seeking Robert's arms bring down anger upon him. Through the day she played silent plays near him, and as far as possible from his father, "pretending" the cypress knees were people she loved, and carrying on for them the business of every-day life. She would often steal up to Robert when his father's back was turned, to whisper with an arch smile, that found a faint

reflection in his face, some remarkable saying of her mute companions—or standing at a distance she would nod and beckon to him with her finger on her lips. Again she would seek out for herself a bed of the fine cypress leaves, whirled by the wind among the protecting knees, or under divided trunks of the trees. Curled up in these, like a squirrel, she took many a long nap. At night she crept into Robert's bed which she shared, and slept soundly.

Mr. Clayton did not work on Sunday, though he took that day for marking the trees to be felled during the week, and Robert enjoyed complete liberty. Then poor Clementine's face was washed, and the top of her hair smoothed, though the dark, close ringlets being beyond Robert's skill, were left undisturbed since last curled by some fond hand in her lost home.

The child had become an object of engrossing love to the boy, yet the more he felt for her the more he tried to conceal his feelings, lest by exciting her father's jealousy he should bring harsh treatment upon her. His mind took cognizance of all her plays, and his ear was strained to hear what she said, though he avoided looking at her lest his father, who, he felt, watched him, should say he wasted time upon her. The only time when he could talk to her was when he carried her in his arms to and from his work. He could then say low in her ear, or against her cheek, the few words his silent nature prompted him to speak. These were so precious to her that she would grow elated, chatter, laugh, and kiss him with resistless ebullitions of merriment or affection.

Four weeks so passed, and the spring rising had not yet filled the swamp. Mr. Clayton was impatient to leave with his lumber. Poor Robert was looking forward with dread to the time when he must take his little angel of comfort to the city, and perhaps resign her to friends and lose her forever. The time came when they were floating down the river on a raft, which Mr. Clayton and Robert managed with great difficulty, while Clementine's only care was to keep out of the water. At New Orleans Mr. Clayton—in hopes of reward—was indefatigable in making inquiries for Clementine's friends, but none came forward, and Robert, though urged to lose her in the streets, braved his father's anger, bore its fury, and kept his darling with him through two years, which she made happy ones for him. She grew in health, beauty, and a wild, joyous spirit to which privations were of no account.

Robert was now fourteen years of age, and Clementine six. He was still silent, and unmoved save by any evidence of Clementine's love, which

toward him assumed extreme gentleness and tenderness. Mr. Clayton was bowed in person and broken in constitution. Of course his avarice and ill-temper clung to him. He hastened to the cypress swamp before the unhealthy season was over, as was his custom, but this year he fell a victim to his greed. He had not been at work more than a week before he was seized with yellow fever, and died. Robert nursed him faithfully, and buried him in that scene where his worldly, miserable life was spent. Then taking Clementine on his back, and his father's strong box in his hand, he made his way through the forest to the river. There was no landing at the nearest point, the river making a sudden bend, round which swept the swift, milky current, leaving a high, sandy bluff held together and resisting the force of the water by roots of trees which had long since been cut down. A landing here was impracticable, and Robert found he must go five miles further down the river, but as darkness began to fall, he wrapped Clementine in his coat, and while she slept in his arms he pondered on his future life—and hers. He saw that he must now give her up. She must be educated, must be brought up a Christian, and must have women around her who would teach her a mother's lessons, and give her a mother's care. He had no religious knowledge or predilections. All sects were alike to him, all were worshippers, and he wished his little protegee to be a worshipper. He determined to take her to New Orleans and entrust her to the nuns. Not allowing her to be dependant upon charity, however. It was his firm determination to do every thing for her himself.

Their journey on foot terminated, they were soon on board a steamboat, and in some hours reached New Orleans. The next day poor Clementine, looking like a very savage with her full, black eyes gleaming from her matted hair, her clothes torn so that her shoulders and knees were exposed, clung screaming passionately to Robert's neck, while a kind lady abbess endeavored by grave, soothing words to entice her from him. But this only alarmed her more, and made her cling the closer to him who had saved her before, and who had been, for so long a time, her only friend. The confusion of voices seemed perplexing, almost painful to her ears, accustomed only to the "deep harmonies" of the forest. She had been in a state of bewilderment ever since she came to the city, and comprehended nothing. Her only thought was, that if she clung to Robert he would take her away from all this terrible annoyance.

He tried to quiet her, and his calm words had

their usual effect. She let him take her arms from his neck, and when, kissing her, he told her he would come to see her the very next day, she did not again refuse to let the abbess approach her, and seemed to be thinking more of his next visit than of his departure.

When he came the next day, he hardly recognized the child which came bounding toward him, dressed in a tidy blue check apron, with a clear, shining face, and close-cut, well-brushed hair. He could not help feeling sadness and regret. To be sure these things were for her good, but how much more beautiful in his eyes were her long, thick curls, though they were rough, than this cropped head—how strange to see her arms and shoulders straightened up in that close apron! Her motions seemed less free and graceful, now that her limbs were covered with a long, narrow petticoat.

Robert stayed till the last moment allowed him, and then left his beloved child, not daring to say a word. One long pressure as he kneeled beside her on the floor, and then he left her, not to see her again till she was "a child no more."

While waiting Clementine's appearance, Robert had informed the abbess of his future prospects. Hearing of a gentleman inquiring for a Mr. Clayton, from New England, Robert sought him out, hoping to meet with some one who would settle his father's affairs. He found an uncle, who with true kindness interested himself for the orphan boy. Robert was greatly surprised to find that he had an uncle who was a gentleman, with every appearance of education and refinement. He was many years younger than Robert's father, and exceedingly unlike him. It is not unusual in this country to see such diversity in one family—social position being so entirely the result of mental power in the individual, whether it be exerted for money, political influence, or literary fame.

When Mr. Clayton's affairs were wound up, Robert found that his father's savings would enable him to educate both himself and Clementine. He left New Orleans with his uncle, and resided in Boston till he entered Harvard College.

\* \* \* \* \*

Robert stands again in the reception room of the convent in New Orleans. It would be impossible to recognize the ragged boy of former times in the fine-looking, polished gentleman before us. He is now a talented, young lawyer, prepared by severe study to do honor to his profession. His face still wears its quiet dignity, yet there is an under-current of the strongest feeling struggling in it. He is awaiting the appearance of his former darling, and he hopes to find her less changed

than he is. He remembers his disappointment when he first saw her, after leaving her at the convent, and he fears the entrance of some old automaton, whom he may not recognize and cannot love. He cannot be called indifferent or insensible now.

He knew absolutely nothing of her as she now was, as his uncle had objected even to correspondence with her—it being also much deprecated by the abbess. He loved her as much as ever. He dreaded coldness, forgetfulness on her part. He feared too much religious enthusiasm. Could he resign her should she wish to take the veil? A thousand thoughts of hope and fear were distracting his usually calm mind. He heard some persons coming. Suddenly the feet began to accelerate—remonstrances were heard, and the words "Oh, do let me run to dear Robbie"—a delightful laugh, a little struggle, followed by light steps running. Robert stood in extreme astonishment. Was he about to see the very child he had left? Could he clasp her again, a little darling, in his arms?

The door was thrown wide open, and Clementine stood a moment undecided before him, a beautiful, graceful girl, with full dark eyes, and glowing color. A thousand changes of expression seemed to flicker in her face, while she looked on one of extreme paleness. Their long gaze was unflinching on both sides, till Clementine sprang toward him, and threw her arms round his neck. He did not immediately release her, and the horrified Lady Abbess stood shocked at her pupil's conduct.

Clementine and Robert still regarded one another with affectionate curiosity. After another silent gaze, Clementine's eyes dwelling upon his features, while his heart trembled at her beauty—he said smiling,

"Well, do you find me the same?"

"Yes," she answered, hesitatingly. "At the first moment I did not know you, but when I saw you look so pale, I felt that you were my own dear Robbie. But now, I see that you are a young gentleman, and your face looks different to me."

"This would naturally make it look so," he said, touching her chin.

"It is not that," she answered. "It is in expression—it is in your eyes," and when she raised hers again to his scrutinizingly, her long lashes seemed to weigh the lids down, while a blush stole faintly up.

"I see you love me yet," she said.

"And you have not forgotten me?"

"Ah, no—but why have you never come to see me? I hoped so long for a visit. At

last I began to think you wished me to forget you."

"My uncle thought it best that I should not come, and I sacrificed the greatest pleasure there could be on earth for me to his wishes. It was due to him. I have written to you of the daily, hourly proofs of his generosity and kindness to me."

"But how is it thus that you have come at last?"

"My uncle is dead."

"Had you always lived with him? Have you a house of your own for us to live in?"

"No, I have no house of my own yet. We are to live with my cousin, at her beautiful country seat, not far from Boston."

"Well, I love those here dearly, but I want to go with you Robert. You were my first friend."

"You have not forgotten old times then, Clementine?"

"I shall never forget those years, dear Robbie. They have made an ineffaceable impression. I am a wild bird yet. The sisters have had a hard task with me. The older I grow, the more my savageness develops itself, the more I dream of those tall, tall trees, and the long, waving grey moss. And my nests! Oh! I laugh when I think of them, and of how I slept curled up like a kitten. How kind you were to me then!"

"We will visit the forest before we go to Boston," he answered, when she interrupted him to ask—

"But what do you think of *me*, Robert? How do you like me now? Don't you mean to let me be your little darling still, or am I crowded out of your heart by others?"

Robert was framing an answer fit for the ears of the abbess, when that lady reminded Clementine, that the time allotted to each visitor had expired, and she left Robert with many affectionate regrets.

The abbess fearful that Robert might misunderstand Clementine's artless expressions of affections, informed him that they had always accustomed her to regard him as a father, as one who was generous and kind to her, but who would find in wife and children objects dearer than herself. She ended by an earnest entreaty, which came from the bottom of her heart, that one she had loved as her child might not be taken from her. Robert could not reply. He stood pale and deeply moved, thinking as calmly as he could. But seeing the abbess about to renew her entreaties, he said he should do nothing rashly, and took his leave. Perhaps her arguments might have influenced him, had it been Clementine's wish to remain, but knowing

from herself that she desired to leave the convent, he did not hesitate long to do as her feelings and his own dictated. \* \* \* \* \*

Robert and Clementine stood again in the old cypress forest. How great the change they found there! The river had forced its way directly through the swamp, where Robert had so often felled trees. The high bluff was now an island in the river, which was by this "cut-off" made twenty miles shorter, an occurrence not unfrequent in that impetuous stream. The cabin and the grave were buried beneath the edge of the now sluggish current, and a steamboat landing was above them. It was in the earlier months of spring. The tall magnolias with their creamy blossoms, the flaky snow of the fringe tree, and thousands of flowers springing in savage luxuriance from the dark soil, would have made the forest gorgeous had it not been for the veiling, sweeping moss, which tempered the glowing colors with its mysterious, misty grey. "We are here again alone, Clementine," said Robert. "But all is changed—all is as much more beautiful as our feelings toward each other might be. We too are not the same."

"Oh, Robert, no two people were ever so little changed by so long a time as we. If what I have been told of the world be true, love does not often live so long a life. They tried to teach me that you would forget me. I did not believe them. Oh, no, indeed."

"Clementine," Robert answered, taking her hand from his arm, to hold it in his. "I can never forget you. I love you."

She turned to him with a frank smile, saying, "Ah, and don't I love you too?"

A deep, deep sigh made her bright, arch face sadden, as she turned questioningly to look at him.

"I love you, Clementine—but you do not love me," he added, with some bitterness.

"I do, I do, Robert."

"Enough to be my wife?" he asked, hopelessly.

"Why—yes—dear Robert—if I am not too young for you. Would not daughter be better?"

Those who know in what utter seclusion both from the world, and from book of the world, girls educated in a convent are kept, will not think Clementine's conduct unnaturally infantile.

Her reply, though he expected not much better, was a shock to Robert, and on pretence of seeking some blossoms for her, he left her to conceal his discomposure. She thought meanwhile earnestly, and felt that her reply had been ungrateful. "I should be whatever he wishes," she thought, "and I *will*, for I owe him every thing."

When he returned she said penitently,

"Robert, I do love you, and being your wife is an unexpected honor, which, since you have suggested it, I may not find it easy to forget," a little speech she had composed for the occasion, out of the gratitude of her heart.

"Clementine," he said gently, and very sadly, "you do not understand your own heart—and mine—is so strangely agitated that I hardly know it to be mine. We will say no more about loving each other, till we have each proved our affection. You will see many handsomer, gayer, and more pleasing gentlemen at my cousin's. You are but sixteen, and not till you are twenty, will we speak of this matter again."

"I feel sure that I can promise now, Robert, to be your's forever."

"No, no! No promise! Give me nothing but freely granted affection."

"Well, well, dear Robert, at least let me love you in peace, and don't try to place such a distance between us. I cannot promise not to say I love you, because, you know, I must speak of what I think."

"It will be better for me if you do not."

"Oh, Robert, I cannot comprehend you! Do you not want me to love you?"

"My disappointment would be the more cruel, if you were to love another."

"More than you? That I am *sure* I shall never do." \* \* \* \* \*

It was but one year from this time, when Robert stood looking from his study window over Boston's glorious harbor, while between lay pretty gardens, dotted with white houses, stretching to the shore. But his eyes were soon withdrawn from the landscape they had been so calmly resting upon, to fill with trouble as they gazed into the orchard under his window. Two persons were walking there. He dwelt fondly upon the graceful form of the lady, or turned with contempt from the polite dandyism of her companion. The latter plucked a spray of apple-blossoms, which he was about to place in the beautiful curls resting on her cheek. The blood mounted to Robert's temples. Clementine turned back her head, and raised her hand to take the flower, while the gentleman's head was yet bent forward, as if making some complimentary speech. Her movement brought her lips close to his, and he did not neglect the tempting opportunity.

Robert tingling with anger, was going instantly to bestow the punishment he imagined the act deserved, when a thought changed his purpose. Would Clementine wish him punished?

"I must think of her as my child. She regards me only as her preserver—her father," he said,

bitterly. At this moment she came running up stairs, and seeing him, threw herself on the sofa beside him, evidently in some excitement.

"Oh, Robert," she said, "I am safe here—near you."

He turned away at first, but said the next moment, "Yes, Clementine, always come to me as to a father." It cost him an effort, and Clementine a pang, which occasioned a little start, not imperceptible to Robert.

"As to a protector—yes, Robert," she answered, hesitatingly, and with embarrassment.

"And why not—father?"

"As to one I reverence certainly. Oh, Robert, it is a pity you were the first gentleman I ever knew, for I have no charity for others, when I see in you what they are all so far from being."

He was displeased. "You are too complimentary, Clementine. He smiled, however, as he added, "You know I like my character treated with silent respect. How dare you praise me? But dear Clementine, why cannot you come to me as to a father?" Robert needed many of those tell-tale blushes to awaken in his heart the hope which had almost died out.

"Well, Robert, you shall be father-confessor now. I almost regret my old faith when I have to bear my sins alone."

"No, no, Clementine," he said, turning away, "do not confess to me."

"And to whom then, if not to my father-confessor? I do not dare to exculpate myself, till I know you do not condemn me. I fear I have done wrong, and you must tell me whether I have or not, for you are my conscience. What have I done that Mr. — should dare to kiss me?"

Her eyes kindled angrily as she spoke, and she looked eagerly for a reply.

"Have you not been pleased with the attentions of which he has been so very lavish.

"Yes," she said, blushing with shame.

"And do you really think they were worth much?"

"No, they were from one I despise."

Robert's brow was clearing, but his tone was still severe.

"Why did you accept them? Why did you flatter him by listening to him and seeming pleased?"

"I was pleased."

"Why, Clementine?"

"Because he is a man of the world, and a novelty in my experience. Because of his surpassing self-conceit. It was amusing to see him taking such pains, merely that I might laugh in my sleeve at his folly. He wanted to dazzle and

captivate the unsophisticated girl just out of a convent. Ought he to have no punishment for concluding that I had no discrimination, no better sense than to be pleased with such vapid flattery?"

"Clementine you did wrong. That was coquetry, and in his presumption you have met a just punishment."

"And one still harder to bear in your disapproval," she answered, in a low tone.

"Ah, Clementine, you do not care for my opinions or my feelings, or you could not have seemed to be throwing away your heart's best gifts on that contemptible man."

She looked up smiling through her tears, and asked archly,

"Did it make your heart ache?"

"Yes, dearest Clementine."

"I am glad of that," she faltered, with an attempt to hide her earnestness in a smile.

He paused, and the blood again rushed to his face. "You are glad that I am jealous? You

value my love? Look at me, Clementine—let me read in your eyes that you are not trifling, that you do value my love. Look! you will only see how it beams there for you, rising full from my very heart. Tormentor! Will you not let me read that you are in earnest? Your face will speak truth."

"I cannot, Robert, my face would reflect yours."

"You love me?"

An answer was not necessary.

We will listen but to one more remark of Robert's, which shall be recorded here to show the sagacity of the abbess who had charge of Clementine's education, who though shut up in a convent, penetrated to some secrets of the human heart.

"Clementine, when your mother abbess was warning me against misunderstanding your expressions of affection, she said, 'When she really loves you, she will tremble and be silent.' I have looked long for this token. I see it at last."

## WILD FLOWERS.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

In the woods—beside the brooklet—  
On the mountain's towering peak—  
In the midst of smiling verdure,  
And when all around is bleak.

On the crowded cities' confines—  
Where man's foot hath never trod—  
Everywhere the wild flower springeth,  
Nursling of the hand of God.

Whereso'er a dew-drop faileth,  
Or a sunbeam comes to bless—  
Then the wild flowers quickly blossom  
In their lowly loveliness.

Bending 'neath the careless footstep  
Rising meekly from the sod—  
Ever look they sweetly upward  
With a smile of love to God.

Fair young flowers! Ye have a lesson  
To the wayward heart of man,  
Joining with your fragrant whispers  
In creation's mighty plan.

Teaching him where'er his pathway  
O'er rough stones or flowery sod,  
Whether light or gloom surround him,  
Still to turn with faith to God.

## FAITH.

BY R. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

DARK and fearful roll the waters  
Of the sea of human life;  
Loud their murmurings as of thunders—  
As the elements at strife;  
Though the face may wear the aspect  
Of a pure and sinless soul;  
Yet there is a silent language  
Far beyond the heart's control.

Not the gudy snow of earthland,  
Nor the haunts of solitude;  
Have the power to stay its surges,  
And dispel the darkling flood;  
But, as faith doth guide us upward,  
And our hopes and actions place  
On the cross where groan'd a Saviour—  
Will our sins be all erased?

## SEA-WEED PICTURES.

BY ELLEN A. WARE.

We have had so many inquiries relative to the proper mode of drying sea-weed, and arranging it in bouquets, wreathes, &c., that we feel convinced a few hints on the subject will be acceptable to very many of our friends who are visitants to, or residents at the sea-side. And in giving these directions we would observe that it is not our intention to weary and perplex our readers with a long botanical article; but simply to give them such easy instructions as will enable them to convert into elegant ornaments the scraps of weed, sponge, &c., which they may discover on the beach of any of our most popular watering-places. Our information has been obtained from one of the most tasteful professional collectors, and tested by ourselves; it may therefore be relied on.

The materials required for these bouquets are sea-weed, gum-water, and cardboard. The sea-weed should be of all the varieties that can be collected, excepting only the very large and coarse kinds. Every atom that can be discovered on the beach, or adhering to rocks, should be preserved; and if we make friends with the men on board some of the fishing boats and get them to save us pieces, which they obtain in the course of their voyages, we shall have a good variety of specimens. The oyster-dredgers are particularly fortunate in getting weeds which are only found in mid-channel, and which form a great addition to the amateur's collection.

The principal weeds are the Caroline, the oak-leaf, the coral, the feathered-weed, and some coarser kinds. Branches of sponge are also frequently washed ashore in rough weather; and some weeds have a character of their own, resembling short, stiff grasses, and beautifully ringed and feathered.

The Caroline weed is of that exquisitely delicate pink which is seen gummed closely on the cardboard in the weed-pictures to which we have alluded. When freshly thrown up by the tide it is of a brown color; it is only after exposure to sun and air that it acquires the pink tint. It should be kept for about twenty-four hours before it is prepared, and, if practicable, exposed to the sun during the day. As soon as the pink color is obtained, float it in a basin of fresh water. Take a bit of newspaper, dip it in the water, letting a spray of weed float on it,

and arrange all the fibres smoothly on the paper, picking off any thick parts, still keeping both weed and paper under water. When the bit of weed is thus nicely arranged it will adhere to the paper. Take them out of the water, carefully wipe off all superfluous moisture with a soft towel, and hang up by the paper by a pin to the wall until it is quite dry. The weed may then be removed from the paper without difficulty; or should it adhere in any place, it may be damped. It is then to be laid between the leaves of an old magazine, not more being placed on one page than can lie there without the fibres being covered by each other.

All the fine, fibre-like kinds of weed are to be prepared in this manner.

The oak-leaf weed bears (as its name implies) a very close resemblance to the ordinary oak-leaf. However, like the Caroline weed, it is of a beautiful pink when dry. It must be exposed to the sun, then damped, laid very evenly in blotting paper, and pressed down with weights until perfectly dry. It may then be laid evenly between the leaves of a magazine.

The coral weed is found attached to rocks. It is half-animal and half-plant. In its natural state it is brown or purple, and requires bleaching either in a very hot sun, or with chloride of lime, to give it the appearance it has when seen in the bouquets. As soon as possible after it is formed; it should be washed in fresh water, and exposed to the sun daily until it becomes quite white. As this, however, is rather an uncertain process in our very variable climate, the surest way is to prepare the weed with the lime. Take a lump of chloride of lime of the size of a filbert, and mix it gradually with a pint of soft water in a basin. Lay the bunches of weed in this, and leave them in it until they are white, when, remove them immediately, and dip them in cold water: wipe them gently with a soft towel, and hang them up to dry. As soon as they are dry they should be folded in soft paper and put away in a box, as the bleaching process renders the coral so brittle that the least touch will frequently crumble it.

Sponges, and the weeds found by the oyster-dredgers, should be well washed in soft water, hung up to dry, and then kept in boxes

The coarser weeds should also be washed, dried between sheets of blotting-paper, pressed, and then laid between the leaves of books.

The gum used in attaching sea-weed to cardboard requires some little care. Gum-tragacanth is employed in preference to gum-arabic, as it does not leave a gloss on the paper. Take three-pennyworth of gum tragacanth, and put it in a pint bottle, with three-pennyworth of the best white vinegar. When the gum is thoroughly dissolved, water may be added to make it as thin as desired. If a wreath is to be made, to surround the verses we have given above, the lines must be written neatly on the centre of the cardboard, before the weed is attached to it. Then, with a broad brush, dipped in gum, brush lightly over the space the wreath is to occupy. Select a nice piece of Caroline weed for each point of the wreath, and lay it on. Then form a foundation for the other weeds by laying the Caroline along the edges of each side, as it is made to appear the ground on which all the others are attached. Take little bunches of the other weeds, gum the stems, and fasten them tastefully down the centre of each side. The

wreath should get gradually wider toward the base where the two ends meet, and are covered by a handsome swan's wing, or white mussel-shell.

The bouquets are arranged so as to appear to spring out of a little basket, which may readily be purchased.

As great a variety as possible is produced by arranging the most opposite colors near each other. All require gumming at the stems only, except the corals, which must be fastened completely down, or, from its extreme brittleness, it is very likely to break away altogether.

Very thick gum-arabic will be required for fastening on the baskets and shells; but for all other purposes (as well as for domestic use in general,) the solution we have already recommended will be infinitely better.

When used as pictures, the frames of these groups should be nearly an inch deep. Leather-work, imitating the coarser sea-weeds, would be pretty and appropriate ornaments for them; but we shall shortly introduce various articles to which sea-weed can be appropriately applied as a decoration.

## TWO LOVERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A SKIFF swam down the Danube's tide,  
Therein a bridegroom sat, and bride.

"Tell me, my dearest heart," said she,  
"What present I shall make to thee?"

And back her little sleeve she stripped,  
And deeply down her arm she dipped.

And so did he, the other side,  
And laughed and jested with his bride.

"Fair Lady Danube, give me here  
Some pretty gift to please my dear."

She drew a sparkling sword aloft,  
Just such the boy had longed for, oft.

The boy, what holds he in his hand?  
Of milk-white pearls a costly band.

He binds it round her jet black hair,  
She looks a princess, sitting there.

"Fair Lady Danube, give me here,  
Some pretty gift to please my dear."

Once more she'll try what she can feel;  
She grasps a helmet of light steel.

On his part, terrified with joy,  
Fished up a golden comb, the boy,

A third time clutching in the tide,  
Woe! she falls headlong o'er the side.

The boy leaps after, clasps her tight,  
Dame Danube snatches both from sight.

Dame Danube grudged the gifts she gave,  
They must atone for 't in the wave.

An empty skiff glides down the stream,  
The mountains hide the sunset gleam.

And when the moon in Heaven did stand,  
The lovers floated dead to land.



## A MISTAKE: AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

AUNT HIGBEE and cousin Silas Overing were travelling to the city together.

Aunt Higbee was somewhat deaf, although she never would admit it; and the organs of understanding pertaining to Silas Overing were like the mirrors that present everything in a distorted shape. These, with the noisy engine, were materials enough for even greater mistakes than that which ensued. Their conversation was conducted in a sort of suppressed screech, owing to the noise of the cars, and much more than was intended reached the public ear.

"Have you seen 'the Squire's' new parlor?" commenced Silas, thinking it incumbent upon him to entertain his neighbor.

"Trainford's, you mean?" screamed back aunt Higbee, "no, I ain't bin there sence the wing was put on. But what on airth can he want of a new parlor? I should think he needed a wife a great deal more."

Silas was just preparing to scream "What?" in his highest key, but having caught the word "wife," he concluded that he had heard aright, and went on with:

"That's jest what I was sayin'—there is a wife in the case, you may depend on't!"

"Eh?" said aunt Higbee, following the precept of doing as she would be done by, and screaming so that all the passengers around her started.

"I say," repeated Silas, in a voice that left not a chance of his not being heard, "that Squire Trainford is going to be married!"

This assertion was accompanied by a series of winks and knowing looks, meant to arouse his companion to a conviction of his shrewdness in guessing; but aunt Higbee was obtuse, and, far from giving Silas any particular credit, thought this merely the *vox populi* speaking through a single mouth.

"Well, I declare!" said she, meditatively, her fingers busy with the black bag which she always carried, "I hadn't even heerd of their bein' engaged!"

"Engaged?" repeated Silas, "I thought that was it! Who did you say 'the Squire' was engaged to?" he continued, bending eagerly toward his companion.

Aunt Higbee, however, thought this question merely a ruse to entrap her into a display of

ignorance; and determined not to let Silas have the pleasure of supposing that she considered him at all overstocked with information, she answered quite tartly,

"To whom *should* he be engaged but Mary Infield? Don't all the village know *that*?"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Silas, delighted with this unexpected intelligence. "Well, I'm really glad of it—Mary's a nice girl."

"Yes," replied aunt Higbee, who had heard only the latter part, "she's almost past bein' a *girl*, now—but I can very well remember when she was the beauty of the place. That was jest after her father died."

"Gracious!" continued Silas, reflectively, "how I used to set in church watchin' them eyes of hern, and thinkin' that they looked as though she'd bin polishin' of 'em up with a piece of soft velvet, or somethin'! They ain't so bright, now-a-days."

"Poor thing!" said aunt Higbee, commiseratively, "but even now," she continued, "she's got a kind of look about her—not proud exactly, either—but then, somehow or other, I never could take the liberty of *askin'* her if she was engaged to Squire Trainford."

"Well," said Silas, "I think that, all things considered, she has done pretty well for herself, and Squire Trainford will get a good wife. But they might jest as well have done it years ago."

Aunt Higbee made no reply, and after awhile her companion relapsed into silence.

The truth is, the old lady was anything but pleased that Silas should have gained this information before her—she who so particularly prided herself upon knowing just what was going on among her neighbors, and who, as she often informed them, could "put that and that together." Now, too, she could take no pleasure in her trip to the city, so anxious was she to get home and inquire into particulars. She loved to make a prominent figure in every occurrence; and after pondering over the matter a long time, she determined to signalize herself in a manner that will transpire hereafter.

Those who have undertaken to converse in cars under the disadvantages before mentioned, will not be surprised at the fabulous nature of the communications given and received; for,

although aunt Higbee would have sworn in any court of law, that Silas Overing had told her of Mary Infield's engagement to Squire Trainford, and Silas stoutly maintained that aunt Higbee, herself, informed *him*, the truth of the matter was that neither had told the other anything of the kind, and that there was nothing of the kind to tell.

But while aunt Higbee and Silas go their different ways from the car station, we may as well look in upon the parties most interested.

A little way off from the village, as though too aristocratic to mingle with the residences around, stood the dwelling known as Squire Trainford's. It was beautifully situated on a piece of rising ground, and clasped in from the outer world by tall trees that in summer time made an almost perpetual twilight.

Having entered the immense hall, which looked like a room itself, visitors were shown into a parlor that seemed exactly in keeping with the rest of the place. The cane-bottomed sofa and chairs looked light and summer-like—the large flower-pot in the hearth of the great Franklin was always arranged with particular care—and the asparagus-tops over the looking-glass nodded complacently in the summer breeze that came in through the open windows. Bright rays of sunshine slanted down on the grass without; and the wind murmured among the pines like a tired child singing itself to sleep.

This was Mary's favorite room; and although, with her taste for the refinements of life, she would have liked pictures on the walls, and books and bronzes scattered around, she never mentioned these improvements to "the Squire," who pretended to despise everything that was not meant solely for use.

"The Squire," as he was called, from deference probably to his superior position, was one of the sunniest-tempered, most generous-minded, self-distrustful men that ever reached the age of forty-five in a state of single blessedness. He was proud of his farm, and liked to have it praised; but his neighbors were quite welcome to the benefit of all his new improvements, and he really enjoyed giving away his possessions. Notwithstanding this disposition, he continued a rich man, and everything prospered with him. His farm was one of the most beautiful in the county; his oxen always looked so sleek and well-fed, his hired hands so diligent, and his barns and store-houses so bursting with plenty.

A custom of ten years' standing had rendered it the most natural thing in the world for Mary Infield to keep house for him; and yet the neighbors could well remember the time when they considered her abode there something strange

and new. The orphan child of a ruined city merchant, who, when dying, had no nearer friend than Edward Trainford, Mary was taken at once to his house, and placed under the care of his maiden sister. But after a few years the sister departed to a home of her own; and Mary remained as before, except that she now took the whole charge of the household, and ordered things entirely her own way. This "way" never failed to please her guardian—an office which boasted only a name—but Mary would not have acknowledged, even to herself, that this result was premeditated.

When Mary Infield first went to live with the Trainfords, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and accustomed to every luxury and indulgence, she had, without knowing it, a haughtiness of manner that effectually distanced her humble-minded guardian; who, neither surprised nor angry that she should, as he imagined, look down upon *him*, meekly worshipped his divinity at a respectful distance.

Very beautiful was this haughty idol; eyes that, though generally cast down, yet when lifted from this drooping attitude, seemed almost to scorch any pair detected in the act of watching them—arms borrowed from one of those wondrous statues that we gaze on in a shaded room hung with crimson drapery—and features moulded after those classic faces that captivated Greek and Roman warriors.

Sometimes, when the "Squire" sat in the shade of a butternut tree, during haying season, Mary would trip off to him with a pitcher of fresh water; and the good man, who was more familiar with his Bible than with any of the modern romances, thought, as he marked the curve of those beautiful arms in balancing the pitcher on her head, and the wealth of rich, dark hair, of Rebecca at the well; and then he imagined himself fastening a gold bracelet on the snowy wrist, until he was aroused from his reverie by Mary's laughing remonstrance, and perhaps a dash of cold water.

At first the city-bred belle had imagined herself in love with one of the "airy nothings" who had hovered around her as moths seek a blaze; but as time passed, and he who had sworn "fidelity until death," departed with her other friends, Mary began to smile at her past life, and gradually dawned upon her conviction the noble qualities of her so-called guardian. Indomitable pride was the prominent feature in Mary's character; and the idea of bestowing an encouraging look upon any man who was not on his knees was a monstrosity, not once to be thought of.

When the young beauty first blazed upon his sight, the kind-hearted "Squire," chilled by her proud bearing, had said to himself that it would not be generous to tell her of his feelings *then*, for it would seem to imply that she was not welcome to a home there upon any other terms; and as years passed, he made up his mind that it would be an utter impossibility for Mary ever to love *him*, and magnanimously resolved not to let her even suspect his folly. And Mary did not suspect it; though whether *she* would have called it "folly" remains to be decided.

In the years that had passed, Mary had become a thoughtful woman; and a long communion with Nature had imbued her with a reverential admiration for the good and noble. She beheld Edward Trainford without the trappings of artificial life, and without the polish of artificial society; and felt that, had she given vent to the constant murmur in her heart, it would have been: "*Whither thou goest, I will go.*"

And so matters stood: another proof that the world is full of paper walls.

The cloudless June sun had dawned upon Mary Infield's thirtieth birthday, and the first grey hair lay like a thread of silver amid her clustering braids. She leaned against the window, and her still beautiful cheek was wet with tears.

Mr. Trainford rallied her upon her depression at the breakfast-table; and her lip curled with something of its old scorn, as she proudly determined that he should not suspect the cause.

It was a weary day, one of the longest that she had ever known; and in the evening, Mary sat leaning her head sadly on her hand, thinking over all those past years, while Edward Trainford, under the pretence of his newspaper, was watching her by the soft light of the shaded lamp. The curve of that beautiful lip seemed engraven upon his heart; and he half trembled lest she should raise her eyes suddenly and flash upon him the full light of their scorn.

One of the house-servants entered the room, and deposited a large box, directed to "Miss Mary Infield."

The "Squire" started up, glad of an excuse for conversation.

"May I open it, Mary? You look too tired to take the trouble."

Mary gave a calm assent, and yet she *did* feel a little natural curiosity to know what it contained. Several wrappers were removed, and a large cake, with a great deal of pretension in the frosting, was discovered. Mary looked at her guardian in surprise, and he looked at her.

"Well," exclaimed the 'Squire,' with his pleasant laugh, "this looks as though you were a little girl at boarding-school, and your friends were afraid of your being starved out. It is very kind of them, certainly."

But Mary was not to be put off so. The "Squire" reserved his search, and soon brought to light a letter which Mary carelessly requested him to read. It was from aunt Higbee, and ran thus:—

"MY DEAR MARY—You've bin most awful sly, but a little bird has whispered in my ear that you're goin' to be married to Squire Trainford, and hopin' that I'm not too late, I've taken the liberty of makin' you a weddin'-cake. I had grate work with the top part to make it stick, but if you are right keeful, I think it'll last sometime. You might jist as well have got married years ago, but I 'spose you both took time to consider of it. Give my respects to the Squire and do not forget my invite."

Aunt Higbee considered this a very creditable performance, having "squared herself out" for some hours to accomplish her task, and little dreamed of the reception it was doomed to meet with.

Edward Trainford read on to the end in a state of complete amazement; and when it was finished Mary burst into tears. Indignation, shame, and every other emotion seemed struggling together; but the "Squire," poor man! was terribly alarmed lest she should suspect *him* of spreading the report, and in his consternation he exclaimed:

"I didn't do it, Mary! I would not, for worlds, have said such a thing!"

"I fully believe you, sir!" and Mary seemed to have added two or three feet to her height, for she supposed this particularly intended to discourage any hopes that she might have formed, "I fully believe you, and I shall leave this house to-morrow."

Her words fell upon him like a thunderbolt; and hastily seizing his hat, he commenced pacing the piazza in a state of desperation. He did not possess the power of saying precisely the right thing at the right moment, and he did not dare to look toward the parlor, or he might have seen Mary on her knees beside the table, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Well, 'Squire!'" exclaimed Silas Overing, as he mounted the steps completely out of breath, "I've come to offer my congratulations."

"I don't know what for," replied the "Squire," more shortly than was his wont, "unless it is for the ridiculous mistake of a silly old woman, who has made me feel more unhappy than I ever did before."

"So its a mistake, is it?" said Silas, while his countenance visibly fell, "what awful stories that old woman does tell! But I don't see, either," he continued, reflectively, "why its so very 'ridiculous,' after all—it would seem very nat'ral for you and Mary to git married. What is there so 'ridiculous' in it?"

"Because," was the dejected reply, "it is ridiculous to think of Mary's fancying *me*."

"Well, now, I don't think so," said Silas, in a matter-of-fact way, "she ain't very young, nor you neither—she ain't got no money, and you've got plenty—she's kind of stuck-up like, and you're kind of easy—I guess you're nigh about matched."

The "Squire" shook his head quite unconvinced; but Silas, who seemed determined to stick to the subject, next inquired:

"Has she ever *told* you she couldn't fancy you?"

"I never gave her reason to do so," replied the 'Squire.'"

"Well, now, look here!" continued Silas, struck with a bright idea, "*my* advice is jest to go and *give* her reason at once, and I'll bet anythin' that she won't say nothin' of the sort! It seems so kind of foolish like to have people believin' things that ain't true."

Silas appeared to consider this a sufficient reason for immediate exertion, but he now wisely left the "Squire" to himself; and after a few more turns on the piazza, during which he had fully persuaded himself that he was doing nothing wrong, and that Mary could, at the worst, but say "no," Edward Trainford entered the parlor.

Mary averted her face, to be sure, and was angry that he should see her crying; but with

more confidence than he had ever supposed himself possessed of, the "Squire" seated himself near her, and began the longest speech that he had ever made in his life.

Having set before her all the whys and wherefores and becauses, he began: to think that Silas Overing possessed more sense than he had ever given him credit for; for Mary smiled, at last, through her tears, and then did Edward Trainford learn how long and fondly he had been loved. Mary and he sat there in the parlor a long while, that night; and he thought, with a sigh, that, as aunt Higbee said, they might just as well have been married years ago.

The wedding-cake was put in circulation, and the donor had one of the most honored seats at the nuptial feast. But this, it must be mentioned, was entirely Edward's work, who expressed so much gratitude to aunt Higbee for her most fortunate officiousness, that the old lady went home from the wedding-feast considerably puffed up with self-complacency.

The summer parlor at the "Squire's" presents quite an altered appearance; for as soon as Mary felt free to make the slightest allusion to improvements, pictures, bronzes, and books sprouted up as if by magic. Mary laughingly declares that there is an Aladdin's lamp somewhere among the kitchen rubbish, which the "Squire" rubs in secret; but he as positively asserts that the only witchcraft about the place is that lodged in Mary's keeping.

Aunt Higbee and Silas have not, to this day, settled the quarrel between them as to who was the relator of that disputed piece of news, but keep up a perpetual chorus of "Katy did," and "Katy didn't."

## CHARON AND THE SOULS:

TRANSLATED FROM THE MODERN GREEK.

Why are the hills so dusky dark, so dark and sable shrouded?  
Is it the wind that flouts the crag, or is it the rain that's beating?  
'Tis not the wind that flouts the crag, 'tis not the rain that's beating;  
'Tis only Charon with his dead, that o'er the hills is treading.  
The young he drives before his path, the old he drags behind him;  
The children, and the weeping babes, he on his saddle bindeth.  
The old beseech the rider grim, the young with tears implore him—

Oh, Charon, halt where the cottage smokes, where the fountain cool is flowing,  
The old will drink the water clear, the young will fling the pebbles,  
The children with their tender arms, will pluck the flowers so blooming.  
I will not halt where the cottage smokes, nor where the fount is flowing;  
For mothers would come to the fountain clear, and know their weeping children,  
And wives would know their husbands dear, nor would allow the parting.

## THE FAIR CATHARINE.

BY E. K. SMITH.

THE pealing clangour of many bells—the tapestry and fine carpeting suspended from window and balcony—the streets crowded with citizens in their gayest apparel—all betokened a grand festival day in the ancient city of Liege, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. It was so. One of the frequently-recurring quarrels between Ferdinand of Bavaria, the Prince-Bishop, and his turbulent subjects, the burghers, had been happily adjusted, and, in honor of the reconciliation, the magnates of Liege were about to proceed in grand array through the city, and finish by attending a solemn high mass in the cathedral of St. Lambert.

On the elevated portico of a public building, so as to have a good view of the procession, stood two young men of gentlemanly appearance. One, whose ambitious spirit gleamed through a frank and open countenance, was a citizen of Liege, of considerable wealth and good family, named William Beekman. The other, whose mild and amiable features seemed to conceal a lurking poetic fervor, was the painter Gerard Dow, then just returned from the classic shores of Italy, where he had been studying art with all the ardor of an enthusiast. Beekman had promised his companion that, as the procession passed, he would point out his affianced bride, Catharine Ardspine, whom in a few days he was to marry. Accordingly, when the banners of St. Bartholomew's defiled along the narrow street, he, by a glance of his eye, indicated to the artist a young lady remarkable for her modest grace and beauty. As long as she remained in sight, Dow could not withdraw his eyes from the lovely apparition, and, when lost to view in the moving crowd, he felt how he could have loved her had she not been the betrothed of his friend. Immersed in thought, he saw no more of the pageant, till roused by Beekman saying—"Come, we must follow close after the procession, or we shall not be able to obtain a place in the cathedral." Entering that sacred edifice, the young men joined in the ceremonies of their religion, and after the parting benediction had been given, they still lingered in the lofty aisle, to avoid the pressure of the dispersing assemblage. Dow, lost in reverie, was endeavoring to re-establish the serenity of his mind, which the sight of the

fair Catharine had so rudely disturbed. Beekman, joyous in hope and good fortune, not observing his companion's absence of mind, abruptly said—"Is she not a beautiful girl?"

"Charming; and she loves you?" inquired Dow.

"Very much indeed."

"What is her family?"

"Very honorable; but she, being an orphan, has only an uncle, who brought her up, an old canon of St. Bartholomew's."

"Has she a fortune?"

"But little; that, however, does not signify; her fortune is to come. That is what so particularly attaches me to Catharine. Her uncle, the canon, is a famous astrologer; you saw him in the procession—the tall old man, with grey hair and ruddy countenance, round whom the people pressed with reverence and affection. Well, he has foretold great things for the husband of his niece, and who knows? for so far all his predictions have proved correct. He warns the poor of tempests and change of weather, that is the reason why they revere him so?"

"Between ourselves, then, if it is a fair question, what has he predicted?"

"Well, my dear Gerard, I may tell you the secret. He has read in the stars that the man whom his niece espouses will rise to high station; for her horoscope foretells that the happiest period of her life will be when her husband is raised by his fellow-citizens above themselves."

This mysterious vaticination of astrology threw Dow into another reverie, from which he was again startled by his friend exclaiming—"Let us proceed to my house and clear our dress from the dust of the procession; then I will introduce you to the fair Catharine and the good canon, her uncle."

"Willingly."

"Are you," rejoined Beekman, "a Grumbler or a Swallow-tail?"

The artist, surprised, repeated the words grumbler and swallow-tail, which were quite new to him; the other, perceiving his perplexity, explained that those were then the slang terms for the two rival factions into which the citizens of Liege were divided. The dandies of the aristocracy who adhered to the Prince-Bishop, wearing a new

Parisian dress, were, from its peculiar cut, named swallow-tails; the other and larger party, to which Beekman belonged, and which advocated the rights of the people, wore the old national costume, and were termed grumblers. Gerard, after receiving this enlightenment, said, "As for myself, I am a painter."

"Right," replied Beekman. "Your Roman costume cannot displease any one."

The two friends passed into Beekman's house, from whence after readjusting their dress, they sallied forth on their way to the dwelling of the learned canon. On arriving there, Catharine herself opened the door, and received the visitors with artless grace.

"I present you," said Beekman, "a pupil of the renowned Rembrandt, a Roman, or, I should say rather, a native of Liege, just returned from Rome, who excels in portraits, and will be happy to paint yours."

The young girl blushed, while Dow felt very awkward and ill at ease.

"Can we see your uncle?" continued Beekman. "I wish to make my friend known to him."

"He is fatigued," said Catharine. "He spent nearly all last night on the tower of St. Bartholomew's observing the heavenly bodies; but you know he always likes to see you. He is in his study with a friend."

Saying those words, Catharine opened a door, which led into a large apartment, but in which there was scarcely room to move, it was so blocked up with spheres, astrolabes, quadrants, compasses, and other astronomical and mathematical instruments, while the seats and floor were littered with books and manuscripts. Dow on entering this room perceived a gentleman, about sixty years of age, whose countenance wore a peculiar expression of mingled genius and benevolence, and whom Beekman thus addressed—

"Ah! my respected father, how does your *Centuries* progress?"

"I am still busy with the last volume, my son; and am more convinced than ever of the advantage to be gained by us moderns from the study of ancient history."

Gerard did not recognize in the last speaker the canon he had seen in the procession. In fact, he was the canon's friend that Catharine had just spoken of, the celebrated Lurtet de Chokier, who, if his historical works be forgotten, is still remembered in Liege by his hospitals and other charitable foundations. In the mean time, and older man, holding in his hand a scroll covered with a hieroglyphics, emerged from the

embrasure of a window, where he had been concealed by a pile of ponderous folios. He was the uncle of Catharine, the renowned Matthew Laensbergh, canon of St. Bartholomew's, professor of philosophy, mathematics, and astrology.

"Thanks, my brave William," he exclaimed, taking hold of Beekman's hand, "you have brought me an artist, a great painter; he must be one of our friends."

"Did I did not tell you," said Beekman, turning to Dow, "that he was a wizard of the good kind, though he has no dealings with Satan? But see how he divines."

The painter, not a little surprised, saluted the old man.

"When do you publish your almanack?" said Beekman.

"Not yet," replied the astrologer; "I wish to live in peace, and the physicians annoy me already, because, as they say, I infringe on their exclusive right of being the medical advisers of the people."

"But," said Beekman, "so few can read, your almanack will only be useful to the higher classes."

"Not so, my son. There are few but understand numerals; and here," showing a specimen sheet, "is the mode I intend to convey information to the illiterate by means of emblems. Thus, when it is the fortunate time to plough, I have inserted a representation of that useful implement of husbandry; here a pair of scissors, when the stars are favorable for hair-cutting; there a lancet shows the desirable period for blood-letting."

The conversation then became general. The intelligent and eloquent artist, fresh from the eternal city, was, in those days of limited travel, a great acquisition to the canon's circle. While he spoke of Italy as the land of art, Laensbergh claimed it, through Galileo and others, as the birth-place of science. Dow left the house delighted and astonished with the uncle; and, in spite of all his efforts, captivated by the niece.

Two days before the marriage of Catharine, whether she commenced to doubt the sincerity of the sentiment she entertained for her betrothed, or for any other reason, she demanded earnestly from her uncle that he would reveal to her the horoscope of her husband. "I do not know it, my child," said the good canon; "I have never cast it. Life has enough of quietudes without our seeking to know too much. Everything will happen as God ordains. It is sufficient for you to know that Beekman is a worthy, honorable man—a little too ambitious, perhaps, but, as I have often told you, it is your

let to have a husband who will be raised to a high station."

The marriage of Catharine and Beekman was celebrated with great splendor. Dow, who was present, astonished his friends by announcing his departure on the following day. He felt that absence was the only means of stifling the unhappy passion he so unwillingly conceived for Catharine. Accordingly, the day after the wedding, he set out toward Germany.

The history of Liege for several centuries is merely a succession of insurrections for freedom, power, and sometimes—in strict historical truth—for license, against a series of tyrannical and narrow-minded rulers. One of the most incompetent of the Prince-Bishops, who so long misgoverned that city, was Ferdinand of Bavaria; consequently, no period could have been more favorable to the ambitious aspirations of Beekman, who by his wealth, energy, and abilities, soon made himself the principal leader of the party of the people termed the Grumblers. The folly of the Prince-Bishop gave him his first advancement. A tax was laid upon meat. The butchers declared that, if any attempt were made to levy this obnoxious impost, they would, like Adolphus Waldeck, cut and sell their meat sword in hand. At this very crisis a burgomastership became vacant, and the guilds, carried away by the popular *furore*, elected Beekman to that office, although it had always been previously filled by a much older man. This was the first step toward the fulfilment of his wife's horoscope. The Prince-Bishop, enraged at this election, demanded that it should be cancelled; the guilds refused, and the bishop maddened by their refusal, committed a still grosser act of folly. On the next morning, when the cathedral of St. Lambert was opened, the officiating priest found a sealed paper on the high altar. Summoning the burgomasters, he opened and read it at the church door; it proved to be a sentence of excommunication, launched by the Prince-Bishop, placing the whole city in *interdict*. Beekman seized the paper, and, mounting on a bench, read it to the assembled populace. Having concluded, he cried—"Liege is the daughter of Rome, as the motto on the great seal of our city states—*Legia, Ecclesiæ Romanæ unica filia*. The Pope alone has the right to excommunicate us."

"It is true," exclaimed a collier; "down with Ferdinand of Bavaria!"

Beekman threw the document among the crowd who tore it into pieces.

Amongst cries of "down with the Prince-Bishop! long live the brave Beekman! down

with the Swallowtails!" a shout of "to the Perron!" was raised, and immediately re-echoed by a thousand voices.

"To the Perron—to the Perron! we must elect a Mambour!"

The Perron, the grand outer staircase in front of the Town Hall, in the great square, was the time-honored forum of the people of Liege. The Mambour was the citizen chosen to conduct the affairs of government, during the interregnum occasioned by the death or deposition of a prince bishop.

Beekman trembled with joyful anticipation. In the popular excitement he was certain to be elected. "As Mambour," he muttered to himself, "I shall have the right of levying and leading the troops of Liege. I shall be dictator. Who knows? I may yet be a prince. The horoscope is bravely being fulfilled." But, on the crowd arriving at the Perron, they found, standing on its upper landing, two old men of grave and dignified demeanor—these were Lurlet de Chokier and Matthew Laensbergh; the former bearing a letter from the irresolute prince bishop to the citizens, recognizing the election of Beekman as burgomaster, renouncing the impost on meat, and according several other trifling concessions. This tranquilizing oil, poured over the troubled waters of popular commotion, instantly quelled the rebellious tempest, and the people dispersed to attend to their private affairs. Beekman, overwhelmed with disappointment, could not refrain from casting a reproachful glance at the venerable canon, who, unheeding it, took the other's hand, saying—

"Cheer up, my son, we must wait a little longer for your increase of dignity. It is on this very spot that it will take place, but the time has not yet arrived. Ah! I am as anxious as you are for that elevation, which will not fail to happen."

The sincere tone in which these words were uttered, the sigh breathed by the old man as he turned away, struck the new-made burgomaster with surprise, as he well knew that his wife's uncle had no ambitious fancies. But the fact was, that Beekman, wholly absorbed in the pursuit of rank and power, could not see what was clearly apparent to everybody else. Buried in an unceasing round of political and municipal intrigue, he neglected his wife. The demon of ambition having obtained full possession of his soul, to her gentle pleadings for more of his society, the replies were harsh and unfeeling; so much so, indeed, that at last the painful truth became evident to her mind, that he had married her on account of the prediction only. Com-

pletely wretched, she passed her solitary hours in tears. Even the ordinary solace of a deserted wife, the tender cares and duties of a mother, was denied to the unhappy Catharine. The worthy astrologer observed all this, and fully believing in the infallibility of the horoscope, wished as ardently as the ambitious Beekman to see its fulfilment; for, had not the stars proclaimed that Catharine would be happy, when her husband was raised above all his fellow citizens?

Death, the sternest of moralists, however, had his part to play in this little drama, as he has in all others, though his entrance on the stage is so seldom calculated upon by any of us. The magnificent aspirations and subtle schemes of the ambitious burgomaster were in one moment stopped for ever. Not more than two years after the period when this tale commences, at the close of a grand municipal banquet, Beekman dropped down dead, as he was rising to leave the table. Whether poisoned by his political enemies, or stricken by apoplexy, though the question was much debated at the time, it is useful for us to inquire now. Laensbergh unwillingly acknowledged the vanity of astrology, and Catharine wept for a husband from whom she had received but little kindness.

Gerard Dow, to shun the sight of the woman he loved as the wife of another, had settled at Dusseldorf, where he achieved his grand composition of the finding of the true cross by the Empress Helena, and where he commenced his superb picture of the martyrdom of St. Catharine. No sooner did he hear of the death of Beekman than he returned to Liege. After a year of mourning, Catharine married the devoted artist; her uncle, at the wedding dinner, de-

nouncing the follies of astrology. But the pursuits and convictions of a lifetime, even though discovered to be erroneous, are not easily relinquished in old age. Two more years passed over, and again it was a gala day in the city of Liege. The citizens had just finished the inauguration of the statue of their political idol, William Beekman, placed on a lofty pedestal on the summit of the Perron. Dow had laid down his palette to enjoy the evening meal with Catharine, who sang quaint Flemish ditties to her baby in her lap. The door opened, and the worthy canon entered, a reconverted astrologer, proclaiming the fulfilment of the horoscope. "Catharine," he said, "was happy, and Beekman was raised by his fellow-citizens above themselves." Catharine could not deny her happiness, though an incredulous smile, unfavorable to the pretensions of astrology, illumined the listeners' faces. But what of that? The people of Liege considered, and still consider, Matthew Laensbergh the greatest of astrologers. Though he first brought out his almanack in 1686, yet you may purchase it, for this present year of 1854, in all the villages of Belgium. It is still enriched with numerous predictions, which, perhaps, might be very useful, if they were not totally incomprehensible. Thus, like our own famous Francis Moore, the glory or shame—no matter which—of Stationers' Hall, the canon of St. Bartholomew's seems to enjoy an interminable existence. A more pleasing remembrance of him, however, is in Dow's celebrated painting of the "Astrologer," which, tradition states, is a portrait of Laensbergh, as his famous St. Catharine is reputed to be a correct likeness of Catharine Ards-pine.

## STANZAS.

BY J. DE COURSAV.

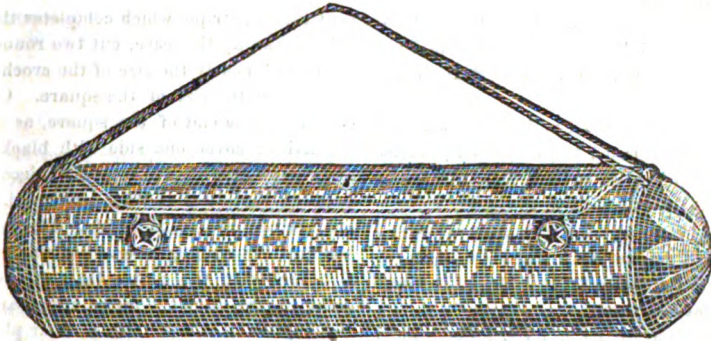
WHEN the nightingale shall sing  
Songs of love from night to morn,  
When the rose and lily spring,  
And the dew bespangles thorn;  
Then shall I my voice expand,  
Like a lover fond and true;  
Could I but its tones command,  
And the tender strain pursue  
But his love with fear to tell,  
Notes of passion ne'er can swell.  
How my soul delights in Spring!  
When all Nature's gifts return—  
When each voice is prone to sing,

And each tender heart to burn!  
Woods and meadows then assume  
All their gay and sweet attire,  
Yet green trees, and flowers in bloom  
Hapless me no joy inspire,  
For uncertain if my fair  
Will allow me long to live,  
Joining hands, I make a prayer—  
Death or life she'll instant give.  
And while thus 'twixt hope and fear  
Oft with aching heart I sing,  
For existence still is dear,  
And delay fresh terrors bring.



## LADY'S NETTING CASE.

BY MLLH. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—One skein Maize Crochet Silk, one skein Napoleon Blue, one ditto Cerise, one ditto Black (all French) fine and coarse Cord to match, Black and White Sarsenet, and two Passementerie Buttons.

This elegant little reticule is made in three pieces; two small rounds for the ends, and that which forms the *body* of the basket. All the pattern is done in small square crochet—that is, with one chain only, instead of two, between every two Dc.

**FOR THE ROUNDS.**—With cerise silk make a chain of 4, close it into a round, and work 2 Sc stitches in every stitch.

**1st round.**—↗ 1 Dc, 3 Ch, miss none, ↘ 8 times. Fasten off the cerise, and join on the blue and maize.

**2nd round.**—↗ 3 Dc maize (coming on 1 Dc, and a chain on each side) 2 Ch blue, miss 1, ↘ 8 times.

**3rd round.**—↗ 4 maize Dc on 3, 2 blue chain on 2, ↘ 8 times.

**4th round.**—↗ 6 maize Dc on 4, 2 blue chain on 2, ↘ 8 times.

**5th round.**—↗ 7 maize Dc on 6, 3 blue chain on 2, ↘ 8 times.

**6th round.**—Begin with the maize silk on the second of 7 Dc in last round, ↗ 5 maize Dc, 3 Ch blue, 1 blue Dc on 2nd of 3 Ch in last round, 3 Ch blue, ↘ 8 times.

**7th round.**—↗ 3 maize Dc on centre 3 of 5, now with blue, 2 Ch, 1 Dc and 2nd of 8 Ch, 1 Dc on Dc, 2 Ch, miss 1, 1 Dc, 2 Ch, ↘ 8 times.

**8th round.**—All blue, common open square crochet, missing sometimes only one, and sometimes 2 stitches, to increase the round.

Do two rounds more of open square crochet, with the blue silk, and fasten off. Both the ends of the case are done in the same way.

Now make a chain of 190 stitches with the black silk.

**1st, 2nd, and 3rd rows.**—↗ 1 Dc, 1 Ch, miss 1, ↘ repeat. Join on maize.

**4th row.**—↗ 5 Dc maize, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch black, ↘ repeat to the end. Join on cerise, and fasten off the black.

**5th row.**—↗ 1 maize on the 1st maize. 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch cerise, 4 Dc maize, ↘ repeat to the end.

**6th row.**—All cerise, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, miss 1, ↘ to the end. 7th the same.

**8th row.**—↗ 1 maize, 2 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch; maize 9 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch; maize 9 Dc, cerise, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch; maize 3 Dc, ↘ to the end.

**9th row.**—↗ 1 maize, 2 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, 1 Ch, 1 Ch, maize 18 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 9 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 8 Dc, ↘ repeat to the end.

**10th row.**—↗ 1 maize, 1 Dc, cerise 1 Dc, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, maize 7 Dc, cerise 1, Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 5 Dc, cerise \* 1 Ch, 1 Dc, \* 6 times; 1 Ch, maize 3 Ch, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 1 Ch, ↘ repeat to the end.

**11th row.**—↗ 1 cerise, 1 Ch, maize 3 Dc, cerise, 1 Ch, maize 5 Dc, cerise \* 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 3 times, 1 Ch, maize 3 Dc, cerise ↗ 1 Ch, 1 Dc, ↘ 3 times, 1 Ch, maize 18 Dc, ↘ repeat to the end.

**12th row.**—↗ 1 maize 4 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, maize 5 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, \* maize 3 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, \* twice, maize 5 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, maize 3

Dc, cerise  $\bowtie$  1 Ch, 1 Dc,  $\bowtie$  3 times, 1 Ch, maize 1 Dc,  $\bowtie$  repeat to the end.

13th row.— $\bowtie$  cerise 1 Ch, maize 5 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, maize 3 Ch, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 5 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 9 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 5 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc,  $\bowtie$  repeat to the end.

14th row.— $\bowtie$  cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 5 Dc, cerise \* 1 Ch, 1 Dc \* 5 times, 1 Ch, maize 9 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 3 Dc, twice  $\bowtie$  repeat to the end.

15th row.— $\bowtie$  cerise \* 1 Ch, 1 Dc \* 3 times, 1 Ch, maize 13 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, maize 3 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, maize 5 Dc, cerise  $\bowtie$  1 Ch, 1 Dc  $\bowtie$  3 times, 1 Ch, maize 3 Dc,  $\bowtie$  repeat to the end.

16th row.— $\bowtie$  cerise \* 1 Ch, 1 Dc \* 6 times, 1 Ch,  $\bowtie$  maize 3 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch,  $\bowtie$  twice, maize 7 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 5 Dc,  $\bowtie$  repeat to the end.

17th row.— $\bowtie$  cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 9 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 5 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 13 Dc  $\bowtie$  repeat to the end.

18th row.— $\bowtie$  cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 9 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, 1 Dc, 1 Ch, maize 3 Dc, cerise \* 1 Ch, 1 Dc \* 4 times, maize 9 Dc, cerise 1 Ch, 1 Dc,  $\bowtie$  repeat to the end.

19th and 20th row.—All cerise, like 6th and 7th.

21st row.—Like 5th: 22nd, like 6th.

This completes one stripe. Do four rows of black only, then repeat the stripe, from the 4th row, using blue always instead of cerise; after an interval of four rows of black, as before, repeat the red stripe, which completes the crochet.

To make up this case, cut two rounds of thin cardboard, nearly the size of the crochet rounds, and a piece the size of the square. Cut off the corners at one end of the square, as seen in the engraving; cover one side with black sarsenet, and the other with white, with a piece of dimity between the latter and the cardboard. Sew the crochet row on the black side. The rounds must have a thick stuffing of wadding under the black silk, higher in the centre than at the edges, in order to give them the round appearance seen in the engraving. Sew them in their places; edge all with a fine cord, and put two strings of a thick cord to form a handle. The loops for the buttons are made by leaving them in the cord as you sew it on.

Observe, in using two colors in this netting-case, you must work in invisibly the one not in use; no threads must be left at the back.

## EMBROIDERED CHATELAINE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—Quarter of a yard of purple velvet, brilliant and plain gold bullion, purple and gold gimp, broad and narrow, half a yard of each yellow floss, white silk for lining, and passementerie cords and tassels with a hook attached.

This elegant little appendage to the dress, large enough to contain a handkerchief and purse, is deserving of being as generally adopted in the United States as it has recently been in Paris.

The engraving represents it perfectly, although our page does not permit us to give it on a large scale.

The readers of "Peterson" are already familiar with the mode of embroidering in gold. The thick scroll alone, in this design, is raised by a ridge of floss silk being first worked, and the gold bullion being laid closely and evenly over it. The rest of the pattern is done in a manner that imi-

tates a cord, laid on. Pieces of the dead gold bullion are cut, rather more than a quarter of an inch long. One of these being sewed down, rather across the lines, the succeeding ones are placed always within half the length, by the side of the last. In the language of an embroideress, this is termed half-polka stitch. The series of small scallops, forming the outer line of embroidery, is merely a gold thread laid on. The spots are all in brilliant bullion.

Both sides of the Chatelaine are embroidered alike. They are then lined with white silk, and sewed together, except at the top, where an open of about three inches is left. The broad gimp edges the back of the Chatelaine; the narrow one the upper side. The cord and trimmings are made in such a manner that they form a fastening for the bag, without appearing to be intended for that purpose. The hook attaches this Chatelaine to the wristband.

## THE ORPHAN'S FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 405.

### CHAPTER XII.

It was fortunate for uncle Nathan, that his little harvest was stored in the barn before the storm we have described swept the valley, for a good many crops of corn were destroyed that night, and not only the winter apples, but half the leaves were shaken from the orchard boughs. The river too, was swollen and turbid for several days, and the splintered and half-charred trunk of the old hemlock was at times nearly buried in water.

But uncle Nathan's crop of corn was safely housed in the barn, on the very day before the tempest broke over it, and all the harm he suffered, was a little delay in the "husking frolic," which for many years, had been a sort of annual jubilee in the old place, for the young people of the village, usually managed in some indirect way, to help the old man forward in his farm labor, making planting trees in the spring, mowing parties in the summer, and "husking frolics" in the fall, and this with a hearty good will, that would have convinced any other man that his neighbors got up these impromptu assemblies, for no purpose but their own amusement.

But uncle Nathan had too much goodness in his own heart, not to detect it lurking in any disguise in the hearts of others, and with that true dignity which makes the acceptance a frankly offered kindness, pleasant as the power of conferring favors, he always looked forward to these gala days with interest, striving by generous hospitality to repay back in gaiety the benefits he received.

Aunt Hannah too, had a genuine sense of all this kindness in her young neighbors, and always stood ready to perform her part of the entertainment with prompt energy, which, if not as genial as the good nature of uncle Nat, revealed itself in a form quite as acceptable, for never in any other place were such pumpkin pies, drop cakes, tarts and doughnuts produced, as emanated from aunt Hannah's kitchen on these occasions.

But I have said the "husking frolic" was put off a short time in order to give time for repairs after the storm. For two whole days uncle Nathan had his hands full, gathering up the winter apples that had been dashed from their boughs on that awful night. In this labor, aunt Hannah was first and foremost abroad with her splint basket directly after breakfast, and gathering up the fruit with an energy that seemed quite unequal to her age.

I am almost afraid to say it, because some of my readers, are doubtless young ladies of the young American school, who will think my heroine degraded by her usefulness, but Mary Fuller put on her little quilted hood, the moment the breakfast things were washed up, and following the old judge into the orchard, with another splint basket filled it, turn for turn with aunt Hannah, while uncle Nathan—bless his old heart—carried the baskets and emptied them into a little mountain of red and golden apples, beneath his favorite tree.

I dislike to make this confession, because, in every sense of the word, Mary Fuller was my idea of a perfect lady—or, as near an approach to that exquisite being, as a girl of her years ever can be, more than this she promised those higher and still more nobler qualifications that distinguish souls lifted out from the multitude by imagination and intellect, and for the very reason perhaps she was not ashamed of being useful, or of partaking heartily in any labor borne by her benefactors. In truth, souls like her's, are ashamed to undertake no duty that comes naturally in the path of life—yet Mary Fuller was among the God-gifted of earth. I have only spoken of her up to this time, as a bright, cheerful, good little girl, earnest in the right, and shrinking from the wrong, because I deem such qualities, the very essence and life of a firm intellectual character, because I acknowledge no greatness that has not strong sense and moral worth for its foundation.

Like the green leaves that clasp in a rose bud, these qualities must unfold themselves first, in the life of any human being, allowing thought

and observation to reach the intellect, as the sunshine pierces through these mossy leaves to the heart of the flower. Precocious intellect is not genius, but a disease. It is the bud that blossoms out of season, because there is a warmth of the heart piercing it open. There is a species of insanity that men call genius which springs from intellectual harmony, without the moral and physical strength necessary to its perfect development, but with this erratic mischief we have nothing to do. Mary, the reader well knows, was deformed in person, and as a child almost hideous, but wholesome food, fresh mountain air and household kindness, had so modified and changed this deformity, that it was scarcely noticed in the village, though a stranger would undoubtedly have regarded her with compassion, or, as the character might prove, with curiosity.

Still there was something in the young girl's love difficult to describe, but which possessed a charm that beauty never approached, a quick kindling of the eyes—a smile that lighted up her whole face, till the eye was fascinated by it. This charm was more remarkable from the usually grave expression of her face. She never had been what is usually termed a forward child, and in early life, the common expression of her face was sad, almost mournful—as she grew older and happier, this settled into a gentle gravity, only changed as we have described, by that thrilling smile, which actually transfigured her into the semblance of an angel—you forgot her deformity then, forgot her humble garments, her dull complexion, and wondered what power had, for the moment, rendered her so beautiful.

I am sure that this expression of the soul had deepened and become more vivid, since her conversation with uncle Nathan on the night of the storm: but she was more thoughtful than ever, and crept away to her room whenever she could find time, as if some object of interest forced her into solitude. The night before the apple-gathering, aunt Hannah found her seated by a little cherry wood table near the window, writing upon the blank leaves of an old copy-book; this had often happened before, but this time there was a nervous rapidity of the hand, and that singular glow upon the face, which made the old woman pause to look at her.

"I wonder what on earth that girl is always writing about," said Aunt Hannah, as she surrendered her basket of apples to uncle Nathan that day. "Last night she was at it again, I went close up to her and looked over her shoulder, she had not heard me till then, but the minute I touched her, the color came all over

her neck and face, as if she'd been caught stealing, I wonder what it's all about, Nathan?"

"Never you mind, Hannah. Let the child do as she pleases," answered uncle Nathan, pouring the ripe apples softly down to the heap. "There is something busy in her mind that neither you nor I can make out yet. In my opinion, such girls as our Mary should be left to their own ways a good deal. Let her alone Hannah, there is not a wrong thought in her heart, and never was."

"I don't understand her," said aunt Hannah, receiving her empty basket, and settling the broad kerchief laid over her head.

"Now, don't meddle with what you can't understand," said uncle Nathan, earnestly, "you and I are getting to be old people, Hannah, and as we go down hill, this girl will be climbing up; don't let us drag her down with the weight of our old-fashioned ideas. There is something more than common, I tell you, in the girl."

"But this writing won't get her a living, when we're dead and gone, Nathan."

"I don't know, education is a great thing now-a-days—who knows but she may yet rise to be a teacher at the Academy."

A grim smile came to aunt Hannah's face, "you may be right, Nathan," she said. "More strange things than that have happened in our time, so I'll just do as you think best, but she does waste a good deal of time and candle-light with her books and things."

"She's brought more light into the house than she will ever take away, heaven bless her," answered uncle Nathan.

Just then, Mary came up with her basket, exercise and the cold autumn air, had left her cheeks rosy with color, she looked beautiful to the eyes of her benefactors.

"Now," she said, pouring down her apples, "had not you better go into the cellar, uncle Nathan, and get the apple-bin ready, the air feels like frost?"

"They're not going into our cellar this year," said aunt Hannah, looking up into the branches above her, as if she feared to encounter the inquiring eyes of her companions, "we must do without winter apples this year, I've sold the whole crop."

"Do without winter apples," exclaimed uncle Nathan, with a downcast look, "is it so bad as that sister?"

"Apples are high down in York this fall," she answered, evasively, "that note must be paid, and more things done."

Mary turned away, sighing heavily, "Shall I never be able to help along," she muttered

sorrowfully to herself, and she fell into a train of thought that lasted till long after the apples were all gathered in a pack ready for the cart that was to carry them away.

"Hannah," said uncle Nathan, the moment they were alone, "what has happened; Anna's boy, is it anything about him?"

"His father is sick, Nathan, very sick, and will starve if we don't come to his help a little."

"And this is why we are to have no winter apples in the cellar, I'm sure it's of no consequence. I've thought a good while that old people like us have no use for apples, we hain't got the teeth to eat them, you know. But then Mary is so fond of them, supposing we take out a few just for her, you know."

"No," said aunt Hannah, sorrowfully, "she can do without apples, but they cannot do without bread, besides she wouldn't touch them if she knew."

"No, no, I'm sure she wouldn't—but isn't there anything I could give up: there's the cider, I used to be very fond of ginger and cider, winter evenings, but somehow without apples, it wouldn't seem exactly nat'ral: supposing you save a few apples for her without letting her know, and sell the cider, for these temperance

times it would be a good example to set to the young men, you know."

"No!" answered aunt Hannah, with unusual energy, "not a comfort shall you give up, I will work my fingers to the bone first."

"But," said uncle Nathan, rather timidly, as if he ventured a proposition that was likely to be ill received.

"Why not let the poor fellow come here?—it would not cost much to keep him at the home-stead, and Mary is such a dear little nurse."

Aunt Hannah did not receive this as he had expected, but with a slow wave of the head, "That can never be—I couldn't breathe under the same roof with them, don't mention it again, Nathan?"

"I never will," said the old man, touched by the sad determination in her voice and manner, "only tell me what I can do."

"Nothing, only let me alone," was the reply, and taking up her empty basket, aunt Hannah went to work again.

"Poor Hannah," murmured the good old man, "poor Hannah, she's got a hard road to hoe and always had, I'd help her out with the weeds, if some one would only tell me how, but she will work by herself."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## RECONCILIATION.

BY PHILA A. EARLE.

By these warmly falling tears,  
By my hopes for coming years,  
By the grief lines on my brow,  
By the link that's parting now  
From love's bright and golden chain,  
By my heart's anguish and pain,  
By the mem'ry of thy vow,  
Turn not coldly from me now.

By the dreams that made life bright,  
By the thrilling, sweet love-light,  
That once beamed from those dark eyes  
Smiling as the Summer skies;  
By my drooping lashes wet,  
By each earnest, deep regret,  
By the tears I freely give,  
Whisper me that you forgive.

By the sorrow dark that lies  
Shadowed in my grief-kissed eyes,  
By the bliss that we have known,  
By thy once low, love-tuned tone,  
By the mem'ry of the past  
Ere life's pathway clouds o'ercast,  
By these trembling lips, oh, say  
Cold estrangement pass away.

By the form that kneels to thee  
Murmuring words all pleadingly,  
By these folded hands of mine,  
That were once clasped close in thine,  
By the light of days ago,  
When you called me all thine own,  
By the love you bore me then  
Take me to your heart again.

It is o'er—those pangs and fears,  
Vanished are all bitter tears;  
For thou'st promised to forget—  
Estranged hearts have kindly met.  
Love-light trembles in thine eye,  
Now no shadows 'tween us lie,  
Coldness, sorrows, all are o'er,  
We shall ne'er be parted more.

Hopes joy-woven, golden wings  
O'er us rosy, soft light flings;  
Sunshine bathes the smiling sky,  
Dark storm-clouds have all passed by;  
Buried all that's said amiss  
In this hallowed hour of bliss:  
Reunited now in love  
Angels bless us from above

## THE KING AND THE CLOCKMAKER.\*

BY H. J. VERNON.

THE road between Jonkoping and Raby, the first inn on the Stockholm route, is perhaps the most romantic and beautiful road in Sweden. After leaving the little town of Jonkoping, seated like a northern Venice on two seas, the traveller proceeds along the shores of the glittering Wetter, which lies spread out like a sheet of silver in a frame of verdant hills and mountains, presenting that strange appearance of alternate bright and dull wavy stripes, which is peculiar to this lake, and which the people describe and explain by the expression "the sea runs in rivulets;" (Soen backar sig) while naturalists ascribe the phenomenon to the numerous and copious springs in the bed of the lake, and poets are prone to think, that these peculiar stripes are the traces of the wild dances of the invisible Undines.

Keeping the lake on his left, and having on his right corn-fields, meadow lands, and verdant groves, the traveller continues along the road until he arrives at Illusqvarna gun-manufactory, about half a Swedish mile from Jonkoping. This little village possesses no remarkable feature, except the waterfall, which dashes down through a deep cleft in the mighty rock. After Illusqvarna is passed, the road begins to creep more and more up the hill-sides; the silvery surface of the Wetter sinks deeper and deeper down, and on the other side of the road the mountains rise in bolder declivities. Dense oak forests clothe their sides and summits; and along the roadside stand leafy aspens, whispering "God's peace" to the wayfarer. Here and there stands a rowan, proudly exhibiting its clusters of scarlet berries; and in the intervals the hazel-bushes creep stealthily forward, and stand there calm, fresh, and vigorous, like humble folks among the great of the world.

At a point where the hills make a bend, is a little plain, where it is customary to rest the horses, which are generally wearied by the constant ascent. On this mountain plain stood formerly a little cottage, with grey mud walls, and roofed with flowering turf sods. On one of the walls was fixed a white painted clock-dial, showing that here dwelt a quiet country clockmaker.

One fine September afternoon of the last century, an arch, formed of branches of pine and birch, and decorated with fresh flowers from the neighboring gardens of Lycksa, was raised at this halting-place on the road. A number of peasants, together with all the dignitaries of the neighborhood, were gathered around it, and in the adjoining meadow were a great many horses tied to the trees. The parish clergyman, clad in his best attire, stood close to the green arch, as if awaiting some arrival; and the *Lehnsmand*, with a huge cocked hat on his unpretending head, flew with amazing activity like a weaver's shuttle, backward and forward, among the peasants and the horses. "It is already four o'clock," he said, thoughtfully, looking at his huge silver watch, "and his majesty was to have been here at twelve. But hush," he continued, "I think I hear the sound of wheels in the distance. Pray be quiet, good people!" The sounds approached nearer and nearer, and all placed themselves in readiness to receive the monarch, whose initials, G. III., cut out of gilt paper, were paraded at the top of the arch—or rather the triumphal arch, as it was ambitiously styled by the pastor, and, in imitation of him, by the peasants.

Twelve young maidens, clad in white, took up their position on each side of the road, to strew flowers on the path of royalty; and the clergyman once more rapidly and mentally conned through his speech, inwardly praying that his memory might not fail him in the presence of the monarch. During certain pauses in this speech, there were flowers to be strewn before his majesty; but they were not like those the maidens themselves gathered, fresh from nature's stores, but laboriously collected in the musty herbarium of congratulatory official eloquence, even the best specimens in which were withered and dry.

Drawn by eight powerful and foaming horses, the royal carriage came rolling up the hill, and stopped beneath the arch. The maidens strewed their flowers, and the pastor scattered his eloquence, while King Gustavus listened, with a forced smile of approbation, to the long-winded speech.

"Thank you, my friend," said the king,

\* From the Swedish.

graciously, when the pastor had finished, also holding his hand to be kissed by the authorities of the village. The fresh horses were soon harnessed, and the coachman was waiting the order to drive on, when Gustavus directed his glance to an humble cottage on the lea, which looked as tranquil as if there never had been a king in the world. He gazed in silence a few moments, and then said,

"That cottage looks as if it were a happy home; perhaps it is inhabited by some Philemon with his Baucis. What do you say, Armfeldt," he continued, addressing the general at his side; "shall we visit it?"

"Why not, your majesty?" answered General Armfeldt; "since of old, Philemon has been accustomed to receive the visits of the gods, and his heart will no doubt beat with joy at a visit from the great Gustavus."

"Well, let us go, then," cried the king, descending from the carriage, and directing his steps toward the cottage. The door was closed, but the key was in the lock, and the king entered. Contrary to his wont, the monarch felt somewhat embarrassed on seeing the occupant of the little room. He was a little hunch-backed man, with a pale, sickly look, and was seated on a wooden stool in front of his work-table, diligently occupied in putting together the works of a watch. What must have been the feelings of Gustavus, who was accustomed to be greeted with exclamations of admiration and joy, to be surrounded by attentions and flattery—who had learnt even in his cradle to look upon men as nothing better than the instruments of his will—what must have been his feelings when he saw the little deformed artizan who had remained quietly at his work, solely intent upon fixing the cylinder in a peasant's watch, while he, the descendant of the Vasas, "the first citizen among a free people," had halted within ten yards of his cottage! For the first time in his life the king felt his dignity ruffled—for the first time in his life he beheld a man who did not allow himself to be disturbed by the pomp and din of power and rank, but continued quietly his occupations, as if indifferent whether or not there was a Gustavus in the world.

The little clockmaker arose when the king drew near, carefully placed the cylinder at which he was working under a glass, fixed his file in his instrument case, and bowed to his guest. Gustavus soon recovered from the disagreeable impression he had at first received, and said, with his usual captivating smile, "My good friend, you are comfortably lodged here; it must be very delightful to command such a prospect."

And the king was right: from the little window the eye could wander over the tops of the birch trees that clothed the abrupt declivity, down to the Wetter, which spread out below; and on the other side, in the dim distance, stretched the dark, fir-clad mountains of West Gothland. In the middle of the lake lay the island of Wising, spread out like a map; the steeple of the church and of the old gymnasium were clad in the roseate hues of the setting sun; and the ruined walls of Magnus Ladulås Castle stood tottering on the beach. On the bosom of the lake some small craft were sailing before the gentle breeze toward Jonkoping, which was seen on the left, as if rising out of the lake, and reflecting its solitary church-tower in the quiet waters.

The clockmaker bowed, and looked out over the lake before he answered, "Yes, your majesty, it is all well and pretty enough; but the soil is so poor that hardly anything but grass will grow here on the mountain side."

Gustavus frowned a little at this free-and-easy answer, and asked the man's name.

"My name is Jacob," answered the latter, "and I am usually called Clock-Jacob."

"Well, my good Jacob," said Gustavus, seating himself on the little stool, "you do not seem to be much troubled with curiosity, since you remained so quietly here, though you knew the king was so near you."

"Why," replied Clock-Jacob, and a peculiar smile flitted across his pale countenance, "I thought that the king, like myself, must be quite tired of being stared at. Everybody who travels this way must, if you please, have a peep at little Jacob and his wonderful clock; and just so, saving your majesty's presence, it must be with the king. But my way of thinking is this; if each will but attend diligently to his own duty, however things may go, they will not be very wrong."

"You are right," said Gustavus, a little annoyed at the comparison. "But where is your wonderful clock?"

"It hangs here upon the wall, your majesty."

"Ah!" said the king, "I see you write verses: the whole dial is full of them. Let us see:—

"Hark, the clock strikes,  
And time hies by;  
Unused let it not fly.  
When death comes round,  
Into the darksome grave  
King must descend with slave."

"A very fine prospect, indeed," continued Gustavus, turning from the clock without looking further at it: the juxtaposition of king and slave, and death not pleasing him. Crowned

heads do not like to be reminded of their common humanity—even death must only approach them in the guise of a courtier.

"How old are you, Jacob?" asked the king, after some moments' silence.

"I was born in the year 1746," was the answer.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Gustavus: "on what day?"

"On the twenty-fourth of January," answered the clockmaker.

"What do you say to that, Armfeldt?" exclaimed the king. "The same day and year as myself. It was to some purpose that I visited this little cottage. See there, my good man," he continued, presenting a valuable snuff-box, with his portrait in the lid, to Jacob; "keep this in memory of the visit from your king. Farewell!"

The monarch now left the cottage, and on the way to the carriage he said to General Armfeldt, "This little adventure reminds me of what the old Countess Tessian used to tell us in our childhood, that the people believe all children born on the same day have something or other in common. A parallel between myself and our friend Jacob, yonder, might be interesting enough."

"The parallel is easily found," replied Armfeldt. "Your majesty is a clockmaker who has immortalized himself by putting the decayed and complicated clockwork of the state into complete order, by one bold stroke; and if I may venture to continue the parallel, Gustavus' name will stand in history as the stamp on Sweden's glory and happiness."

"Very good; very good!" cried Gustavus. "But *a propos* of stamp, I will prove to posterity that it is I myself who use the stamp: my father they spared the trouble."

The royal clockmaker and his companion now re-entered the carriage; the people cheered, and the carriage rolled rapidly away; and though the little cabin, with the gray walls, in which dwelt the man who was born on the same day as the king, was soon out of sight, the cheers of the people were long re-echoed through the mountains and the woods.

Notwithstanding the volatility of character for which Gustavus is blamed, there were some thoughts and feelings that took firm hold of his mind, and among these was the remembrance of his cotemporary and his wonderful clock. Jacob's tranquillity of mind, his industry and his contentment, had touched a tender point in the royal heart; and the wound was never healed, but spread daily more and more. The clockmaker, at the halting station, continued to live

in the memory of the king; and a warning voice from time to time whispered the lines on the clock-dial into the ears of the care-worn monarch.

Jacob, on the contrary, continued to work as before; the costly snuff-box was put away among his other treasures—his store of watch-glasses, watch-springs, and little bits of fine steel—in the drawer of his table; and notwithstanding the valuable gift, he considered the royal visit any thing but a piece of good fortune.

It was now not only his wonderful clock that attracted strangers to his cottage; a king had crossed his humble threshold, and had occupied his lowly chair; and now every one was anxious to go in and sit upon the seat which royalty had thus honored. Whenever Jacob saw a gentleman's carriage coming up the hill, he felt sure that the coachman, in order to get an opportunity to rest his horses, would point out his cottage, and relate the remarkable circumstance; and he would prepare to see a visitor. In this way, it came to be even a cause for ill-humor whenever he saw a postilion point the handle of his whip in the direction of his window; and he would clear away whatever might be encumbering the royal chair, to make place for the coming occupant, and then sit down resignedly to answer all the questions, and listen to all the little-minded reflections on the happiness of having had a crowned head under his roof, which was all that he had ever gained by these numerous visits. But Jacob was not left long to toil at his trade; during the winter of 1791-92, his work began to hang heavily on his hands, and he felt no pleasure in his occupation, for his soul was preparing for its long and mysterious journey to a better land. In vain the birds of passage sped by his cottage, and the singing birds sat chirping on the budding branches of the birches; in vain the balsams in his window put forth new leaves, under the cheering influence of the spring sun: Jacob could no more tend them, and they again died out. The clock continued to work, and struck the hours regularly; but in the book of fate it was written, that the two men born on the same day, were also to depart this life together; and when Gustavus, struck down by the hand of a hireling assassin, lay bleeding on his bed of state, murmuring in the delirium of fever—

"When death comes round  
Into the darksome grave  
King must descend with slave,"

and fancied he saw the clockmaker beckoning to him with his hand, and bowing his pale head, Jacob lay on his humble pallet, repeating the same words, with the same meaning, and fancied



he saw Gustavus by his side, nodding to him with the death of hope depicted in his distorted countenance.

"Watch over my son, and over the work I have commenced," was Gustavus's last request to those who surrounded him; but Jacob had no son, and left no unfinished work behind to recommend to posterity. His clock was his only treasure; and the excellence and usefulness of this would secure its being attended to when he was gone. His only request was, therefore, "wind up the clock once a month, and it will be sure to go well!" The last thoughts of both were centred on that which had been the object of their lives. Which of the two had come nearest to his goal?

Gustavus III. departed from his realm and from his son in the same hour that Jacob departed from his clock; and while the murdered

monarch's corpse was covered with quicklime, that it might soon be consumed, Jacob's remains rested peacefully in the neighboring village church-yard. And when times changed, and Sweden forgot Gustavus, and his name was scoffed at by his former flatterers, Jacob was still remembered in his parish, and the skilful clock-maker was missed.

What Gustavus planned, what he hoped and what he labored for, has fallen to the ground; but Jacob's clock still works on. The ticking of its heavy pendulum has accompanied the fall of Gustavus's son, of his honor, and of his race. Constitutional forms have been broken and remodeled, new thoughts have arisen among the nations, and royal crowns have been consumed in the fire; but the striker in the clock still marks every passing hour.

## THE MAY BRIDE.

RENDERED FROM THE OLD ENGLISH.

BY JAMES R. SOUTH.

WHY is the terrace so early alive;

Grooms in a panic, and bower-maidens weeping,  
Guests coming crowding like bees in a hive,

To the blue chamber where no one is sleeping?

Loud down the corridor passes a cry,

Startling the friar his early mass saying,

"Where is fair Ellen?"—A voice doth reply

"Down the elm avenue she's gone a-Maying—

Only a-Maying!"

Pale is my Lady and wrings her proud hands,

Speechless and stern, 'mid a tear and a tremble;

Red is the Baron, and shouts where he stands,

Bidding the steward his pages assemble.

All but dark Gylbyn, the gipsy, are there;

Each one hath tales of his craft in betraying:

"Search for him!—Scourge him!"—but what doth  
he care?

Down the elm avenue he's gone a-Maying—

Only a-Maying!

Weep, haughty mother—the fault is your own!

Gladly to Age's embrace had you brought her.

Silence, loud father!—can brawlings atone

For a life's tyranny heaped on your daughter

Blithe in her forest retreat will she be,

Spite of rude shelter and russet arraying,

Blessing the morn when she found herself free,

Down the elm avenue going a-Maying—

Only a-Maying!

## SONNET: EVE.

BY MRS. MARY FARMER.

As springs Aurora from the leaden main,  
Full orb'd, majestic and magnificent,  
Slanting warm beams adown the orient,  
Yet rising steadfast to high mid-day reign,  
Pregnant with life for Nature's vasty fane,  
Tho' proud career'ing in high armament—  
So Eve, fresh from her Great Creator, sent  
Beamed, matchless, perfect, on this green domain;

Her regal brow, bright with celestial trace,  
While willing feet pressed she on earthly flow'rs.  
Full surged through her life to all human pow'rs,  
Best type of woman—mother of our race,  
Sweet link 'tween Heav'n's loud chant and earth's  
low wail,  
Hail Eve, our mother! Queen of earth—all hail

## EMBROIDERED TRAVELLING BAG.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—A piece of cloth about fifteen inches by eleven for each side of the bag, and a piece of soutache of any suitable color to correspond with it. The cloth must be marked with any pretty design.

Draw the design on a piece of thin writing paper, of the full size required. Then pierce small holes with a fine needle, throughout the entire design, doing them very closely. Lay the paper on the cloth or other material to be

marked; put weights at the corners, to keep it in its place, and rub pounce all over it with a large flat stump. Remove the paper carefully, draw the design over with a solution of white lead and gum water, and allow it dry.

Perhaps green cloth with violet, or crimson soutache, makes as pretty a bag as any. The bag may be made up with a steel clasp, or in the ordinary way, which is much less expensive.

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## BABY'S BOOTS.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

**MATERIALS.**—White silk, and fine lilac embroidery silk.

These useful and elegant little boots are made

of silk or merino, wadded with fine flannel. The toes are made in one piece, the soles in another, the heels in another.

The soles are simply wadded and quilted; the fronts and heels are embroidered. The former have a double row of herring-bone all round them, and a small flower worked in satin-stitch in the centre. The heels are merely herring-boned all round.

As these shoes come up very high on the ankle,

they are extremely suitable for cold weather. Another very pretty baby's boot may be made of chamois leather, and decorated with beads. It is cut entirely in one piece, sewed up the front, and gathered in rather at the toe. Many colored beads should trim it, in imitation of the American Indian mocassin.

### WATCH-POCKET.

**MATERIALS.**—Black flet, fourteen skeins of gold thread, any crochet silks you may have by you, a little black satin, stout cardboard, and two and a half yards of colored cord.

This pretty watch-pocket is in two parts. The front, which is embroidered entirely over, and the back, of which the upper part only is worked.

The vandykes are done in gold thread; the spots in silks of as many different colors as pos-

sible. The cardboard, cut out in the shapes seen in the engraving, is covered on both sides with a piece of dimety, under the black satin. The netting is sewed over, and the edges finished with a handsome cord, which also serves to suspend the pocket.

The silks used for darning the spots should be as brilliant and as varied as possible.

### CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

**MATERIALS.**—French cambric and fine working cotton, No. 120. Work in button-hole stitch

and satin stitch. This is a pattern of very great beauty.

### IODINE—MY SPIRIT-LOVE.

BY W. LAFAYETTE HUBBELL.

As lovely as the orient tints of morn  
That gild with burnished gold the Eastern skies,  
As gentle as the laughing Summer's wind  
That scarcely rocks the hang bird's tiny nest,  
As pure as bubbling fountain's chrystal drops  
That would not stain a vestal virgin's zone,  
As mild as golden sunset's lingering glow,  
Expiring in a flood of mellow light,  
And sad as dying moan of turtle dove,  
That mourns the loss of its own mated one,  
Was Iodine—my Spirit-Love.

Weep on,  
Lone spirit! let the tear-god reign supreme!  
Weep on, and robe thyself in sable weeds,  
And bind upon thy brow grief's diadem.  
Gone! and like the lightnings scathing flash  
That rends the sturdy oak, so was thy flight,  
And like that shivered tree my bleeding heart.

The moon stole softly o'er her chosen path,

And the sad winds slept in the storm-king's couch,  
As I laid her—my Iodine—in the cold ground,  
Silently, sadly and alone. No stone,  
No mausoleum marks her resting-place,  
Naught save a little modest flower—  
A sweet forget-me-not—is all  
That tells where sleeps my Spirit-Love.

Sleep sweetly on—and be thy rest  
Calm as the mountain's snow-white crest  
When storms have rudely pass'd,  
And left those heights in sunlight's gleam,  
Far brighter in their silvery sheen  
Than erst before the blast.

Sleep on—thy virtues round thee throw  
A halo purer than the glow  
Of sapphire stars at even,  
And angels throng around the shrine  
Of fated love, now made divine  
By seraph's bliss in Heaven.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**SEA-BATHING.**—The capital mezzotint, which we give this month, is as seasonable as it is beautiful; for now is the time when everybody, who lives within convenient distance of the Atlantic, is thinking of sea-bathing. A few words on this subject, by-the-bye, may be useful. To have the greatest benefit from sea-bathing, it is proper to remain but a very short time in the water—not exceeding five minutes. If longer, the body should be kept immersed under the surface the whole time, and in constant motion, in order to promote the circulation of the blood, from the centre to the extremities. It is much better to remain completely immersed in deep than to take repeated plunges in shallow water. On coming out, the body should be wiped dry with a rough cloth, and the ordinary dress resumed as quickly as possible. It is more necessary to replace the usual vestments quickly than to be extremely anxious that the surface of the skin is perfectly dry, as any wetness from salt water is not likely to be prejudicial. After bathing, use moderate exercise to promote the return of the heat of the body, taking care that it shall neither be violent nor too long continued. If chilliness occasionally comes, breakfast soon after bathing in the morning; or in the forenoon, some warm soup or broth may be taken: and remember, that if immersion, instead of being succeeded by a glow on the surface of the skin, is followed by chilliness, languor, or headache, bathing in the sea should by no means be persisted in. As a general rule people remain in the water entirely too long.

**POURING OUT TEA AND COFFEE.**—"What, give instructions about so simple a thing as pouring out tea or coffee," says some young lady, on reading the heading to this paragraph. Yes! for there is more to be learned about pouring out tea and coffee than most young ladies are willing to believe. If those decoctions are made at the table, which is by far the best way, they require experience, judgment, and exactness; if they are brought on the table ready made, it still requires judgment so to apportion them that they shall prove sufficient in quantity for the family party, and that the elder members shall have the stronger cups. We have often seen persons pour out tea, who, not being at all aware that the first cup is the weakest, and that the tea grows stronger as you proceed, have bestowed the poorest cup upon the greatest stranger, and given the strongest to a very young member of the family, who would have been better without any. Where several cups of equal strength are wanted, you should pour a little into each, and then go back, inverting the order as you fill them up, and then the strength will be apportioned properly. You should learn every one's

taste in the matter of sugar and cream too, in order to suit them in that respect.

**NO FALLING OFF.**—The present number, we flatter ourselves, even surpasses that for June, of which we have received so many encomiums. In fact, we labor to make every number better than the last; and can boast, we believe, of succeeding in general in this aim. Says the Glen's Falls (N. Y.) Republican:—"This Magazine, perfect as it already is, continues to improve with every number issued." The Belton's Falls (N. H.) Argus says:—"Among all the Philadelphia monthlies, there is none better sustained than Peterson." The Rhinebeck (N. Y.) Gazette says that our June number "fully sustains the reputation of being the best and cheapest Ladies' Magazine." The Shippensburg (Pa.) News says:—"One great and admirable feature in this Magazine is that it does not decrease in interest as it approaches the end of the volume in order to make a 'blow out' at the commencement of a new one—but on the contrary, each number is as valuable and as richly embellished as its predecessor."

**AN HONEST CRITICISM.**—We have to thank the Piedmont (Va.) Whig for the following criticism, which bears the stamp of sincerity on its face. "'Now's the day and now's the hour,' if you wish to subscribe for the cheapest Magazine in the world—for such we believe '*Peterson's*' to be. We do not like to make invidious distinctions among our friends of Magazinedom, so many of whom deserve all the good things we can say of them; but we must be allowed to give it as our opinion that this periodical, at *two dollars* to single subscribers, has no rival in the amplitude of the pennyworth you get for cash expended."

**OUR ORIGINAL STORIES.**—The press universally bear the same testimony as the Portsmouth (Va.) Transcript, when it says:—"Peterson's Magazine, without exception, contains better original stories than any other with which we are acquainted." If our friends will show this number to persons who don't subscribe, this will be the verdict of these new readers also: and two dollars, or a club, will be forthcoming at once. No doubt of it.

**TIME FOR MAILING.**—We would say, in reply to numerous inquiries, that the monthly publication day of "*Peterson*" has been fixed ten days later, this year, than it was last. This, and the enormously enlarged circulation, will explain why mail subscribers do not receive their numbers as early in the month as formerly. Any delay, beyond this, is the fault of the mails, and not of ourselves.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829, With a View of the Present Affairs in the East.* By Colonel Chesney. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—As the eyes of the whole civilized world are fixed on Turkey, and as the inquiry is raised everywhere as to the Sultan's capacity to resist Russia, the present volume, which is a history of the war between the two powers in 1828, will, we presume, be eagerly sought after. Col. Chesney shows that the Turks are very far from being in their decrepitude yet; that they made a gallant stand, thirty years ago, when without an ally; and that they are far more capable of resistance now, to say nothing of having England and France on their side. The work derives additional value from the fact that the same fortresses are threatened now as then: indeed the same general plan of a campaign has evidently been fixed upon by the Russians. Two valuable maps, showing the operations in Asia, as well as in Europe, accompany the text.

*The Plurality of Worlds. With An Introduction by Edward Hitchcock, D. D.* 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—The author of this work controverts, with consummate ability, the popular notion that the remaining planets of our system, and the fixed stars, are inhabited. He draws his arguments from geology, astronomy, and other scientific sources; and if he does not entirely convince the reader, he leaves the other side "not proven," as Scotch juries have it. The work first appeared in England, where it attracted much attention, for the force of its reasoning and the felicities of its style. Professor Hitchcock, in a neat introductory, objects to some of the author's conclusions, though he cordially recommends the volume, to quote his own words, "to the perusal of intelligent and reasoning minds." We ourselves place great store on the book. It has been issued by the publishers in quite a creditable style.

*The Dodd Family Abroad.* By Charles Lever. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Decidedly the best novel Lever has written since Charles O'Malley. The Dodds are an Irish family, consisting of father, mother, son, and two daughters, who set out on the tour of Europe, partly to economize and partly to get into "the best society." Their blunders and disappointments, their pretension and their conceit, the vulgarity of the mother, the vanity of the eldest daughter, the spendthrift son, and the weak, though shrewd father, are drawn with that rare skill which has placed Lever at the head of Irish novelists. There is something, on every page, to raise a laugh.

*The Knout and the Russian.* By G. De Lagry. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A work on the Muscovite Empire, the Czar, and the Russian people, which we can recommend as peculiarly valuable at the present crisis. Though, here and there, the author's prejudices, perhaps, lead him into exaggeration, he is accurate in the main. Several illustrations adorn the volume.

*This, That and The Other.* By Ellen Louise Chandler. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We greet, with pleasure, this collected edition of some of the choicest articles, in prose and verse, of Ellen Louise Chandler. Graceful, artistical and poetical, this fair author fully deserves the elegant dress, which her publishers have given to the book. Several fine illustrations adorn the volume. If our readers desire a choice book for the parlor-table, we recommend this as especially suited to their purpose. Some of the shorter pieces in the work are equal to the best of Fanny Fern's; and, we believe, are entitled to priority in point of publication. One of the stories, "Agnes Lee," is alone worth the price of the volume.

*Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, the Pursuit of Truth, and other Subjects.* By Samuel Bailey. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a new edition, revised and enlarged, of as valuable a work as we have had occasion, for many months, to notice. It is an error to suppose that metaphysical studies injure a robust common sense. On the contrary, when properly regulated, they render the intellect more acute, and the search after truth consequently more certain. The study of Mr. Bailey's essays would strengthen any mind, and we should be glad, if anything we can say, would lead to their more general circulation.

*Cruise of the North Star.* By Rev. Dr. Choules. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—In this elegant volume we have an agreeable narrative of Mr. Vanderbilt's excursion to Europe, in the summer of 1853, with his family and friends, in his private yacht, the steamer "North Star." The journals were full of the affair at the time. The sensation the voyage attracted abroad was very great. The publishers deserve credit for the handsome type, paper and illustrations, with which they have ushered the journal of Dr. Choules before the public.

*Theological Essays and other Papers.* By Thomas De Quincey. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.—These essays, though not all of equal merit, are nevertheless characterized by the acute logic, splendid eloquence, and felicities of style, which distinguish whatever De Quincey writes. One of the papers, "The Toilet of a Hebrew Lady," is full of research and curious learning. We have perused with particular gratification the essays on "Judas Iscariot," "Protestantism," and "Christianity as an Organ of Political Movement."

*Advanced Latin Exercises, with Selections for Reading.* American Edition. Revised with Additions. 1 vol. Philada: Blanchard & Lea.—This is another volume of Schmitz and Zumpt's classical series. We can recommend it as a superior work of its kind.

*Martin Merivale.* By Paul Croyton. Nos. 2 and 3. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—These numbers are an improvement even on the first, and fulfil all that we predicted of this interesting serial.

*Wensley. A Story Without A Moral.* 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—A graphic story of New England life, such as it existed five and twenty years ago. Parson Bulkley and Jericho are capitally drawn. The author has too much solid merit to remain silent, and therefore we hope to hear from him again, in spite of his assertion that this is his first and last attempt at book-making. A writer of so much humor ought not to let his pen lie idle. The volume is published in the usual neat style of Ticknor's house.

*Katharine Walton; or, The Rebel of Dorchester.* By W. Gilmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This is a new and revised edition of one of the best of Mr. Simms' novels of Southern life. The scenes lie in the Carolinas, during the latter portion of the War of Independence, when the scourge of British conquest was laid so heavily on those two states. Two superior illustrations by Darley embellish the volume.

*A Lamp to the Path; or, The Bible in the Heart, The Home, and the Market Place.* By Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D. D. 1 vol. Boston: Lincoln & Gould.—If all books, devoted to inculcating Christianity, were as earnest as this, the world would be infinitely better. We wish every family could read the volume. Society, in that event, would owe a debt of gratitude to the author, for many a personal reformation.

#### FIRE-SIDE AMUSEMENTS.

**THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTS.**—This is an excellent amusement for a company of young ladies. In the first place, lots are drawn to decide which one of the company will take the part of the grasshopper, all the rest being termed ants. The grasshopper, when thus appointed, writes with a pencil, on a piece of paper, the name of some edible grain, then, folding the paper in her hand, goes to the ants, who are seated in a circle, and making a most respectful obeisance, says:—"My dear friends and good neighbors, I am very hungry, I pray you give me some food." Then, particularly addressing the first ant, she continues—"You, my dear, who are so very charitable, what will you give me?" The ant replies, "I have only a grain of rice, (or any other grain) which is at your service." The grasshopper then says—"Thank you, my dear," and passes to the next ant, and the others in succession. If none of the ants mention the grain written on the paper which the grasshopper holds, the latter pays a forfeit, and the game is again commenced in its second stage, as will be presently explained; but if one of the ants pronounces the fatal word, the grasshopper says—"I accept your offer, my kind neighbor; may heaven reward you!" and, showing the paper with the same word, the grasshopper takes the place of the ant, and the latter, paying a forfeit, becomes the grasshopper.

In the second stage of the game, the newly-made

grasshopper writes the name of a dance on a piece of paper, and says to the ants—"My kind friends, thanks to your benevolence, my hunger is appeased, and now I wish to dance; what dance would you recommend?" The ants, interrogated in succession, mention several dances, as the waltz, polka, minuet, &c., until one, naming the dance written on the paper, is compelled to pay a forfeit, and become the grasshopper.

The third grasshopper then writes the name of a musical instrument on the paper, and says to the ants—"My friends, I am much obliged for your kindness, but as I dislike dancing without music, what instrument would you advise?" The ants in turn mention the harp, violin, piano, &c., until the instrument written down is mentioned, and the result is as in the preceding instances.

The next grasshopper says—"I have danced until I am tired, and now wish to go to sleep; under what leaf would you advise me to make my bed?" Each ant, interrogated in turn, replies by naming the leaf of some flower, and the game goes on as before.

The next grasshopper says—"I have slept well, though I dreamt that a bird flew away with me; pray tell me what kind of bird it was?" The ants then, in turn, reply the blackbird, robin, linnet, &c., and thus the game is continued. By the simplest variation in the grasshopper's questions, such as—"What books would you advise me to read?" "What colored dress would you advise me to wear?" the game can be carried on as long as the players desire.

#### THE LADIES' CORNER.

**CAGE-BIRDS.**—Reared birds are exposed to several maladies, partly because their first nourishment consists of unnatural food, and partly also because pet birds have all kinds of delicacies given to them. They therefore rarely attain to the age of six years. They remain most healthy, and live longest, when they have neither sugar nor pastry, nor other delicacies given to them, but are fed constantly upon rapeseed, intermixed occasionally, by way of treat, with hemp, and occasionally a little green food, which cleanses their stomachs. They are more healthy also if they have some water and sand placed in the cage, that they may pick up grains to assist in the process of digestion. The remedy for *moulting* is a rusty nail placed in the drinking vessel, good food and ant's eggs, if accustomed to the latter when young.

**ENGRAVING ON GLASS.**—Take a piece of glass, perfectly clean, cover it over with bees-wax. When the coating is sufficiently dry, trace out upon it with a sharp-pointed tracer, or needle, the design intended to be engraven, taking care that all the lines are marked through, so that the light can be admitted; then take one part of powdered fluor spar, which place in a leaden basin; add two parts of sulphuric acid; lay the glass, with the engraved side downward, on the basin; place the vessel over a lamp for

a few minutes, until white fumes are disengaged from the mixture; withdraw the lamp, and suffer the glass to be corroded by the action of the white fumes, which will be completed in ten minutes; remove the wax with oil of turpentine. After this operation the design will be accurately represented on the glass.

**MARQUETERIE.**—In marqueterie inlay, the design having been first drawn on paper and properly colored, is pricked with a fine needle, so that the outline of the ornament or other objects can be formed on the various colored woods proposed to be employed; these outlines being carefully marked in, are cut with a fine watch-spring saw, worked in a lathe; in most cases the wood forming the ground is cut with that forming the ornament, so that a piece cut out of white wood corresponds exactly in shape and size with the opening left in black wood, in which it therefore fits and forms the required pattern.

#### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

**Raspberry Compote.**—Carefully select large, ripe, red or white raspberries, wash in cold water, and drain them. Pour boiling syrup over them, and let them remain in it four or five hours; then put them in a bell-metal saucepan and make them hot, but not to boiling, or the fruit will be broken. When cool they are ready for use, but will not keep more than a few days. Strawberries may be served in the same way. The above may be preserved for winter use by draining them from the syrup, drying them in a moderate oven, adding to them, during this process, a quantity of powdered sugar. They should be put on a sieve and turned every six or eight hours, fresh sugar being put over them every time they are turned. Keep in a dry situation in drawers or boxes. Cherries and currants may thus be preserved whole or in bunches, and the flavor quite retained.

**To Keep Jams, Jellies and Preserves from Mould.**—The closet in which sweetmeats are kept should be perfectly dry and cool. If that is the case and the following recipe used, preserves will keep for years. Cut a round circle of writing paper, the size of the interior of the pot, and one about an inch and a half larger. Take the white of an egg, and a paste-brush, and lay a coating of white of egg over the surface of the smaller circle, and then lay that piece on the top of the jam, with the untouched side of the paper next to the jam. Take the larger piece, and coat that on one side with white of egg, and let the surface thus coated be the one turned inward. This circle is to cover the pot; and the white of egg renders it adhesive, and pastes it firmly down all round the edge of the crack.

**Raspberry Jam.**—The fruit must be fresh, ripe, and gathered on a dry day. Wash and pass it through a wicker sieve; to one pint of the pulp add a pound of loaf sugar, pounded or broken very small; put the whole in a preserving pan over a clear fire. When it begins to boil skim it well, and stir it for half an hour, taking care it does not burn. When done put

it in small pots, tie closely down with bladder or paper brushed on one side with white of egg, which will thus closely stick to the pot. Brandy papers are by some put on the top of the jam, but, unless the spirit be extremely strong, the damp produces mouldiness.

**To Make Excellent Rose Water.**—One plan recommended to preserve rose-leaves is to fill bottles with them, not pressing them down. Pour in some good spirits of wine, cork the bottles, and let them stand until required for use. This will keep many years, and yield a perfume little inferior to attar of roses. The leaves should be gathered in very dry weather. They may also be preserved with layers of salt, or dried on paper in the shade.

**To Dry Gooseberries.**—Gooseberries may be dried without sugar. Choose them fine and spread them separately on large dishes, and dry them gradually by the heat of a gentle oven. If flattened with the finger, when partially done, they will preserve a better form.

#### FASHIONS FOR JULY.

**FIG. I.—A DINNER DRESS SUITABLE FOR A WATERING PLACE.**—This is composed of a very thin Swiss mull, with a cut skirt, to which is attached a very deep flounce, set on with a puffing, through which runs a blue ribbon, and headed by a narrow ruffle formed by the upper part of the flounce. A basque corsage open in front, and trimmed in a style now very popular, with a blue ribbon passing from the waist in front across the shoulders, and terminating at the waist behind with bows of ribbon. Bows of ribbon also decorate the sides of the corsage, as also the sleeves on the bend of the elbow in front. A puffing through which runs a blue ribbon, forms the heading of the two ruffles which form the lower part of the sleeves. An embroidered Swiss mull edging finishes the corsage and sleeves. Hair rolled, and fastened behind the ears with bows of blue ribbon.

**FIG. II.—AN EVENING DRESS OF EMBROIDERED PINK TARTANE.**—Skirt trimmed with seven flounces. Corsage low, with a long point in front, and a somewhat shorter one behind. Sleeves nearly tight to the elbow, and finished by three puffings of illusion, through the middle of which a pink ribbon passes, and is confined by a bow. A deep fall of lace finishes this beautiful sleeve. The *fichu* is composed of illusion, plaited from the shoulders to a point in the back, with a slight fullness from the shoulders in front. It is open over the neck, crosses the corsage in front, and passes around the waist, fastening with a bow and long ends of the same material behind. A rich lace edges this beautiful cape. A narrow band of black velvet with long ends is fastened around the throat. The head-dress of this most becoming *toilette* is composed of two bands of pink ribbon passing across the upper part of the head, and terminating in bows and long ends of ribbon at the sides.

**FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.**—Frock of

sky blue poplin, the skirt with three flounces scalloped and edged with blue silk. The corsage is drawn in easy fulness and cut rather low round the neck, and at the top it is trimmed with three bias folds of poplin. The sleeves consist merely of two small epaulettes, one falling over the other. The under-sleeves are of white cambric or jaconet muslin, loose demi-long, and trimmed at the ends by frills of open needlework. A muslin chemisette to correspond. Trousers edged with needlework. Large garden hat of Leghorn, with a white feather waving round the crown, and strings of white ribbon fastened at the ears by rosettes of the same. Coral bracelets on the arms, boots of grey cashmere tipped with black.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—White muslin frock. The skirt finished with rows of narrow tucks, arranged in groups of four together, with intervening spaces. A jacket corsage with basque slit up at each side, and edged with narrow tucks. At the top of the slit at each side is fixed a small bow of colored ribbon. The sleeves are demi-long, slit open at the outside of the arm, and ornamented by bows of ribbon. Boots of green cashmere and stockings of Lille thread. A wreath composed of scarlet geranium, roses, and white heath, encircles the head.

FIG. V.—A BONNET with a transparent foundation covered with white tulle and blonde. The edge finished with a vandyked blonde lace. Across the crown bias folds of white gauze ribbon. Bow at the back, and strings of the same.

FIG. VI.—AN UNDER-SLEEVE which consists of a full puff of net, and the turned-up cuff is formed of rich needlework, having at the wrist a band of insertion, beneath which is inserted a colored ribbon, finished by a bow and ends.

FIG. VII.—A VANDYKED CHEMISETTE AND COLLAR OF CAMBRIC.—The open work of which may be made of either insertion or "tape trimming," being placed between bands of cambric. The front of the chemisette is tucked, and finished to correspond with the collar.

FIG. VIII.—THE PARAGON, an exquisite mantilla, from the emporium of Molyneux Bell, New York; the material being silk, trimmed with trellis-work lace and gimp, and finished with a deep fall of black silk lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Many of the summer dresses, especially for young ladies, are made with the corsage low, over which can be worn a small cape like the dress, a *fichu* like that of Fig. II. in our fashion plate, or a canezou, or basque of white muslin. These canezous are exceedingly fashionable. For a plain evening dress nothing is more elegant than a canezou of lace or muslin, worn with a silk or barege dress. The broad striped or chequered silks, now so much in fashion, are very effective when worn with canezous. The corsage of the dress should be low, or half high, and the sleeves short; or the dress may consist of the skirt only, a corsage of white cambric being worn under the canezou. Large chequered patterns, especially tartans, (the latter, it may be

mentioned, are now extremely fashionable) are frequently found to occasion some difficulty in their adaptation to corsages: but a skirt with broad flounces, made of tartan or chequered silk, is at once showy and elegant, when worn with a white canezou.

We will describe a canezou called the *Pompadour*, which is more showy than those generally worn, and suitable for an evening dress. It is made of the finest and clearest Swiss muslin, (or of tarletane, if preferred,) and is covered with small sprigs worked in satin-stitch. It is partially open at the neck, and slightly pointed in front of the waist, and trimmed all round with three rows of lace, about two and a half inches wide. Between each row of lace there is a ruche of pink gauze ribbon, about two inches broad. Three rosettes of the same ribbon confine the canezou in front—the first being at the top of the low corsage, and the third at the point at the waist. This canezou has a small *basquine*, shaped so as to form a slight point at the back of the waist; it is formed of three rows of lace, alternating with ruches of ribbon in the manner above described. The sleeves are composed of two bouillonnes, or puffs. The first terminates above the elbow, where it is finished by three rows of lace, with intervening ruches of pink gauze ribbon, and on the outside of the arm a rosette. The second puff is finished by two rows of rather broad lace, the lower row of which hangs down to the wrist. Canezous in this style may be trimmed with ribbon of various colors, and also with white ribbon.

BERTHES of black lace studded with butterfly bows of a worked satin and velvet ribbon, are very becoming when worn with a low and plain bodied dress. The addition of the bertha immediately transforms it into a dress toilet.

SOME BONNETS have a front made of smooth straw and a crown of loose taffeta. Many are ornamented at the edge of the front with a blonde forming a kind of half veil thrown back on the front in the middle and falling gracefully on each side. Others have at the edge of the front a very full blonde ruche, interrupted by tufts of flowers like those on the bonnet. Straw is very extensively blended with flowers, as an outside trimming for bonnets this season. Violets and lilacs, particularly the white lilac with brown foliage, are favorite bonnet flowers.

FOR MANTILLAS, fringes are perhaps more used than even lace. The fringe introduced for this purpose is broad, and made of sewing silk, which gives it an exquisitely light appearance. Figured gauze ribbons are also much used.

THE HAIR, although still dressed low behind, is very frequently confined by a richly ornamented comb instead of hair-pins. For a plain kind of *toilette*, a handsomely carved tortoise shell is usually used; but for full dress, and by those who can afford it, a gold comb, richly wrought or studded with small cameos, is worn.

BRACELETS of jet are much worn, even by those who are not in mourning, and are more becoming to a prettily shaped, white arm, than gold ones.



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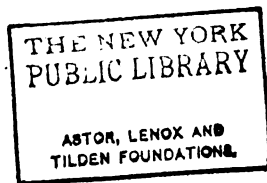


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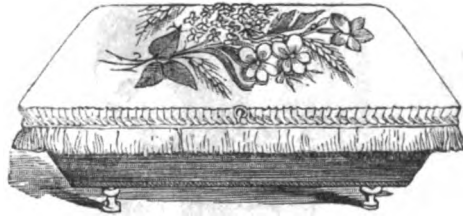








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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1854.

No. 2.

## HOW HARRY FELL IN LOVE.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

ALL the girls in Flowervale were in love with Harry Vernon. That is to say, they admired him excessively, and were ready to fall in love, if he should lead the way. Fanny Somers, the little witch, was the only exception. Merry, dancing and pretty as a fairy, it was a question whether she had ever yet thought of love: if she had, she never talked of it.

Harry's father was a Senator in Congress, and he himself was a young lawyer of brilliant talents, finished education and handsome fortune. It was known that his father wished him to marry, and did not, as is often the case, insist on his selecting an heiress. The now grey-haired statesman had made a love-match in his youth, and still worshipped the memory of the wife he had too early lost. "Let your heart choose, my son," he said. "Marriage, without true affection, holds out but a poor show for happiness."

Most of those, not directly interested in the event, thought that Isabel Fortescue would carry off the prize. She was decidedly the belle of the village. Having received her education at a fashionable seminary, there was scarcely an accomplishment of which she could not boast. Besides, the families of Vernon and Fortescue had been the leading ones in the county for two generations; and gossips said that the union of the two fortunes, and of the united influence, would give Harry a position almost unrivalled.

Certain it is that Harry visited Isabel very often. Those who envied her accused her of manoeuvring to win him. "Throws herself in his way continually," said one. "Did ever any body," cried another, "see a girl make love so bare-facedly?" "She ought to get him, I'm sure," sneered another, "for she has tried hard enough." Nevertheless, as honest chroniclers, we must record the fact, that some of these very young ladies, such is the infirmity of human nature, did their very prettiest to

out-manceuvre Isabel and get Harry for themselves.

Harry had not seen Fanny since she was a child. It was only a month since she had left school, and returned home again; and the first time she joined in the village social circle was at a pic-nic. Here her blooming complexion, graceful figure and ringing laugh had been the theme of admiration by the beaux, the envy of the belles. Harry had been her partner in a dance or two, and, in common with others, felt it would be only civil to call upon her. So the morning after the party he sallied forth to make the round of the village girls.

He first visited Isabel. She was reclining in a fauteuil, charmingly dressed, and reading a novel. All she could talk about was her fatigue. Yet she looked bewitchingly, it was incontestible, in the subdued light of that sumptuous parlor, with elegant pictures on the walls, bouquets of flowers all about, and an atmosphere of exquisite refinement around. Never had Harry felt so much tempted to be in love. He staid nearly an hour, when he had intended to stop for only a few minutes; and would not, perhaps, have gone then, if other gentlemen had not dropt in.

From Isabel's he went to several other houses. Everywhere he found the young ladies dressed to receive company. Some were reading novels; some had a book of poetry open before them; and one, who had a pretty hand, was coquettishly knitting a purse. Not one of them appeared to have anything serious to do. Most of them affected, like Isabel, to be quite languid, and talked as if the fatigue of the day before had nearly killed them.

When Harry reached the pretty, but unpretending cottage, where Fanny resided with her widowed mother, he found the hall door opened to admit the breeze, and so, just tapping at the parlor entrance, he entered bowing. In the

shaded light of the cool, fragrant room, he could not, for a moment, see; but he noticed immediately that no one answered his salutation; and, directly, he beheld that the apartment was empty. 'Just then, however, a fresh, liquid voice, as merry as a bird's in June, was heard warbling in an inner apartment. Harry listened awhile charmed, but finding that his knocking was not heard, and recognizing, as he thought, Fanny's voice, finally made bold to go in search of the singer. Passing down the hall, and through another open door, he suddenly found himself in the kitchen, a large, airy apartment, scrupulously clean, with Fanny, at the end opposite to him, standing before a dough-trough, kneading flour and carolling like a lark.

It was a picture an artist would have loved to paint. Fanny's face was seen partly in profile, showing to perfection her long lashes, and bringing out in relief the pouting lips and round chin. The breeze blew her brown curls playfully about, and occasionally quite over her face, at which times she would throw them back with a pretty toss of her head. Her arms were bare; and rounded, white, or more taper arms never were: they fairly put to shame, with their rosy pearliness, the snowy flour powdered over them. As she moved, with quick steps, at her task, her trim figure showed all its grace: and her neat ankle and delicate foot twinkled in and out. For awhile she did not observe Harry. It was not till she turned to put down the dredging-box, that she beheld him.

Most of our fair readers, we suppose, would have screamed, and perhaps have run out of the opposite door. Fanny did no such thing. She blushed a little, as was natural, but, having no false shame, she saw no reason to be frightened merely because a handsome young gentleman had caught her at work. So she curtsied prettily, laughed one of her gayest laughs, and said, holding up her hands,

"I can't shake hands with you, Mr. Vernon, you see. Mamma was kind enough to let me go to the pic-nic, yesterday, and put off some of my work; and so I'm doing double to-day, to make up for it. If you'll be kind enough to wait a minute, I'll call mamma."

"No, no," said Harry, charmed by this frank innocence, and unceremoniously taking a well-scrubbed chair, "I've only a few minutes to stay. My call is on you, I came to see how you bore the fatigues of yesterday."

Fanny laughed till her teeth, so white and so little, looked, behind the rosy lips, like pearls set in the richest ruby enamel. "Fatigued! Why, we had such a charming time yesterday,

that one couldn't get tired, even if one had been a hundred years old."

"You'll never grow old," said Harry, surprised into what would have been flattery, if he had not sincerely thought it; and his countenance showed his admiration for the bright, happy creature before him.

Fanny blushed, but rallied, and answered, laughingly, "Never grow old? Oh! soon enough. What a funny sight I'll be, to be sure, bent almost double, and a cap on my head like granny Horn's."

Harry laughed too, so ludicrous was the image; and thus he and Fanny were as much at home with each other, at once, as if they had been acquainted for years.

The intended five minutes imperceptibly grew into ten, and the ten into half an hour. Fanny continued at her household work, pleasantly chatting the while, both she and Harry mutually so interested as to forget time and place alike. At last the entrance of Mrs. Somers interrupted the *tele-a-tete*. Fanny was a little embarrassed, when she found how long she and Harry had been alone; but the easy, matter-of-course manner of Harry, as he shook hands with her mother, restored her to herself.

If the elegant refinement about Isabel had tempted Harry to fall in love, the household charm which surrounded Fanny forced him to do so, whether or no. He went away, thinking to himself what a charming wife Fanny would make, and how sweetly she would look, in her neat, home dress, engaged in her domestic duties. Nor is Harry the only young bachelor, who remembers that a wife cannot always be in full dress, and who naturally wishes to know how she will look in the kitchen. "A wife ought as much to know how to manage her house," he said to himself, "as a man to understand business. I don't wish a wife of mine, indeed, to be maid of all work; but I should like to have her capable of overseeing her servants; and domestics discover very soon whether their mistress is competent, and obey, or disregard her accordingly. Besides Fanny looked bewitching, this morning. Ah! if I had such a dear, little wife, how I'd coax her to go into the kitchen occasionally, that I might see her at work."

It soon became apparent that it would be no fault of Harry, if he did not have Fanny for a wife. Never was a man deeper in love, nor did he make any effort to conceal it. Had Fanny been a foolish flirt, she would have played with his feelings, as vain girls will when secure of a lover. But she was too frank and good for this, and only hesitated long enough to be certain of

the state of her own heart, when she made Harry happy by accepting him.

Two persons more fitted for each other, in fact, could not be. Though always merry, because always happy, Fanny was amiable, intelligent, and full of sound sense. She had read and thought a great deal, especially for one so young. Her heart ran over with "unwritten poetry." Had Harry sought, for a life-time, he could not have found a wife so companionable, and so suited in every way to him.

What a talk the engagement made when it came out! The haughty Isabel, who, without being half as capable of sincere love as Fanny, had made up her mind to have Harry, and whose vanity therefore was piqued, even degraded herself so much as to call the bride-elect "an artful and intriguing puss." Other disappointed beauties had other hard names for Fanny. But though, when our heroine first heard of these slanders, she shed a few tears, she soon dried her eyes, for, with Harry's love, nothing could make her long unhappy.

It was not till the young couple had set off on their wedding tour, that Harry told his wife what had first made him fall in love with her.

"Every other girl, I visited that morning," he said, "was playing the fine lady; and that, while, as I well knew, their mothers were often slaving in the kitchen. I reasoned that the daughter, who would neglect her duty to a parent, could scarcely be expected to be less selfish toward a husband. Besides, it is a common error with your sex, now-a-days, to suppose that it is debasing to engage in domestic duties. To a man of sense, dearest, a woman never looks more attractive than at such a time. As Wordsworth writes

'Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which there meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright nor good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.'

As he recited these lines, with exquisite sensibility, he put his arm around Fanny's waist, and drew her toward him: and the young wife, looking up into his face, with devoted affection, rested her head on his bosom, and shed happy tears.

And so we leave them.

## "MEMORIES."

BY PHILA A. EARLE.

In every heart nestling  
Sweet mem'ries are,  
Like bright-winged angels  
Come from afar;  
O'er it they cast a gleam,  
Soft as the faintest beam  
Of a sweet star!

Olden time voices  
Breathe to me low,  
Love-tuned and gentle  
As long ago;  
Beautiful as a dream—  
Sweet as a silver stream  
Sings in its flow.

Golden-edged lashes  
Droop o'er sweet eyes,  
Where earnest love-light  
Tramblingly lies,  
Bright seem they as of old—  
Ne'er growing dim or cold  
As time fast flies!

Faces all beautiful,  
Sunny and fair,  
Smile from soft wavelets  
Of golden hair;

As angels from the sky,  
Smile from the clouds that fly  
Through the hushed air.

Cherished those dreamings,  
Mem'ries of yore,  
In my heart singing  
Sad evermore;  
Often they sweep o'er me,  
As deep waves from the sea  
Sweep o'er the shore!

Oft in the eventide  
Sadly they come—  
Those olden memories—  
Like the low hum  
Of a far distant stream,  
Or the last fading beam  
Of the bright sun!

Fondly those dreamings come  
Of early hours;  
Like the sweet fragrance  
Of fading flowers;  
As in the distance dies,  
The grieving *sephyr's* sighs  
Through dark green bowers.

THE BETRAYED;  
OR, EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

*Rockland, Hudson River, May 1st, 1802.*

My eighteenth birthday—and this beautiful, bright morning is not more radiant than my sunny hopes. What joy passes that of loving, and being loved? I know not how I could have lived before I knew Edward. I date my existence but one happy year—the previous period seems but a dull, blank monotony, which I can scarcely remember.

How fresh and green the foliage and verdure are this morning, after yesterday's shower. Sunshine within and about me. Ah, I am too happy!

*May 4th, 1802.*

I have heard love described as a restless, turbulent passion, full of torturing doubts and fears, wild joys and causeless agitations. Not such has been my experience. When I am with Edward a deep peace falls on my soul. A happiness too profound for expression settles on my heart. It seems as though no sorrow could touch me in that presence—"no wave of trouble roll across my peaceful heart."

It matters not to either of us, that no articulate words of love have ever yet been exchanged between us. There is a language more delicate, and subtle, than speech, and Edward's eyes—his voice—his every look, tone, and gesture, have long since spoken to me in love's own language. The very flowers, with which he daily surrounds me, breathe his love in fragrant sighs.

I expect my old schoolmate, Julia Gray, here to-morrow, to spend a week with me. Edward whispered me to-night that he was vexed at her coming, and in truth the anticipation of her visit does not give me the pleasure it did when the invitation was given, a year ago. I fear Edward guessed as much from my tell-tale face, which he knows so well how to read.

*May 5th, 1802.*

How shall my happiness find words? Edward has told me—no, not quite, but almost told me of his love. It is sweet to find assurance doubly sure.

We were walking in the maple avenue, and were so happy, when he turned toward me with a look which made my cheeks flush, and my heart

beat, from a consciousness of the import of the words he was about to utter. I turned from his gaze in some confusion. He took my hand in both his, and said earnestly,

"Fanny, there is something I have long wished to say to you—something that should have been said long ago, had I not felt we understood each other as well without. Dearest Fanny, you love me, do you not?" I did not deny it—how could I? Edward was about to say something more, when we were interrupted by the approach of a servant, who came to announce my friend's arrival, and my mother's summons for me to return to the house. My cheeks were still dyed with blushes, and my heart beating wildly with delight when I greeted my friend, and hastened to conduct her to the room prepared for her. Perhaps a selfish consideration made me hurry her thither. I felt the imperative need of a few moments of solitude to relieve my swelling bosom of its burden of bliss by a shower of joyful tears. Happy, happy Fanny, to weep for too much joy—while so many, as I am told, weep tears of bitterness and sorrow.

*May 6th, 1802.*

I find my old friend but little improved since our school days. Indeed, I begin to understand her character for the first time, and she seems to me wanting both in head and heart. She has, however, grown personally very pretty. Her features are delicate, and her face would be really attractive had she more soul to animate it. Edward has scarce been civil to her, so inopportune does he deem her arrival. I must speak to him about it.

*May 7th, 1802.*

I was roused from my slumbers last night to attend my mother who was suddenly taken ill. Pray God no harm may come to her, for she is not strong, and I fear the attack is serious. The physician looks grave. Edward is bright and hopeful. He cheers and sustains me. What a comfort to have him near, in this time of trial, to rest my weak, fearful heart on his strong, manly one. He is all tenderness and devotion, and begs me to make him useful. I have commissioned him to amuse and entertain Julia for

me, so as to release me from all care on her account, and leave me free to devote all my time to my dear mother. I fear the poor girl finds the house intolerably dull and lonely.

*May 10th, 1802.*

My mother continues very ill. I have not left her room for two days, and should sink under the fatigue and anxiety I am enduring, but for the cheering words now and then exchanged with Edward at the door of mother's room. His early morning visit after the long, weary night, is like cordial to my fainting spirit.

*May 12th, 1802.*

My mother is a little better to-day, we think, but the physician scarce bids us hope yet. I have not yet heard Edward's knock this morning, and it is now ten o'clock—what can detain him?

If my mother continues to improve I think I shall venture down stairs this evening, after I have made her comfortable for the night.

*May 13th, 1802.*

My mother was better last night, and about nine o'clock, having dressed myself with some care, I went down to the parlor. I did not find Edward and Julia there as I expected; they were walking in the garden in the moonlight. I would have joined them there had I felt strong enough, but the care and want of rest I have been undergoing have left me very weak and tremulous, and I waited their return where I was. It was not very long before they came—only half an hour by my watch, though it seemed much longer to me.

Edward seemed very glad to see me down stairs again—he said so again and again—yes, he was truly glad to see me, and I—I could have fallen on his neck and wept, so moved was I at being again beside him.

I expressed to Julia my regret at having been obliged to deprive myself of so much of her society during her visit, and she replied, that owing to that circumstance she proposed giving herself the pleasure of extending the time of her stay some days longer than she at first intended.

I tried to reply civilly, but I fear the inhospitality of my heart was betrayed by my manner. In truth, I heartily wish for her departure. Her stay at this time is inconvenient, and there is little congeniality in our natures.

*May 15th, 1802.*

My mother continues to improve, though very slowly, and she still engrosses much of my time and attention. My thoughts meanwhile are elsewhere. I fear I am growing suspicious. Suspicious—the meanest of the vices, which I have ever so despised, let me guard against it.

I noted Julia well last last night as she sat at the piano singing. I cannot sing. She is fair and graceful. To me her face wants expression, yet she has beauty, and beauty of that kind, which I think I have heard is almost irresistibly alluring to men.

Edward obeys my injunction to amuse and entertain her to the letter. But what right have I to be annoyed by that? It is my late vigils that have made me nervous and low-spirited. I will banish distressing thoughts and go to bed.

*May 17th, 1802.*

Julia wears her fair hair in long curls, and Edward admires light curls, I heard him telling her so to-day. My hair is black and strait, and I wear it in braids. I am looking very badly; pale and haggard. I have not slept any for three nights.

*May 18th, 1802.*

Oh, I am very wretched! Julia is luring my Edward's heart away from me! I am sure of it. I see it, and am powerless to counteract the spell she is casting over him. She is striving by every charm and fascination she possesses to win him. She does not—she cannot, of course, know my prior claims on his affections. She cannot know that her success would break my heart. She is my old schoolmate and friend. I will be open with her, and tell her all. I will throw myself on her generosity. This is no time for pride or false delicacy. My whole earthly happiness is at stake.

*Same day, later.*

I have seen Julia. In a passion of emotion I threw myself at her feet—told her all, and besought her to be merciful—to spare me the love I valued more than life. She smiled sweetly—oh, she has a very sweet smile—and asked if any engagement existed between Edward and myself. None I acknowledged as yet.

"Then," she continued, playfully, "we stand on equal ground. Let her who wins wear."

Her cold levity chilled me, but I mastered my rising pride enough to say,

"You do not take into account that my affections are already irrevocably pledged."

"And you do not take into account," she replied, playfully, touching my cheek with her fan, "that it would be a disappointment to me to fail of my conquest. I suppose you know Mr. Clifton is what is called a good match?"

Disgusted with the cold sneer conveyed in that last question, and with her calculating heartlessness, I left her without another word. How mortifying to have vainly displayed the inmost secret of my heart to the unfeeling gaze of such a woman.

May 19th, 1802.

Oh, Edward, Edward, you are breaking my very heart! Was it then all a delusion—all that I fancied? Was I the dupe of my own misconceptions? Were all those attentions—looks—tones, which won my foolish heart, mere gallantries, magnified by my vanity into evidences of a deep affection? Surely the past has been a delusion on my part—he could never have been so cruelly fickle. It has been a sweet, unreal dream, which has faded and left me, oh, so wretched. Yet no—I cannot have been so grossly self-deceived—that walk in the maple avenue, when he looked in my face, and took my hand in his and declared his love—ah, no—I remember; he did not declare it; he was about to do so, as I fancied, when we were interrupted by Julia's arrival. Even *then* she came between us, and arrested the utterance of words which I would now give worlds to have heard, were it but to satisfy the doubts of my wounded pride.

Ah, would she but leave us even now, it might not be too late; I would so strive to win him back I could not but succeed. Why does she thus linger here, self-invited, sucking the life-blood from my heart? I can bear everything better than her smile. When she turns toward me in my anguish with that sweet, placid, satisfied smile, my heart fills with bitterness toward her. A fierce wish for revenge possesses me. I long for a day to come when I may cause her to feel what I am now suffering, and let her see if I cannot then smile in *my* turn.

God forgive me, I am very wicked, and very, very unhappy.

May 20th, 1802.

My mother, at my suggestion, intimated as delicately as possible to Julia the propriety of her return home. It was my last hope, and has failed! Julia has left us indeed, but Edward—yes, *my* Edward, departed with her—to escort her home, he told my mother; but he will not return. I did not even see him before he went, I was too much agitated to attempt it; no message left for me. It is all—all over. Oh, the anguish of a breaking heart!

I am almost distracted, and have a dreadful headache and fever. I believe I am going to be ill.

June 30th, 1802.

For six weeks I have lain dangerously ill. Delirious most of the time. Perhaps the wish I had to die made my recovery more difficult. I know nothing as yet, save that Edward has not been here to make inquiries about me during my illness. Is not that enough?

July 10th, 1802.

I begin to see my friends again, and go out a little on the pleasant days.

I have had no difficulty in learning all I wished to know. No one, but my mother, suspects my secret, and the name which is never uttered between us, is carelessly mentioned by strangers constantly. The latest news, which every one discusses in my sick room to entertain me with, is the engagement of Julia Gray and Edward Clifton.

June 1st, 1802.

My illness has left me so weak, that I am physically incapable of the violent emotions, which have shaken my being to its centre. This is well for me, and enables me better to act my part.

Their wedding day is fixed—the first day of July. I am invited.

London, August 8th, 1802.

I am travelling with my mother for my health. Once how eagerly I longed to take this trip—now, all places are alike hateful to me.

I see by the papers and letters which arrived to-day by the brig *Britania*, after a speedy passage, that the marriage took place at the appointed time.

Rome, Nov. 1st, 1802.

There is something in the atmosphere of Italy, which falls like balm on wounded hearts. My health begins to improve, and I think I am somewhat stronger, mentally, as well as physically. Could I only banish the ever present memory of the past!

We shall sojourn here, and in Florence and Venice, during the winter months.

My mother is well, and is my most tender, sympathizing comforter. This she makes me feel in a thousand ways, though the subject which occupies the thoughts of both, never crosses our lips.

Switzerland, May 1st, 1803.

My nineteenth birthday. What changes since the last! Can it be but one short year? I have lived since then an eternity of woe. How fearful an amount of suffering one can endure, and yet live on. Does sorrow *never* kill?

Switzerland, May 15th, 1803.

We are still in Switzerland, and purpose remaining among these glorious mountains at least a month longer. My mother thinks the pure, bracing air beneficial to my health. The autumn we shall spend in travelling through Germany. The winter we pass in Paris.

Paris, Jan. 15th, 1804.

My trip has benefitted me much, both as to

health and spirits. My appearance has also greatly improved. I find myself a belle in Paris. I have had several eligible offers of marriage, but though I am making a great effort to shake off the thralldom of a misplaced affection, enough still remains of the old spell to make me shrink from any overtures of this nature.

Oh, Edward—husband of another—in your happy life of wedded love, do you ever pause to think of the wretched girl whose happiness you so thoughtlessly wrecked. Edward, you abused a trusting, loving heart.

*Saratoga, May 1st, 1804.*

Another birthday, my twentieth. Thank God for the comparative tranquillity I am now enjoying, compared with my state of mind last year.

My mother and I intend spending our summer here; in the fall we shall go to New York city, and board there during the winter. Next spring we are to return to our old home at Rockland.

I find myself much admired there, and it is pleasing to my vanity, once a little wounded perhaps, when another and deeper wound was given.

*Saratoga, May 7th, 1804.*

I have seen him—he is here! I met him while walking to-day with a party of friends. I am thankful he did not observe me, for I was taken unawares, and greatly agitated. I would not for world's he had seen it. I learn he is at this house with his wife and child. His child! how strangely it sounds, and I was not before aware of her existence. But away with thoughts I should not harbor. I must be strong and self-possessed, and guard against appearing even to remember the past.

*May 8th, 1804.*

I met him last night, and am entirely satisfied with my manner to him. I dreaded this meeting, mistrusting my powers of self-control; but my self-possession was perfect. I addressed him with easy nonchalance, as though he were merely an old acquaintance. I do not think I even blushed. I did not know I was so good an actress.

Unless I am mistaken, some memories of the past still cling to Edward Clifton. He seemed much agitated—quite overcome at meeting me last night. I think he was also struck by my appearance, but that may be but a vain fancy.

*May 9th, 1804.*

I have looked again upon the face of my old schoolmate and former rival, Julia. I find her greatly changed. She is in ill health, and much faded. She has lost her bloom, and with it much of her beauty. Her face looks careworn

and peevish. People say the union between her and Mr. Clifton has not proved a happy one. Poor woman; so she too has known sorrow; and should not I, who have learned so well what that word means, feel even for her? I had suffered else in vain. My heart forgot its old bitterness as I gazed at her pale, unhappy face. I remembered only that we were fellow sufferers. I looked at her child with tender interest. A pretty little thing, about a year old. I hear her name is Fanny.

*May 12th, 1804.*

I can truly say I do not seek to attract him, yet Mr. Clifton seems unable to withdraw himself from my presence. He seeks a thousand pretences to approach me, and though repelled by the grave reserve of my manner, he seems at the same time irresistibly attracted, as if by some spell, to ever seek my society. Even when at a distance, I observe that his eyes are always fixed upon me, and go where I will they follow me.

For my part, I am pleased to find that his actual presence tends in a great measure, to break the charm which once bound me, and dispels the halo of glory with which fancy and memory had adorned the hero of my life's first dream.

*May 15th, 1804.*

Mr. Clifton still continues to cross my path, and his eyes, with their strange burning look, to haunt me. I am annoyed and distressed. Julia looks jealous and wretched. Heaven knows I would not willingly cause one pang to be added to those she has already suffered. If there ever was a period when I felt a desire to avenge on her the anguish she once caused me, the time has long since passed, and I rejoice to say, a better spirit has succeeded that of angry bitterness which I so long entertained. Sorrow, I trust, has not touched me quite in vain.

I feel it is no longer right for me to remain here, and have prevailed on my mother to leave the day after to-morrow. We shall go to Newport for the rest of the season.

*Newport, May 25th, 1804.*

We left Saratoga on Wednesday last, as we intended. Contrary to my wish, Mr. Clifton heard from some quarter of our contemplated departure. As I stood on the piazza talking with some friends the evening before we left, he approached me, and whispered a request that I would grant him a few minutes private conversation. I refused to do so. He persisted, saying he had something of vital importance to us both to communicate. I replied, with some hauteur, that I knew of no subject of common interest between us. As I was turning away, he grasped

my arm almost with violence, and drawing me a little aside, whispered between his teeth,

"Proud, beautiful woman, why trample on the heart at your feet? Was not repentance already bitter enough?"

I withdrew myself decidedly enough from his detaining grasp, and turned again to my friends with a light laugh and shrug, as though regarding his words as the merest gallantry which I knew better than to believe. It was my revenge for what I had suffered from making a contrary mistake some two years ago. After all it was a mean triumph.

*Newport, May 31st, 1804.*

My thoughts ever revert to my recent meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Clifton at Saratoga. Of course it is but natural they should, considering how powerfully those two individuals have influenced my destiny. The part I have lately been called upon to act, was a difficult one, and I am glad I was able to meet it so well. For, notwithstanding all my bravery, my heart knows its own weakness, and there were times when the well remembered tones of that once, so much loved voice, stirred my breast with emotions I fancied dead forever. More than once, when he was near me, I felt that same delicious feeling of peacefulness and calm steal over me, which used to characterize the love with which he inspired me. How tenaciously does woman's nature cling to emotions which have once made part of her being.

For my own sake I rejoice at this meeting. Nothing else could so effectually have freed me from the enchantment which enthralled me. Since the renewal of our acquaintance, Mr. Clifton has sunk immeasurably in my opinion; and notwithstanding the confession I have just been making, I can truly say, I no longer either love, or respect him. It was hard for me to part with little Fanny; my heart yearns to the child with a strange tenderness.

A Mr. D'Estelle, a young man of fortune and promise, has followed me hither from Saratoga, and yesterday addressed me. He is a noble youth, and it grieved me to pain him by a refusal.

*September 1st, 1804.*

I have just been inexpressibly shocked by hearing of Julia's sudden death at Saratoga. Her health had never been good since the birth of her child, but no one imagined her so near her end. God forgive me the bitterness I once felt for her, and any pain I may have caused her.

*New York, June 25th, 1805.*

I received yesterday a letter from Mr. Clifton,

in which he made me an offer of his hand. He declared most solemnly that he had never truly loved any one but myself; averring that the sudden passion he experienced for Julia was but a passing whim, speedily repented of, and for which he had done most bitter penance.

His letter was eloquent and passionate, but it could not move me. The day has come when I rejoice at the destiny (once so bitterly resisted) which separated me from such a man as Edward Clifton.

I replied to his letter, briefly, and firmly rejecting his suit, without reference to the past.

*New York, Feb. 1st, 1805.*

I was surprised yesterday by a visit from Mr. Clifton. He came to urge his suit in person. He sought by every persuasive argument, by every skillful appeal to feelings he once knew so well how to sway, to change my decision. But the enchanter's wand was broken; his words had still power to move, but not to influence me. I was gentle, but firm. Only once he roused me to a bitter answer; it was when he said,

"Fanny, you once confessed you loved me."

I remembered well the time when the confession to which he alluded had been made; and it had often touched my pride to think that I had allowed him to win my secret from me, before he had betrayed his own. His allusion to a circumstance to which I was so morbidly sensitive, wounded me in a tender spot, and I replied sharply,

"It was when I did not know you, sir."

The whole interview was most painful to me; painful, because of the necessary recurrence to past scenes, to which no philosophy or reasoning can enable me to allude without agitation, and most distressing to me on account of the disappointment I was occasioning Mr. Clifton. Yet now that it is over, I am glad to have had this conversation. There is no opening light for future misunderstandings, or groundless hopes on his part. He is himself convinced of the finality of my answer.

And, so a long, sad chapter of my life has closed, and the leaf is turned over.

*New York, May 1st, 1805.*

Mr. D'Estelle, the gentleman who followed me to Newport from Saratoga, and who at that time addressed me, has renewed his suit. My mother is his warm friend and advocate. He is handsome, talented, and in every respect a noble and excellent young man. He is most worthy of my affections—if I could but command them. But though early and deep wounds have closed, the suffering they caused me seems to have altered my very nature. The heart once well nigh



broken, refuses again to respond to emotions which so nearly proved fatal to it. Is my experience that of all who have loved and suffered deeply? Can love, deep and passionate as that I once inherited, ever be felt twice by the same individual? I doubt it. And can a woman who has known what love really is, remain satisfied by its cold counterfeit—friendship? I dare not make the trial.

Another birthday—my twenty-first.

*Rockland, April 2nd, 1808.*

Edward and I met yesterday once more—for the last time. Yes, it is all over—he is no more.

The tears which are now falling like rain, as I think of him, prove how impossible it is for a woman who has truly loved, ever to tear from her heart *entirely* sentiments which were twined into its very fibres. She may think, again and again, that she has torn them up utterly and cast them from her, but some little root remains from which the plant germinate anew and throws up branches.

Edward was brought home yesterday fatally injured, by having been violently thrown from a vehicle which he was driving. Feeling that his hours were numbered he caused me to be sent for.

I instantly obeyed the summons, but unnerved by so sudden and terrible a calamity, I stood beside him too much overcome to be able to control my feelings. Edward was also deeply moved. With his last breath he declared his undying love for me, and implored my forgiveness of the past.

It touched me to see the strong man so humbled and so helpless—to see the stamp of death on that still young brow once so dear to me; the love I had so sternly bade die in my bosom—which I *thought* dead burst into life anew—I

clasped my arms around his neck, and with bursting tears sobbed forth the confession of the deep, unconquerable love with which my heart had ever clung to him.

It was a wild, perhaps an imprudent burst of emotion—for I should certainly have repented it had Edward recovered; as it is, I rejoice to have cheered his last hours by words of love and forgiveness.

He commended his little orphan daughter to my care, and I accepted the solemn trust. She is henceforth my child.

Edward's last words were—

“Kiss me, Fanny—our first kiss. It has been all wrong.”

Yes, it has been all—all wrong. But let the past henceforth be the past. To the future and little Fanny I look for comfort.

*Rockland, May 1st, 1808.*

My birthday, and also little Fanny's. Fanny's fifth, and my twenty-fourth. Heaven bless the darling child. From the first moment I saw her my heart yearned to her, but I little thought how near and dear she was to become to me. She is the light and joy of the house, and my mother has grown so fond of her that I only fear she will spoil her by her indulgence.

I have resolved positively and finally never to marry, and have been happier since making this decision.

*Rockland, May 1st, 1809.*

My child grows and improves. She is a most winning, affectionate little thing, and fills my very heart with tenderness by the love she ever manifests for me. Truly are little children God's own especial messengers, and such Fanny has been to me. It is only since she has sojourned, an angel in our dwelling, that I have begun to see things aright. She is my teacher—my joy—my consoler for the past, my hope for the future.

## TO THE ROBIN.

BY VIOLET VALE.

SWEET Robin in the early dawn, thy mellow voice we hear

Floating upon the dewy air so liquidly and clear,  
Now rising like some orison when fade the stars away,

And faintly blushes in the East the modest, youthful day,

Robin, sweet Robin.

Thou com'st e'er to the cottage door with gentle trusting eye,

To glean thy little meal of crumbs that children oft supply,

Thou seem'st to have a loving heart within thy ruddy • breast,

And on the orchard's bended boughs dost build thy quiet nest,

Robin, sweet Robin.

Now standing on the garden fence, then sitting to the tree

With look of gentle merriment, the joy of being free;  
Oh! thou canst charm the saddest heart, arrest the dullest ear

With the rich cadence of thy lay, so silvery and clear,  
Robin, sweet Robin.

## WRITING A STORY.

BY CARRIE CLOVER.

"Oh, dear me," said Fanny Leslie, with a yawn, "I wish I knew what to do with myself. I wonder, cousin Kate, if mamma thought we were adamantine, when she requested us to remain with papa in the city until the middle of July. Oh, Fan, don't complain. I think of poor papa and brother Charlie, who instead of lying on cool sofas, in a darkened room, and perusing the 'Ladies' National,' as we can do, have to stay down town in that oven of an office, or what is far worse, to traverse the scorching pavements beneath the glaring rays of a noonday sun."

"Yes, Katie, I know it all, dear, but if I only had something to do! Now our piano has gone to the country, I can't practice. And as to reading, I've read every readable book in the house."

"Oh, Fanny! I don't believe that. But I'll tell you what we will do. Oh! such a bright thought! We'll write a story for Mr. Peterson!"

"Write a story, cousin Kate!" and Fanny's little figure stripped gaily across the room. "Well, that is a bright thought, I'll acknowledge. But, Kate, how do you know that Mr. Peterson will publish it?"

"I'll risk that," and Katie laughed too. "I'll run up to the library and get pencil and paper."

"Wait a moment, Katie, I'll tell you what will do; I am too lazy to write this warm day, so I'll compose, and you shall become my amanuensis. I shall feel quite dignified when I see my story published, and I'll tell mamma, (oh, won't mamma be glad? for she thinks I cannot do anything myself,) the talented authoress, Miss—Miss—what is a pretty name, Kate? Oh, Carrie Clover! that'll do—is her own daughter!"

"But you won't be doing it all yourself, Miss Fanny. I shall do the writing. But never mind, Fan, I'll be generous for once, and give you all the credit."

I wish you could see those two cousins, Mr. Editor. There they sit. Fanny Leslie in an oaken chair of antique architecture, and Katie at her feet, with a portfolio in her lap. The fine point of her tiny gold pencil, vibrating just within a hair's-breadth of the spotless sheet.

"Well, Fan, I am waiting."

"So am I, Katie, for Mr. Watts says we must

only write when we have a 'flow of ideas,' and I don't happen to have an identical one in my head just at present."

"Well, then, I'll begin for you. '*Once upon a time many centuries ago.*' There, let go of my hand, I'm not writing it down."

"I should hope not, such a prosy beginning as that is. Now, just stop composing. I believe I've got an idea in my head, but you must write fast, for I have most forgotten it already."

"Far away over the blue waters of the ocean, there stood a vine-clad cottage, surrounded by a dense forest. Within those cottage walls there dwelt an aged hermit." (Got that all written down, Kate?) "Well, this venerable solitudinarian——"

"Oh, that's too long a word for a Magazine. Pray, how do you spell it, Fan?"

"Never mind, by-and-by you can bring down 'Webster's Quarto Edition.' It lies on the library table. But don't interrupt me again, or I shall lose the thread of my story. Where did I leave off, Katy?"

"This venerable soli—something."

"Had an only child, a daughter, who was beautiful past description."

"There, Kate, now you can describe her!"

"I shant, Fan! Oh! what a story. If Mr. Peterson could only see that, he would take the express train this very afternoon, in order to twine an immortal laurel wreath around your fair brow, with his own hands."

"Well, never mind, Katie. I'll do better next winter, when it is a little colder; just reach me that palm-leaf fan. Oh, I'll tell you, let's give up the 'Forester's Daughter,' and write a story about ourselves?"

"Of us! That's a preposterous idea. Why, I never had a hair-breadth escape in my life. Nor you either, I don't believe."

"Pray, what a short-sighted memory you have! Don't you remember the time that I fell out of the row-boat, and cousin Harry nearly lost his cap, in trying to save me from a watery grave?"

The little lady at her feet laughed outright at this "perilous adventure."

"And even if Harry had lost his cap, Fan, that wouldn't be worth putting in a printed story!"

"Well, supposing it is not, then we will have to 'make up one.' For instance, have some 'Lady Alice' for a heroine, who has never existed, and never will. Now take up your pencil, while I dictate."

"The 'Lady Alice' was an expert horsewoman, and used to scour the country for miles around. Her black beaver hat and feathers, and neatly fitting dark-green riding-habit, gave her the appearance of a 'wood-nymph.' Her eyes were dark, her hair black as the raven's wing. Her figure was of faultless symmetry. And her manners possessed all the ease and grace of a 'high born' beauty. She daily traversed the 'lonely forest,' with her little snow-white pony as her only companion——"

"Now, Katie, you needn't write so fast, for I am going to stop particularizing, there's another big word for you to hunt up?"

"One day, however, the 'Lady Alice' ventured too far. Whilst gazing back after a woodpecker, Pompey (that was her pony's name,) carried his lovely burden to the very verge of a yawning chasm. In another moment, the Lady Alice would have been precipitated into the gloomy ravine beneath. But her preserver was nigh; one that she dreamed not of; 'Don Chevalier de Quixoto,' a nobleman of the Spanish

court. Seeing a lady in imminent danger of losing her life, he sprang from his horse with true Spanish chivalry, hastened to bear her senseless form (she had fainted, of course,) to a grassy hillock near by."

"Bravo! Fan! only I can't write quite as fast as you talk. Now you must finish this—what do you call it? 'Romance of the Rhone,' or the 'Knight of Venice,' in double quick time, for my arm aches with writing."

"Well, now you shall see how concise I can be when I try."

"When the 'Lady Alice' left her father's castle that day, she had in her possession a little silver riding-whip, and a whole heart; but when she returned, she had lost both."

"That will do, Fan! Capital!" said cousin Kate, clapping her hands. "But what became of Pompey? Was he killed?"

"Yes—no—I think not. I'll decide by-and-by."

"But, Fan, do you think Mr. Peterson would publish such a story as that? It has neither beginning, middle, nor end?"

"Oh, he can ask his own pleasure about that, 'cousin mine.' Beside, perhaps, I'll continue it when the weather becomes a little colder; so just ring the bell for some ice-water, Katie."

## FOND RETROSPECTION.

BY T. V. ROSS.

Back to childhood's dominion,  
On the swift snowy pinion,  
Of some seraph of such matchless grace  
As my fancy could raise,  
In her sunshiny days,  
Let me fly to its blessed embrace.

To that realm, where did cluster  
In their rich peerless lustre,  
All around me in love the bright gems  
Of dear Truth, Joy, and Peace,  
In the fine gold of bliss  
All arrayed, were those glittering friends.

Back to where shone resplendent,  
So pure and transcendent  
The diamond of a fond mother's love,  
From her blue eyes' soft glance,  
And sweet smile to enhance,  
That ineffable pearl, "Mother's love."

To those dear sunny hours,  
Where fancy with flowers,  
Of a fragrance and tint unsurpassed,  
Made the future to bloom,  
But the richest perfume,  
Was by roses there flourishing cast.

## MY BIRDIE.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

The brightest flower that ever bloomed,  
Has bloomed but for a day,  
The brightest hues that tint the morn,  
The soonest fade away.  
A little bird, of plumage fair,  
Was brought from o'er the sea;

A present in my hands was placed,  
It sadly gazed on me.  
Then came there from its heaving breast,  
One little note so clear and high;  
And heavily it laid its head  
Down on my breast to die.

## MY OWN MOTHER.

BY DI VERNON.

"Thou art sleeping in the grave."

THE cold, damp sod lies upon thee, and the grass grows thickly there. In spring-time, the rain clouds burst over thee, and the warm fragrant breezes thou canst not feel, sweet mother. In the summer, the roses bloom upon thy lonely grave, and when their leaves fall, they perish upon thy tomb. In the melancholy autumn, the dark trees wave sadly over thee, sweeping with their branches thy silent resting-place—and the dismal winds wail a requiem to thy repose. Winter comes—the many colored leaves have fallen and are dead—and the earth hardens—and no more waves the long, green grass—it is withered, like my heart, since thou art gone. Snow, white, glistening snow, falls and hides thy grave from the eyes of thy lonely child. Thou knowest it not, there, dear mother—for thy spirit there abideth not.

My own mother! when I had thee near me, why did I not love thee more? Though earth has been desolate since thou art gone to heaven, and I know my love for thee was very, very great; still, I feel now that I never appreciated thee on earth. Oh, blessed spirit, now standing before a merciful God, and enjoying all the blessings of heaven, forgive, oh, forgive thy erring child her neglect and her disobedience.

Art thou not often with me in spirit, sweet mother? Do I not hear the rustling of thy angel wings about me and around? Dost thou not guard thy child from many a danger and many a sin? Yes, I am sure that it is so—I know that

in the depth of the still midnight thou art murmuring to me in my dreams. Blessed spirit, be thou ever near me while I tarry in this weary land.

My own mother! Well I remember thee, from my earliest childhood. So tall, and slender, and fair wert thou, with thy glossy brown hair and thy meek blue eyes, and that face, so expressive of heavenly peace. Thou wert a faithful and devoted wife, and a kind and indulgent mother. Oh, blessed one! the void thou hast left in my heart will never, never be filled on earth. Oh, why didst thou leave me in the prime of thy womanhood!—why leave me thus isolated with a spirit whose pale melancholy casts its shadow over all my life?

Mother, sweet mother! the tears are falling from mine eyes as I write—I weep because I see thee now no more, and because my sins may bar me from joining thee in that radiant clime where such only as pure as thou art can dwell. What happiness would be the surety of meeting thee there to part no more forever!

Not a day passes but thou art in my remembrance, though five years have fled since I beheld them bear thee away to thy dark and narrow resting-place. Mother, my own mother, why did I not love thee more?

But bitter tears are blinding me—I must pause. I will go to my closet and pray for forgiveness, and for that "Peace which passeth all understanding."

## DREAMS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

YE beautiful visions—ye dreams of my youth,  
Ye cruel deceivers, oh, where is your truth?  
Ye painted the future with tints of God's bow,  
You flattered my spirit—ye spoke not of woe!  
The garlands ye gave me were woven of flowers—  
I thought them unfading thro' life's coming hours,  
Two blossoms I cherished beyond all the rest,  
Still sacred they bloom in the home of my breast.  
When I look thro' the vista of long vanished years,  
The ghosts of dead happiness rising appears!  
Then I shrink from the spectre—I turn to the world,  
But lo! the dark banner of woe is unfurled—

A mockery it is—to my spirit a jest,  
And life's cheating visions has left me unblest;  
Once flowers spontaneous sprung up in my way,  
And life was a sunlit bright Summer day,  
Where are ye gay visions that cheated my sight,  
Your bright sunny dawns hath vanish'd in night.  
Your flowers are faded—your glory gone dim,  
And the dreams of the future look frowning and grim;  
Dark storm-clouds roll over the beautiful sky,  
And all that remains is the tear and the sigh:  
A shadowy spectre from Death's gloomy wave  
Now beckons my spirit and points to the grave!

## THE WIFE'S MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA AETHERTON," &C.

### I.

THE clock had long since struck midnight, yet still the young wife waited for her husband.

It was the first time he had ever left her alone in the evening. They had been married three months,—three happy, blissful months, the young wife had thought till now!

"I will not be in till late," he had said, on leaving after dinner. "Two or three of my old, bachelor friends are in town, and I have promised to take supper with them. It would be as well, perhaps," he continued, glancing another way, "not to wait up for me."

At first the evening was not so lonely as she had expected. She brought out her husband's slippers, arranged his dressing-gown, and drew his favorite arm-chair up before the fire. "He will not be out late, after all," she said, as she did this. "He thinks to surprise me." And smiling to herself, in the consciousness of having all ready for him, she sat down, took up the last book he had given her, and began quietly to read.

Eight, and then nine o'clock struck, when finding he did not come, she rose with a sigh, and laid aside her volume. "He will be late after all," she said. "But I suppose he has so much to talk about." And with this excuse for his delay, she sighed again, and after awhile resumed her book.

The young wife was still full of romance. Idolized by her family, and with no experience of life beyond the loving circle of her early home, she had married with the too common dream that existence was never to be darkened by a cloud. Her husband was from a distant city, a man of fortune, finished in his manners, and with a singularly handsome person. Willingly she had left all to follow him. But now, sitting thus alone, a feeling gradually arose in her heart, that he ought not to have left her. She was ashamed of it at first, and strove to conquer it; she had no right to expect him, she said, till ten o'clock: it was natural, perhaps, for husbands to wish occasionally to spend an evening with their bachelor friends.

But it was a weary time till ten o'clock. She often found her thoughts wandering. At last the clock struck.

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"Now he will surely come," she exclaimed, throwing down her book: and rising, she went to the window in order to watch for him. It was bright moonlight without, and every one approaching could be distinctly seen. But still her husband did not come.

For nearly half an hour she remained looking out. Gradually her feelings changed. "He does not love me as he did," she said, "or he wouldn't neglect me so."

Finally, yielding to pride, she closed the shutters, and again took up her book. "When he comes in," she said, "he shall find me reading, as if his absence had not concerned me."

But she could only pretend to read. Her eyes followed the characters, while her thoughts were with her husband. Again and again she turned back, determined to keep the sense in her mind, yet as often she discovered, after a page or two, that she had utterly failed.

The clock striking eleven roused her. Her thoughts now took a new turn. Something must have happened, she said, and she reproached herself for having been vexed. Perhaps he had been taken sick on his way home. Perhaps he had been run over. Perhaps, for she had heard of such things, he had been knocked down, robbed, and left senseless and bleeding.

These fears having once taken hold of her, she could not rest quietly in the house. Going to the street door, she stood there, unbonneted, eagerly looking up and down the street. Had she known where to go, she would have set forth at once: but she reflected that, if she left the house, her husband might be brought back in her absence. The streets were now almost deserted, and the moon had sunk behind the rooftops, so that silence and comparative darkness filled the long and ghostly thoroughfare. But occasionally a step would be heard approaching. As it slowly came nearer and nearer her suspense would be almost intolerable. Yet when it arrived, and the form of a stranger only was seen, she could have welcomed even suspense again.

At last the watchman came along, eyeing her so curiously that she withdrew, but only to walk up and down the hall almost frantically. Every moment she expected to see her husband brought

home a corpse. Her imagination pictured him in a dozen dreadful ways; crushed, disfigured, bloody; perhaps still sensible, though unable to speak; perhaps, oh! cruel, cruel fate, speechless forever, and with eyes closed in death. Tears and sobs alternated as she traversed the hall and parlor, wringing her hands, and praying with wild, imploring words.

Thus midnight came. She went again to the door, for she could not keep away. The moon was now down, and the street entirely dark; the roll of carriages was heard no more; not even a step echoed on the silence. She passed out, and standing on the stoop, strove, by shading her eyes, to peer into the gloom. But still there were no signs of her husband.

Her anxiety now rose to positive agony. She could not keep still. From hall to stoop, and from stoop to hall, she passed and repassed, finding no alleviation for her fears except in action. Once she rushed up stairs to get her bonnet and shawl, but remembering, while she was putting them on with trembling hands, how mad would be the attempt to find her husband in that great city, she flung them down with a burst of impotent tears, feeling as if her heart was breaking from the very impossibility of her doing anything.

In this state of mind, more than two additional hours passed. At last, when three o'clock had nearly come, a step was heard in the street. The wife was already at the door, and listened with suspended pulse as the echoing tread approached. Was it his? Yes! And with this conviction she sprang forward.

But what makes her, all at once, recoil? Why does she start back, her face blanched, her figure motionless as if turned to stone?

She has seen a maudlin countenance, which is not that of her husband, and yet is: and, on the instant, the dreadful truth flashes upon her, that she has married a drunkard.

## II.

"WHAT the deuce is the matter with you?" said Mr. Herenand to his young wife, two days afterward. "Can't a man get a civil word, or even look out of you?" And finding that there was no reply, he continued, "Since I must speak plainly, you're sulky, I suppose, about the way I came home in, the other night. But egad! you must have been tied pretty tightly to your mother's apron strings, if you haven't learned that such things are small matters."

Mr. Herenand was rich, and well educated, and had always moved in what is called "the best society." But he had been the furthest

possible from what is characterized as a "domestic" man. His mother had long been dead, and his sisters being gay, fashionable girls, there was nothing to keep him at home in the evening. His time consequently had been spent between the theatre, billiard-saloon and club-room. Convivial in his habits, he not unfrequently indulged to excess in wine; but as all his gay friends did the same, he thought little of it.

Of women in the abstract he had no very high opinion. What he had seen of them had been chiefly among the worst of the sex. He had married his wife principally for her pretty face, and had thought himself a miracle of devotion, because, for three whole months, he had never gone out in the evening, except with her. It is true that a round of social entertainments, intended to welcome the young bride to a strange city, had monopolized so many of these evenings, that, on their few disengaged ones, he was glad to stay at home in quiet. A fortnight's cessation of these parties had ennuied him however.

The young wife had been educated to believe intemperance the vilest of vices, and, therefore, when she saw her husband inebriated, horror and disgust seized her by turns. At first she felt as if she could never forgive him. But her woman's heart began, at last, to plead in his favor: and she rose from her sleepless couch persuaded that it would be cruel not to pardon him, if he showed penitence, especially as it was probably his first offence.

Poor thing! She was destined to be bitterly deceived. She could not avoid a certain constraint in her manner, when her husband descended to breakfast, at a late hour. This he noticed, and took offence at. He sat down sullenly. The meal passed in silence; and when he had finished, he rose and left the house without a word.

Mrs. Herenand thought, for awhile, she would die from mortification and rage. In her days of courtship, the slightest shade upon her face had been sufficient to awaken her lover's anxiety. Was it for this she had left her native city, her circle of admiring friends, her loving family? Had she exchanged a mother's tender care for neglect and insult?

She had a high, proud heart, and she resolved that the criminal should bitterly repent his conduct. Accordingly, when he came home to dinner, she had nothing to say, beyond the necessary phrases of the table. A statue of ice could not have been more repellant than she, in her cold, angry dignity.

Mr. Herenand looked up with some surprise. Educated as he had been, he could not compre-

head what he had done to merit either the reserve of the morning, or the present still more chilling demeanor. In turn he grew angry.

Two days had passed, when his rage, as we have seen, had found vent in words.

Mrs. Herenand, meantime, was a thousand fold more indignant than at first.

"Sir!" she said, drawing herself up haughtily, "speak respectfully of my mother, at least. Whatever you say, or do to me, I'll not have *her* insulted."

The husband gave a low, prolonged whistle.

"How dare you?" cried his wife, passionately stamping her foot. "Didn't I tell you I'd not have my mother insulted? Nor shall you look at me in that insolent manner either."

An oath rose to the husband's lips, and even found expression, though he would have considered it very ill-bred to swear at any woman but his wife. He muttered also something about termagants, and what sort of a home they made for a man.

"What's that you say?" said his wife, now thoroughly aroused. "Something about making a man's home a ———, I won't speak the wicked word. Nice language for a lady's ears," she continued, contemptuously. "But its such, I suppose, as you learn from your boon companions."

She paused, but he made no answer. In fact he was cowed for the moment. He had thought he had married a Desdemona. But he was asking himself now if it was not rather a Lady Macbeth.

"What else ought a man's house to be," she resumed, passionately, "if this is the way wives are treated? I wonder there's a quiet home any where," she continued, her eyes blazing; and she broke off abruptly with a bitter laugh.

It was well she did, for she was becoming hysterical. Poor, motherless, inexperienced child, almost frantic with outraged love and shame, we can scarcely censure her that she raved thus.

But she had done incalculable harm. Her reproaches had cut to the quick. In his then state of mind, the culprit was not unwilling to have an excuse for anger.

"Well then, madam," he said, coolly buttoning up his coat, "if you don't choose to make my home comfortable, I'll go where I can find one." And with a brutal oath, he wheeled about, and left the room.

### III.

THAT night Mr. Herenand came home intoxicated again. The young wife did not sit up for him this time; but she paced her chamber till he came, winking her hands; and when she heard

him stumble into bed, in the adjoining room, she burst into tears of passionate grief and rage. Her heart was torn by conflicting emotions all this while. She began to fear she had done wrong, but her pride would not let her acknowledge it even to herself, much less to him.

In the morning, when she woke from a feverish sleep, she learned that her husband had already gone out. She saw nothing of him that day. He came home, some time before midnight; but, as she had already shut herself up in her chamber, there was no opportunity for explanation, even if he had wished it.

Thus things went on for days, weeks, and even months. Oh! what a miserable household it was, at least for one, for the other was rarely at home. The young wife would not yield, for, whenever she thought of it, the fact that originally he was in fault recurred to her, steeling her heart as well as blinding her judgment. Meantime she had to keep her sorrow secret. It was not a grief that could be told. Yet often her heart almost broke under it. Then again her proud spirit rose. "She did not care," she said to herself, "he had treated her brutally, yes! brutally; and he might go where he pleased, do what he pleased, it was nothing, it *should* be nothing to her. Other men might kill their wives by such conduct. Thank heaven! she was made of stouter stuff."

But gradually her strength gave way in this struggle. She spent half her time in tears. Often she was tempted to fly to her mother, so much did she yearn for sympathy. At last she remembered her Bible, which, for many years, she had almost neglected. The gentle spirit of that book, particularly of the four gospels, insensibly melted her, and changed the whole current of her thoughts.

One night, as she lay on her pillow, an inward monitor spoke to her, "Was she wholly free from blame?" said the voice. "Had she not, as a wife, taken her husband for good or ill? What did this imply? Was she doing *her* duty, by driving him away with her upbraidings? Did *his* criminality justify wrong on her part? Would her anger make things better? Had it not, on the contrary, made them worse?"

She burst into a passion of tears. Falling on her knees, she solemnly pledged herself to recover her husband, if a change in her conduct could do it.

Had the young wife been less truly a woman she would never have come to this conclusion. She would still have hardened her heart. But the diviner qualities were large and vital in her character; and these had triumphed at last over

the more stubborn and haughty elements of her nature.

"Father in heaven," she cried, "I acknowledge my error. Thou hast set the example, in Thy dear Son, of measureless forbearance and love. Shall I, to whom so much has been forgiven, not forgive also? Shall I drive the husband, I have sworn to love and honor, into causes more evil than before, and only because he has wronged me once:—when Thou hast died for those who have wronged Thee a thousand times, and who cruelly mock Thee still? Oh! I see now," she cried, "that it is more Christ-like to act the diviner part, and to win back the erring by the very magnitude of our love and sacrifices for them. Here then I dedicate myself to this task," she continued, solemnly, lifting her streaming eyes to heaven, "if Thou wilt but sanctify the act, and give me the strength I need to persevere to the end."

She rose a changed being. The mystery of life had been revealed to her. She knew her mission on earth, and prepared, martyr-like, to go forward in it. She had recognized the Cross she was to bear.

#### IV.

AND it proved a Cross indeed! At first her altered demeanor produced no impression on her husband except contemptuous surprise. A less selfish, or less haughty man, would have been easily melted by her meekness, her forbearance, her evident efforts to please. But his heart, never very gentle, had become like the "nether mill-stone." He had expected a slave in a wife, and finding himself disappointed, had vowed to break her heart. So his feelings were those of gratulation, rather than affection, at these signs of what he thought her submission. Sardonic as it was, there is no exaggeration in this. There are such men—brutes, almost devils.

At times his wife almost gave up. Many was the bitter hour she spent alone in tears in her chamber. Often she rose from a sick bed to dress herself in his favorite colors and welcome him with a cheerful smile. She selected for the table the delicacies she knew he liked best. She informed herself on the subjects she thought would be most apt to please him. She played his favorite airs. Occasionally he would relent a little, hard and resolute as he was; but it was only a momentary gleam of sunshine.

Without her Bible she would have given up. But she found, the more she studied its spirit, that, if love would not win back her husband, anger would fail even more utterly. The whole scheme of Redemption rose before her, not only

as the great fact of the Gospel, but as the type, to all time, of the means to recover the lost. "Surely," she said, "if Christ submitted to be led like a lamb to the slaughter, and all to win a degraded and fallen world back to Him, ought not I to suffer all for my husband in hopes to touch his heart also?"

And then she would add. "He is obdurate yet, because I irritated him so long. Had I begun earlier, he would have yielded before now."

Cruel as Mr. Herenand was he would have been softened, if it had not been for the influence of one of his wife's own sex. This abandoned creature had exercised a controlling influence over him previous to his marriage; but on that event he had shaken off the connexion; only, however, to resume it on the first quarrel with his bride. And now this vile wretch sought, by every act, to widen the breach, undoing, day by day, all that the wife had done.

"Can you go with me to ———," said Mrs. Herenand, in her gentlest tones. "I have received a note saying that my friend, Mrs. Arlington, is dangerously ill and wishes to see me."

The place she mentioned was on the river, some twenty miles from the city. It would take only a day, and, for a moment, Mr. Herenand was tempted to say yes. For several days he had been touched by his wife's meekness, even almost to changing his conduct. But, just as he was on the point of agreeing, he remembered that he had an engagement to play a game of billiards for a bet, that very morning.

"No, Anne," he said, though with evident regret, "I can't go." It was the first time, for months, that he had used any but her last name, in addressing her; and it almost unnerved her. "But if you'll take the cars, on returning," he added, kindly, "I'll come for you."

"Thank you," faltered the wife. She could say no more, for her heart was full—full of gratitude to God and of visions of a happy future.

The invalid, however, was so loath to part with Mrs. Herenand, keeping hold of her hand, and asking her new questions continually, that the cars started before Mrs. Herenand reached the depot. There was a steamboat, which left half an hour later, but the disappointed wife, though she availed herself of this to return, could not keep down the rebellious regrets that her friend had prevented her from meeting her husband.

"He will be angry," she said. "Appearances will be against me, and he will hardly wait for an explanation. If it had happened, when all was well between us, the difference would not



have been so great. But now I fear he will not even come home."

She was filled with these thoughts, and was restraining her tears with difficulty, when, about half way to the city, the boat stopped at a landing. There was a large hotel there, with spacious grounds about it, celebrated as a resort for gay parties from the city. Looking up, at hearing boisterous laughter, what was Mrs. Herenand's amazement to behold her husband, evidently somewhat flushed with wine, leading on board a female, whose free demeanor and showy style of dress betokened too well her character.

Yes! the husband, after playing out his game of billiards, during which he had drank freely of champagne, had received a note from this bad woman asking him to accompany her on an excursion, and dine at the — hotel. He had been persuaded, in an evil hour, to go: and was now more excited with wine than before. Mrs. Herenand was not unknown by sight to this vile creature, who now fixing her bold eyes on the poor, fainting wife, gave a scornful laugh as she swept past, holding the husband tight to her arm.

The victim of this insult, the innocent wife, thought, for a moment, she would have died. Indignation and shame racked her heart. Then consciousness fled, for Nature was too weak for the struggle, and she sank back fainting. By this time, however, the wanton had carried off the husband to the upper deck, so that he heard nothing of the incident. In fact, not having happened to see his wife at all, he laughed and jested, all the way to the city, with that exuberant mirth which incipient intoxication produces.

That night, as Mrs. Herenand prayed in her deserted chamber, it required all her faith to make her believe in the justice of God. "I who am, at least, striving to do right," she said, bitterly, "to be thrust aside for this creature—oh! it is too much." But prayer brought relief. She thought of the words of the Litany, "By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion," and feeling that, with all her woes, she had suffered nothing like to Christ, she bowed in repentance.

#### V.

To do Mr. Herenand justice, he felt the acutest shame, when he heard that his wife had been on board the steamboat. But the tempter, who had led him astray, and who had seized the first favorable opportunity to acquaint him of a fact, which she knew could not be kept from him, and which she sought therefore to turn to her own purposes; this foul enchantress, we say, was at

hand to destroy any good effect which might have resulted from it. Besides, the offender was really ashamed to go home to his outraged wife. He did not believe she could forgive him. Thus, betwixt his own conscience and the artful hints of his companion, he was induced to plunge into a series of orgies, in which he strove at once to find amusement and to drown his own reproaches.

And now a great struggle arose in the heart of his wife. Hitherto, the alienation of herself and husband, though secretly whispered about, had never been made the subject of general gossip; but the conduct of Mr. Herenand now made himself and wife the theme of remark everywhere. The scandal even reached, in time, the distant city, where Mrs. Herenand's family resided; and a strong letter was received from her elder brother, its surviving head, urging her return to her mother's roof.

Should she go, and thus abandon all? Or should she still wait, hoping for the Prodigal's return? These were the questions that pressed themselves upon her. Pride, the wishes of her family, and often a feeling of despair, urged the former course. But the Bible told her that the latter was her duty. "My mission is to save my husband," she wrote back to her brother, "not to abandon him; and God helping me I will stay at my post." There have been martyrs, who have died at the stake, in whom heroism and religion were not higher than in her.

But her reply did not satisfy her relatives. Her brother was a man, who, as he himself said, "couldn't understand such whimsical conduct." Religion, in his estimation, consisted in going stately to church, in setting a good example before the world, and in appropriating a liberal sum annually to charitable purposes. He could travel the beaten round of acknowledged duties, but could neither undertake loftier ones, nor appreciate those who did. He thought his sister as infatuated as her husband was guilty: and resolving that she should not, in his own words, "make a fool of herself," he started to bring her home.

In this his mother was the only one who even attempted to oppose him. To her the conduct of her daughter was not wholly inexplicable. She felt, that, in similar circumstances, she might herself have acted in the same manner. But pity and love made her remonstrances with her son weak; and finally she suffered him to depart, with a message from herself to her child, recommending her return.

Against this new assault, which she had not expected, Mrs. Herenand knew not scarcely what

to do. Her angry and self-willed brother, not only positively insisted on her returning with him, but so represented their mother's sentiments, that the poor wife, who had hoped to be appreciated in that quarter at least, was led to believe that her surviving parent disapproved of her conduct. Fortunately her brother's position as a church member forbade the idea of a rencontre between him and her husband, else she would have had to fear a hostile meeting between them, as an additional ingredient in her cup of misery.

"I tell you," he said, vehemently, when he found that his sister still hesitated, "that you are the general laughing-stock. Even the men say you want spirit: and the women call you a dunce. You can only do one thing worse, and that is to follow your husband."

"And I am about to do that," was the mild reply. "I have just received sure intelligence that he is lying dangerously sick, with a contagious disorder, and that—that," she could not bring herself to pronounce the name that rose to her lips, but added, "in short he has been abandoned. I only waited for you to come in, dear brother, to go to him."

"Now this is madness," exclaimed her brother, when he had partially recovered from his amazement. "The villain should be left to die, like a rat in a hole: and even that is too good for him after what he has done to you."

The sister burst into tears.

"Oh! brother," she cried, "you a Christian, and speaking in that way. To whom much is forgiven, from them much will be required. I feel that, but for me, my husband might never have gone so far astray; and if by flying to him now, I may recover him to the paths of virtue, how will I thank God."

As she uttered these words, with clasped hands, her streaming eyes directed above, she looked a saint. Her brother was touched. He made no effort to remonstrate further with her; but, after a pause, said,

"Since you are resolved, I will do all I can to avoid scandal. It is my duty to do so. Nay! no expostulation, I gave way to you in one matter, and you must and shall give way to me in this. I will have Mr. Herenand brought here. He shall be nursed in his own house, if his wife is to nurse him at all. My sister," he added, emphatically, "shall never contaminate herself by following him to a wanton's home."

"Go at once, dear James," said the wife, not trusting herself to say more. "Every minute is critical. And I will bless you, as God will, I know."

## VI.

It is not our purpose to dwell on the terrible days, during which Mrs. Herenand nursed her husband in the crisis of his malignant disorder.

At last the peril was over. The patient was pronounced convalescent.

The wife's prayers had been heard. The invalid was not only recovering his health, but was sincerely repentant, and had sought and been forgiven.

What a blissful day was that, when, for the first time, the physician allowed the husband and wife to converse. Long before, the patient had shown, by his altered manner, how deeply remorseful he was; but when he came to assure his long-suffering wife of it in words, her happiness repaid her a thousand fold for all she had suffered.

"How can you ever forgive me?" These were his words. "When I was abandoned, when I should have died in that horrid place, you, whom I had deserted, came to my rescue, and saved my life. Oh! Anne, you have made me, not only love and reverence you, but have given me a loftier notion of all the pure of your sex. I thought women were either vile, or flippant, as thousands think, living like I did when a bachelor: and hence my readiness to do injustice to you, and quarrel at your remonstrances——"

"Do not talk in this way, dearest," she interrupted him to say, "I was wrong too. I also have to ask forgiveness. But God at last opened my eyes, and gave me strength to amend. To him, not to me, give thanks."

"I do, I do," fervently said Mr. Herenand. "You have taught me, love, by your conduct, that religion is not a mere dead formality, as the behavior of so many professors had led me to believe. I see now that it is a living reality, teaching practical forgiveness, and sending even the wronged to seek out the wrong-doers among publicans and sinners, as in the days of Christ."

Much more he said to the same effect. Indeed, his wife had to keep out of the room a considerable part of the time, lest she should bring back an access of fever by the excitement of too much talking. These intervals of forced loneliness the convalescent spent in reading his Bible and in prayer; for the change in his character was radical; and for the first time in his life, he, who had thought himself so wise, began to acquire true wisdom. That gospel, which hitherto had seemed to him foolishness, as to the Greeks, was now the power of God unto salvation.

Suddenly Mrs. Herenand began to sicken. The cause was not long in doubt. Her disease

was pronounced to be the same as that of her husband.

This the convalescent had secretly feared from the first. An inward monitor had whispered to him that he did not deserve so great a blessing as to have her spared to him; and he felt, therefore, when the announcement of her disorder was made, that she would never recover.

He was right. She did not. Her constitution, never strong, had been further weakened by the mental anguish she had undergone; and she sank rapidly and surely.

Oh! how her husband, in his now empty chamber, strove with heaven for her life. "Not that she is not more fitted for heaven than earth," he cried, "not that I, sinner as I am, do not deserve to lose her; but that she may live to be made happy, as far as I can make her so by my unbounded devotion. Have pity, Father of Mercies."

But the inexorable decree had gone forth. She had finished her work, she had fought the good fight. Perhaps this is what death means, and that we are all called, when our mission is done. Pray heaven we may not be found to have buried our talent.

A day or two before the closing scene, the reformed husband, resisting every expostulation, insisted on being carried into his wife's room, and having a permanent bed provided for him there, so placed that he could see her all the time.

"Farewell," were almost the last words of the sweet martyr. "We shall meet in heaven. It is best to go. If I had lived, I might, perhaps, have failed, sometimes, in my duty——"

"Never, never," cried the husband.

"We don't know. It is human to be weak. Only the grace of God can make us strong. Oh! be strong, try to be strong, dearest," she added, with sudden energy. "Life is but the beginning of our spiritual development: be strong and grow in holiness: and if such things can be, I will watch over you, and so we may grow apace together. Death will not, I feel, separate us. We shall still be one, more so than ever here—thanks be to God, who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

She spoke these last words exultingly, triumphantly; and with a voice as powerful as if in health. After she ceased, she remained a moment, smiling

at her husband: her face already, he thought, shining like an angel's. Suddenly a shadow, livid and indescribable, but such as, once seen, is ever after remembered as the shadow of death, fell across her face. She never spoke more.

## VII.

MR. HERNAND went forth a changed man. It was no temporary reform that had been worked in him. His wife's death prevented all possibility of such a thing.

And now it was that the better qualities of his nature found a legitimate field for their exercise. The same head-strong characteristics, which had made him a leader in vice, rendered him, now that they were enlisted on the side of the right, a dauntless champion of the latter.

He felt that he had been doubly "bought with a price," and that neither his life, his time, nor his fortune was his own. The talents that had been neglected, or perverted, were now called into full play; his energies were roused to do good; and, after due preparation, he devoted himself to the work of the ministry. He chose one of our great cities for his field. But, instead of seeking to build up a merely fashionable church, he preached the gospel in the lanes and alleys, preached it to the poor, to the criminal, to the Pariah. His liberal income enabled him to give largely, to build houses of worship where they were most wanted: and many a sacred edifice now attests his benevolence, as many a congregation recalls his labors. When he had sown the good seed in one place, he went to another; but it was always to the same neglected classes that he preached. "There is a Paganism growing up in our midst," he would say, "among the thousands, who, in our great cities, are virtually excluded from our costly churches. I feel this is my peculiar field, and God helping me, I will have none other."

He also, reader, had found his mission. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, are the "sheaves" he has garnered. His name is in all the churches. But not the less worthy was the work of the meek wife, who dying that she might save him, was the true cause, under God, of these blessed labors. In heaven, if not on earth, her services are known. When, like her, the fervent preacher has finished his task, he also will be permitted to "go home."

## AN ANAGRAM.

To the young or the old  
It need scarcely be told,  
That the Alphabet's very preverse;

For in verse or in prose,  
A few letters transpose,  
And the meaning 't will wholly reverse.

## "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Fire! fire! fire!" The shrill alarm rang out on the evening air, and multitudes followed the rattling engines to the scene of conflagration—a block of small buildings in the most densely populated part of the city. Despite the exertions of the firemen the flames continued to spread, until it was evident that the entire block would be destroyed. The occupants were persons in moderate circumstances, who now stood watching the progress of the surging flames with intense anxiety, yet powerless to avert what to some of the number would be utter ruin.

"Take care of your pocket-book, Maury; one of our neighbors has just been relieved of the burden of his," said one of the crowd, addressing an elderly man, who, with his wife clinging to his arm, was silently gazing at one of the burning houses. He turned as the words reached his ear, and with a faint smile of mournful significance, replied,

"Thank you for the warning, friend Thomas, but that is a matter of which I have no fears. The only thieves I have to fear are the flames, and against them I cannot guard."

He turned away as he spoke, and his troubled glance met that of his wife, over whose pale cheeks tears were quickly falling.

The attention of many spectators had been drawn to them, and a young man, who stood at some little distance, riveted his eyes upon the sorrowing couple with an expression of something more than mere curiosity or compassion. He then spoke to Mr. Thomas.

"I believe you called that gentleman Maury?"

"Yes. William Maury is his name," was the reply.

"Did he not formerly keep a trimming store in Second street?"

"Yes, for many years; but the march of improvement crowded him and other small dealers out, to make room for large establishments, and some time ago he came up here. His case is a sad one. All his means were invested in his goods, and he has not a dollar insurance, and as his house was next to the one in which the fire broke out he has saved nothing. In one respect he is fortunate; he has no family, only himself and wife; but they will be entirely destitute."

The young man bowed his thanks to his informant, and pushed his way through the crowd till he stood beside the object of his inquiries, whom he accosted in a tone of respectful familiarity.

"Pardon the liberty I am about taking, sir; we are old friends, though I fear you do not remember me. Will not Mrs. Maury's health suffer by being exposed to the night air?"

"I am afraid it will," replied Mr. Maury, looking anxiously at his wife.

"I do not feel the cold," she said, quietly.

"No; anxiety renders you insensible to it; but that does not lessen your danger. Indeed you should not remain longer," said the stranger, with an air of deep interest.

"Alas! where shall we go?" half sighed the spirit-saddened man, still gazing wistfully on his once comfortable home.

"Allow me, sir, to claim the privilege of friendship, and conduct you to my house. Remain here for a moment and I will return."

With these words the young man hastened away, but presently reappeared and conducted the Maury's to a cab, in which all three took their places, and were soon driven to a distant part of the city, where the vehicle stopped before a neat two-story building. The young man, who had meantime gave his name to his companions as Richard Davis, assisted them to alight, and discharging the cab led the way through a small store to a comfortably furnished sitting-room, where requesting them to take seats and make themselves at home, he left them speculating on the cause of the great interest he seemed to take in their affairs.

They had but little time to interchange expressions of wonder, ere their host reappeared with a pleasant-looking young woman whom he introduced as his wife, and who greeted them with such frank, earnest cordiality as tended to increase their astonishment. The young man laughed gaily as he saw their surprise.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I see I have raised your curiosity, so I must not longer delay to gratify it. Let me ask you in the first place, Mr. Maury, if you have any recollection of a poor boy, who some fifteen years ago attracted your benevolent notice, and whom you started

in life with a stock of trimmings that to him seemed almost inexhaustible?"

Mr. Maury slowly shook his head, while he gazed upon his host with increased wonder.

"No!" resumed Richard. "How should one amongst numberless kindred deeds remain in the memory of the generous benefactor? But it has remained, and will ever remain impressed on my mind, for I was the unfortunate child thus bountifully assisted. I was alone in the world, with no relations nor acquaintances even, save a poor family of the name of Connor, who had known my deceased mother, and for her sake gave an humble shelter to her destitute orphan. What with selling chips, running errands now and then, and so on, I earned a trifle occasionally which was useful to those with whom I lived, for they had a large family, and could but ill afford the additional expense of supporting me.

"After awhile I found that errand boys and girls who lived near us were getting along first rate, as they said, by disposing of candy and cakes, which a woman in our neighborhood supplied them with at a low price, and I adopted this mode of making a living, which, though toilsome, I found equal to my humble expectations, and I continued it for a long time.

"One day, however, I was very unfortunate. I had taken a new route, and wandered on hour after hour without making any sale; and it was nearly dark when I turned to go home, more completely down-hearted than I had ever been before. I was going on slowly, holding out my little basket of confectionary to the few passers-by, when a boy coming along gave a tip to my basket, which upset its contents into the gutter. This was the finishing stroke to the day's calamities, and as the fellow ran off laughing heartily at my doleful looks, I sat down on a step and began to cry in utter despair; for I remembered that I had nothing to begin the next day with, and no money to replace my little stock.

"But it happened that it was near your store that this disaster occurred. You had seen it all and called me to you. Very soon you were made acquainted with my story, and you not only gave me a quarter dollar, which amply covered my loss, but stocked my basket with various little articles of trimming, which you said I could take about with the candies, and when I could find no sale for the one, I might for the other. I recollect how frightened I was when I saw you putting in so many things, for the candy woman was always particular about the price of every cake and stick of candy, and I did not dream that you intended giving me so much without payment. But when I said about it you only

laughed and told me to take them for nothing, and when they were all sold, if I wanted more to come back, and you would sell whatever I wanted very low, and some day I might have a store of my own. While you were talking your wife came down stairs, and after looking at me a moment, went up again and brought me two big buns, which I eat as I went home. Never did food taste to me so delicious, for I had eaten nothing since breakfast; and after all the trouble I had had through the day, I was now completely happy.

"On reaching home another piece of good luck awaited me. I found a pedlar (an old acquaintance of Connors') at supper with them, and after I had related all that passed to my good friends, who were surprised at the sight of the basket full of trimmings, the pedlar proposed to take me with him in his journeyings. This appeared to all a fine chance for me, as he intended, as soon as he could realize sufficient means, to open a store in some western town, and promised to give me, should I prove worthy, a liberal share in the profits.

"I thankfully accepted his offer, and it was decided that on the following day we should depart. The only thing that troubled me was that the hour for starting was to be so early that I could not go to my generous benefactor, whose kindness was the commencement of my good fortune, and inform him of my project. This at first grieved me a good deal, but as one of the children, from the description I gave of the store, was positive that the sign bore the name of William Murray. I contented myself with resolving that as soon as the pedlar (uncle Rogers as he told me to call him) would fulfil his promise of teaching me writing, I would send a letter from whatever part of the country I might chance to be, which should both assure you of my lasting gratitude, and detail my situation and prospects. It was full two years before I was able to act on that resolution, and as I had not learned your name correctly, of course my letter failed to reach you.

"But I must hasten with my story, leaving particulars to a more seasonable time. My little stock was carefully deposited in uncle Rogers' covered wagon, and thus having, as he termed it, formed a co-partnership, we pursued our wanderings for some time with success, and at last opened a small store in Cincinnati. As years passed by, our business continued to flourish beyond our most sanguine expectations. Uncle Rogers faithfully fulfilled his promises in my regard, and when at length I became the husband of Susie," he glanced pleasantly at his blushing

wife as he spoke, "I found myself at the summit of earthly happiness. Uncle Rogers' delight in our union was scarcely less, I believe, than my own; but the good old man did not live long to witness our felicity, and his death was to both of us a sad affliction. Nor did the last token of his attachment, his bequest to me of all the little property he possessed, tend to decrease my sorrow.

"After his death Cincinnati became distasteful to me. I longed to behold my native city once more, and as Susie had no ties to render her reluctant to depart, we soon made arrangements for coming hither.

"During all the period of my absence I had retained a lively recollection of the events of the day preceding my departure; and on my arrival, as soon as I had found a boarding-house, and conveyed Susie and our baggage to it, I hastened to Second street. I had not thought of the changes that fifteen years make in a thriving city. The entire street looked to me unfamiliar, and I walked square after square, looking intently at every trimming store, making inquiries at several; and at last remembering the directory I consulted it in eager anticipation: all in vain. Tired, disappointed, and a good deal out of humor, I returned to my wife, acquainting her with the ill success of my search. She, to whom I had often related the unlooked-for bounty that made the name of Maury a sacred word to me, sympathized in my disappointment, but encouraged me to hope that on the morrow I might be more successful. But the morrow brought only a similar result. As for the Connors', after whom I next sought, I easily found their former residence, and learned that they had all gone to the West several years previous.

"To-day, a lucky chance led me to the fire. I had been but a few moments there when your neighbor warned you about pick-pockets. The name struck me as being so much like the one that was haunting my memory, that I leaned forward eagerly to see the person he addressed,

and when I beheld your face, and heard the well-remembered voice, my heart leaped with the conviction that I at length beheld my benefactor. A few inquiries satisfied me that I was correct, and after almost being induced to despair of ever meeting you again, you may imagine that I delayed not an instant to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded of addressing you.

"And now, my dear friends," continued the young man, taking a hand of each and pressing them warmly between his own, "let me end this long recital by requesting you henceforth to consider this house your home. Nay, no refusal!" he added, in a tone of entreaty as Mr. Maury was about to speak. "I had intended when I left Cincinnati to see if we could not become partners in our business; now I insist upon it, for I am sure the connection will prove both pleasant and profitable. Come, Susie, and tell our friends that my chief inducement to return to my native place arose from the hope of again seeing them, and being honored with their friendship."

The young wife readily corroborated her husband's words, and assured them of the pleasure it would likewise afford her to have them remain, who seemed like old familiar friends, she had heard them spoken of so often. The aged couple at first were silent from excess of emotion, but Mrs. Maury folded her arms lovingly around Susie, while her husband, pressing Richard's hand in grateful acceptance of his offer, in tremulous accents besought heaven's blessing on the house that afforded shelter to the homeless. There were tears in every eye in that group, but tears of sweet and happy feelings; and when they separated to seek their tranquil repose, the hearts of the young people were full of the pleasurable emotions that ever wait on a generous deed; while their guests with mingled feelings of awe, love and gratitude, gave thanks to Him who had thus fulfilled for them the gracious promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after *many days* thou shalt find it again."

## THE DYING CHILD.

BY JOHN LINDSEY.

"Why dost thou look so earnestly  
Upon that golden sky?  
Why do those tears, my little boy,  
Bedim thy soft blue eyes?"

"Father, look upon yon clouds,  
So beautiful and bright;  
But ah, I know full well their hues  
Are fading into night.

"Oh, lay me in some lone church-yard,  
Among the young and fair,  
And let the earliest flowers of Spring  
Bloom sweetly round me there.

"Yes, lay me in some lone church-yard,  
Beneath some shady tree,  
Where all the little birds I love  
May sit and sing to me."

## DR. WETHERGREEN'S PRACTICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.

### CHAPTER V.

THE next morning, when Ambrose was at Dr. Joseph's room, talking and tearing a bit of newspaper to pieces mechanically, as he talked, he stopped suddenly in the midst of something that he was saying, ran his eyes over the paper he held, and then read aloud to Joseph—"Lost. On Tuesday, 27th ult., a female canary bird, of delicate color, with white about her breast and wings. She is an intelligent bird; sings almost constantly, and answers to the names 'Birdy' and 'Charly.' The bird is a favorite. Any one who will restore her to her owner, No. 96 Lowell street, will be very gratefully rewarded."

Dr. Joseph's face had been a thoughtful one all the morning; for his mind was on the painful last night's scene. Ambrose, when he looked up, could not see much change in his face. The mouth was a little sadder, that was all. For the rest, he had his eyes fixed on birdy, who was the busiest thing alive now, bathing and shaking her wings.

"Too outrageous bad! ain't it, cousin Jo?"

"Yes; I'm sorry. I can spare her," looking back into Ambrose's face. "That poor fellow could spare his child, last night, and be a man. Pity if I can't spare a bird I've had so short a time; but, I tell you, Nat, it will make my heart ache. It does now, thinking of it. For I sit here alone and wait so much, you know! I had grown so tired of it before birdy came! She, the darling! see her, Nat! see how she exults in the bath! she has made it so much easier for me to wait and to hope."

"Well, you just wait. We'll walk around to-night, when it is cooler, and see how things look at No. 96. We'll see if they look as if there was a lack of comforts there. If they do, why then we'll give up the bird, won't we? If they don't, I have thought of a way to fix matters, so that the owner of the bird and you shall both be content. What say you to this, old fellow?" clapping one hand on Joseph's shoulder, at the same time, that, with the other, he took hold of the visor of his cap to go.

"What does birdy say?" asked Dr. Joseph.

Birdy went up to her perch out of the bath,

looked over to her master's face, said, "Eh?—eh?" and kept her wings fluttering, and her bill going amongst the feathers, in a bustling way, as if she meant to signify to Joseph and to all concerned, that she could by no means stop to go round to No. 96; that she had altogether too much to do where she was; and so intended to stay.

The doctor and Ambrose both laughed at her. The doctor called her "darling!" Ambrose said, "You're a knowing little thing!" and started toward the door. "I'm going in to French's to smoke and eat some oysters;" with his hand on the door-knob, and coloring a little in the neighborhood of the sorts of his hair. The color of the rest of his good-natured face could hardly be increased by any amount of blushing whatever. "You'd better go too."

"No."

"No! don't you ever smoke yet?"

"No."

"'Twould raise your spirits; I can tell you that."

"They'd fall again though. Can't you tell me that too?"

"Well, I can. But come and eat some oysters."

"No, cousin Nat."

"No? who ever saw such a fellow? did ever you, my bird!"

"Eh," said birdy. "Eh; eh."

"She means 'yes,'" laughed Joseph. "She does the same herself. She never goes to French's. She stays here, eats her seed and outtle-bone and drinks her water."

"And what do you do?" dropping the door-handle. "How do you live? on bread and coffee and nothing else, only a little butter, perhaps?"

"Chiefly. Now and then, when I can afford it, and order it, my landlady sends up, for my dinner, a slice of meat, or fish, and a potato, with some gravy, and brown bread. I used to have something of the kind every day, when I first came; when my expectations were up; and often some delicate bits with my breakfast and tea. I don't miss it, Nat," seeing that his cousin had an unspeakable amount of dole in his looks.

"I am just as well, even better without it. I am perfectly content so far as my living is concerned.

I want business; want something to do; that is all I want."

"And that'll come some time, if you can stand it, poor fellow. I ain't going in to French's," coming to sit by the table with his cap on. "Where—where's your pen? Yes, I see. I'm going to write to mother and Nan. Or, no I ain't!" wiping the pen he had already dipped into the ink. "I shall go to-morrow, by a late train to see 'em. I shall go out now and be looking about. Suppose you go with me. Suppose we go now and see how things look at No. 96. And then I can be pushing patters for the rest of the day. What say, old fellow?"

The "old fellow" said he would go; whistled softly a strain or two of "The last Rose of Summer," looked at birdy and went out.

No. 96 was a very pretty house with gable-windows above, and bay-windows below; with terraces covered heavily with dark green grass and dotted with little clumps of box, and large clumps of flowering shrubs. The yard was large and so was the garden. Through the clear panes of the bay-windows they saw green leaves, scarlet and white flowers, and ladies in light dresses sitting. They looked for the name on the door and found that it was Cunningham, "J. F. Cunningham." They looked for an empty bird-cage hanging; but found instead two bird-cages, in a balcony that ran back to a door in the wing; and in each cage a bird was perched; a bobolink in one, a goldfinch in the other. A green parrot at a lower kitchen door, that opened into the garden, clamored for "cr—r—racker;" and kept clamoring, in spite of all two beautiful children, a boy and a girl, could do in supplying him with the desired article.

"Do you know of anybody that has found a canary, sir?" The rosy-cheeked boy who asked the question was at Ambrose's side, where he and Dr. Joseph stood looking over the enclosure at No. 96.

"Why, my little fellow?" asked Ambrose, with his hand lying on the boy's head.

"'Cause Car'line here," tipping his head toward No. 96, "lost hern one day. It flew away. An' she said if I'd find it anywheres, she'd gi' me fifty cents. An' I want ter find 'im."

"Who is Caroline?"

"Don't you know?" smiling as if that were strange enough. "She's his sister;" again tipping his head toward the house. "She's Mr. Cun'gham's sister. Her name's Car'line. She's very good. She's give mother a good deal."

"And she's going to give you fifty cents if you find the bird?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll give you fifty cents and more too, whether you find the bird or not," taking out his purse, "here's a little gold dollar for you. Can you carry it home without losing it, think?"

"In here, I can," slipping it into his mouth. "I guess you're as good as she is?" he added, looking inquiringly up into Ambrose's face, and over into Dr. Joseph's.

"As good as who is, Caroline?"

"Yes, Car'line. I'm goin' home now; thank you, sir. I'm goin' ter tell mother, an' show this to 'er."

"That's right. Don't swallow it. And, here!" for the boy was already tripping, although with his face half turned back to them.

"What's your name?"

"Isaac Allen, sir. 'Ike,' they call me all on 'em," replied the boy, walking with the longest steps he could take, backward toward his home.

"Well, be a good boy, Ike. Be a good boy to your mother. Be a good man." Ambrose laughed and spoke "at the top of his voice;" for the boy was already some rods from them.

"Yes, I will," hallowed back the boy, laughing in his turn. "I'm goin' ter show this," touching his tongue, "to mother." And now he turned fairly about with his back toward them, running with his might.

## CHAPTER VI.

NOTHING was said about birdy, or about No. 96, on their way to Joseph's room. They laughed now and then. Ambrose rather vociferously, thinking of "Ike." Ambrose said once, "I shall keep my eye on that little fellow; if I can find out where he lives. I wish I had asked him."

And just as they reached Joseph's place, he said, without lifting his head from its thoughtful inclination,

"And that poor fellow, the architect—I never can think of his name—I shall see to him; that I know!"

Dr. Joseph found a call to Mr. Harvey's on his slate. He went, therefore, leaving Ambrose to employ himself as he pleased in his room.

"We're glad he's gone, ain't we, birdy?" said he, not taking time to look up to the bird; but, giving the books a shove from one side of the table, he sat down and began to write. Scratch, scratch went the pen, carried on and on through the lines by his powerful hand. There; a sweeping, graceful flourish, and it was done.

"Hear how it sounds, little lady," said he, still without looking up. He was taking the sheet into his hand to read it over aloud.

"No. 96," he read, "the bird you lost on the



27th ultimo, came flying into a poor man's window and lit on his finger and sang to him, the first thing. She has been singing and talking to him ever since; when her head is out from under her wing, that is; and she has made it easier, more comfortable for him rubbing along in the world, that is, as yet, rather a hard world for him to make his way in.

"Now, if you want your bird, No. 96, you have only to say so, (this day, or to-morrow, early, if you please,) in a note for the post-office, addressed to 'N. A.' But if you're a mind to give her up, here's a valuable bosom-pin made to order out of California gold. It is for the owner of the bird, whoever he or she may be. The pin won't pay you, whoever you may be. I don't send it for that. I send it to gratify myself. You must find *your* gratification in knowing that you have done good to one who needs and truly deserves it."

Then came the far-sweeping flourish; and that was all.

He enclosed the brooch, carefully folded in many rolls of tissue paper, and was gone with it before Dr. Joseph came back.

Dr. Joseph was gone a long time. Mrs. Harvey knew of a lady, Mrs. Holmes, of Hanover street, who had rheumatism; who had had it many years; who had tried a hundred remedies prescribed by one and another physician, one and another good old lady, but without the least perceptible benefit. On the contrary, her complaint became worse. The cords of her left arm became contracted and stiffened more and more. She slept less and less nights. She *dreaded* the nights, Mrs. Harvey said; *dreaded* the days; *dreaded* everything. "Mrs. Holmes would give any sum to be well," an acquaintance of Mrs. Harvey's, who was present, said. And she had heard her husband, had heard Mr. Holmes, who was an excellent husband and very fond of his wife, say, that he wouldn't value half he was worth, and he was a rich man, any more than he would value a straw, if he could see her as she was ten years ago.

"She wanted me to speak to you about it," interposed Mrs. Harvey. "She wants you to try if you think there is the least chance of doing her good. She wants you to call to-day to see her, at any rate."

Dr. Joseph would go, he said, and took her address.

"Ah, and our near neighbor, Mrs. Dale—you've met her here once or twice, you remember," said Mrs. Harvey, as Joseph was leaving the house; "she wants you to see her baby. You had better go there first; for I think the child

has a settled fever; scarlet fever, I am afraid it is. I should dread that, in the neighborhood," with a light shudder. "My baby died of scarlet fever, you remember I told you."

Yes, Dr. Joseph remembered. He looked down on little Willy's good face—he stood in the door beside his mother, with one hand holding her gown, and the other hugging a book of pictures that his friend, Dr. Joseph, had lately given him.

"Good-bye," said the boy, in answer to the look; "but stop! I want to kiss you just as I do papa, before you go."

"Bless him!" said the young doctor, kissing him and patting his shoulder.

When he raised his head and looked at Mrs. Harvey to bid her a "good morning," she saw tears in his eyes. And he saw tears in hers; for both had been touched by the genuine love and earnestness of the boy. Both thought what a dear boy he had been to them; and both prayed God, in that brief moment, to spare *him* the darling! whatever sickness came near.

The evening and the early morning passed, and no letter had been left at the post-office for "N. A.," Ambrose *knew*; for he had been running in every hour. Humph! it took people so long! His was delivered at 96 yesterday, he knew; for he made an especial request to that end, and gave the post-boy a quarter.

"If this Miss Caroline Cunningham turns out to be an angel, (as she would do, you see, in a novel, however it may happen in this real life of yours) if you come face to face in all the public places and bump your noses at every corner, if she is as delicate and sweet as a Lily, or as fresh and queenly as a rose, don't let love for her come into your heart. If you feel it thumping and edging its way at all, your nerves and veins, stave it off; for she never would have her eyes open till now. She'd come crawling when the meals were ready; she'd go crawling and dragging behind you, when she had your arm in the streets. Ha! I should go raving distracted with such a wife!" leaping out of his chair and half way across the room.

Dr. Joseph laughed quietly, with his thoughts as much on his new patients, as on what his cousin Ambrose was saying and doing. Even while he laughed, he turned the "Examiner" over to find Dr. Cook's essay on scarlet fever.

"I'm going!" He was gone. Ambrose was gone like an engine out of the chamber, down the stairs, out of the house. The next moment after Dr. Joseph lost sight of the vanishing form, he heard him laughing and repeating that he was gone, under his window.

"See—I can spare my bird. I want her to be

talked with a great deal, though; else she will miss it so much. I want her to be in the air a good deal now, in warm weather; and when it comes cold, I want her to be in a warm place, nights. She always has been. She will be chilled to death, perhaps, if she is forgotten, any time. She likes lettuce and chick-weed, now and then.

"I don't care about the brooch. It don't come near the place that my bird filled. I will keep it, however, if you desire it.

"My bird likes to be let out of the cage to walk and fly where she pleases around the room. Please let her come out sometimes, but be careful that no cats are near. Be careful every way; for there never was such a dear bird."

"There, old chap, what do you think of it?"

Ambrose had been standing in Dr. Joseph's door, with his cap on, with his elbows out at right angles, holding the sheet in both hands reading from it aloud.

Joseph kept his eyes on birdy, and the tip of his pen-holder some minutes between his teeth, without speaking. When he did speak, he said something about being rather sorry for the owner of the bird.

"Wonder if the little rascal is sorry," said Ambrose, going up to the cage. "If she is——"

"Eh? eh? eh?" interrupted birdy, shaking the water from her wings into his face; so that he went flying back and pretended to lose his breath. Then they all laughed, birdy and all. That is, birdy warbled as they had never heard her before; and between the strains she looked down on them with cunning eyes.

"Take this for a sign, cousin Jo, that she ain't sorry," said Ambrose. "Her old mistress ain't sorry."

"How do you know that it isn't a master?"

"See!" showing him the beautiful characters.

"She rather likes it, depend upon it. Besides having rather a kind heart, (as one sees she has, by her care for her bird) which, if there was no other consideration, would make her give the bird up to you, she must rather like the romance and so on, of the incident. She does, I'll warrant you. If she's a weak thing, like some young girls, she'll write letters on her perfumed, gilt-edged, embossed sheets, to send in every direction. She'll begin 'em all with her '*ma ami*!'" (he pronounced it "*May a my*," and Dr. Joseph and birdy laughed with their might.) "She would! Then she'd tell the story. She'd own that her precious little night-cap is full of it when she sleeps, so that she dreams the rarest dreams of the new master that her bird sings to. She'd say that she dreams of seeing him; that she dreamed the night before, how she was in a

sweet place, where the grass and the wild flowers grew, and where a charming stream ran, sitting and thinking of him, when, all at once, he came in sight with her bird in his hand; and that, some how, (she hardly knew how, in her dream,) she was pledged to him there; and her bird was standing, dear thing! with one of her pretty feet on his finger and one on hers, singing ready to break her throat. Did one ever? She'd own, in conclusion, that she was foolish enough, that very day, to go off alone to 'the valley,' to see if she could find a place there, by the brook, anywhere, that was like that in her dream; and that, wherever she went on the grounds, she half expected to see the very man of her dream coming out from behind a monument, or some shrubbery, or trees, close by her. She would, wouldn't she, rascal? So she would. You and I know. *He* knows," giving his hand a slight toss toward Dr. Joseph. "He believes it, and rather likes it, busy as he makes himself, indifferent as he *pretends* to make himself, there, with his sugar-powders and his monstrous great globules. If she, if the bird's old mistress is a sensible little thing, or a sensible great thing, she won't say a word, or write a word; but it will be in her thoughts a good deal, so that she'll be mighty still. She'd try not to think. She'll bite her lip, as a kind of penance, you say, whenever she finds herself given up to the thought—and, old fellow," bringing himself to a stand at Joseph's side, "this is the way I have about cured myself of dreaming—would you have believed it? biting my lip hard."

Dr. Joseph let his fingers rest on the powder he was folding, and looked up with not a little interest and pleasure in his face. "Cousin Nat, I am sure you are a good soul!" said he; for it was an expression of genuine sincerity and manliness, that he saw in the face looking down into his.

"Well, I am better than you, or anybody knows, I think; for I never do anything out of the way, without hating myself; hating, that is, the lips that spoke the profane thing, the hands that scrambled and pushed and made headlong haste to the sick. The soul, or whatever it is that is within me, somewhere there, where God has given it a place, I don't hate. I respect it. I have hope in it; I love it; just as I have hope in God, just as I love Him, for his holiness, you see. For this soul of mine always suffers and reproaches and begs, for every wrong thing my lips or hands do." His voice was unsteady, and he went on to stand by the bird awhile, to call her "a dear little rascal," and to see to the water in her bath.

Dr. Joseph sat very still with his fingers on

his little powder still, and his eyes on the window.

"I had been thinking about these things, you see, before your last letter came," Ambrose went on, again taking up his walk across the room. "I had thought a thousand times that *that* day I would begin new, before that last letter of yours came. Since that, I don't do anything, hardly, or say anything, that I don't, before or after it, think of myself as being—where I shall be, some day, without fail—on my death-bed; and ask myself how I'll feel then looking back to it."

"Yes; with the holy place, heaven, just before you, in sight, as it were, and an unholy life behind you," interposed Joseph.

There was a pause, which Ambrose interrupted by saying in low tones, "After that letter came, I tried not to swear. If I did swear, I bit my lip. I could have bit it through, I felt so mad with myself. Now I don't think I swear at all."

"Although you now and then affirm that you do," replied Dr. Joseph, smiling.

"I know. I do say 'I swear,' now and then. I'm going to leave that off too. One may as well be a *man*, as anything, when one is about it. See!" taking out the old watch and showing it to Joseph. "I'm off now. I've got something to see to before I go out."

"I hate to have you go," leaving his chair. "I could spare birdy better."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. Right glad I am if you like me some—rough and hard as I am."

"'Rough and hard,' cousin Nat?"

"Yes, on the outside. Good-bye, old fellow. I'm off."

## CHAPTER VII.

Now, if one could only know something about birdy's old mistress; whether she had black eyes or blue, rosy cheeks or pale; whether she wore white dresses and little black aprons, or grey dresses and long grey aprons; whether she sang spontaneously; and, if she did, whether she sang waltzes and spirited ballads, or chants and vesper hymns; whether she were tall or short; if tall, whether she were slow and nun-like, or earnest and warm and child-like; if short, whether short like a doll, or short like the shortest of the sisters called commonly "the Graces"—if one could know all about it, one would like it, certainly. Dr. Joseph thought sometimes, when he sat there alone with birdy, and birdy had tucked her head under her wing for the night, that he would like to know. He did not allow his mind to dwell on it, though. It was nothing to him. Let her be

as she would, it was nothing to him, sitting there with his single room, and hardly able to pay the rent for that, hardly able to buy bread for himself and seed for the little thing up there on the perch. Caroline Cunningham, living there at her ease in the beautiful house on Lowell street, could be nothing to him—ever; nothing to him. He would remember Anna Rogers; and Dr. Rogers. He would bring them in to fill every place, if presumptuous thoughts came for admittance, so that the presumptuous thoughts should go directly away. He would take no thought for the future; what wife he would have, or what friend. He would be quiet and wait; doing whatever came to him to do with a good, earnest purpose. Mrs. Dale's child was very sick; but, God being his helper, he would raise him up. He would cure Mrs. Holmes; he had no doubt that he could. He would see to McCormick's boy. He would take as good care of him as if he were the President's boy; for no President could love his boy more than McCormick loved his; or need him so much. And, when he saw his patients all doing well, under his hands, he would bless God and be content there with his single room and his bird. So he did not go at all round into the neighborhood of No. 96. One day, when he was on Elm street, he heard a lady just behind him, say to her companion, "See! there's Caroline Cunningham. Don't *she* dress? And she's the hardest thing on the poor! and proud!"

"I sh'd think she was, 'f that's she," was the reply. "You mean that one with the children?"

"Yes. They're her brother's children. Beauties, ain't they?"

Dr. Joseph wanted to look at the pretty children. There never came a child near him, that he didn't want to speak to it, or at least to look at it. But Caroline Cunningham he would rather not see. Or, at any rate, he would take no pains, would not even turn his head to see her. He never would. Never!

Another time, he was in a drygoods store to fill some little commission of cousin Nan's; and he heard a salesman saying to a customer, "It's the richest thing in M——, by all odds. I defy you to find a piece of goods equal to it, if you go from one end of Elm street to the other. We engaged to keep it for Caroline Cunningham; or else send, if we sold this before she came for it, and get her some just precisely like it. If you know anything about her, you know that when she sets out for a thing, she sets out for a pretty nice thing. She'll have the best that there is in the market, or she won't have anything. Every

shopkeeper in M——, knows this. You can't do better, mum. You'd better take it. You'd be sure that nobody but Caroline Cunningham has a dress like it. See, mum. See the effect."

Dr. Joseph knew that the shopman was holding aloft the rich fabric promised to be kept for Caroline Cunningham; but he would have despised the poor kind of curiosity that would have led him to turn his head and see. He kept his eyes on his own poor purchase, on his own poor purse, until his errand was fairly over, and then he moved straight out; straight by the salesman; straight by "the richest thing in M——," promised to Caroline Cunningham, and home. He didn't like this. He was sorry birdy had had such a mistress; wondered whether the bird, coming from such a mistress, had really all the heartiness she appeared to him to have; and all the contentment, and all the pretty vivacity. He wondered if they were not, rather, airs that she had been trained to put on before people. He doubted birdy. He liked birdy much less than he did, a week ago. He hardly liked her at all. He fancied he should that evening take her over to No. 96, and put her into the cage with the goldfinch; to be picked on the head and tormented, if the goldfinch pleased.

He was smiling a little at his conclusion of the matter, was thinking that it was an unreasonably savage one, when he reached his door; when poor birdy, at sight of him, began to chirp in her half plaintive, half merry voice; to spring, to turn her head and keep her eyes on her master, which way soever she sprang, and then to warble precisely as if she were so glad to see him, that her little heart was ready to come out of her mouth.

Ah! Dr. Joseph almost hated himself for having doubted her a minute, the blessed thing! the dear thing! the greatest comfort that any poor, good-for-nothing fellow like him ever had! He threw down his bundle. He had her in his hands, had her pressed close to his cheek. He held his hand so that she could pick and eat a piece of apple that he held between his teeth. It came on dusk, pretty soon, and then the bird cuddled close between his arm and his breast; talked a little, in a low, dear voice, as she cuddled, and then she tucked her head away and went to sleep. They had never loved each other so well, had never found it so good being together, as then. So Dr. Joseph thought. So he was very happy in thinking; and he sat there until bed time, without lights, nursing his bird, and his comfort in his bird; and thinking that she should no more go back to No. 96, than he himself would go.

## CHAPTER VIII.

AMBROSE had been gone from M—— a week, and Dr. Joseph had not once heard from him, when, late one afternoon, he came in upon him with a "Hallo, old fellow! Back again, you see." He brushed his hands as if to free them from dust as he spoke.

"How does little rascal do?" He chirruped and whistled and sang to the bird, she chirruped and sang to him, so that the room was shaken, as it were; so that the landlady's modest little daughter came running up and said, "I knew it was you. I knew you had got back, Mr. Ambrose. I could tell by the noise."

"You could?" catching her suddenly by the arms, and taking her round the room with whirling, waltzing, rapid movements. Kate didn't mind it. She was the best dancer in Mrs. Bundy's school. She had the most delicate feet. She took the lightest steps—springing upon the very tips of her toes, as if she were an Indian rubber girl; and had the most beautiful movements, "as if her whole soul was in it," Mrs. Bundy and others said.

She didn't mind, therefore, being carried round by Ambrose's long steps and strong arms. On the contrary, "I like it," she said, quietly, when it was over.

"So do I, little one. Tell your mother, little Kate, that Dr. Jo don't want any coffee to-night. I'm going to take him away."

"You are?" asked Joseph. "I guess not."

"Ah, yes, indeed I am!" bringing his own cap and Dr. Joseph's hat. "To-morrow I will come and take you, little Kate. I want you to see what I've got down on Hanover street, a little way."

The girl clasped her hands low before her, danced gently a few steps and said, "You're good! I think you're the best of anybody."

"You do?"

"Yes; if you were to die, I should cry every night, after I went to bed, as long as I live. I was thinking about it last night." Tears were in her eyes. They came also to Ambrose's.

"Ah, no. You would think that I had gone where I should never more dig for gold, or go wandering about, or do or say any naughty things. This would be good, wouldn't it, little Kate, to go where we would never do, would never fear doing anything wrong? don't you think it would?"

Kate didn't think, she said, that she would like to die, or to have him, or anybody that she liked, die. She thought it was very easy to not go off digging gold, and to be good here. She said it with raised eyes and clasped hands.

Ambrose told her that that was because she was a little child. When she was a woman, she'd know better what it is to live.

He bade her "good-bye" with a sober face, and went with Dr. Joseph.

"Dr. Wethergreen—Dr. Wethergreen," said Joseph, reading in wondering tones the name on a new sign over the door of a house on whose gate Ambrose already had his hand.

"Yes; this is Dr. Wethergreen's place," said Ambrose, speaking briskly. "We'll go in and see 'im, won't we? We'll leave our hats here on the table—thus. We'll put our hair back from our foreheads—thus;" giving his massy black locks a sweep from his forehead. "We'll take grand steps—thus; for," looking back to Joseph with his finger lifted between them, "the doctor's a crabby stick, who will snarl and throw the poker at us if we don't suit 'im. I hear him now;" with his fingers hold of the door-handle, and his ear at the narrow opening he made. "He grumbles, you see, about the supper Mrs. Wethergreen has put before him. Hear 'im!" with his ear at the crack again. "See 'im!" opening the door wide. "There he is!" taking Joseph along and seating him, with his hands on his shoulders, in a large arm-chair by an open window. "There he is in his easy-chair, where he can see some very bright clouds by looking off in that direction." He pointed through the open window to the sunset clouds, mantling the wood-capped hills over on the Goffstown side. "There is"—opening a door that led back—"why, here's mother, as true as you live! And little Nan!" He drew them both into the room, as if in great surprise.

"What is it? how have you managed?" asked Joseph, standing, and still holding cousin Nan's slender fingers.

"Why, you see," bringing one foot around to tip it on its toes, "I went in to see Ayer about this tenement, when I was here before. I could have it if I wanted it; that is, if mother and my nice little Nan here," clapping a hand on each of Nan's shoulders, "wanted it. I thought they would. I thought that I should be going off again, sometime, no doubt. For, if I had so much gold that I must poke it out of my path with my foot

wherever I stirred," he added, swinging his foot along the floor before him, "I should search and dig. I have that in my blood," reddening deeply, and shaking himself from head to foot, lion-like, "something, I don't know what it is; an overplus of energy and strength, and I don't know what else, so that I *must* stir myself. So, I shall be off, probably. And, before I go, I wanted to have mother and little Nan and you, Jo, here together. I want mother and little Nan to take care of you; and you to take care of mother and little Nan. I've paid the rent for the year, beforehand—'twas only a hundred dollars, which I was glad to be rid of. It leaves a place in my purse where I can put some more, you see, little Nan."

"Did you ever see such a boy?" asked Mrs. Ambrose, after she and Dr. Joseph had several times exchanged looks in silence.

"Of course he never *did*, mother," said Ambrose, laughing and starting for a back room. "We came by the first train, you see," speaking to Dr. Joseph, and showing him through the open door how everything was in order out there too; showing him how the cloth was laid for four, with the same best dishes of fine green ware, that he had seen so many times, within the last ten years, on the table at the farm.

"This don't *make* you, I know, cousin Jo," said Ambrose, when they were talking it over at table, how good the location was for him, so near Elm street, and yet so much pleasanter every way for a home, than that crowded thoroughfare; how the rooms were right in number and size; and how, there, birdy's cage could be hung out among the branches, and then wouldn't she sing? "But, if you do still have to sit and wait in the old way, you can get along with it better here where mother and Nan are. That's what I thought about. You'll have warm dishes, too." And looking steadily, with his head put forward, into Dr. Joseph's face—"if you say one word, or think one thought about paying your board, for five years to come, I shall be mad. I shall! In the course of ten years, little Nan will be getting married perhaps. Then you may do something, everything that you want to, for her."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

T O —————.

BY RICHARD COE.

WHEN through the valley dark and drear,  
Thy faltering steps are called;  
Let not thy spirit sink with fear,  
Nor be thou once appalled:

But let a faith, serene and high,  
Thy steadfast soul attend;  
And Jesus, with his loving eye,  
Will guard thee to the end!

## FLORICULTURE: ANNUALS.\*

BY E. K. SMITH.

**ANNUALS.**—Whatever the object in growing flowers may be, we may find among the annuals plants that will exactly answer the purpose required. If the principal end be a distinct mass of color, a bed of annuals will be found most suitable. On the contrary, if a fine individual specimen plant be required, there are annuals that singly will bear competition with any other description of plant. As regards size and height, annuals may be selected of all sizes, from the tiny *mesembryanthemum*, three inches high, to the conical *schizanthus*, three feet high, and nine in circumference, or the *lupinus Cruikshankii*, that, like a triton among the minnows, looks down upon its less aspiring companions from the altitude of five feet. Nor is their fragrance less delightful than their symmetry of form and delicate beauty of color. The *mignonette* and *alyssum* in the sunshine, the *schizopetalon Walkerii* and the *limnanthes Douglasii* in the shade, emit the sweetest of perfumes. Of all habits and of all colors, annuals afford an immense variety for selection, suitable for all tastes and all requirements. Dwarf or tall, trailers or climbers, slender or stout, early or late, are all to be found in this description of plants.

One great advantage in growing annuals, which should never be overlooked, is the slight expense they entail upon the grower in comparison with other plants, and the speedy gratification they return for the outlay and trouble bestowed upon them. In six or eight months at farthest they are in full bloom, while biennials and perennials do not show flower until the second year. Indeed, a person in summer lodgings only may enjoy the bloom of annuals sown during even that short sojourn. In many of the suburban gardens, defective in soil and genial exposure to the sun, where smoke and slugs combine to destroy every green thing almost as soon as it appears, a few hardy annuals will, by the quickness of their growth, actually outstrip the persecutions of their enemies, and succeed in blooming, when no perennial could show a flower under such circumstances. As to expense, Mrs. Loudon very justly observes, that "the flower of a choice hyacinth, the bulb of which will cost five or six

shillings before planting, is not more beautiful than that of a double rocket larkspur, which may be reared to perfection in three months, from a seed that will scarcely cost more than the fiftieth part of a penny."

Another recommendation these plants possess, is the facility with which they can be made to produce a succession of flowers, when treated as window plants, during the entire winter. With the smallest portion of garden ground, and a spare garret or lumber-room, the parlor window may be kept gay all winter by a very little trouble, and a judicious selection of dwarf annuals.

As the sorts of annuals now cultivated in our gardens amount to upwards of a thousand, and the list is yearly increasing its numbers, it is really very difficult to make a selection that would suit the varied tastes of all our readers. We therefore intend to mingle in our "Century" the old favorites with some of the modern, and among the latter to allude particularly to those valuable acquisitions that we have received within the last few years from the golden shores of California.

A great deal of nonsense has been written on the proper arrangement of colors in a flower-garden. Lord Kaimes has well observed that "colors, when varied within certain limits, though without any artificial order, are pleasant, as in the instance of the various colors of plants and flowers in a meadow; increase the variety, and crowd the whole into a small space, and the effect will be injured, but not if the various colors are placed at greater distances apart." Thus, by appealing to nature, the disputed question is solved at once, and we find that the rules of the contrasts and harmonies of colors are as follows:—Yellow, red, and blue are contrasts in all their shades, and the tints formed by the union of any two of these, form harmonizing colors between the contrasted ones; and not only so, but also more striking contrasts. Blue and red, for instance, form violet, and violet is the highest contrast to yellow, while green and orange are the highest contrasts to red and blue, as crimson has its contrast in deep green, and its harmony in violet. The other contrasts and harmonies may readily be made out on the same principles.

\* Seed can be obtained at Buist's Seed store, No. 97 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. Write by mail.

**CHINA ASTER**.—This favorite flower was introduced to Europe, from China, about 1730, by the Jesuit missionary, D'Incarville. The hybrid varieties raised in Germany, and known as German asters, are the best. The seed should be sown in a warm border in April, and the young plants, when about three inches high, transplanted to where they are intended to flower. The soil of the flowering bed should be rich, trenched at least a spade in depth, and mixed with some well-rotted manure. The plants may be placed from six inches to a foot apart. When they are intended to produce effect by their colors being arranged in figures, they must not be transplanted until their flower-buds have formed sufficiently to indicate their future color. The outlines of the figures are marked on the bed with a chalk line, similar to that used by sawyers, and in the same manner. Circles, letters, crescents, and rainbows may be thus formed. We were, a few years ago, particularly pleased by observing in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, a star of dark purple asters on a ground of white flowers of the same description.

**CANDYTUFT**.—So named from its flowers growing in tufts, and from its originally being a native of Candia. The seeds are pungent, and were at one time eaten instead of mustard, and the leaves and young stems boiled as pot-herbs. There are many varieties, but the purple and rockets are the best. As the candytufts do not bear transplanting, the seed should always be sown where the plant is intended to flower. It may be sown in February, March, April, or May. When sown in June or July, in a sheltered nook and protected from frost, it will blossom all winter. When very fine flowers are required, the seed should be sown in September, and when the second pair of leaves appear on the young plants, they should be thinned out, and sheltered from heavy rains and severe frosts by a covering of hoops and mats. In spring the weakest must be again thinned out, the soil loosened about the stems, and a little weak liquid manure given to them. When coming into flower, they should be gone over carefully, and all the weakest heads unsparingly removed. By these means, flowers of the purple variety may be obtained, measuring fully three inches across, and beautifully colored with a dark purple on the outside, shaded off to almost white in the centre. The rocket candytuft is the most splendid of the tribe. Treated as we have just described, it will attain the height of two feet, each plant bearing five or six racemes of flowers, the side ones eight or ten inches, and the centre ones a foot in length. They should be carefully thinned out, until the

strongest plants alone are left, at the distance of at least a foot and a half or two feet apart.

**CATCHFLY**.—Nearly all of this tribe have a viscid moisture on their stalks, in which it is said flies are frequently entrapped, and hence the name. Though we must in candor confess that we never in all our experience ever saw flies so caught. They are very hardy, require little culture, and do not bear transplanting. The seed should be sown thinly, almost any time in spring. The red and white varieties, known to the seedsmen as Lobel's catchfly, are the best.

**CHRYSANTHEMUM**.—The annual chrysanthemum should be treated exactly as we have already described for the China asters. Either of those flowers may be grown in pots; the pots, inserted in a court-yard during the autumnal months, will make the duller spot look gay and cheerful.

**CONVOLVULUS MAJOR**.—There are almost innumerable varieties of this flower, as the seed seldom produces flowers like its parent. It should be sown in April, and when the young plants are about three inches high, rods or strings should be placed for them to ascend, which they will do, according to the goodness of the soil, from ten to fifteen feet.

The minor convolvulus, of many shades of blue, is also a favorite flower. It delights in a dry and rather rich soil. Sown in March or April, it will flower in June and July. When sown in autumn, it will bloom in the ensuing May.

**CLARKIA**.—This was one of the first of the Californian annuals that was introduced into this country. The varieties known to seedsmen as *elegans*, *pulchella*, *rosed flora-pleno*, and *grandiflora*, are the best. They may be sown from March to May, and previous to flowering should be thinned out to three inches apart. Some persons sow mignonette seed among it, to hide the rather bare-looking stems of the Clarkia. It may also be sown in autumn, to flower in the following spring.

**CENTAURY**.—This is one of our native wild-flowers, but yields to none in its distinct color. Sir J. E. Smith says, "No artificial color can equal the brilliancy of the blue of the outer florets of the *Cyanus*." Our country readers will recognize the wild variety of this plant as the *corn-bottle*, so elegantly described by Longfellow.

"Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born:  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

It may be sown in February, March, or April, or in autumn, to flower in the following spring.

**HELICHRYSM.**—One of the everlasting flowers; may be sown in April or May. The flowers will keep for several years without change. There are many varieties of this plant.

**HAWKWEED.**—This plant, of which there are red, yellow, white, and orange varieties, was introduced upward of two hundred years ago, and is still a favorite. It does not bear transplanting very well, but may be sown in almost any season or soil.

## A MEMORY.

BY ANNA B. LOCKHEAD.

Look thou to yonder hill where sleeps  
The mellow sunshine's golden glow—  
Where solitary silence keeps  
Lone vigil o'er the vales below.  
That cottage brown with many a blast,  
That desolate o'erlooks the vale,  
Brings to me memories of the past—  
The shadow of a mournful tale.  
He dwelleth there a reverend sage,  
Though weight of years he beareth now—  
More curved with sorrow than with age,  
The deep, dark lines upon his brow.  
They tell how bright as flowers that shed  
Their perfume on the Summer air,  
By the rude blast falls withered, dead,  
How many hopes have mouldered there.  
How sorrow's bitter blighting frost,  
One heart's last joy has lowly lain—  
One heart's deep love was given, and lost,  
And now earth has nought left to gain.

Ah! years ago when twilight grey  
Stole o'er the track of vanished day,  
And in the pathway of the sun,  
The stars came outward one by one,  
Brushing the flowers along yon way,  
With his loved partner by his side  
He strayed, not with his step to-day—  
Erect, and firm with manly pride.  
Belinda, sunshine of their hearts,  
Gay prattled at their feet—  
Ah! his all joy that life imparts,  
And bliss if e'er in hearts that beat.

There in those days yon home's bright hearth  
Was one unclouded spot on earth—  
Peace seemed to charm the very air,  
And happiness to linger there.  
But Death delights unseen to lurk,  
O'er happiness to cast his wave—  
Exulting in his mournful work,  
He laid that mother in the grave.  
Then joy forsook that fireside,  
As darkly fell his shadow there—  
Oh! Death! our happiness, and pride,  
Thou turnest all to dark despair.  
But in that father's sorrow dark,

So like her young Belinda smiled,  
That all the affections of his heart,  
Soon centred in his lovely child.  
Soft was her flowing yellow hair,  
And bright her little laughing eyes,  
Though glad, and gay, yet lingered there  
The Heavenly sweetness of the skies.  
Years added to her little form,  
And shadowed o'er her flowing hair,  
And each year brought new charms to adorn  
Her beauty, and make her more fair,  
And as she grew from 'mong the flowers  
To bid his sorrows be forgot,  
And cheer her father's lonely hours  
Was her's, and this was all she sought.  
Her mind expanded 'neath his care,  
For he grew learned with his years,  
He taught her of the good, and fair,  
Old love, and mysteries of the spheres.  
None saw her but to admire and love—  
Beauty had crowned her from her birth—  
Her heart was pure as Heaven above—  
She seemed too beautiful for earth.

Ah! once in yon old forest grand,  
Children we wandered hand in hand,  
And oft we lingered as we strayed,  
To list the note some wild bird made,  
Or plucked the wild flowers at our feet,  
And tied them in a nosegay sweet,  
And when with her I knew not why,  
I loved to gaze deep in her eye,  
But ah! perchance 'twas written there,  
The language of a world more fair.

Belinda! oh! to me how dear—  
Stranger! heed not the swelling tear—  
I seemed but now in yonder glen,  
To see her as I saw her then,  
But sad remembrance tells me now,  
How once when Winter Northward bled—  
When Spring's glad radiance lit her brow,  
The rose-leaf on her young cheek died.  
Long ere the violet wasting fell,  
Her laugh and song had died away—  
No more she wandered hill and dell,  
Or gaily hailed the rosy day.



The gladsome voice of fifteen Springs  
Had filled her youthful heart with glee—  
'Twas June a mournful memory clings  
Around that sunny month to me.

Unmindful of a father's heart,  
Again Death sought that cottage door,  
And aimed his fatal quiver dark—  
Enough! Belinda is no more.  
Ye who have seen the eye grow dim  
Of one ye've loved for many years,  
Oh! ye can sympathize with him—  
With him can shed deep bitter tears.

Alas! she sleeps on yon hill high,  
Where Spring's first fairest flowers bloom,  
But only bloom to fade and die,  
Fit emblem of her early doom.  
The world's cold eye ne'er resteth there,  
And lingers there no heedless tread,  
But hallowed seems the very air,  
That breathing whispers o'er the dead.

Oft at the stilly twilight hour,  
When night dews wet the leaf and flower,  
And in the distant wood is heard  
The sad voice of the lone night bird,  
That father seeks Belinda's tomb  
And sits amid the gathering gloom,  
And in his musings listens oft,  
As though he hears a whisper soft,  
The music of a seraph string,  
Or waving of a hovering wing,  
Or looks with strained wild eye afar,  
As though communing with some star,  
Thus while the night dews chill his breast,  
And Cinthia pale glides down the West,  
He solitary vigil keeps  
O'er where the lost Belinda sleeps,  
But at the first stray beam of day  
He wildly tears himself away,  
That this cold world may never know  
The burden of his heart's deep woe.

## A SUMMER MORNING.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

GOLDEN sunlight now is streaming  
O'er the earth, and brightly gleaming  
From the lake and crystal brooklet coursing over  
field and lawn;  
Here in rarest beauty glancing,  
There with varied lustre dancing,  
E'er imparting rosy tints to all fair things at early  
dawn.

How the morning air is ringing  
With a thousand voices, singing  
Praises to the kind bestower of the lovely Summer  
hours;  
And where willows bend them lowly,  
O'er dark water gliding slowly,  
See reflected on its bosom graceful ferns and clus-  
tring flowers.

Balmy zephyrs softly breathing  
Kiss the roses brightly wreathing  
Yonder cottage, from the portal even to the lowly  
eaves;  
With the foliage gently playing,  
Or 'mong childhood's fair locks straying,  
Which adorn a brow of beauty, such as oft my fancy  
weaves.

Ah, this glorious hour of morning,  
As another day is dawning  
O'er this world where happiness as well as misery  
doth well,  
Who can gaze without perceiving  
Endless beauty! gently weaving  
Round us an entrancing, soothing, calm and holy,  
mystic spell.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

HUSH! 'tis the sweet and holy hour of even—  
Let no rude accent break the silence round:  
O'er lofty rock and tree, and lowly flower  
Deep stillness reigns—a quietude profound.  
The last sweet bird hath ceased its tuneful vesper,  
And fluttered down into its peaceful nest;  
The balmy breeze scarce wakes a fitful whisper  
Among the trees that shade the still lake's breast.  
This is the hour for souls to hold communion,  
The loved and lost—we feel their presence here—

Not as in days gone by, a transient union  
To be allayed, perchance, by doubt or fear.  
No, for within the spirits' rapt recesses  
Each dear one hath a sacred place assigned;  
Alike when joys surround, when trouble presses  
To them we turn a soothing balm to find.  
No parting pangs disturb that blissful union—  
No careless word can sever the bright chain  
That links the heart to them it loves in Heaven,  
Where Hope still whispers, "Ye shall meet again!"

## THE LOVER'S DEFECT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

My husband and I have long passed our honeymoon, but it has been succeeded by another even happier still. I now feel that Philip and myself are really united—we are one in something more than selfish, though mutual, affection and interest. I have just been nursing our first-born child; and her placid sleep in her cot by my side, gives me a half-hour's leisure to devote to the pen. As they say, her guardian angel is hovering over her; for she smiles in her slumbers. How she crowed and capered in my lap, while I chafed and rubbed her infantine limbs as she stretched them before the genial fire! What a dear, dear kiss of wedded love was that which Philip gave me, as he gazed upon her tiny features, which he and I can perceive to bud and open from day to day, like a flower coming gradually but surely into blossom. "Ah, Mary!" he said, as he touched her pretty, pretty little feet, "there is no reason why she should not dance by and by, as gracefully, as I am told, you once did. For you know, my love, I never saw you."

I met my husband, for the first time, at Newport. Mamma was staying at the Ocean House, and it was our practice, every morning, to ride out: she and my younger sisters in a carriage; and I and Ellen on horseback. One morning, just as we were about to start, a gentlemanly young man rode up, accompanied by a lady, and challenged mamma as an old acquaintance. "We are so glad to find you here, Mrs. Hardy," said the female equestrian. "We all came from Boston yesterday afternoon, except papa, who remains at home to attend to business. Even Philip, you see, is to have a fortnight's holiday. Our villa is not two hundred yards off, and one of the first persons we heard of, as being here, was yourself."

Mamma was evidently pleased at the meeting. She presented "her girls" to Miss Armstrong and her brother, and we soon decided that our respective rides would be all the pleasanter for being taken in company.

Ellen and Philip Armstrong were no strangers to us by name, no more than we to them. Their father was a leading lawyer in Boston, and had been mamma's counsellor upon the death of papa. The son had also been educated for the

bar, and already transacted a good deal of business for his father. He had partly, indeed, settled papa's estate. Mamma had the highest opinion of him, yet though she frequently spoke in his commendation, we had never happened to meet. But she often ended her praises with a sigh, or sometimes even with the mournful expression, "It really is a very sad pity!"

Our ride was charming. Ellen Armstrong and I were soon good friends, although she was nearly five years my senior. She seemed to love her brother with a more than sisterly affection, for being a little his elder, her attachment had almost a maternal character. And yet he needed no care or guidance. A fine, handsome, energetic young man, with a sustained and hearty cheerfulness of manner, and a healthy tone of mind and conversation, appeared to me, at the time, a misplaced object for a tender solicitude, which bore an inkling of resemblance to the nervous anxiety with which we regard a convalescent child. Philip rode a beautiful creature—a thoroughbred filly, which he had purchased only two days before leaving home, and had brought down purposely to train for Ellen's use; for Ellen was an excellent horsewoman, and often accompanied him at home. This high-bred mare, which they named Zobeide, was a little shy, though of gentle temper; and young Armstrong was now riding her, with a large horsecloth attached to the saddle, and hanging over loosely on the left side, in order to inure the spirited creature to the fluttering of a lady's riding-habit.

Even our beach-worn and sluggish beasts, felt the influence of the brother's and sister's capital horsemanship, especially when they were a little warmed, and we had got them off the old beaten track which they had been accustomed to traverse backward and forward, at the rate of so many pence per hour. We galloped over the breezy strand, as far as Paradise, and then, when we returned to the beach, Philip made Zobeide skip like a grasshopper. As he mounted to the top of an eminence, with the drapery streaming at his side, I could not help expressing my admiration, and addressing to Ellen some girlish nonsense about Pegasus and the god of poetry.

"How well he rides!" I exclaimed, as unreservedly as if I had known Miss Armstrong a

dozen years." It is not unwomanly for me now to confess that, from the first, his appearance made a great impression upon me.

"Yes, he does," she answered, thoughtfully. "He rides well; he does everything well. And yet, I fear, he is not happy. Papa would like to see him married and settled; but he believes that no woman can ever love him."

"Has he ever tried to make one love him? If he thinks that, he knows but little of women's hearts." I said this with an earnestness which made me blush, as soon as the words were uttered and past recalling.

Ellen looked at me and smiled, but not exactly with a smile of merriment. Philip rejoined us a moment afterward. On our way homeward, as on our journey out, he proved the most considerate, efficient, and agreeable of cavaliers—at least I thought so. He addressed himself to me more frequently than to my sisters; but then I was the eldest, and considered it as no more than my right. Ellen and he insisted on accompanying us to the hotel. Mr. Armstrong did not alight and offer to assist us to dismount—which I fancied he might as well have done—but left us to the unskilful aid of Martha, the hostler, and dear mamma. "Perhaps," said I to myself, "he thinks it beneath him; or, perhaps, he is afraid to trust Zobeide's bridle into the hands of our ungainly hostler." But before I had finished surmising thus, we were all three safe on *terra firma*. They bade us good-by, and trotted off, promising to see us again to-morrow.

I slept exceedingly well that night. The air and the exercise made me feel so happy. I certainly had most curious dreams. I imagined that I was walking in —; but, upon second thoughts, I will keep that extraordinary dream to myself. The following day, soon after breakfast, the crunching of wheels was heard on the road in front of the hotel, and, two minutes afterward, Mrs. Armstrong entered our private parlor. She good-naturedly alluded to our yesterday's excursion, and invited us to dine with her, that the young people might have the pleasure of meeting again. There was to be a little dance in the evening, at the next house but one to hers, to which she and her children were invited; and she had already obtained a glad permission from the lady of the house, to bring us with her in her suite. "But, girls," she added, "go and say, 'How do you do?' to Ellen. Philip did not feel inclined to get out of the chaise, and Ellen would not leave him by himself. I believe she thinks more of his happiness than of her own."

We went out, and found our companions of yesterday at the front of the house, seated in a

neat, low, four-wheeled carriage, that was drawn by a fat, square-built, milk-white pony, with a long and most copious mane and tail. This, Ellen told us afterward, was the equipage which Philip—who was the pattern of good taste and kindness—had set up expressly for his mother's use. I thought it rather indolent on Philip's part not to enter the house and pay his respects to mamma; but all that was soon forgotten when we alluded to yesterday's frolic and this evening's promise. Philip asked me, as if by the way, whether I were fond of dancing; to which I honestly answered, "Excessively!" Instead of engaging me for the first quadrille, as I hoped he would, he only looked disappointed, and said no more. Mamma and Mrs. Armstrong soon came down the terrace steps, and the fat pony dragged his load away at a better pace than you would have expected, to look at him. In the afternoon, as we were walking on the beach, we again saw Philip accustoming Zobeide to the sight of the breakers, still wearing the long cloth attached to one side of his waist, and entirely concealing his left stirrup. He pointed to Ellen in the distance, who was coming to join us; and, as he made Zobeide canter away, I remarked to mamma, with assumed indifference, that he was by far the handsomest of the visitors at Newport. She did not seem to heed the remark, nor did she begin to discuss the merits of the various *beaux* whom we daily saw. But I do believe that, in the evening, she told Ellen what I had said, which I then thought very unkind of her.

Dinner time approached, and we were ready, all in light and simple dresses, with reference not only to the season, but to the character of our evening's amusement. I cast aside the artificial flower which mamma had told me to wear, and put some real roses, with a fresh sprig of shining myrtle, into my light brown hair instead. When we reached Mrs. Armstrong's villa, the first thing I did, on entering the drawing-room, was to look for Philip. He was not there, to my surprise. When the servant came in to announce dinner, he had not yet made his appearance, and I began to fear that something of importance had called him away; but we found him seated in the dining-room, occupying his father's place at the bottom of the table, where he played the gentlemanly and gallant host in such a polished and kindly way, that I was quite sorry when the meal was ended, and Mrs. Armstrong rose to leave. Even then he had not asked me to dance, which I was beginning to think very negligent and unpolite, when I remembered that he could not by any possibility, do anything that was

either one or the other. A shawl and a parasol were the only preparation we required in August, to pay our visit to the next house but one. We found the entrance-hall already full of arrivals.

"Is your brother coming to the dance to-night?" said old and ugly Miss Courrusty to Ellen, in a tone which I did not like at all.

"I believe not," answered Ellen, gently. "He tells me he has several letters to write."

"I should think not indeed!" said Mrs. Sowerham, in an under-tone, to a "friend" behind me. "A young man like Mr. Armstrong is not much fitted for ladies' society."

"Oh! my dear madam," said Mr. Stoughter, an unwieldy monster, who looked like a stranded buoy set on end, "every family, you know, has some crook in their billet, and the Armstrong's have theirs."

"Crook!—billet! How witty and severe you are to-night!" said Miss Courrusty, with a horrible simper.

I could perceive nothing either witty or severe, but the ill-natured spirit in which it was clearly intended, made me feel uncomfortable. But Mrs. Armstrong presented me to our hostess of the evening, and I was obliged to go through with the usual social forms. One thing I had decidedly made up my mind to. Philip was not coming, and much as I liked it, I would not dance at all, if I could help it, with any other partner than him. Still I must avoid all appearance of rudeness and pouting; and I easily managed it. No professional musicians had been engaged, it being expected that a series of damsels would readily fill the office of orchestra: but when the scheme came to its practical execution, a slight hesitation and difficulty were met with, on the part of many young lady performers. One was too timid to play before so many people; another had left her "music" at home; a third had brought only polkas and waltzes, whilst it was arranged to open the ball with a quadrille; and a fourth *figurante*, it was clearly perceptible, came to dance, and not to play. Hearing this, during the preliminary interval which is devoted to presentations, recognitions, and the formations of partnerships, I whispered to the lady of the house, that I was tired of our morning's walk, and that I would rather play than dance for the present, for I had a lurking hope that Philip, after all, would come. I was called a good, dear girl, and all the rest of it, for this supposed piece of self-denial.

I became soon aware that the dancers felt my music and stepped to it with pleasure. Before the very first quadrille and polka were finished, our hostess rewarded me with several thankful

and approving nods. A waltz was next required, and I gave them Weber's charming "Invitation to Waltz," taking care not to omit the short but highly suggestive little introduction. Soon I became more and more inspired, either by the genius of that great painter-musician—if a woman may be permitted to coin such a word—or by the idea that Philip possibly was somewhere in the room listening to me. My musical recitation was addressed to him. I felt that I had never played so well in my life before; and now I understood the story of the Italian *prima donna*, who never sung or acted her best, except when her lover was in her sight in the boxes. After the opening strains were over, and I came to the part where the composer depicts in sound the full tidal rush of a crowded ball-room, I dashed through the octave passages for the right hand, with unwonted brilliancy, I fearlessly threw off whole handfuls of the richest chords, and I sustained the rhythm with a power and accuracy of which I had not believed myself capable; and when, after giving one bold strain *fortissimo*, I repeated in a whisper—if fingers can whisper—*pianissimo*, I heard that the whole room was silently attentive. The only sounds I could catch, were the dancers' steps, the rustling of their dresses, and their hurried breathing. Before the "Invitation to Waltz" was ended, a crowd had collected round the piano and myself.

It was a flattering triumph to my vanity—and what girl is quite free from vanity? But my great delight was to receive Ellen's and Mrs. Armstrong's tribute of applause. "Oh!" said the former, "if Philip had been here, what a treat it would have been to him to hear you!"

He was not here, then? Never mind; he was fond of music, and I had unexpectedly improved the favorable impression which I already seemed to have made on his mother and sister. I had good reason to be satisfied for once; you will therefore believe that I paid little heed to sundry sneers and tosses of the head, to which I could not be utterly blind and deaf, and which, I suppose, are the tax which every young person is obliged to pay at the outset, if they strive to excel in any art or accomplishment.

"Really, quite professional!" whispered Miss Courrusty, so distinctly that everybody around could hear her.

"I trembled for the piano," said Mr. Stoughter. "I expected every string to snap, and to see the poor instrument fall to pieces, like a wreck."

"Such playing as that," chimed in Mrs. Sowerham, "must be terribly violent exercise. Now and then it gave her quite a color. Did you ever see the lady-like way in which my

Albertina plays 'Rousseau's Dream,' with variations."

And so on; all which gave me as much pain as the morning mists from the sea when my fur-caped cloak is wrapped close around me. Their unjust depreciation of myself, made me think less of their mysterious allusions to Philip.

The party broke up before very late, and when we reached home, dear mamma told me, with a look of satisfaction, that though I had not danced at all, I was decidedly the *lionne* of the evening, and she was sure Mrs. and Miss Armstrong thought so too: but I felt in my inmost heart, that if Philip had only been there, a less amount of success would have given me greater satisfaction.

The morrow brought another sea-side excursion. Mrs. Armstrong, mamma, and my two sisters, had the pony-chaise, while Ellen, Philip, and myself, escorted them on horseback. The training of Zobeide seemed as if it would never end, for she still wore the pendent rug at her side. Once or twice I was near asking him when he meant to discard that elegant piece of drapery, but a certain something always closed my mouth. We talked about music, and had a long and learned comparison of the respective beauties of Bellini and Beethoven; and Ellen added that we were again to dine with them that afternoon, in order that Philip might hear me play.

At dinner we had the same arrangements as before. We found him seated in his place at table; and he had repeated his former want of politeness in allowing me to dismount from my horse as I could. I should have felt half angry with any one else—with him, it was impossible. A good heart and a well-informed mind shone forth from him throughout the repast. After dessert, he did not follow us, but observed that if the folding-doors were left open, he could hear even better than in the little drawing-room itself. Ellen shortly opened the piano, and led me to it. We could not see him as he sat, but the knowledge of his presence in the next room was enough for me. I repeated the "Invitation to Waltz," and gave that lovely composition with less energy, but with more sentiment, and a trifle slower in time than before. The strains in which you can distinctly hear two happy partners circling together with consenting steps are too delicious to be hurried over without a temptation to linger on them. The "Invitation" ended, I was about to rise, when Philip called out from the dining-room, "Oh! one more waltz, if you please." Of course, I complied, after a moment's rest, and began a subject embodying a totally different idea—Lanner's "St. Petersburg waltzes,"

which he composed for the Emperor of Russia, to embellish the celebration of an imperial wedding. I never can play that expressive piece without fancying I hear the cannon boom, the bells ringing, the bands of music resounding in the streets, and all the mingled sounds of rejoicing. I endeavored to give that coloring to my musical picture; I gradually but firmly worked out the long-increasing swells of tone, regardless of criticism from the Stoughters or the Sowerhams, if any such had been there—I even held my breath when I had to make the tide of harmony die gently away—I entered into the varying spirit of the oft-changing key-note, and at last I boldly struck the concluding chords. Before I had time to rise from the music-stool, I heard the dining-room door open and shut again, with the sound of a departing footstep. Ellen rose, and went into the room, but returned again instantly, saying to her mamma, "He is gone."

"Poor boy!" replied Mrs. Armstrong to her daughter. "I am grieved to see it, but he is lately become more susceptible than ever. I began to hope he would soon be cured."

"And so did I," good Ellen answered; "but now I see it must come to a crisis first."

The ladies went on with their evening's occupation without any further reference to Philip. Ellen was working a Berlin wool slipper for her brother; and I asked her, as I was idle, to give me the fellow one, that I might help her with the task, if it were only by filling in the ground. She glanced at her mother, and then, after a pause, answered that there was no other, but she would find something else to do, and give me that, to put in one rose and its accompanying green leaf. I did so, but must have been thinking of something else all the while; for when I returned it to her she slyly laughed and said that I had altered the pattern by adding a forget-me-not by the side of the rose, which I really had. How could I have been so very stupid?

My story is getting too long; it is time to shorten it. We went on thus, from day to day, for two happy, tantalizing weeks, many circumstances of which puzzled me by their singularity. Philip never once more visited us with his mother and sister; he only came to the door, in the chaise or on Zobeide, to whom the horse-rug seemed more indispensable than ever. He never offered to accompany us in our walks, though he often mentioned his walking a great deal at home, and Ellen always spoke of him as a pattern of activity. We never saw him at their marine villa, except seated at the table, though he was far too young and too temperate to have

devoted himself to a gourmand's pleasures. The fortnight came to an end at last; the Armstrongs were to leave, to our great regret. Mrs. Armstrong went home by steamer and rail; Philip and Ellen were to follow leisurely in the chaise.

Early on the morning of their departure they drove to our house to say "good-by." They were neither of them in spirits. They did not alight; but with a few words expressive of the hope that our next meeting might not be long delayed, they waved their adieus, and were out of sight. Mamma and my sisters went into the house; I set out for a walk, gazed in the direction in which my friends had gone, and, as some may consider, foolishly, but, as I think, naturally, began to cry with right good-will.

I had been walking for twenty minutes, toward the blue sea, when I heard the noise of approaching wheels. Their low rumbling sound struck my ear familiarly, and soon there appeared the fat white pony and the four-wheeled chaise, with Philip. He perceived me at once.

"Have you forgotten anything?" I asked, in great confusion, thinking of my red eyes.

"Yes; I have forgotten one thing of very great importance to myself, and of which dear Ellen just reminded me," said Philip, in an agitated voice. "But tell me what is the matter, Miss Hardy?"

"Nothing," I answered like a simpleton. And then, taking courage, I added, "I believe, if I confess the truth, I was crying because you and Ellen were gone."

"Ah!—I and Ellen!" he replied, with vivacity. "I am glad of that, because we too have made up our minds to spend one more day here. A little air will do you good, so come and take a short drive in the chaise."

Soon, in a complete state of wonderment, I found myself sitting by Philip's side, with my old acquaintance the stout white pony dragging us in the direction of Paradise.

As soon as we were fairly away, Philip abruptly broke silence, and said, "It is my misfortune, Miss Hardy, to have one fearful defect, which renders it impossible for any woman to love me truly."

"I do not believe it," I answered with warmth. "I am sure you are mistaken, I am certain there are women who do"—and I suddenly stopped.

"You think so? Have you the courage to be my friend and confidant? Dare I tell you the very worst?"

"Do, pray do!" I gasped, anticipating the announcement of something that was very horrible and shocking.

"With perfect health and strength, and the use of all my mental faculties, from my birth I have been afflicted and deformed by—oh, Miss Hardy!—by a club foot!"

"A club foot!" I exclaimed, aloud, "it is nothing;" and was very near adding, audibly, "Yes; for one so handsome and so good, a club foot is a misfortune; but after all it is really nothing."

The summary of our further conversation will perhaps interest the reader more than the details. I believe that before we returned, it was agreed that all masquerading by means of horse-rugs, dining-tables, and pony-chaise leather aprons was now perfectly unnecessary as far as my good opinion was concerned; and that I had told Philip frankly that I loved him better with one perfect foot, than any other man in the world with two.

Dear mamma kissed me when I told her all, and said, "Dear Mary, you are right. I am truly happy that you have made such a choice, and have been so chosen. To expect *too much* in a partner for life shows ignorance and unreasonable folly. For if we were faultless both in mind and person, we should be, not men and women on earth, but angels in heaven."

## THE STARS AND THE STRIPES OF THE FREE.

### LINES COMPOSED FOR MUSIC.

BY R. G. STAPLES.

WHAT flag is that o'er land and sea,  
Whose broad folds wave triumphantly;  
Whose azure field like Heaven's blue,  
Gleams with stars both pure and true—  
Which by their bright, eternal ray,  
Shed freedom where despotic sway,  
And mental darkness reign'd before,  
And fields were red with human gore?

That emblem is our country's own!  
And freedom's voice in thunder tone,  
Proclaims on either ocean's strand,  
That ours is a glorious land!  
By which the despots of the world,  
Shall yet be to oblivion hurl'd.  
Then nail our banner to the mast,  
And let its broad folds kiss the blast.

## THE NIGHT OF LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH ROCKWELL.

LINDA Moreton was an orphan. Not one who walked through poverty's dark valley, desolate and alone. Not one of those sad and weary souls who dwell face to face with care and want and misery; who despairingly go on through life, toiling, suffering and enduring; who by withered hopes, and blighted joys, and crushing labor, lose all faith in God and man; whose life is a very weariness, and who long—but long in vain, to die. Wealth had ever gladdened her pathway, and smiles ever greeted her; and she had grown on from childhood's freshness to the deeper beauty of maidenhood, the admired and lovely. Yet there was a void in Linda's heart, which wealth, with all its gifts, could not fill; a longing for a love more deep, more beautiful, than ever she had known: a yearning for a fount of affection as yet undiscovered, for words and accents of endearment which had never sounded in her ears. She found no sympathy with her cold, stern aunt, the only relative she had known; none with the villagers in their business and excitement: and with a yearning, passionate desire for some object to be loved, her life went slowly on. So she made friends with the quiet rivers and the rough mountain crags: and as on the faces of old friends, gazed she on the holy stars; but no heart from them gave back the affection which she banished: and her soul was still unsatisfied. Of the mother of her childhood there lingered no remembrance, save in quiet twilight there would rise up before her a sunnier and fairer land, where no cold snows fell, nor blighting frosts, but the air was still balmy. Then as a forgotten dream, would come a face surpassingly lovely, with deep Italian eyes like her own: and she would seem to hear a soft and thrilling voice warble some simple strain, and by her side a young minstrel gazing musingly on the glorious face: and words of love were mingled with the mother's song, as she lulled her child to rest, and all was blissful and happy. Then a proud, quick step, which blanched the beautiful cheek, and made the other clasp his hand on his sword and seek to fly, but was unavailing; and there stood a man in the midst, with cold, calm eyes, wondrously like those of her aunt. There were bitter words, and passionate breathings, and quick movements there: and the

sharp stiletto did double vengeance, and the warm life-blood flowed, and the child was alone with the dead. In her earlier life, this had been to Linda but as a dream; but with her years had deepened its impression, and she now felt it as a dark reality. Once, on a calm, starry evening, she ventured to ask her aunt of her father and mother so long gone: but she never repeated the question. For a dark frown rested on Mrs. Clinton's forehead and her cold grey eyes were fixed on Linda: and after a silence that seemed the lapse of years, she said, "Speak of them no more! The past is a sealed-up book! Know, child, there is agony in that bitter past which I would close from you forever!" And so she dared no more to talk of that vision which had interwoven itself into her own being—of which she thought first at clear morning, last at stillly evening. But thought did its office, all the more perfectly, that the tongue was fettered: and it moulded and guided all her life. "Mother, gentle mother! was thy dark fate a prophecy of mine?"

It was one of those calm, balmy autumn days, when dethroned summer seems to come back to regain her crown, that Linda wandered forth in the quiet solitude of her wide domains. The day went on, and the holy sunset came: and long shadows from the glaring tree-tops fell on the leaf-strewn ground; but still she lingered, watching nature's fading glory. "Green, green hills, and quiet woodlands, cannot ye speak back to me? I am lonely, very lonely, and there is nought to love me, mother nature!" But a sudden sound of rustling among the leaves, made the maiden's cheek grow pale, and when, raising those deep languid eyes, she saw a stranger, she screamed with shame and alarm. But the stranger, bowing, apologized for the fright he had given her: and so gracefully, that she looked at him, blushing and interested. His was a high and noble brow, from which the dark hair was carelessly thrown back, a proudly raised lip, and a flashing eye, from whose defiance even the strong might shrink. His voice had a rich foreign accent, which told of sunnier climes and brighter skies.

One word led to another. The stranger was so deferential, that Linda found herself very soon, perfectly at ease with him; and insensibly con-

tinued to converse till she came in sight of her home.

After this they often met. The stranger, now a stranger no longer, was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Clinton's; but more often he and Linda passed the mornings together in the fields and woods. At last, our heroine had found something to love. She was supremely happy now, so happy that she did not observe the growing aversion of her aunt to her lover. Yes! wildly, passionately she loved, as the heart loves only *once*, and fully and wholly was that love reciprocated. But as days went on, the hour came when he might no more linger in those quiet shades, and with the true manliness of a spirit that despised all concealment, he went to Mrs. Clinton's home. He spoke of his far-away home, in sunny Italy, of his profession—that of an artist, which must ere long bring him fame: he spoke of his temporary sojourn in the quiet village: and his voice grew low and thrilling as he spoke of Linda, and his heartfelt adoration. Linda too, raised her beautiful face imploringly, and murmured, "For my sake, dear aunt!" But Mrs. Clinton's brow contracted, and her tall figure was drawn up to its utmost height, and the blossoms of hope went out in Linda's heart. Full well she knew the language of that haughty look and that proud glance, and she shrunk back, dreading the words, that as a lava tide must overwhelm them. But Mrs. Clinton spoke in tones low, though firm and cold, and schooled the strong resentment. "Go, young man, claim not the love of my child; a name of *honor, wealth*, and distinction, shall be hers, when the proud name of the Moreton shall be no longer. Think not that in after years, that a few laurels which you may win will render you worthy of her hand: for there can be no hope and no expectation for you. As for Linda, she will soon forget her childish attachment, and think of you no more. So farewell; may your life be crowned with success. This is what I desire for you, and what she desires for you, and no more." This was what the calm voice said, not the proud lip, nor the stern, cold eye. "Madam, I go," said the proud man, "from your presence forever! I bid you farewell! Many thanks for your kind wishes! We shall not meet again. And Linda"—but here the composure gave way and there was a mighty conflict in the strong breast, "You will not quite forget me, dearest, though we meet on earth no more? You will not think of me as a passing acquaintance? There is more than the bitterness of death in this farewell. My idolized! you will not *quite* forget?" No answer; but the fair head lay on his breast, and 'mid the low sobs he

heard her whisper "Never, never!" It was but a moment, and he was gone.

Days went on, and long, long weeks: but the glow on Linda's cheek faded, and the dark eye lost its lustre day by day. Evermore at quiet evening, there rose up that noble form, and as in days past, she heard that firm voice, yet so soft and thrilling to her ears. Mrs. Clinton saw how sorrow was doing its work on that fair face and that pure young heart: but it stirred not the smothered fires of affection in her stern, hard soul.

It was a clear winter morning, and the sun shone gladly on the virgin-robed earth. Linda was called by her aunt to her room, where she sat, cold as ever, yet evidently rejoiced by some recent intelligence. She sat for some minutes gazing on that pale, thin face, and then, putting a forced gaiety in her manner, she drew the shrinking maiden nearer, and told her of a friend of hers, an old friend, many years older than herself, who had died and left his son, sole heir to all his estates; and this son, now a rich East India merchant, came as a suitor for Linda's heart. "And now, my child," said the lady, "you of course cannot hesitate or linger in your acceptance of this proposal. Think for a few days, and then give me your answer. I am convinced it will be favorable."

Linda spoke not a word: but there came over her face such a look of despairing agony as would move the coldest heart. Days went and came, the sun rose and set, and life went on calm as ever, that weary week; but the fever was burning at her vitals. Despair spreading her raven wings over her heart, crushing the nestlings of Hope and Joy, to make place for her own sad offspring. At last, worn and weary by sleepless nights, and days of agony, by entreaties and adjurations, she came to the room of her aunt: and there signed as with her own heart's blood, the compact which banished forever hope and love, and left instead, burning misery and long, long despair! Then, as she put her name to the death-warrant of all her happiness, came back old visions of the past; visions of that high brow and artist-eye, so well known and loved but a little time ago; and then came rolling across her soul, such a lava-tide of agony, such a mighty torrent of desolation, as well nigh bowed her to the earth.

"Yet there is joy even for me," said she. "A low grave, and tall, waving grass rustling over it."

They were wedded. He, the rich merchant, with his soul formed but for gain—and she, the crushed and desolate, how mournful was the



bridal! The heartless service was ended; and they who had solemnly vowed love, undying love, went forth unknowing and unloving. In his princely mansion Linda found all that wealth could give, or admiration lavish for her enjoyment: for with all the heart he possessed Tremont admired and loved his beautiful bride: but there was a want of congeniality, a lack of sympathy between her finely-woven, sensitive nature and his coarser essence. In short, he stirred no chord in her heart. Day by day she lived on, at first striving outwardly to love and honor him, but soon sunk in a resistless apathy, like the sleep of the benumbed traveller in Alpine solitudes. So years went on; such years as time gives only to the sad and weary, so long, so endless. But at last there came a shock which forever roused her from her listless slumber.

It was a fair summer day, when Tremont came to his home distressed and weary, full of care and anxiety. Linda saw the cloud gather on his brow, yet she heeded it not: for it is only love that burns to share sorrow with the loved; and that was not a guest in Linda's soul. He rose, he left the room, cast one long, wild glance upon his once lovely bride, and was gone. It was but a moment, and a loud sound shook the dwelling to its foundations. They went to see whence the report issued; and there lay the proud heir of Bingly Heath weltering in his life-blood! Linda did not weep for him as for a husband; he had filled no place in that lonely heart. Yet with remorse she thought of her broken vows and her Sundered plightings, and repentingly she wept the bitter past. Then in the rain of sorrow came the bow of hope and lighted her horizon—not an earthly hope, for all such were forever ended, but a better and a more enduring, because a heavenly. A short space of time, and the causes of Tremont's death were fully made known to his young, though desolate wife. A sudden revolution in property had made the wealthy speculator a bankrupt. He could not live to endure the disgrace, and thus the secret was unfolded.

Linda went back to the proud mansion of her aunt, from which six years before she had gone out, still pale, and sad, and desolate. Mrs. Clinton made her welcome in her own stern way, and strove to make her happy; but all efforts were unavailing. Years had left their mark on the proud, stately woman, years of sorrow, years of care. So with a shadow on their souls, a deep, a black shadow, they both went on; and all was drear and desolate.

So years went on, till at last the hour came when the proud woman must die. Mrs. Clinton died as she had lived, cold, stern and unforgiving:

with no word of the distant shore toward which her bark was sailing; no message of love and mercy for the living, no sigh of repentance for the dead. And when the last solemn rites were over, and she lay at rest in the silent city, Linda went back to the chill dwelling, and alone trod those halls. Yet it was but a short, a very short time that she dwelt mistress of that home; for other evil tidings came, and she found that the wide estates of her aunt had passed from her hands to those of others, swallowed up in the great vortex of speculation. So she left the fair fields and the hill-tops she had so much loved; and the low, peaceful valley where she had first met him, the unforgotten, the yearningly remembered. Now she was free; no marriage vows, no chains of property bound her to one whom she could not love. "But he," she thought, sadly, "he has ere this loved another, and their lot is bright, and blest, and beautiful! Had he not forgotten me he would have surely written: *love* will find means to meet the loved. Oh, misery! can he call another his beloved? Can he *all* forget me?" She was alone now, no home, no wealth, nought to support her. But here her rare accomplishments came in place, and she became a daily music teacher, a weary toiler for the bread which kept her from that death for which she daily prayed. But ere she left, she gathered up round the richly furnished house small relics of the past, among which she took an old box full of papers of trifling value. But as she turned over the useless rubbish, she found one package that made her breath come short and quick, and her heart beat with feverish violence. There they were—burning letters of his love to her which her eye had never seen!

What a tale was there of hopes long deferred, of wishes disappointed, of love seemingly unrequited! There had been many, many dark hours in Linda Tremont's life: but never had so dark a sky, so dreary a prospect been hers. "Oh, why did love unite so firmly hearts which destiny must separate forever? Yet I will go to the city: I will go whence his last letter came: I will seek him throughout the world. On life's weary sea we may yet find rest, on Time's shore we may yet meet in gladness." So she went: leaving all behind her, traveller she knew not whither, *alone*. There was a courage in that pale face, and a firm resolution that no earthly power could break; and as she silently and uncaringly gazed upon the joys and the pleasures of those around her, they called her cold and heartless. Oh! could they have known one half of the agony of that bruised and breaking heart, could they have seen the thin hands clasped in her lonely

retirement, in such devotion as the loving and the sensitive only can know, they would never have deemed her proud and unloving. But man sees only the outward seeming, not the inmost heart, and by this he judges, sternly and often unjustly. Oh! who shall tell of the beatings of the closed and agonized heart, worn out by unrequited love, and withered hope, and dark despair, which to man's eye is unseen, and to his soul forever unknown?

Thus it was with Linda. Thus it was that she was so calm and so silent, yet inwardly so tossed and so restless. The star of her life was sinking low, and was soon to fade away: yet there was one hope still, one hope daily striving with the lion-grasp of despair which nerved her for exertion. In that far away city she might meet him, and there might be bliss as of yore.

It was a clear, pure day; and the sky was cloudless, and the sun brilliantly rode on in his burning chariot, shedding light on all around, when Linda entered a dwelling in the city's midst where last her lover had resided, and from whence he had written that *last* letter, which more than all the rest had thrilled her soul. A woman with a quiet, friendly face received her; and tremblingly Linda murmured his name and asked if his home was still under her roof. "He is gone, lady," said the calm face, "gone from earth's shadows to the light of a clearer sky! For two years the grass has waved over his pillow. He was glad when the dark messenger came, and with a smile he passed the death cold river, for earth was very dark to him. There was some great sorrow which seemed to cloud all his life—what it was I never knew, for he never spoke of himself. I used to long to have him to

tell something of the night which ever seemed to overshadow him; but it was all in vain! He used to watch whenever we brought in his letters," she continued, with moistened eyes and trembling voice, "and look them over so carefully; and then I have seen him fold his hands and give a look of untold misery, and say, 'Forgotten, and by her.' At last one morning he did not come down at the usual hour, and after a long time I went up to his room, where he lay calmly and peacefully as if in blessed slumber. I spoke to him, but he answered not. I touched him, but he moved not, I laid my hand on his forehead, and it was cold as marble; and then I knew that he was dead. Well, thank God, he's over the rough sea now, and he doesn't know what sorrow is nor disappointment, but it's all light there. But—you look so strangely, lady! You did not know him?"

Linda Tremont did not die in the anguish of the hour. It is sudden grief that kills, but not long despair. She did not weep, she did not even faint: she sat still a long time tearless, cold and still. No word escaped her lips as she went away after a long time from the dwelling. She went back, back to her daily toils, back to her weary misery. Yet calm and more placid was her face as she moved on day by day: and within all was quiet; for the stillness of despair was there. They found her one morning sitting by her lonely window, with her head resting on the thin, transparent hand: but the brow was icy cold, and the hand was rigid and still. There were tears on the wasted cheek, such as had not rested there for many years; and a smile on the worn face, for the long night of life was past, and the bright morning had arisen.

## "THE DEPARTED ONE."

BY FANNIE MORETON.

When day's last ray has faded  
Soft flitting from the sight;  
When stranger shadows gather,  
And glows the mild starlight,  
Then do I think of thee.  
When night's calm hour is reigning,  
And all is hushed and still;  
The moon in solemn brightness  
Gomes glorious o'er each hill,  
Then do I think of thee.  
When leaves and rustling grass  
Are swayed by Summer's breeze;

It minds me of the hours  
We roved beneath the trees,  
Then do I think of thee.  
When murmur'ing, dashing waves  
Come sweetly on mine ear;  
When in our inmost soul  
We feel that God is near,  
Then do I think of thee.  
When to my lonely home  
I go so still and sad,  
I miss thy smile and voice  
That made it seem so glad,  
Then, then I think of thee.

## MILTON AND PENSEROSA.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

On a golden August evening, with the full moon rising in the east, and a carpet of green at their feet, two young men wandered together through the gardens of the Salvazzi Palace in the fine old city of Florence.

It was the young Count Salvazzi De Salve and his distinguished guest, John Milton.

Milton had gone to that land of sunny skies, not as some tell us in search of a "beautiful unknown," who while he was a student at Christ's College, (Cambridge) paid a compliment to his eyes comparing them to the stars—but to perfect himself in the Italian and gather fresh inspiration from the scenes he should visit. Here he was honorably received by some of the most distinguished men in the country, among whom may be mentioned the Count Salvazzi de Salve and Manso Marquis de Villa—and this evening, while sojourning with the count, he first saw his Penserosa—the young and lovely Angiolina Salvazzi.

He was walking with her cousin, the young Salvazzi, along one of the avenues of the garden, when she appeared in the distance with her old governess, and to the poet seemed like one dropped down from heaven. She was dressed in a robe of white crape, over which her black scarf was neatly folded. Her eyes were of a deep blue, and had that dreamy look which seemed to lift itself already toward God.

Milton, on seeing her, spoke,

"That beautiful girl yonder, leaning on the arm of her old *governaute*, reminds me of my mother as she used to walk the avenues of our garden, and I played on the turf with my brothers. Who is she, dear Salvazzi?"

"She is my cousin, Angiolina Salvazzi," said the count. "To-morrow I will introduce you to her."

The next day the two friends were sitting together on a green bank in the garden under the shade of a sycamore, so much absorbed in conversation that they did not notice Penserosa, who by the aid of her old guardian had threaded her way through the avenues, until she had come to the opposite side of the bank where they were seated.

As she did not wish to interrupt them in their conversation, she was about to pass on—but just at this time Salvazzi rose and walked toward the palace. When told of this, she asked to be conducted to Milton and was soon by his side.

The poet was already prepared to receive her, yet he could not look upon her without weeping. There was that expression which had haunted him from the first—those dark liquid blue eyes—so unearthly—so heavenly. Besides the count had already told him of her misfortune. She was blind, and they had named her Penserosa, which signifies *thoughtful, melancholy*. This he had heard, and as he looked upon her and thought of his mother in heaven, he dropped a tear.

They sat on the green bank together. Penserosa told the poet how she had listened to his conversation unknown to him—how she had been able to comprehend the beauty of his mind—and how happy she was to answer to his words.

Milton in his conversation with Penserosa related how he once had a mother who resembled her—and that she was blind. He also told how she called him to her side on the night of her death, and prayed God to grant her the light, so long a stranger to her eyes, that she might die with his image imprinted on her soul.

And Penserosa told the poet of *her* mother—how they informed her one morning that she was sick, and after that carried her away to Pisa, where the air is soft and balmy. "She would fain know," she said, "whether her mother was living. She has been absent four months, and for five days they have kept me in suspense—yet I know I comprehend the truth," added she, pensively, "'my mother is a saint in glory.' She has come to me in a bright vision—she is there." The sorrowful maiden, as she spoke, looked with her dark expressive eyes up into heaven.

Then Penserosa told the poet that life would never become strong to her again, and she asked him to promise her that he would visit her mother's tomb, and bring her therefrom one flower—"were it only a little thorny branch."

Milton promised—and as they slowly rose from the bank, he said, “We meet again, Penserosa”—but they never did.

Milton went to Pisa—that night Penserosa died, and there was mourning in the palace.

When he returned she lay in the embrace of death, with one hand on her bosom—the other on her mouth.

It was in this hand which sealed her lips, that the poet placed his pale rose from the tomb.

## THE BLIND KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

BY EDWARD ROTH.

Those Northern warriors well might dare;

Yet not to fight rush they:

That blind old King! why stands he there,

With trembling locks of grey?

Oh, hear! now he shrieks in the bitterest tones;

Oh, hear! now his anguish is vented in moans;

And now his wild words o'er the waters resound,

And from yon island's echoes in thunder rebound.

“Foul robber! from thy dungeon grim

Restore my darling child!

Her harp and voice's mingling hymn,

Away my dark cares wiled;

On the shore, as she danced 'mid the circle gay

Of her gentle companions, you stole her away;

And therefore accursed shall your name ever be,

But deep is the sorrow that preys upon me.”

Then forth the robber bold doth spring

From out his gloomy cave,

A giant sabre brandishing

His enemies to brave.

“Thou'st watchers and wardens in gallant array,

Oh, why did they let their loved mistress away?

Thy warriors bold a fair spectacle make—

Will none strike a blow for the sweet lady's sake?”

The warriors still all silent stand,

And motionless as stone;

The blind old King, surprised, unmann'd,

Cries, “Am I left alone?”

But his gallant boy seizes the father's arm,

And presses it close in his grasp so warm!

“Thy pardon, dear father!—the robber I'll fight;

I feel that my arm is possess'd of the might.”

“Oh, son! the foe is giant strong,

And none may him withstand;

Yet thy resistance must be long—

I feel thy iron hand.

Take this sword, my companion in many a fray:

It is sung by the poets in many a lay.

Should it fail, and thou fallest, not long shall I grieve—

In their depths shall the waters the old man receive.”

And, hark! the foaming, rushing sound,

The boat speeds o'er the sea,

Now death-like silence all around—

He listens anxiously!

But suddenly yonder wild clamors arise;

The tumult of battle ascends to the skies;

The thunder-strokes clatter and rattle like rain—

Now death-like silence prevails again!

“Speak!” cries the King, in joyous fear;

“What sight declare your eyes?

That last good blow, well does my ear

Its clear tone recognize.”

“The robber is fallen, he lies in his gore;

No maid shall his dungeon receive evermore;

Hail then, oh, King's son! thou valiant one, hail!

Thine was no fear when the boldest grew pale?”

Now death-like silence once again,

He stands with listening ear.

“What rowing hear I o'er the main?

The boat is drawing near!”

“As it bounds o'er the billows, thy gallant son's seen,

With his sword and his shield and his chivalrous mien;

And close by his side, in her sun-gleaming hair,

Is seated thy daughter, Gunilda the fair!”

“Oh, welcome, children, back to me!

Oh, welcome, son so brave!

Now blissful shall my old age be,

And honor-full my grave.

Oh, place by my side, as I lie on my bier,

The sword whose good strokes rung so loud and so clear;

And, daughter, once more sing the song I love best;

To the tones of thy harp would I lay me to rest!”

## THE BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL.

The bright and beautiful are everywhere

For those whose souls are filled with beauty,

To cheer with loving smiles the brow of care,

And bless it in life's earnest duty.

For 'tis the soul gives coloring to life—

Dyes it in gloom or Heavenly splendor

As we, in all earth's varied scenes of strife,

To ill or good our hearts surrender. N. F. C.

## BERTHA HAMILTON'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"I'll be no submissive wife,  
No, not I, no, not I——"

hummed Bertha Donaldson, with a spark of something more than mischief in her dark eyes, and with lips more compressed than the gentleman at her side thought quite consistent with amiability.

"Pshaw, Bertha!" said her companion somewhat petulantly, "don't be foolish; I merely mentioned it as a proposition of my mother's, but we can do as we please in the matter, you know; and if you prefer having the wedding at Beechwood, and starting from thence on our tour, I am perfectly willing. My mother only objected to it on the score of trouble, I suppose."

Bertha's fingers trembled so, that the piece of fine cambric which she was embroidering received a rent as she jerked the working floss through it, and the flushed cheek, the tapping of the little foot, and the suppressed tones of her voice, all betrayed the excitement under which she labored.

"She is kind," answered the lady without looking up, "but let her rest assured that the servants at Beechwood think nothing too much trouble for their mistress. My wedding takes place in my old home, by the sanction of my guardian."

Cecil Hamilton looked steadily at his betrothed as she uttered her determination in a firm voice, and a shade of annoyance passed over his fine but dreamy face, as visions prophetic of discord and scenes, which he detested, rose before him as he thought of his calm, domineering mother, and his passionate but high-spirited bride.

And so the wedding took place at Beechwood. The heiress willed it so, for she was without a near relation in the world, and till she knew Cecil Hamilton, it seemed to be the only thing for her to love, connected as it was with memories of a happy childhood, and the loving eyes and voices of her parents.

During a visit to a school companion one summer vacation, Bertha became acquainted with Mr. Hamilton, who was also a guest in the house. She was at once fascinated by his elegant person, his wonderful conversational powers, his refined intellect, and above all, by the calmness of his manner, which she thought the repose of a great

mind, and not as it really was, the indolence of a dreamy nature.

On his side, Cecil Hamilton was enthralled by the beauty, the wit and vivacity of Bertha Donaldson. The light which ever flashed over her face, the gay repartee which sprung from her lips, and the sparkle of her manner, kept him in a kind of dreaming wonder as to what she would do or say next, but it gave him no trouble. He was not obliged to arouse himself to exertion, for her quaint thoughts brought out his own without effort, and beside that he knew of Bertha's dream-side also, for he had sometimes seen her eyes cast down, her little hands folded Madonna-wise, and a holy quiet settle over face and form, and he at once recognized in these moods, the ideal which he had so long sought to find realized.

The engagement soon followed with the approbation of Bertha's guardian, who being a bachelor, was glad to be so easily rid of what he considered to be a troublesome, flighty girl, who was to lead him an *ignus fatuus* chase through society after a husband. Indeed, the good man had at one time seriously thought of marrying her himself, in order to escape the vexation and responsibility of guardianship.

Of her future mother-in-law, Bertha Donaldson knew but little. With her sanguine spirit and unchilled affections, she was prepared to love deeply one who was so nearly related to Cecil, and at once proposed that his mother should live with them after their marriage, for Cecil was an only child, and Mrs. Hamilton's life would be lonely in a great city by herself.

Little did Bertha know that even without this invitation, such had been Mrs. Hamilton's intention. Her son had a fortune as large as Bertha's own, and if the heiress *would* live at Beechwood, she argued, in preference to any other place, why then *she* felt under no obligation at receiving her hospitality.

Mrs. Hamilton had been accustomed all her life to manage for those around her. She had completely swayed her intellectual, but dreamy, indolent husband, and as a matter of course she now swayed her intellectual, dreaming, indolent son. That that son's wife would rebel from such long established authority never occurred to her.

To be sure, the decided stand which Bertha took about having the wedding at dear old Beechwood and asking all her friends, caused Mrs. Hamilton to raise her eyebrows for a moment, but she looked upon it as the ebullition of temper of an unrestrained child, and speedily forgot it.

So, as we said before, Bertha Donaldson's wedding took place at Beechwood.

It was a disagreeable, drizzling evening on which Cecil Hamilton and his young wife returned from their wedding-tour; an evening, that albeit June had come with her roses and all her summer glories, made the hickory fire which blazed and crackled on the hearth in the little sitting-room, look cozy and comfortable to the tired, wet travellers. The fire was the only thing which lighted the room in the twilight, but the quaint silver tea service which stood on the already prepared table, glittered brightly in the light, as if rejoicing in its kindly old-fashioned way, that a mistress once more reigned in Beechwood.

Bertha Hamilton was both tired and nervous as she approached the tempting tea-table. The novelty of her position as the mistress of the house, made her feel as awkward as it was possible for one of her frank, independent disposition to feel, and with a shy, half lingering step, but with a smile breaking over her face as she thought how ridiculous she would look presiding at the tea-tray, she reluctantly approached the head of the table.

But Mrs. Hamilton made her comfortable at once, by taking what should have been Bertha's place, as quietly as though she had sat there, and poured tea out of those very pots for years.

The poor, tired little wife said nothing, but was secretly grateful for what she considered her mother's kindness and tact in relieving her of such terrible duties when she felt so nervous.

The next day, and the next, Mrs. Hamilton again took possession of the seat at the head of the table, and Bertha began to debate in her own mind whether she should not now claim her place as mistress of the family. Yet something in the manner of her mother-in-law deterred her from making the proposition. The love which Bertha had been so ready to give her, seemed forced back on her own bosom by Mrs. Hamilton's cold, self-sufficient manner.

Another trouble too, aroused the new wife to a sense of her real position at Beechwood. Old Mrs. Howell who had been housekeeper there since the last Mrs. Donaldson had arrived as a bride, suddenly appeared in Bertha's room one morning, jingling her basket of keys in her

excitement, and *plumping* down into a chair without waiting for an invitation, a piece of disrespect of which the formal, old-fashioned lady had never been guilty before.

"I can't stand it no longer, Miss Bertha, it's no use," exclaimed the good woman, quivering with indignation; "I can't play second fiddle to nobody."

"What is the matter, Mrs. Howell?" queried the wife, looking up with astonishment from the book which she was reading.

"Why, Miss, there is you, the mistress of the house, that never gives an order but is just like a lamb, while *madam*, she goes dictating about, just as if Beechwood was *hern*."

"I really do not know what you mean, Mrs. Howell, I have seen nothing of the kind in my mother," was the reply.

Mrs. Howell was more indignant than ever, finding that her young mistress did not appear to advocate her cause. She had held undisputed sway in Beechwood too long, to stand calmly by and see another interfere with her rights.

"Why from the very day you were married and she was left in the house, she has been domineering and dictating to us, just as if we were Virginia slaves. Just now she came while I was putting up my strawberries that's as beautiful and clear as crystal, and told me that preserves done in that way wouldn't keep. Just as if I didn't know. She says she will do the rest of the preserving herself. Well, she may, but if *she's* going to be housekeeper, I'll leave, and she may take the keys."

"Mrs. Howell!" said Bertha, in a tone intended to be severe; but poor child it was all she could say, for domestic difficulties were such new things for her to manage; Mrs. Howell, however, was in too full a tide of injuries to be easily stopped by Bertha's half timid reproof, so she went on with increasing excitement.

"And there's Jane, the chambermaid, that's been under my training ever since she was as high as my knee, *madam* must take a hair-pin and go around the edges of the carpets to see if they were clean in the corners. She didn't find much dirt, I guess, though, for I'll put Jane against the whole state for tidiness. William says he expects that next she'll go out and show him how to harness the horses or wash the carriage, and John guesses she knows more about forcing the hot-house vegetables than he does."

Mrs. Howell stopped here for want of breath, or it is most probable that Bertha would have found a separate grievance in each separate department of the establishment.

"I think, Mrs. Howell," said the young

mistress, "that you have all been so accustomed to having no one to interfere with you, that you must have mistaken my mother's manners. She is naturally distant to every one, and you have misapprehended her. I suppose she thought I was young and inexperienced, and has kindly intended to relieve me as much as possible. Take your keys however, and have no fear of any one usurping your place."

Bertha said this apparently very calmly, but in reality with her anger rising every moment. She now saw that she held the position of guest rather than of mistress at Beechwood, and she was determined to regain her place. An appeal to her husband she knew was out of the question, for she loved him too much to be willing to disgust him with a woman's quarrels, and it would be either against his wife or his mother, that he must give judgment.

Poor child; Mrs. Howell had played the Eve in the little Paradise in which Bertha had been living, and made her taste of the tree of knowledge much against her wishes. That very day some guests were to dine at Beechwood, and its young mistress soon decided upon her line of conduct. As they entered the dining-room, Bertha quietly stepped up to the head of the table, laid her hand upon the back of the chair which Mrs. Hamilton was already approaching, and said in a low tone, "I am obliged to you, mother, but I will take this seat for the future."

Mrs. Hamilton made no remonstrance, but her eyes flashed, and a white circle spread around her mouth. She withdrew a little to one side, and stood with a kind of conspicuous humility till all were seated.

Till that moment Cecil had noticed nothing of this quiet warfare. A look of annoyance and reproach which did not escape the anxious eyes of his wife, was cast upon her as he asked his mother to be seated.

"I really did not know where to sit, as I had not my accustomed place," was the reply.

A feeling of constraint and uneasiness passed over the guests, as each one felt as though they had been the usurping party. Poor Bertha's face flushed a painful crimson as she said in a half apologetic, half lagging tone,

"Ladies and gentlemen, you see me for the first time at the head of my own table, for mamma has been kind enough to relieve me of this duty heretofore, and we are not accustomed yet to the change of places."

The tact and pleasant manner of the young wife, soon made all as comfortable as they had been before, and Cecil secretly thought she had never appeared to so much advantage.

Never once during the rest of the day, did Mrs. Hamilton address her daughter-in-law, and only answered in the shortest possible manner if Bertha spoke to her, making the poor thing as uncomfortable as possible. As they stood on the piazza together in the evening, bidding adieu to the departing guests, Bertha said in a reconciliatory tone, "Are you not afraid of taking cold without your shawl, mother? I'll get it for you."

"Do not trouble yourself, Mrs. Hamilton. I do not take kindness upon sufferance," was the icy reply.

The daughter's eyes filled with tears, and her hand trembled as she twitched off a sprig of jessamine, and toyed with it to hide her emotion.

Cecil walked up and down the piazza with his hands in his pockets, whistling a disconsolate air in false time, pitying his wife whom he dearly loved, yet feeling as if his mother was really in some unaccountable way, the injured party. In truth Mrs. Hamilton had a knack of always making people feel this, in spite of their better judgment, and Bertha was beginning to think that she only must be in fault, when her mother approached her and said,

"I should not so far forget my dignity as to allude to the insult which I received to day, was it not to request that hereafter, *for your own sake*, you will select a time when there are no guests in the house, to make a display of your authority."

The tears which before were dimming Bertha's eyes, were dried up by the flash of indignation which shot from them as she replied,

"I did not mean to insult you, madam! I have too much respect for myself to forget what is due to those connected with me, but as the *mistress* of Beechwood, I felt that it was a duty I owed to my guests as well as myself, to appear hereafter in that character. I am obliged for the charge which you have hitherto taken of my affairs, but I will relieve you of it for the future."

The tone this time, was anything but conciliatory, and with a defiant air Bertha entered the house and retired to her own room. She awaited her husband's coming with some anxiety, not knowing from his manner on the piazza, whether to expect sympathy or reproach. His presence did not relieve her much. The whistling still continued, interrupted only by the monosyllables with which he replied to his wife's remarks, and when she said humbly, "Will you not kiss me good night, Cecil?" the half reluctant "yes," and the kiss smothered by a sullen sigh, made her repent having made the request. The wife's tears were

again quenched by anger, and after tossing restlessly for many hours, she at last cried herself to sleep, in consequence of her fertile imagination having pictured the gloomy, unloved future before her, in the darkest colors.

The breakfast the next morning was most uncomfortable for all. The wife felt that her peace-offering of the night before had been only half accepted; the mother, that another now stood between herself and her son, and one too, who set her will at naught; whilst Cecil thought of the annoyance it would be, to have such constant bickerings as he foresaw, and wondered why two people whom he loved so much could not live happily together.

Cecil Hamilton was in everything a man of compromise, and like all persons of that class he pleased neither party; so he quickly walked into the library, and shut himself up with the old dramatists, to revel in their delineations of character, when there was a page of human nature in the next room, which he, in his indolent egotism had not troubled himself to read.

Mrs. Hamilton "pursued the even tenor of her way," in haughty silence, always frigidly polite, but never cordial to Bertha; but this was a mood to which her son was so accustomed, that he did not even remark it; and consequently the change in his wife's manner struck him the more forcibly. He saw nothing for her to resent, and secretly regretted what he thought her sullen disposition. All the sparkle and vivacity which formerly characterized her had disappeared, and Cecil sadly missed the tender caress and light kiss which he used to receive so frequently. He was a most unemonstrative man, and little knew how his coldness and indifferent manner had chilled the warm heart of his wife. So time passed, Bertha yearning for a reconciliation with her husband, for which her proud spirit forbade her to ask since her former repulse, and he was coolly waiting till her fit of petulance should be over.

Mrs. Hamilton no longer took the head of the table nor interfered with Mrs. Howell, nor too closely scrutinized Jane's work, yet her influence was felt nevertheless. The servants complained that there was no possibility of pleasing her in anything they did, and those who had lived in the family for years constantly threatened to leave. It required all the tact and dignity of Bertha's character to retain her servants, yet not to compromise her mother-in-law.

A year passed thus at Beechwood. Bertha Hamilton's heart was now suffering for its want of early discipline. Her temper had become haughty and irritable under the cold surveillance

of Mrs. Hamilton. She had formerly yearned for the old caress and kind words from her husband, for which her pride forbade her to ask; but she was now almost beginning to despise him for the manner in which he yielded everything to his mother. Cecil, on his part, wondered how he could have been so mistaken in a character. His wife, in some unaccountable way, always appeared to greater disadvantage before his mother. It pained him to the heart to think that it had only been a childish fancy on Bertha's part for him, and he determined not to trouble her with remonstrance; so the two went on outwardly indifferent, but inwardly sorrowing, with Mrs. Hamilton swaying her son as of old.

And thus it was, when an heiress was born to the united fortunes of the Donaldsons and Hamiltons.

The young mother wept wild tears of joy as she pressed her child to her bosom, and thought that *now* she would have some one to love her exclusively, though for a moment she trembled as she thought of her woman's destiny, "to make idols and find them clay," as she herself had done. Cecil Hamilton heaved a deep sigh, as he saw the lavish tenderness which Bertha bestowed on his daughter, and secretly envied the unconscious little thing, whilst Mrs. Hamilton declared that the mother was too delicate to nurse the child, so both for her sake and its own, a wet-nurse must be provided.

Bertha listened in silence when in Cecil's presence one evening, Mrs. Hamilton proposed it to her, but her color rose and her eyes flashed long before her mother-in-law had concluded.

"Madam," said she, "you have governed your own child during his whole life, and I shall do the same by mine. In this thing I will not be thwarted. I am perfectly able to nurse my baby, and I would rather lie her in the ground than on another's bosom. This is never to be mentioned to me again."

"But, Bertha," commenced Cecil, who was really alarmed for his wife's health, from his mother's representations.

"I have decided the matter," interrupted the wife, in a tone of such icy coldness that it left no room for remonstrance.

Mrs. Hamilton lifted her eyes and hands, with the air of a martyr, which graphic pantomime was not lost on either Bertha or her son.

So till little Marion Hamilton was three years old, was she a source of contention between her grandmother and her parents. Mrs. Hamilton looked upon the child as belonging to herself, quite as much as to its mother; she interfered with its food, its exercise, its dress; she scolded



its nurse, and often contemptuously chided Bertha herself. Bertha watched every encroachment upon her maternal authority with jealous eye, and often with angry words; and Cecil petted his darling, and appealed to his mother with regard to her education.

"I tell you, Cecil, she will grow up as headstrong and passionate as Bertha herself, if you let matters go on in this way," said Mrs. Hamilton one morning. "Her mother humors her in every whim, and I really believe the child takes pleasure in disobeying me."

"She is perfectly obedient to Bertha or her nurse," argued Cecil. "I think she is a child who must be managed by love and not harshness; it seems to call out all the bad qualities of her character." After four years of marriage, Cecil Hamilton was beginning to have glimmerings of his wife's heart, through his child.

But what Mrs. Hamilton had said was true. Little Marion defied her authority to the greatest possible extent; for her whole nature was aroused to antagonism by her grandmother's manner. At that very moment, she had espied a bed of fine carnation pinks, Mrs. Hamilton's especial favorites and care, which she had been ordered not to touch, and with a mischievous laugh she flew to it, and commenced pulling off buds and blossoms, her little hands trembling with haste, lest she should be discovered before the work of destruction was complete. With a sigh of satisfaction, Marion contemplated the wreck; then gathering up some of the flowers in her apron, she seated herself on the piazza steps to play with them. The nurse's voice was now heard calling Marion, and the child's answer from the bottom of the steps caused Mrs. Hamilton to look out of the window. In a moment her sewing was tossed on the floor, and with the swoop of a hawk she rushed upon the child. Marion was so engrossed with her flowers, that she did not hear her grandmother's approach, and with a scream she turned her eyes wild with affright, upon Mrs. Hamilton's face, as she seized her by the arm with a grip which her anger made like iron. Blow after blow reddened the little face and neck, and the sharp finger-nails sunk into the child's flesh as she pulled her along the hall. With a shake and a push that sent the little thing reeling against a shelf, she pushed Marion into a dark pantry and locked the door. The child's screams attracted Bertha, who was in another part of the ground giving directions to the gardener. Fearing some fearful accident had happened, she flew to the house, and on entering the hall the whole was explained by her mother-in-law's face, the broken flowers, and the shriek from the closet.

With a bound she reached the door, turned the key, and seized Marion, who was almost in convulsions from pain and terror of the darkness. Without a word, she carried the child to her chamber, where her husband was soon attracted by the continued crying.

"What is the matter, Bertha?" asked Cecil.

"Nothing, except that your mother has killed her," was the reply, as she still gazed into the child's face, and walked hurriedly up and down the room with it in her arms, endeavoring to quiet it. It was a long while before the shrieks subsided into sobs, and the little thing sunk into a fevered sleep on her mother's bosom.

Cecil had paced up and down the room beside Bertha, in her hurried walk, not daring to ask a question, as he saw her stern, white face.

"Cecil Hamilton," said she at last, as she turned upon her husband, like an angry lioness, "your mother and I can live together no longer. You must choose now between her, and me and your child. You ceased to love me years ago, so I suppose your preference is soon made. I thought when my baby was born, that you *must* love its mother, but I was mistaken. It was no little thing, Cecil Hamilton, to wreck my happiness so carelessly as you did, but your mother has ever stood between us. My child's temper shall not be made as irritable as mine has become, through her presence; and if she ever touches Marion again, I give you no choice for a decision, for I take her and leave your house; so help me heaven!"

"But what was the matter to-day, Bertha?" asked her husband, in a voice which differed very much from his usual *nonchalante* tone.

"Look there, and there, and there," was the reply, as the mother bared little Marion's shoulder, and pointed to the cheek and arms, on which the marks of Mrs. Hamilton's fingers still lingered. "Marion was to blame I have no doubt, but I was the proper person to punish her, in a suitable manner. Had she been shut up in that dark closet five minutes longer, she would have been an idiot for life."

The father's brow grew dark as he listened. In Bertha's excitement, the whole story of her trials with her mother-in-law, was poured into her husband's ear, the more readily perhaps, that he had never evinced so much interest in them before.

"But, Bertha, I never suspected all this," he said at last, "I have been criminal in letting my indolence and love of peace, close my eyes to your troubles so long. I have been accustomed all my life to being ruled by my mother, without knowing the fact, perhaps, and I was really

afraid that my wife was becoming irritable and unamiable without a cause, little thinking or noticing how much you had to annoy you."

"I could have borne it all, if she had only left me your love, Cecil; but to take that too!" and here Bertha burst into a passionate fit of weeping, brought on by her husband's change of manner, for had she not been sure that he now heartily sympathized with her, her old pride would have forbidden her to regret to him a love that was lost.

"My poor little wife! you love me yet, as much as when we were first married and so happy, do you not?" and Cecil imprinted a tender kiss on her forehead, as she lay sobbing on the bed where she had at last placed Marion.

Bertha threw her arm around her husband's neck, and amid tears and blushes, she confessed how unhappy his indifference had made her, and blamed herself, poor child, more than she need have done, for the domestic trouble, declaring that now she saw that it was only her pride and haughty temper that had caused it all.

Mrs. Hamilton was herself alarmed at the effects of her violence, as little Marion continued her screams after being carried to her mother's room, and she was about following to make what amends she could, when she saw her son go into the chamber. She awaited his return with much impatience, and when an hour passed by and he did not make his appearance, she felt that he was no longer under her authority, that her "kingdom was divided" already. This fact, combined with the events of the day, and Bertha's

independent disposition, made her determine to accept an invitation from a bachelor brother, who had returned from South America but a short time previously, to take charge of his house.

Cecil and Bertha in the meantime, were debating as to the kindest mode of asking Mrs. Hamilton to leave, Bertha, with a sudden revulsion of feeling caused by her happiness, having in vain endeavored to persuade her husband to let her remain. But he was inflexible. He now understood both wife and mother too well, to see much chance for happiness in such an arrangement, and he had suffered too much for four years, to be willing to run another risk.

They did not all meet again till dinner-time, when Mrs. Hamilton said she had received another letter from her brother that morning, renewing his request for her to live with him, and that she had already written to say that she would accept the invitation. Both Cecil and Bertha breathed more freely, for it was an unpleasant duty to ask a mother to leave the house.

At the end of the week they were standing on the piazza steps, bidding Mrs. Hamilton adieu, though little Marion to the last, refused to be friendly.

Many years have passed since then, and there are other little feet now, beside Marion's, pattering through the garden walks and along the halls, and Bertha Hamilton has proved to be all that her Cecil's fancy had pictured her, before he was married, and she only counts her life as really begun since the departure of *her mother-in-law*.

## MAGGIE.

BY SERENA L. GRAVES.

MAGGIE is dead!—I hear those words  
In every whisp'ring breeze,  
And mournful are the notes which birds  
Are chaunting in the trees;  
The fountain's voice, which erst was glad,  
Now plains a solemn hymn,  
While e'en the gentle moon is sad,  
And all the stars are dim.

Ah, woe is me! so bright, so fair,  
So very young to die—  
No wonder that the Summer air  
Should seem to moan and sigh—  
That in the tempest's weary wail  
Are dirge-notes drear and lone,  
Which breathe unto my heart a tale  
Of joys forever gone!

Maggie is dead—and I am left—  
I who did love her so—  
To curse the fate that me bereft  
And filled my heart with woe;  
I weep by day, I weep by night—  
Alas! 'tis all in vain,  
For she who once was glad and bright  
Will ne'er come back again!

Yes, though in dreams she comes to me  
In all her youthful bloom—  
Though oft her matchless form I see,  
Arisen from the tomb—  
Yet with the morning's radiant glow,  
I wake to find her fled,  
And in my soul but bitter woe,  
For Maggie's with the dead.

## THE INSOLVENT MERCHANT.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

MR. LOCKWOOD had failed. After having been a leading merchant for thirty years, a series of heavy losses, combined with the insolvency of a friend for whom he had endorsed, forced him to stop payment.

The sympathy for him was general, as it usually is for an old man, who has a family and is unfortunate. But, after awhile, whispers began to be heard against him. It was said he had failed with his hands full: that some of his creditors would not release him; in short, that he had sacrificed a long life of honesty in one hour of bitter temptation. Others prudently, if not charitably, held their peace, even though he made no retrenchment in his style of living, and though they secretly thought this fact suspicious.

It was about a fortnight after his failure, that he called his head clerk into his private office.

"John," he said, for he had always called his confidential assistant, though now a middle-aged man, by his first name, "I wish to talk with you."

"Well, sir!"

"This is the schedule of my debts, which you drew up—isn't it?" And he produced, from his private drawer, a document covering several pages.

"Yes, sir."

"I owe, according to it, six hundred thousand dollars."

"That is the sum, in round numbers. More accurately, six hundred and three thousand, ten dollars and fifty cents."

"This is the schedule of my assets." And he placed another document in his clerk's hands.

"It is, sir."

"The assets are about equal to the debts."

"Rather higher, sir. Six hundred and eighty-nine thousand, five hundred and twenty-seven dollars, and thirty-seven cents, is the exact amount."

"But they are not all good."

"Most of them are, sir." And the clerk, as he spoke, looked up in surprise.

"You are too sanguine, John," was the answer. But the eye of the merchant, instead of meeting that of his assistant, wandered past his face. "Too sanguine. Yes! entirely too sanguine."

"I think not, sir. The house stopped, you know, because it wouldn't pay two per cent a month for money. You had plenty of securities, sir, but the banks wouldn't discount them. If the assets are nursed, sir, they'll produce nearly, if not quite enough to pay dollar for dollar."

"And leave me penniless," said Mr. Lockwood, quickly. Then, coloring, he added. "But of course that's to be expected. However, this don't alter the fact, that you look at these assets too favorably. You're a younger man than myself, John, and apt to see only the bright side of affairs."

The clerk, who was honest as steel, thought, with a sigh, that he could not regard his employer's character, in as bright a light as usual. This strange opening of the conversation, and the studied avoidance of his eye, made him, for the first time in his life, suspicious of Mr. Lockwood. He could not speak, for the mournful feelings which this caused.

"I have been going over these schedules," said the merchant, "and have talked to one or two of the principal creditors. It would be folly to attempt paying dollar for dollar." He began to speak rapidly. "Seventy-five per cent is as much as the estate is worth, and nobody but ourselves could make it realize that. If there was an assignment, the expenses would eat up thousands; and besides there would be a delay of several years. It would be really doing the best for the creditors to make a compromise on those terms. Don't you think so? Watson & Cousey, Jones & Co., and other houses have as good as said they would come into the arrangement: and they, you know, are among the heaviest creditors."

The clerk still sought his employer's eye in vain. Finding, from the silence, that it was expected he should say something, he spoke,

"You did not offer an assignment, did you?"

"Of course not. Of course. That would be ruinous."

"It seems to me, sir, that is a question for the creditors to settle. If you offer them your assets, and they then refuse an assignment, agreeing to take seventy-five per cent, the settlement will be fair enough. But," he added, hesitatingly, "while you held tight to your bills

receivable, people will say they are at your mercy."

"Not at all. Not at all. Besides let people talk. They always abuse a man when he is down. It would be criminal in me to let an assignee eat up the estate in charges. Its hard enough to be ruined by endorsing for a false friend. I don't know whether, in strict equity, it would not be more just that a hundred men should share the loss between them, than that I should bear it all. After toiling a life-time, and having once had an independence, to be reduced to beggary, in this way, is very hard. No, I'm resolved that no assignee shall plunder me also."

"But is it *you* now? Is it not entirely the creditors? Surely, sir, the assets are theirs, and not yours."

"To be sure. Of course I wish to see them paid. I'm only telling you what seems to me to be the best way to pay them. Surely, you'll allow, sir, that I know more about my assets than they do."

"Yes, sir."

"Can they do better than to accept my terms?"

"Perhaps not, sir. Certainly not, unless you assist them."

"What do you mean?"

"That you settle up the estate as their agent?"

"Work for nothing, and find myself," contemptuously retorted the merchant.

"Not exactly, sir. They'd allow you a fair salary."

Mr. Lockwood drummed on the table with his fingers.

"You really are fool enough to believe," he said, at last, "that the estate could be made to pay dollar for dollar."

"I not only believe it," answered the clerk, warmly, beginning to be indignant, "but I know it."

"Pooh! pooh!"

"Surely, sir, I understood the value of those assets. I've not had the control of your books for twenty years for nothing."

"Pooh! pooh!"

The clerk rose.

"Is there anything more, sir?"

Mr. Lockwood moved uneasily on his chair. After a full minute of silence, the clerk repeated his question.

"You are in a strange mood, to-day, John," replied the merchant, looking down at the table, on which he still continued to drum with his fingers. "I never knew you so obstinate."

The clerk bowed.

"If we make an assignment"—how artfully

was that *we* put in, as if the clerk was actually a principal—"you'll be thrown out of employment, and, in times like these, it will not be so easy to get a new place. You have a family too, remember."

The clerk sighed.

"But if we settle the estate ourselves, paying seventy-five cents on the dollar, there'll be a couple of years work for you, if not more; and, as you've been a faithful clerk so long, I'd not mind, at the winding up, helping you into business on your own account."

For an instant the Tempter whispered, "take the offer." But John Masters, though a poor, was an honest man; and he held fast to his integrity.

"I'd cheerfully stay on my present salary," he answered, firmly, though with emotion, "or even on a bare pittance—my wife and the children could live poorly for a year or two—if we were settling up the estate for the creditors in good faith——"

Mr. Lockwood rose to his feet. He had gone too far; had committed himself; and was now repelled. There was nothing left but to assume surprise and anger.

"What do you mean, sirrah?" he said, stamping his feet. "You appear resolved to misunderstand me to-day. How dare you insinuate what you do?"

"Sir," began the clerk, raising himself proudly to his full height.

"Not a word. Go to your desk at once. I see I was a fool to rely on your capacity, or gratitude, or anything else. Go, I say. I shall not need to consult you again."

That very day, the books, which had been in the clerk's hands for twenty years, were taken from him; while he was despatched to a distant city, nominally to see after a hazardous account. He was directed, from time to time, to remain awhile longer and watch the debtor; in a word, he was kept out of the way.

Meantime Mr. Lockwood called a meeting of his creditors. He laid both schedules before them; tendered his books for their examination; and gave verbally whatever information was sought. His assets he had marked as good, doubtful and bad: and he called in a clerk, temporarily promoted to John Masters' place, to verify his opinion.

To do the successor justice, he was a dupe, not an accessory. Mr. Lockwood had, as it were incidentally, so thoroughly imbued the young man with his own views, that the testimony of this witness was but an echo of the merchant's.

"You see, gentlemen," said the insolvent, "that, after paying expenses, and allowing for losses, there'll not be more than two-thirds, or three-quarters left. If the estate is carefully settled up, it may yield seventy-five per cent; if it is not, sixty will be the utmost it will pay."

He paused, and looking around at the blank faces, added hastily,

"But I may say that no man can settle it so advantageously as I can. I have already despatched my old and trusty clerk, Mr. Masters, to look after one of the heaviest accounts; and, indeed, would have gone myself, if I could have been spared. He writes to me more favorably than I had hoped. I have a few friends, I find, still left, who have offered to assist me. So, if you think best, I will run the risk of paying seventy-five per cent, giving a third in cash; a third in good endorsed notes at twelve months; and a third in the same kind of security at two years."

There was silence for several minutes. Some of the creditors were completely deceived, for they had always believed the speaker to be honest; and besides, they really knew nothing, and could know nothing, about the value of the assets. Others suspected he was misleading them. But these reasoned that they were in his power; that, at the best, an assignment would realize even less than he offered; and that it was most prudent for their pockets to dissemble and accept the proffered terms. An old merchant, who belonged to this latter class, said, therefore.

"I, for one, shall take Mr. Lockwood's offer. I had expected a better show, I confess; but there's no use, I have learned, in crying over

spilt milk. Who is the endorser, Mr. Lockwood?"

The endorser was named, and proved trustworthy. In reality, he was a capitalist, to whom the insolvent had paid a large bonus, besides hypothecating his assets, for the use of his name as endorser.

All the creditors, except two or three, consented to take the seventy-five per cent: and the few, who thus stood out, Mr. Lockwood finally paid, with interest in full.

Before the two years was up, most of the paper, which had that period to run, was sought out and purchased at a usurious rate. We need not say that Mr. Lockwood was the buyer.

The clerk, on his return, was discharged. Whatever he might suspect, he never knew what the estate realized, nor does anybody else except the insolvent himself. Without proof, John Masters was too wise to say anything; for often, as the law says, "the greater truth, the greater the libel."

John Masters found employment finally, at a reduced salary, and is poorer now than ever.

Mr. Lockwood lives in a fine house, at an expense of six thousand dollars a year, or even more. Why can't he? If his estate yielded a hundred per cent, as John Masters said it would, he saved a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Yet Mr. Lockwood thinks himself an honest man.

Alas! there is a day of retribution coming for the merchant. It is of such persons that the apostle writes:—"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you."

Better in that Last Day, to be poor John Masters, than the rich insolvent.

## "WHY SHOULD MEMORY GRIEVE THE HEART?"

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Oh, why should Memory grieve the heart  
With dreams of perished, faded flowers?  
The Past can never more return—  
The unseen Future still is ours.

'Tis true, at times sad Memory brings  
The sunny dreams that we have known,  
And o'er the earth a shadow flings,  
As if its sweetest charm had flown;

And though we've lost the trusting faith,  
That fondly hoped that all was true;  
And treasured up low-whispered vows,  
That vanished as the morning dew;

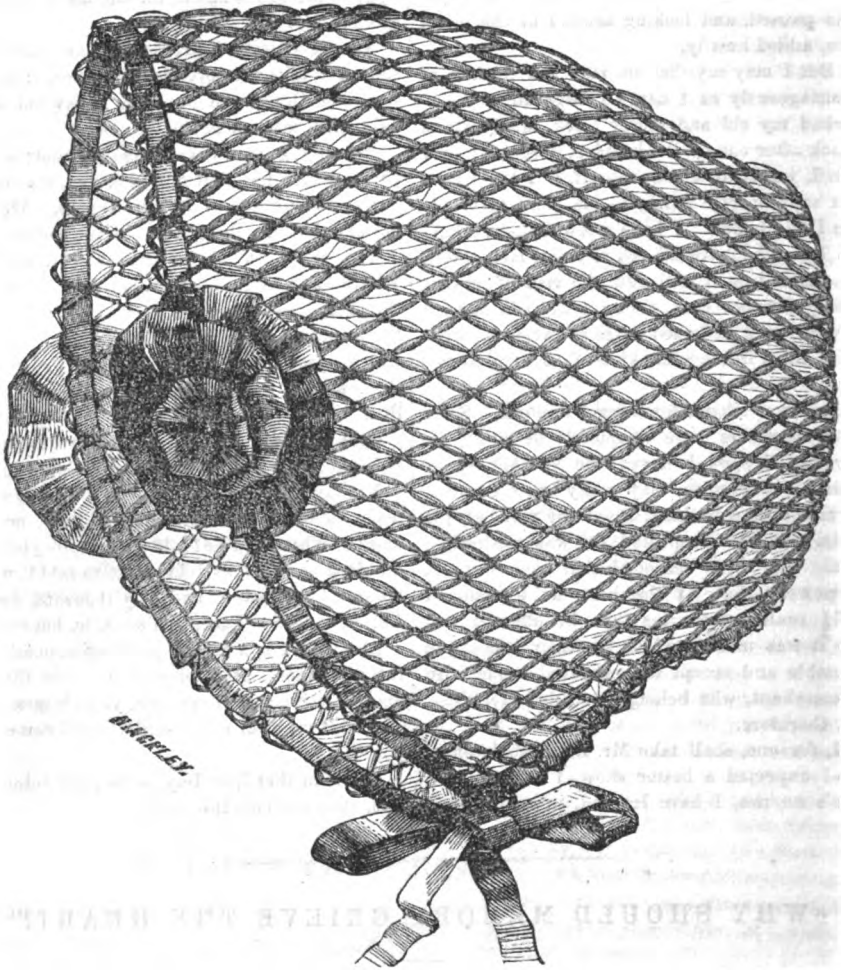
Yet that is past. The future still  
Has many a bright and fairy dream,  
And all the gushing joy of youth  
Still bears us on its glowing stream.

Glad Hope still smiles, and leads us on  
To roam in Pleasure's sunny bowers;  
And whispers in her low, sweet tone,  
A siren tale of future hours!

Then why should Memory grieve the heart  
With dreams of perished, faded flowers?  
The Past can never more return—  
The unseen Future still is ours!

## NETTING FOR THE HAIR.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—One piece of narrow blue ribbon; four yards of ribbon, three quarters of an inch in width; mesh No. 3.

Make a foundation of thirty-three loops on a piece of ribbon; join and net two loops in each loop, net twenty rounds, leave twenty-four loops for the back, net eleven rows, leaving one loop unnetted at the end of each row; make rosetts for each side with the broad ribbon, and pass ribbon through the edge loops, leaving long ends to tie behind.

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## BRIDAL GLOVE-BOX.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—A cardboard frame, four ivory fringe; and for the embroidery *ambre* lilac, pink feet, white satin, silk, wadding-cord, ribbon, and and green silks, white ditto, a small quantity of

three shades of orange, small bugle pearls, a little white embroidery chenille, gold thread and bullion.

So many of our correspondents have requested us to supply them with designs for articles especially adapted for wedding presents, that we have taken some pains to gratify them, by giving them designs for articles for the toilet-table of a bride.

The first of the series is a glove-box, beautifully embroidered at the top, with a bouquet of narcissus, lilacs, and ears of barley. The narcissus is embroidered in white Dacca silk, veined with the faintest possible green; the centre of the flower in orange, with a little scarlet for the edge of the cup. The pearl-bugles are used for the barley ears, each one being surrounded with

white chenille, and with the beard represented by morsels of gold bullion, about half an inch long, at the point of each pearl. The branch of lilacs is, as a matter of course, worked in lilac silk, with a small pearl, surrounded by bullion, in the centre of each. The veinings of the leaves are in gold thread and bullion.

The frame of this box is in strong cardboard, with a lining of flannel, both inside and out, between it and the satin. The seams inside are covered with white cord; the same material covers the outer seams and runs along the edge. The outside of the lid is stuffed to a considerable thickness with fine wadding, over which the embroidered satin is placed. The border is of quilled ribbon, with white fringe round the sides, headed with a handsome cord.

## EMBROIDERED SCREEN.

BY M<sup>LLE</sup>. DEFOUR.

**MATERIALS.**—Round frames and ivory handles; blue satin, white *chenille a broder*, pearls, and gold bullion and thread; blue fringe.

We have so often had requests for embroidered hand-screens, that we are happy, on this occasion, to meet the wishes of our friends. This screen is a very suitable wedding gift, and can be very rapidly and easily worked.

The pattern being marked on the satin, the leaves are formed entirely of white chenille,

worked in ordinary embroidery stitch; and the pearls, which are of various sizes, form the bunches of grapes. The tendrils are in gold bullion, and the fibres of the leaves in gold thread. When the pearls are put on, a thread of chenille may be carried entirely round them. They are to be mounted in the ordinary way, and either finished with a cord, or a quilling of ribbon, with gold cord laid in the centre.

## CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

**MATERIALS.**—French cambric and fine working cotton, No. 120. Work in button-hole stitch

and satin stitch. This is a pattern of very great beauty.

## . GOOD-MORROW.

BY THOMAS HAYWOOD.

PACK clouds away and welcome day—

With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air, blow soft—mount, larks, aloft,  
To give my love good-morrow;  
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
Bird, prune thy wing—nightingale, sing  
To give my love good-morrow!

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
And from each hill let music shrill  
Give my fair love good-morrow!  
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,  
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;  
You pretty elves, among yourselves,  
Sing my fair love good-morrow!

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**THE WEARING OF TRAINS.**—As there is little new, in ordinary fashions, in the month of August, many persons being out of town, and ladies having their summer dresses generally made, we have varied our embellishments, by giving, in place of the usual fashion-plate, a colored fashion of the court dress worn at the balls and receptions of the Empress of the French. A description of the costume will be found, under the usual head, written by our "fashion editor." At an imperial court, or even perhaps in a splendid private ball-room, these trains are beautiful, because of their stateliness. But everywhere else they are out of place. The practice, which some American ladies have, of wearing short trains in the street, is simply absurd. For what beauty can there be in a dragged skirt, soiled with dust and even with mud often? One of our leading dailies well says that the Empress Eugenie would as soon think of promenading the streets with a train, as she would of going up and down the Boulevards, with her crown on her head, like the queen in the story-book. There is a fitness in all things, and trains are not fit for the street. To use one of Thackeray's phrases, it is "snobbish" to wear, in this manner, what is intended only for courts. The train may be a gorgeous thing for a gilded, royal saloon: but on the side-walk it is incontestibly out of place.

**OUR JULY NUMBER.**—Our July number appears to have taken the country by storm. All our exchanges, correspondents and readers generally declare themselves delighted with it. Says the Pulaski (N. Y.) Democrat:—"The July number is ably edited, beautifully printed, and elegantly illustrated. No other Magazine presents uniformly so much matter of interest." Says the Hillsboro (Mich.) Gazette:—"Notwithstanding the beautiful appearance and good literature that has always characterized this publication, we hesitate not in saying that it is far ahead of all its predecessors." Says the Straesburg (Pa.) Bee:—"We consider it the best ladies Magazine now published, and everybody should have it." And the Worcester (Mass.) Republican says:—"It is on a race with the fashionable three dollar monthlies, with a chance to come out ahead." We think the present number will be even more popular. Its embellishments are certainly as beautiful: and its articles, in our opinion, better.

**OUR STORIES.**—The Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer, in common with several other papers, publishes, as an English tale, "Gloves and Cigars," a story that originally appeared in this Magazine, and which, after being copied abroad, and adapted to an Eng-

lish locality, has found its way again into the American newspapers. Of course, we attach no censure to the Enquirer. We only refer to the fact as one example, out of many, of the way in which our original stories are appropriated by the British periodicals.

**PUNCTUALITY.**—Now and then, perhaps, a subscriber, by some blunder of the mails, fails to get "Peterson" punctually; but the press universally gives us the reputation of always being prompt. Says the North Branch (Pa.) Democrat:—"The punctuality with which this Magazine is furnished to its readers make it more valuable to those residing in the country than any other periodical published; besides its contents are the most refined and instructive." And so say hundreds of others.

**A CAPITAL RECEIPT.**—For a clear complexion rise early; use plenty of fresh water; observe the strictest moderation in diet; and take plenty of exercise in the open air. The same plan will be found beneficial in other respects. Those who regularly pursue it, generally possess coral lips, white teeth, and pure breath.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Fashion and Famine.* By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brother.—We are glad to see this powerfully written fiction in a shape worthy of it. Originally contributed by our co-editor, Mrs. Stephens, to the pages of this Magazine, we well remember the profound sensation which it created among our subscribers and the public press. Large as the edition of "Peterson" is, however, there must be tens of thousands who have never seen the story, and to them, therefore, the appearance of "Fashion and Famine," in this shape, will be welcome. Many of its former admirers even will be glad to have it in a convenient form. If we are a judge in the matter, we should say that it is the best novel Mrs. S. has written, or, if we were to except any, it would be "The Gipsy's Legacy." The characters of Ada Leicester, Julia Warren, Mrs. Gray, Jacob, Leicester himself, and old Mr. Warren are all graphically drawn; while the incidents, without violating probability in the least, rise to a climax that is almost overwhelming. Without partiality we may say, what every competent critic admits, that Mrs. Stephens has no rival, in American literature, in the higher walks of passionate fiction. Others, perhaps, may approach her in the minor qualities of a writer, but none can rise to such a tragic majesty. We know not, in the whole range of American fiction, where to find delineations like the trial of Mr.



Warren, and other scenes in this volume. Nor does Mrs. S. ever transcend reality. Her novels are transcripts of life, not mere ideal pictures. Her men and women are the men and women we meet every day in our streets, with loves, hatreds, vanity, generosity, and all other human qualities at war in their bosoms: men and women, who become good or bad, as they strive, or neglect, to work out their progress to a better life, to a higher spiritual condition. But it is not alone in the tragic that Mrs. S. excels. Her humor is capital. The description of Fulton street Market, and especially of the good old vegetable dealer, Mrs. Gray, is full of delicate touches, which compel smiles involuntarily. The dedication to Mrs. Sigourney is in excellent taste—one of the best worded dedications we ever read. Messrs. Bunce & Brother have published the volume in a very superior style, the paper being unusually white, the type new, and the binding elegant. We predict for "Fashion and Fame" a run almost unparalleled in the annals even of American book-selling.

*Atherton; and Other Tales.* By Mary Russell Mitford. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Co.—This is one of those exquisite bits of literary workmanship, which, like a faultless mosaic, leave nothing for art to desire further. Its incidents are so skillfully told, and its characters so naturally drawn, that the most crusty critic cannot find where a word should be omitted, or a sentence added. The scene is laid in England, and the tale is so thoroughly rural, that one might say, if not hyperbole, that it smells of new-mown hay on every page;—certainly one seems to hear, in reading it, the low of the kine, the rustle of the Atherton woods, and the jingling of the grand team of bells that Fanny gave to Mrs. Bell. The perusal of such a novel, after reading those of the intense school, made popular by Sue and Dumas, is like coming out upon a breezy lawn from the roar, heat and smoke of some great factory. There are other shorter stories in the volume, principally selections from Miss Mitford's writings for the *Annals*. These are new to most readers, and, we need not say, are delightful. Few books have appeared, for years past, which are so worthy of a place on a lady's centre-table; for the volume is elegantly printed, and bound with taste, so that outside and in it is fitted for the boudoir.

*Calavar; or, The Knight of The Conquest.* By Robert M. Bird. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—Few of the novels of the late Dr. Bird have enjoyed so much popularity as "Calavar." This is doubtless owing in part to the stirring scenes of the Conquest of Mexico by Cortez, with which its pages are animated: but it is also attributable, in a measure, to the skill with which the author has availed himself of the incidents and characters at his command. We are glad, therefore, to see a work, which will always be a standard one, published in a style so elegant as that of the present edition. Two graphic illustrations adorn the volume.

*Records of Bubbleton Parish; or, Papers From the Experience of an American Minister.* 1 vol. Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—There is much power in this story, more earnestness, and still more truth. It is decidedly the best work, which has yet appeared, on the relations between a Minister and his Parish. It takes high and brave ground against time-serving in the preacher and tyranny in the hearers; and cannot but be productive, we think, of great good. Several of the characters are boldly drawn, especially Mr. Arlington, the Rev. Mr. Downy, Harry Hanson, and the eccentric Mr. Blunt. We like an out-spoken author, such as this, even when we cannot entirely subscribe to his sentiments; for before and above all things else we reverence truth, and accordingly esteem those who sincerely seek after it. The volume is handsomely printed, and illustrated with graphic embellishments.

*Flora Lyndsay; or, Passages in an Eventful Life.* By Mrs. Moodie, author of "Roughing it in the Brush," &c. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—Though disguised under the form of a novel, this book is evidently the narrative of Mrs. Moodie's own emigration. In the trials of the young married couple, their resolution to seek a new home, and the description of their sea-voyage, we have, in fact, such a succession of graphic pictures as could have been drawn only from personal experience. The work is one to instruct as well as to amuse. The increasing numbers of such novels, in which an interesting story is made the vehicle to impart valuable truths, is a proof of the earnest spirit of the day, which will no longer be contented with vapid sentimentalism or impossible romance. The publishers print the book from advanced sheets, and pay the author a liberal copy-right.

*Guido and Julius; or, Sin and The Propitiator.* By F. A. D. Tholuck, D. D. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A translation from the German, with an introductory preface by J. Pye Smith, D. D. The work is controversial and theological, and designed to meet Arian, and other similar objections to what is called orthodox Christianity. It is neatly published.

*Aubrey.* By Mrs. Marsh. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very inferior novel, at least for Mrs. Marsh. Indeed, since she published "Emilia Wyndham," this author has been rapidly deteriorating, we think. She writes, perhaps, too much. In her present, as in several of her late fictions, extravagance is substituted for nature, and for really powerful writing expletives and interjections.

*The Quiet Heart.* By the author of "Bessie Gray." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A pleasant story of Scottish life, reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine. For exquisite descriptions of natural scenery this author is unrivalled; while the characters are generally well drawn, and the incidents interesting.

*Shannondale.* By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—One of the best of Mrs. Southworth's novels. We cannot speak too warmly of the fidelity with which this popular writer depicts the life of the Middle slave states: her descriptions of the social customs, the scenery and the people of Virginia and Maryland have, indeed, never been surpassed by any author. In addition to her superiority in this line, her novels are full of stirring incidents and strongly drawn characters; and with these facts before us it is not difficult to explain her very great popularity. Mr. Peterson publishes the novel before us, in excellent style, complete in one volume.

*Fashionable Dissipation.* By Meeta V. Fuller. 1 vol. Philada: R. H. Lee & Co.—An agreeable fiction, with an excellent moral, and altogether such a work as we can recommend. It is published in a neat style, by a new, but enterprising, Philadelphia firm.

*A Year After Marriage.* By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a domestic story, naturally told, and inculcating a moral: altogether written in the best style of Mr. Arthur. The publisher has issued it in a neat, yet cheap, form.

*Martin Merivale.* By Paul Creyton. Nos. 5 and 6. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Two more numbers of this capital serial have been issued since our last.

### PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

**TRANSFER OF PRINTS TO WOOD.**—First varnish the wood once with white hard varnish, which facilitates the transferring; then cut off the margins of the print, which should be on unsized paper; that is, paper that absorbs like blotting-paper—and wet the back of it with a sponge and water, using enough water to saturate the paper, but not so as to be watery on the printed side. Then, with a flat camel-hair brush, give it a coat of transfer (spirits of wine) varnish on the printed side, and apply it immediately, varnished side downward, on the wood-work, placing a sheet of paper on it and pressing it down with the hand, till every part adheres. Then, gently rub away the back of the print with the fingers, till nothing but a thin pulp remains. It may require being wetted again, before all that will come (or rather ought to come) off is removed. Great care is required in this operation, that the design or printed side be not disturbed. When this is done, and quite dry, give the work a coat of white hard varnish, and it will appear as if printed on the wood.

**A BRILLIANT METALLIC TREE.**—Reduce to powder three-quarters of an ounce of sugar of lead; on this pour a decanter of water. Shake the mixture, and allow it to remain three days; take off the clear solution; rinse out the decanter, and then return it. Suspend a piece of zinc in the decanter, by means of thread or wire, to the stopper, so as just to be covered

by the solution. Place it in a situation where it is not likely to be disturbed. The zinc will shortly become covered with a moss-like appearance, and substance of metallic lead, which will shoot forth in brilliant crystallization, bearing a resemblance to a tree or shrub. This experiment is much to be admired, producing a pretty room ornament, if suspended in a large round glass bottle, which will be much better in appearance than in a decanter, and will better show the beauty of the crystallization, in consequence of being made with thinner and more transparent glass.

**TO CAUSE FIRE TO BURN UNDER WATER.**—You call for a pail of water, and having a certain composition in your hand, which you apply fire to, you throw it into the water, and, to the great astonishment of the company, it will burn under the water till quite spent. *Explanation.*—For the performance of this curious trick, by which many a wager has been won, take three ounces of powder, one ounce of saltpetre, and three ounces of sulphur vivum, beat and mix them well together; then fill a pasteboard or paper mould with the composition, and it will burn till entirely consumed, under the water.

**TO CAUSE A STONE TO BE IN PERPETUAL MOTION.**—This requires some hours' preparation, as may be seen by the explanation. When the necessary pains have been taken, the stone appears in a bottle continually moving. *Explanation.*—Put very small filings of iron into aquafortis, and let them remain there until the water has taken off the iron requisite, which will happen in seven or eight hours. Then take the water, and put it into a phial an inch wide, with a large mouth, and put in a stone of *lapis calaminaris*, and stop it up close; the stone will then keep in perpetual motion.

### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

**To Preserve Siberian Crab Apples.**—Prick each apple two or three times with a fork, and throw them into a pan of water. Simmer in weak syrup made with a pound of sugar to a pint and a half of water. When the skins begin to crack take them from the fire, strain the syrup from them and put them into jars. Cover with weak syrup whilst boiling hot, made with a pound and a half sugar to a pint of water. In three or four days pour off the syrup, boil it again with eight ounces more sugar to each pint of water used, and pour over boiling hot. Repeat this process three times before you put them by for use. Examine them in about a month, and if there is the least indication of fermentation pour off the syrup; boil it as before with more sugar; take off any scum; give the apples a boil in the syrup, fill the jars, and when cold tie over with a bladder or paper. The apples should be carefully picked from the tree and be quite sound.

**Tomato Sauce.**—Put ten or a dozen in a stewpan with an onion sliced, and a little parsley, thyme, pepper, salt, and butter, and a clove or two; when

done strain through a hair sieve, and warm again for table. A little Chili vinegar may be added. To Preserve Tomatoes for winter use: When ripe, gather, wash, dry, and cut into pieces: put on the fire, without water, in a small tinned saucepan, and when reduced to two-thirds of their bulk crush through a sieve to get rid of the seeds. Put again on the fire and boil until reduced to one-third of its quantity; after this add garlic and pepper; cool in an earthenware vessel and put into bottles, which are to be boiled in a water bath to drive out the air. Cork tightly. The garlic or spices may or may not be added. By boiling up this decoction with spices, as for mushroom catsup, we have tomato catsup.

**Mulberry Wine.**—Gather the fruit before it is quite ripe; bruise it in a tub, and to every quart of bruised mulberries put the same quantity of water. Let the mixture stand for twenty-four hours, and then strain it through a coarse sieve; having added to every gallon of the diluted juice, three to four pounds of sugar, allow it to ferment in the usual manner; when fine in the cask bottle it.

**Raspberry Vinegar.**—To make this delicious drink put your fruit into a basin, just cover it with vinegar, let it stand a night, bruise and strain it. To each pint of liquor allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; simmer and skim until perfectly clean. When cold, bottle, and stop it very close. Let your bottles be perfectly dry.

**To Dry Flowers.**—Flowers may be completely dried with all their colors preserved, by burying them for some time in hot sand. They are placed erect in a vessel capable of bearing heat, hot sand is poured around them, but not so as to destroy their shapes. They are then kept in an oven gently heated until they are perfectly dried.

**To Make Sage Cheese.**—Color some curd with bruised sage, parsley and marigold leaves, then mix this with some uncolored curd, which gives it a mottled appearance.

## FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

**FIG. I.—COURT COSTUME.**—Train of pink moire antique, lined with white satin and edged with pink feather trimming, interspersed with gold berries. Petticoat of white tulle over white satin, trimmed with rows of tulle puffings, arranged in three graduated groups. Between each row of puffings are placed small bows of gold ribbon. The corsage is trimmed with blonde and bows of gold ribbon similar to those on the skirt. Sleeves in two small puffs. The hair in full bandeaux at each side of the forehead, with one small flat curl just below the temple. A small plume of pink marabouts at the back of the head. Necklace and bracelets of diamonds and pearls. A Watteau fan.

**FIG. II.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS.**—Robe of dark blue silk with three broad flounces scalloped at the edges. The corsage is low and open in front; the open part being confined by three bands. Over the

shoulders fall deep revers, scalloped to correspond with the flounces and the short sleeves are edged with the same trimming. Under corsage, or chemise, of the form styled the Madonna. It is made of clear white muslin, beautifully ornamented with needlework. Under-sleeves demi-long and loose at the ends, also ornamented with needlework. Trowsers of white cambric finished at the ends with needlework. A drawn bonnet of white silk with cap of tulle and flowers. Boots of blue cashmere.

**FIG. III.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS.**—Short blouse of nankeen open in front to the waist, and fastened by small loops and buttons. Loose short sleeves and full under-sleeves of white cambric reaching only half way down the lower arm and gathered on a band. Short trowsers, finished at the ends with tucks and a full trimming of needlework. A broad-brimmed straw hat slightly turned up at the edge, and ornamented with a long white ostrich feather. Strings of white ribbon, fixed at each side under the brim of the hat by small white rosettes. White socks, and boots of blue cashmere.

**FIG. IV.—CAP.**—This cap, which is suitable for dinner or evening negligé, is composed of blue ribbon and Maltese lace, disposed in alternate rows. At each ear are full trimmings of lace intermingled with small bows of ribbon, and rosettes of the same along the front and at the back of the cap. Long lappets of Brussels net, with horizontal rows of Maltese insertion and edged with Maltese lace.

**FIG. V.—UNDER-SLEEVE.**—Material, puffings of net and rows of lace insertion, disposed longitudinally. Within the puffings are run rows of colored ribbon. The wrists finished by puffings and lace, with small bows of ribbon.

**FIG. VI.—THE ISABELLA** is made with a yoke of Brussels net extending down the front in a pelerine form, cross-barred with narrow feather-edged galloon, and bordered with a ruche of satin ribbon: the body of the Mantilla is of rich Brussels lace plaited into the yoke behind, and continuing round to the front, where it is fastened to the pelerine, leaving sufficient space to admit the arms.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—Bodies still continue to be worn with *basquines*, though these are varied in shape and trimming, according to the taste of the weaver.

**WHITE CANEZOUS** are still in high favor, the most elegant being composed of insertions or lace separated by ribbons.

**A LINING OR PETTICOAT OF CHERRIOLINE** is frequently adopted as a means of supporting the dress. More recently, petticoats of thick cambric, trimmed with two or three deep flounces reaching to the height of the knees, have come into fashion. The dress falls in graceful folds over a petticoat of this latter description, and, at the same time, has sufficient support.

Although flounces continue to be fashionable as a trimming for the skirts of dresses, other kinds of ornament are occasionally employed for that purpose. The skirts of one or two of the newest dresses have been ornamented at the lower edge with a

draught-board pattern, formed of rows of velvet, disposed in the following manner. Small bands of velvet, about an inch wide and four or five inches long, are placed perpendicularly over three rows of velvet running horizontally.

A more marked novelty in the trimming of dresses than that just mentioned consists of the skirt being made in the first place very much longer than is requisite; it may even be three times the proper length. The lower part is then gathered up to the usual length by drawings reaching to the height of the knees. The drawings are about four inches apart, and each one is covered by a narrow row of fancy trimming, consisting of velvet, passementerie insertion, ruches of ribbon, or embroidery.

SCARF MANTELETS of worked muslin are this season in high favor; but their elegance consists solely in the richness and taste of the needlework with which they are ornamented.

A Scarf Mantelet of double tarletane, that is to say, a mantelet of tarletane lined with the same material, forms a very light and pretty out-door garment for young ladies. Mantelets of this description are usually trimmed with two deep frills or flounces of tarletane, edged with a broad hem, within which is run a pink or blue ribbon.

Scarf Mantelets of black silk are very appropriate for negligé walking costume. They are trimmed

with a very deep flounce of silk, the flounce being set on in plaits. Some of the new black silk mantelets are of the round form, without ends in front. These may be trimmed with fringes, or with narrow frills of the same, surmounted by rows of velvet. Rows of fringe and velvet frequently cover the whole mantelet.

STRAW BONNETS are nearly all trimmed with ruches of taffeta silk, pinked at the edges. (This description of ornament is in great favor this season, being used to trim bonnets, mantelets and dresses.) These ruches or quillings are placed at the edge of the front and of the cape. Some are also set across the middle of the bonnet, and the trimming is completed by a bow with long ends, placed behind the cape.

TRINKETS are very rarely worn in the day time. Even brooches and bracelets are but seldom seen. Armlets of ribbon or velvet are most frequently worn on that part of the arm left uncovered between the sleeve and the glove.

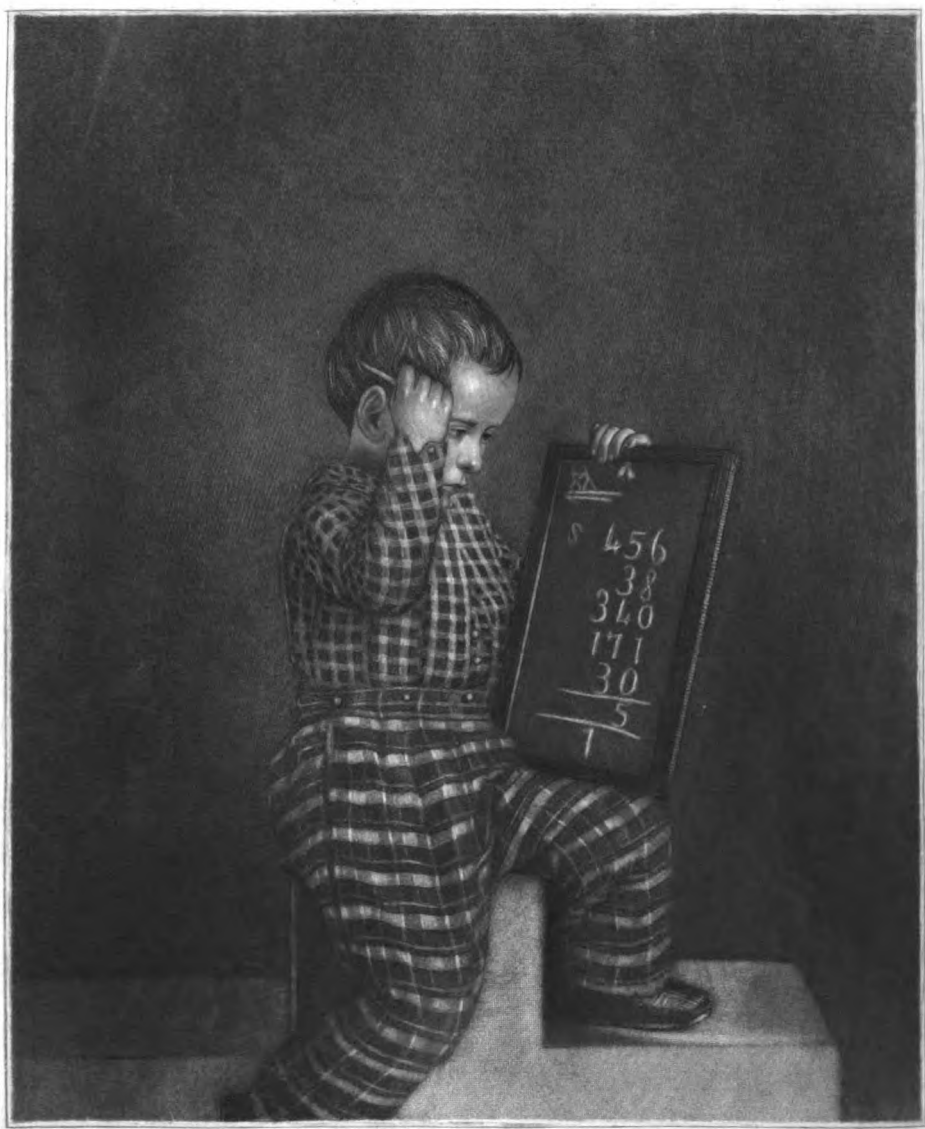
THE ABSURD FASHION of bonnets, at present, is a subject we have often alluded to. They neither protect the complexion, nor set off the face to advantage. Where will this absurdity stop? As they now nearly fall off the back of the head, we suggest the following as better for the complexion, and not more preposterous.



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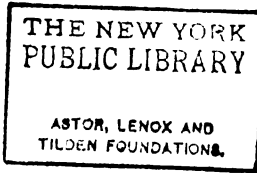




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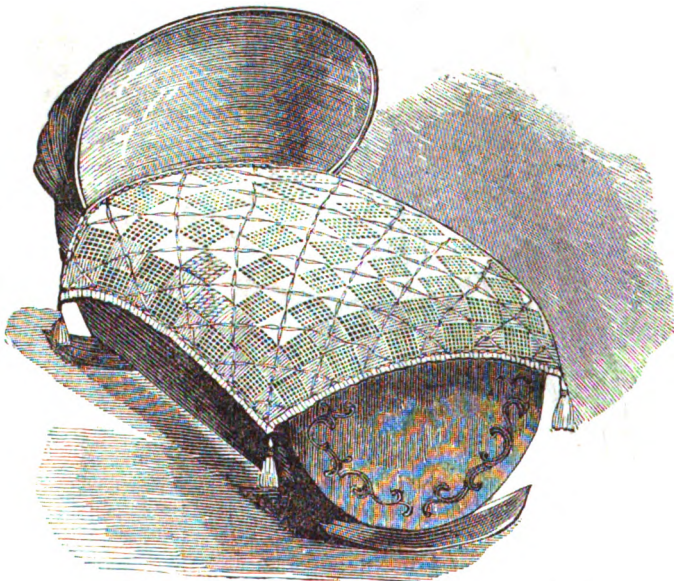


**DONNA GOMEZ.**

**As made by Molyneux Bell, Mantilla and Cloak Importer and Manufacturer, No. 58 Canal street, New York; and sold in Philadelphia, by Le Boutillier & Brothers, No. 208 Chestnut street.**

# Harriet Caroline

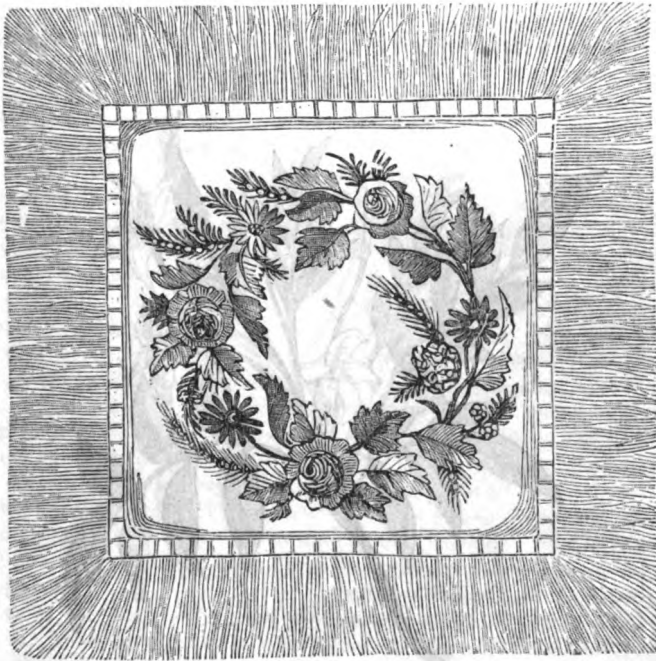
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JESSAMINE IN CROCHET.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 8.

## ELVERTON VILLA.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

"Her eyes were blue and tranquil as the Summer skies,  
Her cheeks was fresh as op'ning love when dew upon it lies,  
Her features far exceeded the sculptor's rarest art;  
Her sweet smile was expressive of purity of heart."—VIOLET VALE.

It was rather late one evening in early summer, when Mr. Irving's family arrived at their country residence for the season. Very little of the surrounding grounds could be seen in the deepening twilight. But the air was filled with melody and laden with rich fragrance. Annie Irving lingered in the wide porch which overlooked the blue and sparkling waters of the Sound—over which the moon was rising in silent mystery.

"Annie, my child, how often must I call you before you see fit to obey? I want your assistance. Fanny and Edward are tired and cross, and I cannot find the basket in which Bridget packed their things."

"I will come in, mamma, directly. I must have grown deaf to all voices except that of Nature, or I should have heard you call. But, mamma, can you wonder? only see what an endearing sight! the waves dashing up against the 'rock-bound shore,' and then gracefully receding back: and listen to the melodious songsters of the wood. Oh, mamma! I shall never want to hear Julien's imitation of Katy-did again," and Annie ran up stairs to assist sleepy Bridget in unpacking.

The sun rose bright and cloudless the next morning, and Annie was up with the lark, gaily skipping over the rocks, and gathering pebbles on the sandy shore. The younger children were wild with delight to be where there were real live cows and dear little chickens to feed. Mrs. Irving's health, which had been declining rapidly, improved under the bracing air and sea-bathing.

Annie had a dear little white pony which she used to ride, accompanied by mamma and the children in the carriage. Many a pleasant excursion was made in this manner. They would

frequently take provisions with them and have a little pic-nic party in the woods, and sister Annie would take her book and seat herself beneath some shady tree and pass the time quietly, while the children romped and played over Nature's velvet carpet.

Time glided rapidly on, and the last summer month was drawing to a close. Oh, how quickly does time fly with the light-hearted and gay, yet ever lingers with a slow monotonous movement with the weary and toil-worn.

Mr. Irving began to think of returning to the city, as the gentleman who owned the "Villa" was daily expected from Italy, where he had been passing several years.

"Oh, mamma," said Annie, one evening, in reply to her mother's inquiry of what serious thoughts were passing in her mind. "I was thinking how Mr. Elverton could leave such a beautiful spot, such an earthly Paradise, to wander to a far country where, I am *sure*, he could find none fairer."

"Yes, Annie, Nature has indeed been lavish of her gifts here. But, dearest, you must remember that there are many months in the year when all things do not look as beautiful. Before many weeks have passed, the trees and shrubs will be stripped of their bright foliage, and will be decked with the sombre tints of autumn, and not long after, instead of walking on soft green grass, you will have to tread over frozen ground, and instead of gentle breezes fanning your brow, to face a keen and biting air. The blue waves of the sound will then look to you like a dreary waste of waters."

"Oh, mamma! stop! I beseech of you do not make me discontented with the present by anticipating the future. But, mamma, it makes my

heart ache to think we may never perhaps visit this lovely spot again. I am attached to every bush, and love those grand old rocks *so* much. Oh, mamma! I cannot bear to think of going away. How I wish Mr. Elverton would part with his place. I'm sure he can't prize it very much, or he would not have left it. But when papa wrote to him to inquire his price and if he would sell, he returned the answer that he would not part with his Villa for ten times its value."

"And I can't say that I blame him," said Mrs. Irving, "to have one spot which he can call 'home,' and which is associated in his mind with many tender recollections, it would be indeed strange unless driven by dire necessity, should he seek to dispose of it."

On the next Sabbath morning, soon after Mr. Irving's family were seated in the little village church, a gentleman entered and proceeded leisurely up the aisle. He hesitated for a moment as he passed Mr. Irving's pew, but perceiving that it was occupied, he passed on to one immediately in front.

When the pastor's solemn prayer was ended, he still sat with his head bowed upon his hands, apparently in deep thought—but as a low, silver-toned voice fell upon his ear murmuring the responses, he involuntarily turned round to gaze upon a face, whose chief beauty was the expression that rested upon it of guilelessness and purity.

Annie Irving's eyes met that ardent gaze of admiration, and her own fell not to her prayer book, but to the floor.

"Papa," said Annie, as they were driving home from church, "who was that gentleman who sat directly in front of you?"

"That," said Mr. Irving, turning a keen glance on his daughter who blushed deeply, "that was

Mr. Elverton. I was not aware that he had come back, and as his return is a polite signal for our departure, we shall in all probability leave Elverton Villa before next Sabbath."

"Pardon this intrusion," said a manly voice the next morning, as the owner of it entered the sitting-room at Elverton Villa, "I was directed hither by a servant, who informed me I would find Mr. Irving within."

"Papa left for the city this morning," said Annie, who chanced to be the sole occupant of the apartment, "but if you would like to see mamma, I will call her."

"Not for the world. Miss Irving, I presume," he added, bowing, "I called merely in a friendly manner. Though personally unknown to your father, I have corresponded with him frequently on business matters, and being in the neighborhood I presumed to call, being dependant for my reception upon a self-introduction."

"Sister Annie," said a sweet voice from the piazza, "sister Annie, mamma says if you are not engaged, she would like you to go with Eddie and me strawberrying in the woods."

"In a few minutes," said Annie, rising and going to the window, "tell mamma that I will."

"Show you where strawberries grow in abundance," said a voice at her side. "Now, my little friend, you will please call brother Eddie, and bring your own and sister Annie's sun-bonnet, and if perfectly agreeable to Miss Annie," he added, bowing to her, "I should be most happy to become your pioneer."

And Mr. Elverton *did* become Annie's pioneer, not only for one afternoon, but for life.

Annie Irving was not called to leave Elverton Villa, but was prayed in such earnest tones to stay and become its future mistress, that she *could not* refuse.

## THE FLOWERS OF EARTH.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

I thought, sweet prattlers, as I heard  
Those tones of guileless mirth,  
Though bright the gathered blossoms bloomed  
Ye were the flowers of earth;  
My thoughts grew calmer as I gazed  
Upon each sunny brow,  
I blessed you "darlings" in my heart,  
E'en as I bless you now.  
I prayed that you might ever be  
As beautiful as now;

Each little heart from care as free,  
As pure each stainless brow.  
Oh! there's a nameless, touching charm  
About sweet childhood's face—  
Its merry, artless, winning wiles—  
Its wild, untutored grace—  
Like buds of Eden blooming fair  
Amid surrounding dearth,  
As pure and innocent they are  
The loveliest flowers on earth.



## "ALICE GRAY."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

It was a summer's evening, and we were all seated in the pleasant parlor, where the breath of the June roses came floating in through the open casements. The winds had gone to sleep, and a gentle calm, that breathed its influence to the heart, rested upon everything around. It was an evening for poetry, or music—when we have thoughts as pleasant as the dreams of angels, and are truly happy. My sweet sister—my little "Sing On," as I playfully call her, was seated at the piano, and turning around with a smile, asked what she should play for me.

"Give me an old song," I said—"one of those sweet old ballads, I heard years ago. I love them so, for they seem to breathe the very soul of music."

Appreciating my request, she turned over the leaves of an old music-book, till she came to "Alice Gray;" and then the following words, wedded to sweet music, and sung with touching pathos, trembled on the evening air:

"She's all my fancy painted her,  
She's lovely, she's divine;  
But her heart, it is another's,  
She never can be mine.  
Yet loved I, as man never loved,  
A love without decay;  
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking,  
For the love of Alice Gray."

"Her dark brown hair is braided,  
O'er a brow of spotless white;  
Her soft blue eye now languishes,  
Now flashes with delight.  
The hair is braided not for me,  
The eye is turned away;  
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking,  
For the love of Alice Gray."

"There!" said Ida, "that is all I will sing you, for you look so sad—but no wonder; I often wished I could learn the story connected with this touching song, as there *must* be one. Do tell it to me," and she left the piano and nestled down by my side.

"I—I know no story," I replied, hesitatingly; but in truth she had just aroused me from a reverie, in which I was tracing the circumstances that had called forth so sad a lay.

"You know, dear Ida," I continued, "as *Festus* says, 'tales of love are far more readily made than remembered.'"

"Then I will reply with *Helen*—'Tell-tale, make one.'"

"And I will commence like *Festus*—

'Well then, my story says, there was a pair  
Of lovers once——'"

"May," said Ida, slightly pouting her rosebud lips; "tell it to me right, and in earnest—will you not?"

I could not resist the appealing glance from those dark eyes, and so, sitting there in the quiet gloaming, I told her the story of "Alice Gray."

Summer was just flinging her rosy enchantment over hill and dale, when Ernest Sydney, a young artist of great promise, left the crowded city, to restore his somewhat delicate health, and revel awhile amid the beauties of Nature, so congenial to his tastes. He had labored hard the previous winter and spring, and produced several pictures, that had already won him a name—but alas! they did not win him gold, for he was poor—and now his shattered health forbade him to pursue his studies so closely for awhile. So with his favorite pencil and sketch-book, he started on his journey.

Ernest Sydney was a true artist and poet. Although in humble circumstances, genius had set her seal upon his noble brow, and in his brilliant, dark eyes, could be read high thoughts, ambitious longings, and bright dreams. Ah, what brilliant prophets of the future, are Youth and Hope!

Either by chance or design, the second day of his journey found him in the beautiful and secluded village of Beechdale, and after gazing upon those sunny hills, and fair valleys, and drinking in the pure, fresh breeze that floated down from the distant mountains, he knew that a lovelier spot than this could not be found, and concluded to remain awhile. So Beechdale was thrown into a pleasant state of excitement, when it became known that a distinguished young artist had taken rooms at the village inn, and many offers were made to him by the wealthier citizens for portraits, but he respectfully declined, as recreation was what he most needed at present.

And now, day after day, the young stranger was seen climbing the hills, and wandering by the streams, or lying beneath the shadow of the

trees, and sketching some quiet landscape sleeping among the hills, and smiling in its rich array of summer verdure.

It was while thus occupied, one sunny day, that the sweetest vision that ever met the gaze of Ernest Sydney, crossed his path, and sent the warm young blood to his manly brow. He had just finished sketching a beautiful scene near the village, and was retracing his steps, when voices reached his ear, and the next instant two persons came in view—one an elderly lady, but the other a young girl, apparently about eighteen, and fairer than the brightest conception of an artist's dream!

Responding to the stranger's respectful salutation, the young girl for a moment raised her eyes to his, and that glance was enough to haunt him for a life-time. Momentary as it was, he seemed to read in it something to be folded to the heart, to dream over when alone, and wonder if they should ever meet again.

Ernest Sydney had never met a woman he could love. Beautiful ones he had seen, but his heart had never thrilled beneath their gaze, till now. Ah, who shall say there is not a destiny marked out for us all, be it for good or for evil?

"Surely," thought Ernest, as he walked slowly toward the village, "the possessor of such a face, and such eyes, must be gifted with all that man could wish for in woman—all that I have ever dreamed of, and longed for, with my warm and passionate heart; and something tells me, we shall meet again."

Yes, Alice Gray was beautiful. It might well have been said of her, in a poet's language,

"Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eyes,  
In every gesture dignity and love."

The general expression of her face could only be called that of "hushed enthusiasm;" but when engaged in animated conversation, or when her sympathies were aroused, "waves of feeling" seemed to break over it in quick succession, and gave it a wonderful fascination.

Ah, what a power there is in beauty when it is lighted from within, by a fervid and enthusiastic soul. I have gazed upon faces where eyes, lips, and features "seemed to be drawn by love's own hand," but where *soul* was found wanting, and the charm was broken.

Several weeks after the arrival of Ernest Sydney in Beechdale, a large pic-nic was held in the woods near by, and of course, the young artist was not neglected in the invitations.

It was then he first became acquainted with Alice Gray. He roamed with her through the grand old woods, and conversed with her on

many subjects; and what a bright day that was to Ernest Sydney! A new life seemed to dawn upon him—a new image was enshrined within his heart. It was a face and form he could now never forget; for the first sweet tones that ever thrilled those hidden cells, were the low, soft words of Alice Gray!

But Ernest could not accompany her home, as he evidently wished to do, for a handsome young farmer claimed her attention during the afternoon, and did not quit her side any more that day. It was very provoking, of course; but Ernest never paused to consider *why* it was so—he only knew he had met a woman he could love—aye, loved already—and he went to his hotel to dream, for he carried with him a bright presence that clothed everything with beauty. Alas! how many, like Ernest Sydney, have clasped a beautiful vision, and fondly cherished it till the idol was shattered, and the whole world seemed desolate!

Alice was a petted darling. The only child of wealthy parents, her every wish was indulged, and what wonder if she grew a little self-willed and proud-spirited. She knew she was beautiful, and could command admiration; and she courted it. But Alice Gray was not, in heart, a coquette. 'Tis true, she was already solemnly engaged to a young man who loved her fondly—and she was not one that would break a vow lightly—but she was pleased with the attentions of the young artist, who expressed admiration in every look and tone, and she saw no harm in passing some of her leisure hours in his society. How often this is the case, when the results that follow, are seen—too late!

So Ernest Sydney became a frequent and welcome visitor at Rose Cottage. Alice was passionately fond of painting, as her portfolio well proved, for it was filled with sweet sketches; and Ernest, who was astonished at her skill, playfully asked whether she would become his pupil, and was still more astonished when she readily acquiesced; saying that she had long ago wished to obtain a further knowledge of the glorious art.

Thus day after day, they were brought together, sometimes roaming o'er the hills, to sketch some favorite view, or seated in the pleasant parlor, where he would guide her eager pencil, or reveal the mysteries of his divine art. And oft-times the pencil was thrown aside, and the leaves of some loved poet turned over, and favorite passages read: for there was a sympathy between them, and they *knew* they thought alike.

But why need I linger over those sunny hours?

Ernest Sydney frequently met Mr. Brainard, the young farmer, at the cottage; but he was not surprised at this, for he saw a great deal of other company there; and little did he think that Alice—his Alice, as he learned to dream of her—was betrothed to another. Ah, how a knowledge of that would have shut out the sunshine, that now made the earth so fair and bright!

Weeks passed—then months—and the fair-browed summer resigned her sceptre to the golden autumn, and was softly stealing away, ere Ernest Sydney thought of returning to the city—so pleasantly had the hours flown by, and he could scarcely realize that they were gone. But he felt that he must dream no more, for there was work for him to do. And *could* he lay aside his dreams, and return with the same light and buoyant heart, with which he came? Better, far better, would it have been for Ernest Sydney, could he have done so; but there were sweet dreams he had cherished in his young bosom, he could not hush without many a heart-pang—many a bitter tear!

It was night—

"— a night when stars were smiling  
O'er the lost day hushed to rest,  
And the earth lay like an Eden,  
Long ere sin had stained its breast;  
And from clouds that flitted o'er her,  
Looked the moon's face, calm and pale,  
As a nun's when careless fingers,  
Lift the dark folds of her veil!  
When the pale flowers closed their leaflets  
On their bosoms, snowy-fair,  
Heeding not the zephyrs' pleading,  
Kissing them with lips of air!  
When the waves with softest murmur,  
Broke upon the moonlit shore,  
Low as when a maiden murmurs  
Vows, and troth-plights o'er and o'er!"

Alice and Ernest were seated alone in the parlor at Rose Cottage, gazing out upon the moonlight. She had been playing and singing for him some sweet ballads, little dreaming how he hung upon every word and tone, for how did he know but what they would be the last?

"Alice," he murmured, at length, "since I am soon going to leave these beautiful shades, I must tell you with my lips, what my actions, perhaps, have already confessed, that I love you—love you better than life—better than the whole world; and oh, to go back into the busy world with the sweet assurance that I am loved—Alice, dear Alice, say that it is so," and he clasped her soft hand, and gazed passionately into her face.

And what answer read he there? Alas, it was paler than the moonlight without, and those eyes—those gentle eyes, whose light had flashed

into his very soul—were bent upon the floor, as she faltered forth in a low and trembling voice—

"Mr. Sydney—forgive me—I never dreamed you had learned to love me thus, for I can never be more to you than a friend—or a sister, if you will. We have met *too late*. I am betrothed to one who loves me well."

"And you love him too? But what right have I to question you? It is past, and I have loved vainly, madly, and God only knows how well! Alice, you have made me wretched, but I forgive you, and the prayer of my life shall be for your eternal happiness! Farewell—but one kiss"—and he pressed his lips to her pale brow—"one kiss, the seal upon the tomb of hope; and now, farewell, forever!" and he rushed wildly from the room.

"Ernest! Ernest! oh, do not leave me thus;" but he was gone, and perhaps it was well; for had he returned at that moment, she would have laid her head upon his bosom, breathed to him how he was loved, and wept out the agony that was almost killing her. But it was all over now, and the wretched girl sunk back upon her seat, with the pale moonlight falling around her, the only witness of those bitter, bitter tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

It would be difficult to describe how Ernest Sydney passed that long and wretched night. One thought though, was ever uppermost—he must leave Alice and Beechdale the next day—he must tear his heart from those loved scenes—he must be strong, and go back into the busy world, forgetting hours that had for a short time been the very sunshine of his existence.

And yet the image of that pale, pale face, and trembling form, would come back to him, and his heart would ask—did she not love him? Oh, even in his wretchedness, how dear was that thought!

No, he could not leave her thus. He would write to her—for he could not trust himself to look upon her again—and beseech her to tell him all. It would be a mournful pleasure to know even the worst, rather than be in doubt. When the morning at length dawned, he hastily penned the following letter:

"DEAREST ALICE—The heart that loved thee so wildly, must make its moan. I cannot leave your beautiful village, as I intended to do, without learning from your own lips, whether I am loved. It may be wrong to ask it—for you are *another's*—but oh! I beseech you, by the happy hours we have passed together, refuse not to tell me all. Alas! why did we not meet in

earlier years—in childhood—for something tells me I am loved; but now, oh, cruel fate! we must be as strangers; you will never see me again.

"Pardon my wild words. Oh, Alice! can you dream how I have loved you—love you still? 'Tis the most beautiful dream I ever experienced. It seems as if I had been reading some glorious poem, and when once read, and its fiery words burned into the soul, it can never be new again, but 'twill linger round my heart—a sunny and beautiful memory—a soft echo from the ghost-haunted past, coming in lonely hours to sweep the heart-strings with a tender melody. It was sweet, this poem—this dream—

'Twas bright, 'twas Heavenly—but 'tis past.'

"And now, farewell! My heart has made its moan, and after waiting for a reply to this, I will go back into the busy world, and strive—to forget! May you be happy! ERNEST."

He despatched this with a messenger to Rose Cottage, and after waiting several hours, received a reply. Tremblingly he opened the delicate note, and after glancing rapidly over the small and beautiful hand-writing, read as follows:

"ERNEST, DEAREST ERNEST—I feel almost guilty in writing to you *now*, but you so earnestly request it, that I cannot refuse. I will not deceive you—I *love you!* but until last night, I never acknowledged it even to my own heart. But I am calm now. Duty bids me love another better, for I am solemnly engaged, and I *will* be true.

"Forgive me for all the sorrow I have caused you; and do not forget me, even when you have learned to love another better.

'A place in thy memory, dearest,  
Is all that I claim;  
So pause and look back when thou hearest  
The sound of my name!'

"Oh, I dare not trust myself to speak of the tears, the emotions, with which I read your letter! I must not. I am weary, Ernest—almost ill; and you will pardon a shorter letter than you must have wished. May heaven bless you. Farewell! ALICE."

Ernest Sydney placed this little note next his heart, and left Beechdale the same day. The dream was over. His heart was now like a closed book, with faded flowers pressed between its leaves, which he sometimes opened in his lonely hours, and sadly thought of the forgotten past.

But he labored diligently, and his youthful

dreams were more than realized. Success crowned every effort, and at length he sought the sunny land of Italy, to gaze upon the glorious creations of the master minds, and drink in their inspiration. He spent a long and dreamy summer amid that home of beauty, poesy, and art—sometimes guiding his magic pencil, at others, wandering dreamily along the sunset waves, gazing into the strangely lustrous eyes of Italia's fair daughters, and listening to their musical voices; but he carried the "dearer image" in his heart, and they exerted their blandishments in vain.

Then he crossed the Alps into the German land, and sailed down the glorious Rhine, gazing upon its rock-bound shores, crowned with dark old castles, and thinking over wild legends he had read long before. But amid all his wanderings, and amid all this beauty, his heart still ached for home, and at length he again sailed for his native land.

Three years have passed. Rose Cottage is still as beautiful as ever, for the flowering vines have again wreathed their tendrils around the low casements, and the red roses blush in every nook.

In the parlor are seated two persons. Mr. Gray, poring over the morning papers; the other a lady, gentle and beautiful, dressed in deep mourning. It is Alice Brainard—a widow now—and again an inmate of the dear old homestead. Ah, how very lovely she is, years have but matured her beauty; and round her ripe, red lips lingers the same sweet smile, and in her eyes the sunny light that dwelt there of old. She is reading too—a volume of poems—one *they* read together; and perhaps her thoughts are now with the absent and the loved.

"Alice," said Mr. Gray, "I notice among the distinguished arrivals in the last vessel from Liverpool, the name of Ernest Sydney, Esq., the young American artist—a friend of yours, I believe."

The words were very simple, and Mr. Gray continued on reading; but they brought a deep blush to the fair brow of Alice, and the past came o'er her like a gush of old-time music.

A week passed, and one sunny day, a very handsome gentleman paused before Rose Cottage, and after glancing around with apparent emotion, advanced and lifted the massive knocker, which had scarcely sounded, ere the door opened, and he was shown into the parlor. Shall we intrude, and witness the very pleasant, and very touching little scene that is being acted there? Ah, you imagine it all already, I know; for the

gentleman is Ernest Sydney—and Alice—*his* Alice now—rests her fair head upon his true and manly breast

"And now for him, and him alone,  
Her eye shines bright and gay;  
Her heart, her heart is now his own,  
*His bride is Alice Gray.*"

## THE SAILOR'S LAMENT FOR THE SEA.

BY SAMUEL FAUCHER.

THESE hills are crowned with verdure fair,  
And flowers whose fragrance fills the air;  
These groves are beautiful, 'tis true,  
And gay plumed songsters warble too;  
Your country maiden's song is sweet,  
And shady groves a fond retreat.  
Yes, all is beautiful to thee,  
But give me back the deep blue sea!

'Tis true that Nature's generous store,  
Has spread her bounties at your door;  
Heaven's diamond dew here fall at night,  
And sparkle in the morning light;  
Here crystal streamlets gently glide  
Amid the vales by mountain side.  
All these are lovely unto thee,  
But give me back the bounding sea!

There comes the sun from out the wave,  
To meet the welcome of the brave,  
And mirrors in the crystal flood,  
Our ship so beautiful and good;  
While orisons from hearts of worth,  
Hail its return to visit earth.  
Oh! how I long once more to be  
Upon the wide and raging sea!

To feel my heart exulting bound,  
And watch the dolphins sporting round;  
To see the snow-white canvass sail  
Swell out before the gentle gale,  
While fleecy clouds float through the sky,  
Speeding with us in rivalry.  
I pine, I pine, once more to be  
Upon the bright and sparkling sea!

You say we often peril life,  
When wind and water meet in strife;  
That few are known to fame and wealth,  
Though risking oft both life and health;  
But yet the charm is strong in power,  
And warms our hearts in peril's hour.  
I grant you much but yet for me,  
I long to glide o'er the bounding sea!

With sails all set and pennons gay,  
I love to glide upon our way,  
I love to hear each messmate's tale,  
Of maiden fair or wrecking gale,  
Or mermaid's song at eventide,  
As magic-like we onward glide.  
Oh, how my heart now throbs to be  
Upon the bounding billows free!

## DIRGE FOR LITTLE MARY.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

SIGH and sigh for little Mary,  
From the lap of loving care  
She hath fled, the laughing Fairy,  
Glancing through her shining hair,  
In tangled golden ravel,  
Floating on the Summer air!  
Or in fluttering brightness glowing,  
Round her waxen cheeks and face;  
Or in glittering streamers flowing,  
Far behind her in the race,  
When those limbs, so fleet and rosy,  
Bore her on before the throng,  
Tossing high her wild flower posy,  
Ringing forth some rhyming song:  
Ah! how still is little Mary,  
In her white shroud, wide and long.  
Do they fear that she would waken?  
For her mother shades the light,  
When into that room, forsaken,

Tearfully she steals at night.  
Do they fear the wind would chill her?  
For they draw the curtains round!  
That a voice with pain should thrill her!  
For their words in whispers round;  
And they tread with noiseless footsteps,  
As if that were holy ground.  
Ah! we followed little Mary  
To the utmost bound of thought,  
Vague and grey;—but there the Fairy  
All an angel's brightness caught:  
And the sheets of moonlight love her  
O'er the dead sea dark before her,  
Through the distance none may measure,  
Height and depth we may not pass.  
Till the day shall come when Mary  
Smiles, and others cry alas!  
Till again our little Fairy  
Calls to us and bids us pass!

THE TORY'S CHILD.  
A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

It was past the noontide hour of a sultry day in the summer of 1777, when two young men, whose dress denoted that they were of the patriot army, approached a small village in the state of New York. As they walked wearily along, almost overcome by the fatigue of travel and the heat of the sun, whose unclouded rays were streaming fiercely upon the dusty and shadeless road, they halted before a neat cottage at a little distance from the village, which, surrounded by a neatly kept garden, and with vine-shaded porch and windows, afforded a pleasant relief to eyes pained by the sun's dazzling brilliancy. While the soldiers hesitated whether to seek admittance, a woman came out of the house, whose mild and prepossessing appearance encouraged them to ask for refreshment. She readily invited them to enter, and while they rested in the cool, shady porch, she sent her little daughter, a child of eleven or twelve years, to the spring for some cool water with which they might refresh themselves after their toilsome travel; while she hastened to prepare a frugal repast with a cordial alacrity that made it doubly acceptable to her chance guests.

When their repast was ended, the younger of the two, whom extreme fatigue had prevented from partaking of it with the keen relish of his more hardy companion, threw himself again upon the seat beside the door, declaring that he could proceed no further without some repose. The other represented to him the danger of remaining in a neighborhood which they had been forewarned was infested by a gang of fierce and unscrupulous tories, and urged him to make an effort to reach their destination, which was now but two miles distant. To all his expostulations he could get but one answer:

"I cannot go, brother—if my life depended on it I could not walk half a mile further now. Do you go on if you are able, so that our errand may be accomplished, and I will run the risk of remaining a while longer."

Mrs. Johnson, who was busily stepping to and fro in her kitchen clearing the table, heard their low-toned conversation, and her compassionate feelings were more deeply excited for the youth

whose extreme languor she had before remarked. Several times she went to a window which commanded a view of the road, and looked down anxiously toward the village; then, with an air of irresolution, resumed her household duties. At length she glanced once more to her visitors, and seeing that the elder had thrown his arm supportingly around his feeblér brother, and was regarding him as he lay with his head resting on his shoulder with a look of deepest anxiety, seemingly forgetful of his own fatigue in his paternal solicitude, the conflict which was evidently at work between her benevolent impulse and some opposing feeling was ended. She turned to her little daughter, and addressed her in a soft whisper,

"Maggie, when your father went away this morning, didn't he say he would not return till after nightfall?"

"Yes, mother," replied the child, in the same tone, "he said you need not wait supper for him; and it might be very late ere he could return."

Without further hesitation Mrs. Johnson went to the porch, and invited the young men to rest for a few hours in the house. They followed her with thankful hearts through the kitchen to a simply furnished chamber beyond, which, darkened by the mass of foliage at the two narrow windows, and with a light breeze fragrant with the breath of sweet flowers stealing gently in, promised to the weary ones a delicious repose. Little could they or their kind-hearted hostess foresee the consequences of her hospitality, prompted not more by her native benevolence of feeling, than by her deep and lively sympathy for the holy cause to which they in common with so many others had pledged their young lives.

The afternoon wore on. Mrs. Johnson, with her daughter by her side, sat in her accustomed place near the kitchen window, through which, from time to time, she cast anxious glances out on the road; but as the time passed she seemed to feel reassured, and with a brow calmer, though still thoughtful, patiently continued her sewing. She had just said to the child, "Put on the kettle, Maggie, for I must soon wake the soldiers,

and I want to give them a cup of good tea before they start;" when one of the village children came running in to ask Maggie to come out to play with her.

"I can't go this afternoon, Sarah," replied the thoughtful child. "Father has not come home yet, and you know I would not leave mother here by herself."

"Why, yes, your father has come home," replied little Sarah, looking from Maggie to her mother as if in astonishment. "I was passing by Dick Morgan's when your father came along, and he stopped to tell Morgan that he was back from the city sooner than he intended, because he had been told that two American soldiers were seen on the road to the village, and he wanted to find out where they were going."

Mrs. Johnson turned pale, and her hand shook as she laid down her sewing, and while looking anxiously out upon the road, asked what Morgan had said in reply.

"He said that he saw them come by his place, but they looked so worn out he thought they did not get much further. Then Mr. Johnson laughed, and said he hoped not, and maybe he might come back again for Morgan, and he nodded and said he would be ready; and Mr. Johnson came up the road as quick as he could. I didn't see where he went, for I was going the other way, but it was a long time ago, and I thought he was coming home."

Mrs. Johnson having assured herself that none of these she dreaded was in sight, hastily proceeded to rouse the slumberers, expressing briefly her apprehensions for their safety if they remained longer, as they had been seen by some in the neighborhood who were no friends to the patriot cause. Thanking her for her friendly interest, with the assurance that they were much refreshed by the quiet repose they had enjoyed, her grateful guests shook her hand warmly and turned to depart, the younger pausing to kiss little Maggie's brow as she stood beside her mother, her hand fast clasped in that of her friend Sarah, and with an expression of silent terror on her intelligent face. As they approached the door it was suddenly thrown open, and a man rushed in closely followed by several others, all fully armed; ere the astonished soldiers could defend themselves they were surrounded, disarmed and tightly pinioned. The leader of the gang then turned to Mrs. Johnson with a fiendish sneer, saying, "I told you often that no rebel shall find shelter in my house."

The troubled woman turned on her husband a look of gentle reproof and entreaty, as she replied, "I cannot refuse food to any of my fellow

creatures when they are in need, whether rebel or royalist."

"I have no wish that you should," he returned, meekly. "You have just given me a fine chance for doing the very thing I wanted, and I hope that you may have many such visitors, and that you will always kindly entertain them. I don't grudge them a meal now and then."

A brutal laugh, heartily echoed by the others concluded his words. But their exultation was suddenly checked. The terrified Sarah had slipped away unnoticed in the confusion, and giving the alarm, several of the patriotic villagers snatching up what weapons came first to hand rushed to the rescue of the provincials. They were met at the door by the tories, and a fierce encounter took place. Mrs. Johnson, anxious only for the deliverance of the two prisoners, and to keep her husband from mingling in the desperate fray, clung to his arm, impeding his exertions, and begging him to let the soldiers free, until one of the infuriated tories savagely thrust his knife into her side, and she fell bathed in her own blood on the floor of her desecrated home.

The angry conflict for a moment was stayed. Johnson looked down upon his murdered wife with a sullen composure and in silence; while the whigs and some of the less hardened tories cast looks of reproof on the dastardly murderer, who, with his blood-stained knife in his hand, fiercely returned their angry regards. Ere a word was spoken in that horrified crowd, one of the tories observed that some of the whigs were removing the cords which bound the soldiers, and with a gesture of defiance he sprang forward, followed by his companions, yelling fiercely to Johnson, "Remember your oath." The effect of the words was instantaneous. Whatever emotion of sorrow or compunction the wretched man might have felt while gazing on his lifeless wife, and the weeping child who still convulsively clung to the bleeding remains of her mother, was gone, and answering their fierce cry with, "Down with the rebels," he joined his struggling associates, took deliberate aim at the younger soldier and fired. The ball pierced the heart of the gallant youth, and another corpse lay on the floor of the once peaceful dwelling. A shout of triumph rose from the ruthless gang, as they redoubled their exertions to complete the work of destruction, and a fierce conflict ensued, in which several on both sides were disabled, and Johnson was captured and disarmed; those of his companions who were unhurt escaping by a precipitate flight.

Infuriated by what had taken place, and aware that Johnson had taken active part in more than one similar affair, the patriots after a short deliberation were about to hang him on the nearest tree, when little Maggie, falling on her knees before them, plead for her father's life with an earnestness that few could have withstood. The soldier who had been vainly searching for a sign of remaining life in his young brother, approached the distressed child and tenderly raising her from the floor, assured her that for hers and her mother's sake her father should be left free. The men, yielding to the decision of him who had most cause for seeking vengeance on his brother's murderer, procured a wagon, in which the young soldier's remains were conveyed to the house of a patriotic gentleman beyond the village, there to receive the last sad offices of friendship. Several of the villagers conducted Johnson some distance on the road leading to the neighboring town, and with a parting caution to return no more to that vicinity they left him, not without gloomy forebodings of what they might yet expect from his vengeance.

After the ill-fated Mrs. Johnson was interred in the village church-yard, her orphan child was taken to the home of her maternal grandmother, which was at a considerable distance from the village. There every means that compassionate affection could suggest was tried to banish from her mind the recollection of the terrible scene that had left her motherless; but in vain. She was gentle and quiet, and warmly repaid with grateful affection the kindness of her relations, but the charm of her young life was gone, and her delicate features bore the expression of deep and indelible sorrow. She never mentioned her father, all reference to whom was avoided in her presence, for only a few months elapsed when news came of the capture of him and several other tories, all of whom paid with their lives the penalty due to their continued career of guilt. This sad intelligence was concealed from the afflicted orphan for sometime, but accident at last made her acquainted with it, and from that hour she drooped more and more, and the sadness deepened on her pensive brow.

The only occasion on which her former animation seemed to return to her, was on the visits of any of the provincial army to her grandparents. Then, as if animated by the conviction that she was thus following her beloved mother's example, she would be the most zealous of all the patriotic family in efforts to serve them, but the transient excitement on her usual languid listlessness returned. But Maggie was destined to render a more important service to the cause

which her mother had taught her to regard as a just and holy one.

In the woods nearly opposite her rural home, was a kind of arbor formed by a clump of trees so closely matted together with wild vines, that it was with difficulty her slight form could force a way through; and in this spot, sheltered from the rays of the sun, and the observation of persons travelling on the high road close by, she was accustomed to pass most of the long summer afternoons absorbed in her sorrowful recollections. One day, about a year after her mother's death, she repaired to her little retreat, her thoughts more intent than usual on that sad event which daily seemed again occurring before her eyes; and as she reclined on her mossy seat, she wept long and bitterly until, exhausted by her grief, she fell into a deep slumber.

She was awakened by the sound of loud voices, apparently close beside her, and raising herself from her first feelings of bewilderment and terror, she gently parted the clustering vines, and peeping furtively out, beheld two men sitting beside a little streamlet not far from her retreat. A sick shudder crept through the child, as she fancied they belonged to the band of tories who had been wont to assemble in her parents' house, and who were there on the day her mother was savagely murdered. She could not satisfy herself if those now before her were members of that gang, but their language showed that they shared the same sentiments. In fancied security they conversed carelessly and freely on their past adventures and future schemes, and their terrified, but deeply attentive listener ascertained that they were on the way to join a large band of tories, who on that night intended to attack the house of a patriot farmer, whose three sons, all belonging to the provincial army, were now enjoying a passing visit to the parental roof. Maggie knew the place designated well. By taking a narrow and little frequented path through the woods it was but two miles distant, and she had often been sent thither by her grandmother. How was she horrified, therefore, by the details of the plan by which the whole family were to be ruthlessly murdered, their property sacked and destroyed; after which the marauders were to hasten forward to join a detachment of the British army, to the commanding officer of which they were bearing despatches supposed to be of importance.

For more than an hour they talked and laughed over the certain success of their horrid scheme, while Maggie, crouched on the ground, listened with attention that never flagged, till, to her great relief, she saw them rise to depart.



"They say all the farmers about here are desperate rebels," said one, as they were about starting. "Hadn't we better hide this parcel somewhere until we come back? we'll have to pass right by here to-night, you know."

The other reflected a moment, and then agreeing to the proposal, pointed to a pile of large stones further in the woods, to which they repaired, and placing the papers between two stones, piled several others around it to mark the spot; then with rapid steps pursued their way, and were soon lost to Maggie's view. With the maturity of thought which an early acquaintance with peril and sorrow seldom fails to develop in a child of ordinary intelligence, the little girl had formed a plan to defeat the tories' project, and her joy was unbounded when she saw them leave within her reach the despatches which they deemed of such importance to the royalists. She paused but an instant to implore of heaven assistance in her undertaking, then tying her sun-bonnet tightly, she stole out to the pile of stones, and with a strength which only her high purpose could impart to her childish frame, removed the heavy stones, and securing the prize in her bosom, took the well known path to former Gray's homestead.

Never slackening her rapid pace, she soon reached her destination, and stated the object of her visit to the family, who, with a number of young men and boys, acquaintances of the younger Grays, were sitting in the wide porch, engaged in friendly and animated chat. Their surprise at the startling intelligence was only equaled by their gratitude to the heroic child, who, as soon as she was assured that they would now be amply prepared to defend the house, delivered her precious package to one of the soldiers, and set out on her return; declining the entreaties of Mrs. Gray to wait till the wagon could be got ready to take her, or at least to allow some one to go with her, lest she might meet some of the tories on the way. Smiling gently at their fears, she started with a buoyant step, happy in having accomplished her undertaking, and thinking little of the distance she had to traverse.

But the generous child had miscalculated her strength. With the accomplishment of her purpose, the excitement that had supported her vanished, and an unusual feeling of debility crept over her.

And yet wearily she kept on her way, but her progress was very slow, and at last the gloom of evening began to make dark shadows through the woods, rendering the path difficult to follow. Still she crept along, until certain

that she had wandered from the path, but too exhausted to feel the dread that at another time would follow this discovery, she sank upon the ground in a lethargy that seemed like the forerunner of dissolution. As the evening shadows deepened, the grandparents began to feel alarm at the protracted absence of their darling, and search was made for her in every direction, until some one suggesting that she might have gone to see Mrs. Gray, a party went through the woods in that direction, carefully scrutinizing each side as they went along; and at length discovered her near the path, more than a half mile from home, her cheek, pale and cold, pressed against the rough bark of a tree, against which her trembling form rested, her thin garments damp with the heavy night dew.

They bore her tenderly home, but from that death-like lethargy she awoke only in the delirious ravings of fever; and they who watched her lovingly day by day, wept with the instinctive foreboding that oppressed every heart; for they knew that the excitement, the fatigue, and exposure had been too much for that delicate child, and that soon she would pass from their yearning sight.

It was on the tenth day of her illness that Maggie awoke from a long and quiet slumber, from which her anxious friends ventured to expect a favorable result. The wildness of delirium had vanished from her eyes, which now beamed with the soft lustre that had made them so beautiful; and beckoning to the dear ones that came around her couch, she clasped her wasted arms around each one, kissing them with long, clinging kisses, that expressed at once the depth of her affection, and her conviction that she was about leaving them. Not a word was spoken by that sorrowing group, for all were bathed in tears, and for a moment as she looked upon them after her mute, but touching farewell, the child's lip quivered, and tears dimmed her lustrous eyes; but she wiped them away, and raising her head from her pillow, whispered to her grandmother her desire to know if the family of Mr. Gray was safe.

"Yes, Maggie!" said the grandmother, weeping afresh, "Sarah Gray has been here most all the time of your sickness, and she told us how you had saved them from death; for when the tories came that night all was prepared, and they captured the whole party, fifteen in all. And when Bob Gray's major had examined the despatches, he found them of such consequence that he sent them to the general. All of the Grays have been several times to see you, dear Maggie; and they prayed for your recovery with

anxious hearts, for they say that to you alone, under God, they owe their safety."

As the dying child listened, a smile overspread her face—not her usual smile, so patient and sad; but one of seraphic joy that illumed every feature, and gave new brilliancy to the beaming eyes that for a moment were lifted upward, while

a few inarticulate murmurings broke from her lips. The bright smile faded slowly, and was replaced by that calm beauty, that ineffable loveliness which the kiss of the death-angel leaves on the placid brow of the holy dead—the pure and innocent heart that had suffered so much during its brief pilgrimage had throbbed its last.

## BOABDIL.

BY WILLIE EDGAR PABOR.

"El ultimo sospiro del moro."

He stood upon a beetling rock  
And pondered on the bitter past;  
His soul was faint beneath the shock,  
His spirit weak beneath the blast.  
Grenada's Monarch yesterday—  
To-day, he stood a banished man;  
The cross o'er crescent now held sway,  
And for a blessing gave a ban.  
He stood! where few before had stood,  
He faced Grenada's distant wall;  
Her banner torn and bathed in blood—  
Her victor's emblem over all.  
He saw upon the dimpled flow  
Of Xenia's stream the sunbeam play,  
And lighting up in golden glow  
The Vega, glorious in decay.  
The exile mourns his country's fate  
In words as fennel to the heart;  
Eight centuries of cruel hate  
Had made the Arab's power depart.  
And as he gazed with tearful eyes,  
Upon the wreck bespangled plain,  
His grief found words of weird emprise,  
And burst in passion's faint-like strain.

### LAMENT.

Grenada, Grenada,  
I weep for your fall;  
The cross of the victor  
I view in each hall.

Above the Alhambra  
Their banners now wave;  
The crescent has faded  
And fall'n with the brave.

The jest of the victor—  
The wassailing bowl,  
In merry round passes,  
And thus cry they all:—  
"The crescent is conquered—  
The cross it has won—  
Hurrah! for the victor—  
Castile and Leon."

The orange shall blossom,  
The Vega shall bloom—  
But grief like a sower  
Shall scatter her gloom,  
The vine leaves will open—  
The grapes will appear,  
But maidens shall gather  
The fruit with a tear.

Grenada! Grenada!  
My tears for you flow!  
So regal in splendor,  
Yet regal in woe.  
But all is departed,  
Thy heroes are low,  
Thy King and thy crescent  
No future shall know.

## THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

THERE sitteth a dove so white and fair,  
All on the lily spray,  
And she listens how to Jesus Christ,  
The little children pray.  
Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,  
And to Heaven's gate hath sped,  
And unto the Father in Heaven she bears  
The prayers which the children have said.

And back she comes from Heaven's gate,  
And brings—that dove so mild—  
From the Father in Heaven who hears her speak,  
A blessing on every child.  
Then children lift up a pious prayer,  
It bears whatever you say  
To that Heavenly dove, so white and fair,  
All on the lily spray.

## THE PRINCIPLES OF HEALTH.

BY DR. J. K. NEWTON.

HALLER poetically designates the stomach the "conscience of the body;" and we may say that, of all the organs belonging to human nature, it is the most ill-used. When the stomach is properly regulated it is invaluable; but otherwise it becomes a dangerous because a powerful despot!

No wonder, therefore, that numerous works—good, bad, and indifferent—have been written on this source of so many of our corporeal and some of our mental susceptibilities. Undismayed, however, by that circumstance, Sir James Eyre has recently presented to the world an improved edition of a little book which was published originally in 1852.

To ensure sound health and easy digestion, the quantity of food which we take ought always to be proportioned to the bodily waste.

"Eating in excess," says our author, "is the vice of the present day, and so well managed, that even religious persons will not see its sinfulness—sinful, no doubt, as absorbing and wasting so much more food than the body requires, which so many absolutely need; and unwise, regarding it in the lowest point of view, as lessening the enjoyments of appetite by inordinate use. Thus these sensualists dig their graves with their teeth, and surely march thereto by the slow but certain steps of premature decay. But as our constitutions bear not bold and sudden changes, the snaffle-rein must be added to the bridle of common sense thus recommended, and so the victory over superfluous feeding gradually obtained. . . . These are hard words, but they are meant to be such; and they are used especially to warn those who are yet able to listen and obey, and not to those who have all their lives been outraging that most patient of all our bodily organs." He afterwards adds—"Though gorging, from the cradle to the grave, is the chief cause of dyspepsia, yet neglect and inattention to Nature's requirements are very frequent ones also. . . . There is a large class of individuals who, although free from mental anxiety, will not inquire nor use that common sense they are gifted with. These will take no sustenance whatever, not even a cup of milk or of coffee, on first rising from bed in the morning, before taking a long walk. Others, again, who

are sane on all other points, will take an early breakfast, dine at a very late hour, and eat nothing in the interim. To such I would say, and especially if destined to close mental application, take a biscuit, a crust of bread, or some light article of diet, at least, or you will, when age advances, assuredly suffer from the stomach having been kept empty so many hours every day, and this, perhaps, during many years."

The advice of our physician respecting the quantity of sleep is to be relied on. He says—"As a general rule, it may be laid down that every man ought to have seven hours' sleep in the twenty-four, but more especially those who have real labor of body or mind; a woman requires eight hours, and a child still more." Stout and full-blooded persons, and those of an excitable but easily exhausted frame, require more sleep than such as are thin, or who, are more energetic and less easily tired.

In regard to the quantity of exercise required—"Every one, whether afflicted with indigestion or not, should walk in as pure an air as he can find, till he begins to experience a sense of fatigue, *every day*. A long room, or passage, may be used as a substitute, however sorry, in inclement weather. Horse exercise is next in value; and when both these can be obtained, medical services will be at a discount."

Then as to the quantity and quality of food:—"As the number of times in the day that we should eat is of great importance, and the most fitting hours for it not much less, that subject shall come next in order. And first, in regard to number of times. This must depend, as also the quantity and quality of the aliment, on the labor that is about to be performed; for all who study health ought diligently to employ both body and mind, whether they live by their own wits or by those of their deceased friends. The following rule I would write in letters of gold:—*According to our mental and bodily employment, so should we eat.*"

"The time of day for eating is of more importance than is generally supposed. Of this I entertain no doubt at all; the earlier in the day that the great meal of the whole can, by possibility, be taken, the better."

We next quote his advice to corpulent

persons:—"A man or woman who is plethoric, and makes blood fast, should not eat meat for breakfast; an egg, or two, would be the extent of my allowance to them; or, perhaps, should there be mental or bodily employment in prospect, some dried fish. Corpulent persons, again, who have already taken too much sustenance, in whom the accumulation of years is hoarded up in the shape of fat, may well perform quarantine, and rest a little from their toil. . . . Let such avoid the sugar-basin and the butter-boat as much as they have hitherto sought them, and eschew oily food and malt liquor, unless it be the pale and bitter kind."

The breakfast-table is next alluded to:—"Toasted bread is the most wholesome solid for either the first or last meal of the day. . . . Hot cakes, rolls, muffins, new bread, &c., must never be introduced into weak stomachs. Bacon need not be refused; it rarely disagrees; its constituent parts are so different to those of other meats."

The nutrition of various kinds of meat is placed before the reader in the notice of the dinner-table:—"Beef takes the lead for first-rate digestion, beginning with the fillet or the inside of the sirloin. Venison, game, and mutton, are far more acceptable to the invalid than chicken, &c. Pork is not desirable, unless when long fasting is anticipated. Veal is always at the bottom of the list; but not even mutton, any more than any other food, can be taken continuously without the occasional intervention of some other viands. . . . The best vegetables are mealy potatoes, *roasted*, young pease, asparagus, sea-kale, spinach, broccoli, cauliflower. . . . Water, or barley-water, acidulated a little with lemon-juice, and flavored with the peel, is the best beverage at dinner, but not to be indulged in to any extent. . . . Some take a cup of coffee after their principal meal with advantage."

His remarks on the cautions required in taking food, are too important to be omitted: "The food, when the stomach is treated fairly, and due rest is given to it between each meal, begins, as I believe, to be digested in some strong persons immediately; but even allowing it a brief period for preparation, two hours, *whenever possible*, must be spent by every one after dinner in perfect repose. Even the newspaper is not to be read, unless a short nap be desirable, and cannot otherwise be induced. But this entire state of repose will not, and by some *cannot*, always be conceded to the just claims of the stomach, while engaged in its greatest diurnal duty, by toiling, care-worn man! and this, I believe, is one reason why female dyspeptics)

(owing to their comparative exemption from the worry of business, or the consideration of exciting political questions) are more easily curable, as they certainly are, than those of the rougher sex. I have also said that, especially for those who cannot sleep at night, a doze of half-an-hour is not only allowable, but even necessary. No description of nutriment whatever ought to enter the mouth after a late dinner, excepting, perhaps, black tea, and a small portion of stale bread or biscuit."

We cannot forbear noticing some of Sir James Eyre's remarks on indigestion:—"Those who are martyrs to indigestion do not, as may well be imagined, all present the same symptoms. Some suffer only after eating animal food, others at every meal; some bring up a tasteless fluid several times a-day, have pain in the stomach, and a sensation of heat in that organ; occasionally the fluid is slightly acid—this is denominated heartburn, and is easily curable. Another form is where that which rises into the mouth is so intensely acid as to 'set the teeth on edge,' so to say; in which case the constant pain, especially as there is headache in addition, renders life a burthen. A confined state of the bowels is found in every case of indigestion. . . . There will, too, be more or less of lowness of spirits, according to the strength of mind possessed by the patient, and the ability to endure, in which the softer sex so much excel creation's lords! so much so, that I have frequently said to the latter, when deserving such commendation, 'that if he had been a *woman*, he could not have shown more fortitude!'"

With regard to the *causes* of indigestion, our authority states that "neither sex is exempt from this terrible affliction; but men, from living more unrestrainedly, suffer most. . . . Indigestion may be caused by improper food—that is to say, unfit for that particular patient's habits, and, on that account, even a little of it would be too much; or he may have been in the habit of fasting too long, or have eaten too frequently; or the air which he breathes may be unsuitable; or a woman may suckle a child when she ought not to do so. Again, either sex may be over-worked, mentally or bodily; or may have some great trouble, causing them either to neglect food altogether, or inducing indigestion of that which they do take; or, lastly, the appetite may be too keen, and restraint of it not considered necessary."

For the *medical* treatment of indigestion, we refer all those whom it concerns to the work itself, merely observing that, in the opinion of Sir James Eyre, *oxide of silver* is "the best and

the safest, because the more sure, medicine that we have in most, I do not say in all, cases of dyspepsia."

We trust these hints will be of service. If ladies would seek beauty in good health, rather than in cosmetics, they would find it sooner.

## THE LOST CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

WHEN one into the forest goes,  
A music sweet the spirit blesses;  
But whence it cometh no one knows,  
Nor common rumor even guesses.  
From the lost Church those strains must swell,  
That come on all the winds resounding;  
The path to it now none can tell,  
That path with pilgrims once abounding.  
As lately, in the forest, where  
No beaten path could be discover'd,  
All lost in thought, I wander'd far,  
Upward to God my spirit hover'd.  
When all was silent round me there,  
Then in my ears that music sounded!  
The higher, purer rose my prayer,  
The nearer, fuller it resounded.  
Upon my heart such peace there fell,  
Those strains with all my thoughts so blended,  
That how it was, I cannot tell,  
That I so high that hour ascended.  
It seem'd a hundred years and more  
That I had been thus lost in dreaming,  
When all earth's vapors opening o'er,  
A free, large place stood, brightly beaming.  
The sky, it was so blue and bland,  
The sun, it was so full and glowing,  
As rose a minster, vast and grand,  
The golden light all round it flowing.  
The clouds on which it rested seem'd  
To bear it up like wings of fire;  
Piercing the Heavens, so I dream'd,  
Sublimely rose its lofty spire.

The bell—what music from it roll'd!  
Shook, as it peal'd, the trembling tower;  
Rung by no mortal hand, but toll'd  
By some unseen, unearthly power,  
The self-same power from Heaven thrill'd  
My being to its inmost centre,  
As, all with fear and gladness fill'd,  
Beneath the lofty dome I enter.  
I stood within the solemn pile—  
Words cannot tell with what amazement,  
As saints and martyrs seem'd to smile  
Down on me from each gorgeous casement.  
I saw the pictures grow alive,  
And I beheld a world of glory,  
Where sainted men and women strive,  
And act again their god-like story.  
Before the altar knelt I low—  
Love and devotion only feeling,  
While Heaven's glory seem'd to glow,  
Depicted on the lofty ceiling.  
Yet when again I upward gazed,  
The mighty dome in twain was shaken,  
And Heaven's gate wide open blazed,  
And every veil away was taken.  
What majesty I then beheld,  
My heart with adoration swelling;  
What music all my senses fill'd,  
Beyond the organ's power of telling,  
In words can never be express'd;  
Yet for that bliss who longs sincerely,  
Oh, let him to the music list,  
That in the forest soundeth clearly!

## FEAR.

BY L. G. RIGGS.

FEAR is like the cloud that sheds  
Its gloom across the Summer's sky;  
When life is freshest, some wild dream  
Of grief is ever hovering nigh.  
Where the bright wells of gladness spring,  
Hope will the youthful heart decoy;  
But Fear is hovering there to fling  
A shadow on the path of joy.

A rainbow never spans the sky,  
But some dark spirit of the storm,  
With sable plume is hovering nigh,  
To watch its soft and fairy form.  
Life's pathway lies 'mid smiles and tears—  
The wedding peal—the funeral toll—  
But though o'ershadowed still by fears,  
Hope is the sunlight of the soul.

## THE BLUE VELVET MANTILLA.

BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE.

SHE was a bright and graceful creature, Carrie Merton, one of those bewitching beings that excite an interest in every heart. Endowed with sufficient charms to turn the heads of all the beaux in the vicinity, she had reigned supreme as belle of S——, since her advent from boarding school, some two winters previous. How so much adulation could fail of spoiling the beautiful girl, we know not; and yet, unless it be that the slightest possible tincture of coquetry, which only added to her many charms, was the result, no other perceptible injury accrued. Though she dispensed her smiles freely, received, read, and laughed at the many sonnets indited in her behalf, accepted in succession the services of her numerous admirers, yet apparently she remained fancy free. It was thought, however, by many, that a secret attachment for her most unobtrusive admirer, Henry Maynard, was the cause of her seeming indifference to all the rest; and to one who knew as we did, the pertinacity with which the above-named gentleman selected rainy evenings for his calls upon Miss Merton, when there was less danger of being interrupted, the announcement of their engagement, was a matter of little surprise, far less so than the intelligence that Mr. Maynard was about starting for a tour on the continent, with the hope of regaining his health, which was injured by too close application to study.

Fain would he have persuaded Carrie to join him on his pilgrimage, but her parents could not be prevailed upon to part with this their only one, so the marriage was postponed until his return. It was with a heavy heart that Maynard made his last adieus, the evening of his departure.

"And you'll not forget me, Carrie?" he said. "Not if I can help it," she answered, gaily. "Oh, Carrie, do not answer me thus lightly," was his reply, "remember the uncertainty hanging over my fate; the possibility of my never returning to my native land! And let me bear with me the consoling thought, that one heart will follow me in my wanderings—one hand be extended to me in welcome, if ever I am permitted to see the home I've loved so well." She was silent; but as he gazed into her sweet face, so fair in the moonlight, and saw a

strange glitter on those long drooping lashes, and knew that tears, and for him, were dimming the surface of those clear eyes, he was satisfied; and pressing a farewell kiss on that gentle brow, with a light step, and buoyant heart, he passed from her presence.

There is not much to chronicle in the annals of a small country village, where the weeks and months pass in one dull routine, where the days "make up one peaceful family:" and perhaps the current news may be gathered as well from one of the luminous epistles with which Fred Grannis favored his friend Maynard, some ten months subsequent to his departure, as from any other source. So we give a few of them.

L——, *September 10th, 1849.*

"DEAR HAL—I received your bulletin some weeks since, and was delighted to hear of your improved health and spirits. I am moving on in the same old way, making myself as ever, a useful and ornamental member of society. We have been rather dissipated in this dull corner of Yankeedom for the last few weeks, and every lady who lays any claim to being a member of the *élite* of our village, has shown herself zealous in the cause of fashion; and I venture to say, that *such* a series of entertainments, could scarcely be afforded by the 'Eternal City' itself! Mrs. Little and her five interesting daughters, made the last effort in our behalf, and gave a grand 'swarry,' after the most approved city style; for you must know, that Miss Seraphina, and her interesting sister, Miss Julia Matilda, have actually achieved a visit to New York, and staid one entire week in July; and have returned full of city airs and graces, and last Thursday morning they informed the public, that they would be 'At home' at ten P. M. You know it would not do to go precisely at the hour, so at half-past ten, those of us who were not too sleepy, presented ourselves at 'Myrtle Bower.' We were ushered into a room ten by twelve, where stood the five Miss Littles, (not by any means types of their name,) dressed in virgin white; an emblem, I suppose, of the purity of their inner selves; and great was the flutter of muslins as we were announced by that imp of a boy, *Joe Craft*, whose services had been

procured for the occasion, and who shouted our names, in much the same tone, that a news-boy would proclaim 'The S-u-n-d-a-y T-i-m-e-s, and S-u-n-d-a-y Express,' accompanying his sten-torian efforts, with a peculiar gyration of his thumb at the end of his nose, unobserved, of course, by the young ladies. Jim Ray declares that an unmistakable nasal symphony arose from the capacious chair occupied by Mrs. Little, and was clearly distinguishable above all the din; but I cannot vouch for the truth of the fact, for he was a *Little* in advance; but by the time we had adjusted ourselves, she seemed fully aroused to a sense of our presence, which she manifested by shaking hands all round.

"After all, Hal, I enjoyed myself vastly well. Miss Stanton was there, and as the party was given in honor of her presence among us, and Carrie's return, why I will be silent, only informing you that the supper, to whose merits we were all fully alive, was 'really splendoriferous,' as Jim Ray says, and what was wanting in quality was made up in quantity. Your inamorata was there, of course, still the evening star in our galaxy; what a pity that Jupiter is absent! To be serious, Hal, I consider your interests *somewhat* in danger; I keep my eye upon her for your sake, and I know that it will not be *Hallett's* fault, if she be permitted to 'tread alone' our 'banquet-halls' much longer, for he evidently leaves no means untried, to tear you from the 'leaflets' of her memory; and the other night, when a goodly company of us were gliding over the surface of that fair lake, so dear to your memory, Hal, I could not forbear wishing that it was *you*, rather than Hallett, who sat by her side; her voice seemed to have lost its ravishing sweetness, to my ear at least, when poured forth on the midnight air, as an accompaniment to *his* guitar. After all, Hal, I imagine that it is rather for the sake of his sister, that he is permitted to be her attendant on all occasions; and there too, I am astonished, that beings of such an opposite character should be so intimate. You know I rather pride myself on my knowledge of human nature, as shown in the countenance, and if deceit and falsehood are not written on Sue Hallett's face—if there is not a dark undercurrent in the tide of her affection for Miss Carrie, of which the latter little dreams, then I am mistaken; and if it were possible to secure a transfer of your affections to her own unappropriated heart, why I believe she would leave no means untried to compass her ends. You are a lucky dog, Hal! Here have all the eligible youths of this vicinity been doing their very best, for 'lo these many years,' to

advance their interests with 'the sex;' consuming the midnight oil; nearly rubbing the last hair from their cranium in getting up a poetic fervor, with the hope of producing something to astonish the natives; down on their very knees much to the detriment of their white inexpressibles; heaving 'sighs so piteous and profound,' as to endanger their slight constitutions—when into our midst comes Mr. Henry Maynard, with nothing so very 'killing' in his appearance, endowed with talents, to be sure; but not of such an *overwhelming* nature as to preclude the hope, that by a long course of cultivation, some of the rest of us might not be able to approximate to his standard, and with *apparently* very little exertion, bears away the rose, gem, star of our circle; and too, not content with the appropriation, claims the homage of every lesser planet, or what he does not demand as his right, seems his by possession; while we, poor souls, can but approach the altar of flirtation with fear and trembling, liable to have the most cherished 'feelings' of our nature laid bear to ridicule, our hearts thrown back with thaws, and many other casualties too numerous to mention. Lastly, I must tell you a little incident of our sailing excursion, poor Miss Blinkins' misfortune. She had succeeded in enlisting Charley Fink's attentions in her behalf, you know he is too bashful too resist, and had him deeply engaged in some romantic discussion, whether trying to obtain a glimpse of the amber-hued hair of the mermaids, about which I heard her discoursing, or desirous of seeing her own uncertain fate reflected in Nature's glass, I know not; but so it is, that while gazing into the depths below, she lost her balance, and was precipitated—not entirely into the dark abyss, for Charley caught her—by—well all that remained above board, just in time to save her life, perhaps, but not her unparalleled *ringlets*, which were borne by the waves quite beyond the reach of the most venturesome. Miss Blinkins ascertaining the extent of her loss, retired from the scene of action. Poor thing, I could not help pitying her, though I have such good reason for calling down anathemas upon her, still I would have spared her head. Now, Hal, hurry home, and don't take the hints which I have given you of matters and things too much to heart, but receive them kindly from one who is in the bonds of brotherly love, yours till death,

F. M. GRANNIS."

"L——, Nov. 18th, 1849.

"The top of the morning to you, Hal. In your last received this morning, you complain of my long silence, and in faith, no wonder! for last

evening upon opening a book on my table, I discovered the enclosed letter written *two* months since, and which I enclose, esteeming it much too good to be lost. It is a glorious morning; across the broad, blue Atlantic I give you a grasp that you must feel in every nerve. Why do you tarry? You say that your health is firm, and you have now been absent a whole year; and who can tell what may happen in the interim ere you arrive? Your lady love I saw last evening; I asked her for tidings of you, Hal, and she held up her pretty hands in astonishment, exclaiming, 'Am I Mr. Maynard's keeper?' I know not what to think of her. I am not gifted with the same clearness of perception, as are you, who speak of 'looking into the lucid depths of her clear eyes, and reading her every thought.' You say that you do not distrust Hallett, that you place implicit confidence in Carrie's love, and that if you have occasion to doubt her fidelity, '*truth* cannot be found in woman.' I always feel so too, when I am with her; she seems one of Nature's own children, pure, guileless, and unaffected; still, she is so universally admired, and Hallett and his indefatigable sister, are so unwearied in their attentions, that I feel that your bark is cast among shoals and quicksands. Hallett, whom I *detest*, would fain make me believe, that if it were not for her engagement to *you*, which she would willingly break, (as he says,) that not many days would elapse before *their* fate would be united! However, I do not believe him. I met them (Hallett and Carrie,) out walking this morning; the keen racy atmosphere, had called a brilliant color to her cheeks, which were shaded by the daintiest little white bonnet imaginable, and which contrasted admirably with a superb blue velvet mantilla, which she was displaying. You know that I am a connoisseur in dress, and I thought that I had never seen the charming Carrie look half as well, and could not forbear wishing that my friend Hal was here, to admire with me. But after all, are we not prone to value too highly the *casquet* and its adornments; are we not often attracted by the glitter of a worthless jewel, while the purer gem still remains undiscovered; lost beneath a less glowing exterior? But a truce to moralizing, and apropos of this. I was in Hallett's store the evening of the same day; we were alone, and fell into conversation about matters and things in general, and *ladies* in particular. Among other things he asked me, if I did not consider it some indication of advancement in a lady's favor, if she willingly accepted presents? I told him, that I certainly construed it as a matter of some importance,

'however,' added I, 'would depend in a great measure upon the character of the gift, for I have myself scattered scores of books among quite indifferent acquaintances.' 'Yes,' said he, 'but what would you think, was she to accept some valuable article of dress, and wear it on all occasions?' 'Why, I should,' answered I, 'consider it to be clear sailing into the sea of her affections; still, I should think that no lady as is a lady, would think of accepting a valuable article of dress from a gentleman, unless on the eve of marriage with him, and even then, I think some other gift would be more suitable.' 'Well,' said Hallett, 'there is a lady in this place, whom I will not name, but who I have long loved, but upon whose heart I had despaired of making any impression; but at last knowing that all women are fond of finery, I selected a very handsome and showy article of dress, which cost me not much less than one hundred dollars, and despatched it, though not without great trepidation as to the result of my bold move. She approved my taste seemingly, for she accepted it, and has worn it on every possible occasion since, and I think my star of success decidedly in the ascendancy.' Now, Hal, what evil spirit suggested to my mind '*Carrie's mantilla*,' (thank heaven I am beyond your reach,) which had so attracted my eye in the morning; you know that she is not in the habit of dressing very extravagantly, and yet this mantilla is *superb*; and for a village like S—— decidedly conspicuous. I tried too, to think if Hallett had been attentive to any other young lady, but for the life of me I could not. I now endeavored in vain to prevail upon Hallett to tell me who was the recipient of his bounty, but 'no,' he could not confide in me so far, as 'the happy day was not yet named!' Heaven bless you, Hal, I feel as jealous of your happiness and honor as my own; and if I thought that *Carrie Merton* could be so thoroughly heartless and deceitful, so entirely lost to all sense of pride and *decency*, (I had almost said) as to accept such elegant presents from any gentleman, *much less Hallett*; at the same time sending you renewed vows of love and constancy, by every breeze borne across the Atlantic—why, I think the sooner your eyes are opened to the true state of the case, the better for you both. Now, Hal, do not let your indignation fall too heavily upon me, if you think I have wronged her, and I *dare say I have*, 'but think of me as I am, (about to be married) nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice.' I had hoped to have had *you* present when the consummation of my hopes should take place; but you know what



the copy books say of 'procrastination,' (I know it made an indelible impression upon my mind, from the many times that my teacher obliged me to rewrite it, not being able to give the right flourish to the *P*,) and *Miss Stanton* being without natural protectors, I thought it would be a highly charitable act, to take her at the expiration of her term at *Madam G——*'s, at once under my protecting care. We (do you see how I am practising,) are to take up our abode in the 'queen city,' and there I hope you will seek us the moment your foot presses the American soil. Again, I say, *come at once!* and don't let what I have said influence you too much. Come and see for yourself. And now, for the nonce, farewell!

FRED."

"P. S.—I could not rest until I called upon Miss Carrie, and inquired of her in a very awkward way, I fear, where she purchased that mantilla? 'Why, really, Mr. Zuizy,' she said, 'your curiosity is unpardonable, and were it not that I hope you will *one day* get one for a certain 'Jennie' of my acquaintance, quite as beautiful, I would not tell you. 'It was sent to me from New York as a present from my *uncle Alton*.' Fool! idiot, that I have been for distrusting her; I feel that I could lay myself in sack cloth at your feet. Will it not satisfy you that I do so *spiritually*? I had serious thoughts of burning the above document, but thinking that a laugh at my expense might be of benefit to you, as an exercise for your lungs, I am impelled to send it from a sense of duty, solely on that consideration; and too, you may think yourself highly favored, in getting any news whatever from me at this *particular time*.

"I think you will agree with me, however, that *like a woman's*, the most important part of this letter is the postscript.

SO MOTE IT BE."

"And why will you not join the sleighing party this evening?" said Sue Hallett to her friend Carrie, "brother Frank tells me that you have positively refused to be one of the party." "Yes, such is the astounding fact, for setting aside my old objections to sleigh-riding, I do not feel well." "Oh, nonsense," said Sue, "if I were you I would go, if for no other reason than to display myself in that charming mantilla, which has created such a commotion in our midst; why I never saw you half as beautiful in anything else, you are the cynosure of all eyes; I would give all the world for one." "So I was thinking when I saw Miss Latour's, when one evening, as if the fairies had divined my wish,

in walked papa with a capacious box, containing the very article in question, and such a queer note from my old bachelor of an uncle, that I think I must show it to you, Sue," and while Miss Hallett is reading, suppose we glance at its contents.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1st, 1849.

"MY DEAR NIECE:—I left you a little girl in pantalettes, but in computing the time which has elapsed since then, I find that you have arrived at that age when vanities like the enclosed will be acceptable; and knowing woman's passion for velvet, I have chosen this shawl of blue, the only color I can distinguish, which I hope, my dear niece, you will be pleased to accept in advance, as a Christmas gift, from your affectionate uncle,

CALEB ALTON."

"P. S.—I start for Marseilles on business tomorrow, which will probably detain me some months, no letter now of foolish thanks, I can readily imagine all you would say."

"Queer enough," said Sue. "Yes, I really felt provoked that he would not allow me even to thank him, I think I shall do so yet when he returns." "I'd follow his advice to the letter," said Sue, "for he is rich, and there is no telling what he may do, if you only keep the right side of him." "I am very sorry, though," said Carrie, "that my mantilla should be the subject of so much remark, I did not dream of being so very conspicuous, and being absent so much, I had forgotten the sensation which always follows the purchase of a new cloak or bonnet, in a town like S——. So I think I must lay it away, until the excitement is somewhat over." "Oh, nonsense," said Sue, "what do you care for the opinion of a few meddling gossips? but come, I insist upon your going with us this evening, brother Frank will be in despair." "You must even excuse me to-night, I do not feel in the mood of enjoyment." "Poh, you are just moping yourself to death for that faithless Maynard, for faithless I dare say he is; and could we annihilate distance, we should find him at the feet of that dark-eyed Lady Guilia, of whose 'sunny smiles' he discoursed so largely in his last." Carrie knew his poetic temperament, and sighed as she thought the picture might be real. And was it indeed truthful, and had he found among "Italia's dark-eyed daughters," such visions of loveliness, as to banish all thought of his once loved Carrie from his memory? As we are permitted let us lift the veil, and follow him to that land of Elysian beauty, whose balmy air

and clear skies, had proved so invigorating to his enfeebled frame. He had formed the acquaintance of an Englishman, who, with his daughters, was sojourning sometime in Rome, and though many delightful hours were spent in their society, which pleasure was enhanced, by listening to the syren voice of the beautiful Guilia, (an Italian lady,) who with her harp discoursed such eloquent music,—and notwithstanding the peculiar temptations his enthusiastic nature was subjected to in that poet-land, still his allegiance had never for a moment wavered from his first idol, the gentle Carrie; and daily, as he wandered through those dim old galleries where heaven-born genius still gleams from the glowing canvass, the pure face of a Madonna held him spell-bound; and he returned again and again to gaze upon it, for a fancied resemblance it bore to his beautiful Carrie. In one of his moods of reverie, his friend Fred's letter found him. It would be impossible to describe the variety of expression which his countenance underwent while reading. Amusement, surprise, anger, contempt, seemed in turn to take possession of him, but when at last he reached the finale, he burst into a hearty laugh, wondering "What the deuce had got into the fellow, to make him so suspicious?" and seizing a pen, he immediately answered it, announcing his intention of returning by the steamer, and giving him, as Fred afterward declared, "a regular Caudle." Upon a reperusal of the letters, however, Maynard did not feel entirely at ease. He could not feel that Carrie was entirely free from blame in accepting "particular attentions" from any gentleman; "though," thought he, "she would not think of seeing what is so obvious to the argus-eyed gossips of that contemptible village." Still he had received an answer to neither of his last letters, and though as he fancied, "probably detained by the irregularity of the mail," a feeling of distrust crept into his heart, and he determined to lose no time in returning. Among the passengers by the steamer from Havre, was Mr. Caleb Alton, Carrie's uncle.

Eccentric, and rather reserved, Maynard found little opportunity, at first, of cultivating his acquaintance; but a sea voyage breaks through all barriers, and not many days had elapsed ere they seemed to be on quite sociable terms. The evening before their arrival in New York, they were seated upon deck engaged in conversation, when Mr. Alton expressed to Maynard his intention of visiting S—— the coming summer. "I am," said he, "becoming entirely too selfish, and feel that I must mingle more with my

fellows; even with my sister's family I have had no intercourse for years, and little Carrie too, wrote me a letter some two years since, which, to my shame be it said, I have not even answered." "Not," said Maynard, starting and thinking of his friend's letter. "No, but why your look of amazement?" "Nothing," said Maynard, "it was a mistake, of course, but I heard of your sending her a very handsome present, and supposed of course you had written." "It must have been my ghost then, for I should be in a maze of perplexity in selecting anything for a little girl like Carrie, not knowing whether a doll, or a red frock, would suit her best." But Maynard had turned away, and with his head leaning over the railing of the deck, seemed lost in a terror of doubt and indignation. *That*, then, was Carrie Merton, than whom he had deemed the angels of heaven scarcely less pure; and Grannis was right, "aye," murmured he, "and I owe him a debt of gratitude, 'which time alone can cancel. And this," said he, "is woman's love! not content with the worship of one who would have died for her, she must, by a course of coquetry and falsehood, add to her list of conquests. Heaven forgive thee, Carrie, but thou hast destroyed my confidence in every thing good and beautiful." He continued to pace the deck for many hours, until the crimson hues in the east announced the approach of morning; and as a voice from the mast head shouted "land ahead," he groaned that he must press his native land with such a load of sorrow at his heart.

Weeks passed on, and Carrie Merton believed herself forsaken. She had heard of Maynard's arrival in New York, and had watched for his coming many a day, until she was heart-sick with disappointment. "But I am determined," said Carrie to her mother, her face glowing with indignation, "that he shall never triumph in the thought, that I, a foolish girl, would weep and pine away because he has forgotten me." Yet she wept freely on her sympathizing breast, her mother knowing it best for that poor, grieved heart thus to give vent to its bitterness; begging her to dismiss from her thoughts one who had evidently proved himself so unworthy, and for her sake to be once more her buoyant, happy Carrie. And so again she was the gayest of the gay; Carrie Merton's laugh rang louder and sweeter than ever, so did those who did not like us detect the hollow sound, who did not know that her spirits were forced, and that a heavy weight was hanging at her heart-strings. Frank Hallett seemed never to tire of devising ways and means to make the time pass pleasantly—and

"people" began to think that his long cherished dream was surely to be realized. But not so thought Carrie, who never dreamed of Frank Hallett in any other light than "Sue's brother," and in her own heart she had said that though her idol was shattered, no other could ever reign in its place.

The winter, though seemingly gay, passed slowly and wearily to Carrie. Spring-time had come, the season of hope and flowers. She was sitting, one evening, on a low, rustic seat in the garden, twining the flowers which grew in such profusion around her, in a wreath to send to her young friend, Fanny Hinton, who had been crowned queen of May; a step on the walk caused her to look up, and what was her astonishment at beholding her truant lover before her. Her first impulse was to take his extended hand, but collecting herself she drew back with coldness and dignity. "I have deserved it all, Carrie," said Maynard, seating himself beside her, "but do not pass judgment upon me until you hear my defence, do not condemn me unheard." He then proceeded to lay before her the facts with which the reader is already acquainted. The suspicions of his friend—the history of the mantilla—the non-arrival of her letters—Carrie opening wider and wider her eyes with astonishment, until he told of his interview with her uncle, in which he denied all communication with his sister's family, all knowledge of the mantilla, when Carrie could contain herself no longer. "It is false; he must have sent it; have I not his own letter in proof? how could he act so strangely?" and she burst into tears. "Hear me," said Maynard, gently, "and I will unravel the mystery, which acquits you both of all blame. I have for some time, dear Carrie, been impressed with the idea that there was some mischief at the bottom of this affair, and this impression increasing, the more I reflected upon the possibility of such being the case, I left the city, determining at all events to judge for myself as to how Hallett's suit was progressing." (Carrie's eyes fairly flashed) "and I arrived by the cars this evening. After meeting most of my acquaintances, who were seemingly as much astonished as if I had dropped from the moon, I was passing down the quiet street leading to my old boarding-house, when I suddenly heard my name spoken, or rather squeaked, and looking in vain to see from whence the sound proceeded, I at last espied the face of Miss Celestia Blinkins peering from the very diminutive window of Bird's-Nest Cottage. She invited me in, which invitation of course I did not refuse; though wondering what could possibly be

coming next, and thought that I was probably to be the recipient of some secret attachment. I sat there in profound expectation, until at last she broke the silence by informing me that she had something of importance to communicate, which she thought concerned my happiness, and perhaps one other; but that I must first give her a solemn promise never to give her as the author of what she was about to communicate, to any one unless it was *you*, Carrie. I gave the required promise, and will give you as briefly as possible, Carrie, what she interspersed with long and vexatious interpolations. 'You have always treated me well, Mr. Maynard, you and Miss Carrie both; and the misunderstanding which has arisen between you, and of which I did not hear until my return a day or two since, has pained me much; and thinking that some things which had come to my knowledge might afford a solution to some of your difficulties, I determined to confide to you a circumstance which came to my knowledge some eight months since. I was spending a few days at Mr. Hallett's, and not feeling well one evening had retired to my room, and had fallen partly asleep, when I was awakened by the voices of Frank Hallett and his sister, in earnest conversation in the adjoining room, the door of which being partly open, I had no difficulty in hearing their conversation; though of *course* making no effort to do so. Miss Carrie was the theme of their discourse. Hallett complained that he made no advance whatever in her favor, though he had tried by every possible means to make some impression on her heart, that he feared that her affections were irrevocably given to that fool of a Maynard, and I must,' said he, 'resort to some other expedient, for marry her *he shall not* even if I fail in my attempts. I do not forget how he alone prevented me from bearing off the first honors at Yale, and to his interference alone I attribute the failure of my suit with his cousin; (which you know was false, Carrie,) and various other offences have swelled the debt of gratitude which I owe him, and now I will be revenged. 'Tis true that *Miss Merton* accepts me frequently as an escort, which, thank heaven, is the occasion of much remark, but a sister could be no more circumspect in her conduct; she does not even seem disposed to carry on a harmless flirtation; (all this was balm to my heart, Carrie,) in fact I believe she accepts my services oftener than she otherwise would, merely for the sake of veiling her real feelings, by preventing other gentlemen from knowing how really listless and indifferent she is, for in my company she does not *always* exert herself to be agreeable: and

now what is to be done, Sue?' 'I hardly know, I too have done my best in your behalf, tried in every possible way to prejudice her against him—ridiculed his letters, all that she would show me of them, and have endeavored in every way to set him in a disagreeable light, but it seems to no purpose. I have, however, a little scheme which I think may succeed. I was at Mr. Merton's yesterday, when Miss Latour came in; she wore a beautiful velvet mantilla, and after she left Carrie was loud in her expressions of admiration, and said she would like so much to have one like it, but she would not think of asking her father for one, as he had just purchased her a beautiful cashmere shawl. Now what I have to propose is this,' said Sue. 'Send on to Joe Maxwell to purchase you as handsome an one as he can find, and send it to Carrie as coming from her uncle Alton, who, you know Joe wrote, is about sailing for Europe, which will prevent a letter of thanks from reaching him.' 'I don't see what good that would do,' said Hallett. 'Well, let me enlighten you then,' said Sue. 'Carrie receives the mantilla, admires it excessively, wears it on all occasions—and in the meantime you hint to some of the gentlemen, say Grannis, who is his correspondent—at the same time showing her every attention that it came from yourself.'" "I see, I see," said Carrie, who had been silent from indignation and astonishment, "and they thought *you* whom they consider 'so fastidious,' would be as I should have been, too indignant to make any inquiry." "Just so," said Maynard, "but their wickedness has come to light from a source quite unexpected. I thanked Miss Blinkins sincerely; she begged me not to make it public for the sake of the rest of the family, who had been good friends to her; she also said that she would have told you of this long ago, but her brother from Michigan came for her the next day after the conversation occurred, 'and somehow too,' she said, 'it had seemed like a dream the next morning, and she had hardly thought of it since, until since her return she had heard of our estrangement, and thought the scheme had succeeded.' I came from Miss Blinkins with the full determination of giving Hallett a private

thrashing; I stepped into his store, his face beaming with delight at seeing me, 'such a very unexpected pleasure,' &c. &c. I took him aside and told him that I had discovered all his rasquinity; the despicable meanness of his conduct toward you; but that he was beneath the notice of a gentleman, and that if he did not offer you an humble apology in the presence of *myself*, that I would hold him up to public exposure. He seemed confounded, and stammered forth something, I could not tell what, but I insisted upon his giving me the required promise, which when he had done, I left him to his own reflections." "To think," said Carrie, who was fairly crying at the thought, "that Sue, whom I have loved and trusted as a sister from childhood, could have acted such a part!" "Do not think of her," said Maynard, "she is not worthy of your tears. But, Carrie, you have not told me yet whether you will forgive me?" said her lover, who had been holding her hand in the most paternal manner since the story had progressed in interest. She did not reply; but he sought for an answer in her downcast eyes, as in days gone bye, and with the same satisfaction apparently, for when two hours afterward the servant came out with the information that "it was dropping rain," the fact seemed to have entirely escaped their notice. The records of the next few months—are they not written in the voluminous book of news published by the untiring gossips of S——? who could never cease wondering at the sudden and unexpected departure of Frank Hallett and his sister to the west. The amazing good fortune of Miss Celestia Blinkins, who had found one "upon whom she could repose all the sensibilities of her nature."—the very handsome present made to her by Carrie Merton upon the eve of the interesting event—the splendid wedding at Mr. Merton's—the wondrous beauty of the bride—the great waste of time of which Mr. and Mrs. Maynard were guilty in spending so many months upon a tour of pleasure; and when they had returned and *that* had ceased to be a wonder—surprise was expressed by some few that Mrs. Maynard never again appeared in her BLUE VELVET MANTILLA!

## WORSHIP.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Why should we crave a hallow'd spot?  
An altar is in each man's cot;

A church in every grove that spreads  
A living roof above our heads.

## KATE CONWAYS'S LAST FLIRTATION.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

KATE CONWAY prided herself on being an accomplished flirt. By the time she was eighteen, she had coquetted with half the beaux of the village. Her victims had been among all ages. There was Mr. Price, who had just put the large panes of plate glass into his windows, and who bowed over the counter in his white cravat, as he displayed with bewitching grace the last new silk for the beauty's inspection; there was old Judge Warner, with nine children, a fine estate, and a couple of gouty limbs; there was young Dr. Stuart; and there were a dozen others, all of whom, if report was to be credited, had been lured on to offer themselves, but only to receive, in return, a look of affected surprise, an exclamation "dear me, I never thought of such a thing," and a decided refusal. The sufferings of her victims no more moved Kate than do the tortures of the flies whom mischievous boys impale. She went on, month after month, and season after season, in her work of slaying hearts, with the strong determination, by the aid of art and dress, to be irresistible to every bachelor she met. Now, however, that she expected always to refuse her suitors. She had a vague persuasion, that, sometime, when she was between eighteen and twenty, the exact period would depend upon circumstances, she would have her last flirtation; fall seriously in love; and marry like the rest of the world. For to be an old maid was her especial aversion, as it is, strange to say, of so many other coquettes.

"Oh! Lilly, such news," she cried, one day to her friend, "we've got a new lawyer in town. His name is up at Mrs. Bradlee's window—'Henry Anderson, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery'—in splendid gilt letters on a new black japanned sign. I wonder whether he's married or not."

"A solicitor for your affections is more to the purpose, Kate, I suspect."

A few evenings after Kate stood before her dressing-glass, preparing for a party, arranging some fragrant clematis sprays in her dark hair.

"I wonder, Lilly," she said, for her friend was staying with her for a few days, "whether that 'solicitor in chancery' is sentimental or dignified; for the altitude of these flowers depends

entirely on that:—shall they be high or low, graceful or queenly, a drooping spray above the ear or a starry coronal above the brow?" And so Kate rattled on, till she had finished her toilet, when, making a mock curtsy before the glass, she said, "My dear, you are quite charming to-night, and Mr. Henry Anderson's destiny is fulfilled."

Mr. Henry Anderson thought so himself, as Kate entered the rooms. He eagerly requested an introduction from Mrs. Bradlee and the few others whom he chanced to know. But Kate, for some time, evaded this, being too skilful a flirt to yield at once; though she contrived that he should always be in her vicinity and hear her most brilliant *bon mots*.

The introduction was at last obtained by the young lawyer; the lady was apparently indifferent, but nevertheless fascinating; and when she was led to the dance by another, Harry Anderson followed her with his eyes, watching every movement. Kate was no ordinary coquette. The science of dropping gloves and handkerchiefs, and of giving bouquets to gentlemen to hold was utterly beneath so great a tactician:—these were the weapons, she was accustomed to say, of bread-and-butter Misses only. She moved far more skilfully, undermining the citadel, to use her own phrase, before the garrison suspected that an attack was contemplated.

"Lilly, he's done for," was her exclamation, as she threw herself into a chair, when she and her friend reached home. "But I must make assurance doubly sure. I must begin to read Coke and Blackstone, I'm afraid. It will be horribly dry, to be sure; but then he's a catch worth having. Really the chap talks well, and is quite rich, they say."

From that hour Kate made what she called "a dead set" at the young lawyer. And, for a time, she really succeeded in entrancing him. He liked her for her sprightliness, her beauty, and her intelligence; for, to do her justice, Kate was both sensible and well read. During a whole month, Harry Anderson thought there was nobody equal to Kate. On her part she omitted no opportunity, nor art, to enslave him. What wonder that Harry, little practised as he was in the wiles of coquettes, thought, for a time, not

only that she was the most charming of her sex, but that she actually loved him.

Had Kate, with her many good qualities, possessed a true and faithful heart, she might have been happy. We are not sure that, after the flirtation had begun, she found herself more seriously interested than she had ever been before. In her secret soul, perhaps, she loved Harry: only, with the perversity of her character, she would not admit it to herself. One day, Lilly jested with her on the subject, saying,

"How do you succeed with Coke and Blackstone, Kate? Ah! my beauty, there's an old adage, 'Never play with edge tools.' There, don't blush so. I declare, you've turned as red as a peony."

"Foolishness!"

"Now don't attempt to deny it. Positively, it's the old story of the 'biter bit.' Ah! Kate, I knew your time would come at last."

"You counted without your host then," said Kate, pettishly. "I've been only flirting with Harry Anderson."

"Nonsense!"

"On my honor."

"We'll see, my lady. But, remember, I'm to be bride's-maid."

"Pshaw!" And Kate, as she spoke, pettishly flung herself away.

That night there was to be a grand party at Mrs. Overton's. Piqued at the supposition thrown out by her friend, Kate received Harry coldly. "We'll see," she said to herself, "whether people shall have it to say that Kate Conway, in flirting, lost her own heart." Her lover, undeterred by a first rebuff, soon returned to the charge.

"Pray," he said, "may I have the honor of dancing with you?"

"No, I shall not dance to-night," was the curt reply. And, fairly turning her back on him, as Lilly came up, she began to converse with her friend.

Harry was, for a moment, bewildered. It was impossible to misconstrue such rudeness. Yet, he asked himself, could it be possible that Kate, after all which had passed between them, would intentionally treat him in this manner. Hence, though at first inclined to be angry, he finally persuaded himself that something must have put her out of humor. It was but charity, therefore, to give her another trial.

Harry Anderson was, in fact, an uncommon person. He had strong sense, brilliant talents, and a high sense of justice. As he stood, apparently watching the dancers, he was reviewing his acquaintance with Kate, and the result was a conviction, that, for some unaccountable reason,

she was beside herself that night. "To-morrow," he said, "she will regret it. I will not quarrel with her hastily."

But while he was forming these charitable conclusions, what was his amazement to see Kate led out to dance. His cheek tingled with anger. Perhaps she saw this, for she cast a look of triumph on him as he passed, and was soon chatting gaily with her partner, nay! bestowing on him her sweetest smiles. A stranger, to have observed them, would have said that she was seriously in love with her companion.

This conduct naturally produced a revulsion in Harry's determination. He had believed her really attached to him, and, under that conviction, was ready to forgive and forget. But now he beheld her displaying exactly the same *empressment* to another.

"The heartless flirt," he said, between his teeth. "They told me she was a coquette, and fool that I was! I disbelieved it. But I am rightly punished."

Overcome by rage and mortification, and feeling himself unfit for such a scene, Harry turned to leave the room. But, as he approached the door, a crowd blocked up the passage. Just at that moment Kate and her partner, having finished the figure they were dancing, stopped directly in front of Harry. They did not see the justly angry lover, and went on with a conversation, which, at the first word, he knew related to himself.

"Pooh! Harry Anderson!" said Kate, contemptuously opening and shutting her fan, "how foolish you talk, Mr. Swanton. He's a mere sprig."

"Then you won't allow me to congratulate you?"

"Ridiculous! Must one be expected to marry everybody one flirts with? Dear me, in that case, there'd be no amusement left."

Just at that moment, Kate, happening to turn around, saw the frowning and disdainful countenance of Harry turned full upon her. She comprehended immediately that she had been overheard. For a moment she turned as white as a sheet. But, recovering herself, with that admirable dissimulation which flirting had taught her, she turned carelessly to her partner, and, with a laugh, made a witty remark on their *vis-à-vis*, who was a rival belle.

The blood of Harry boiled. All his love for Kate was gone, from that moment, forever. His was one of those natures, which, once deceived, never gave confidence again to the traitor. He had excused Kate, earlier in the evening, thinking that her spirits, perhaps, had been ruffled

But for this wanton insult, for this heartless avowal that she was coquetting with him, he had neither pardon nor excuse.

He never visited her again. When they met in the street, he bowed stiffly to her, but that was all. If they encountered each other at a party, he confined himself to the most indifferent remarks, and these the fewest possible. Occasionally they were thrown together, at the houses of mutual friends, where but a small number of guests was present, and where necessarily their intercourse had to be more intimate; but at such times, he always confined himself to the most general remarks, and exhibited to her, in a manner too plain to be mistaken, that she had lost all hold upon his heart. Once, they were left *tele-a-tele* for a few minutes, and Kate availed herself of the chance to throw all her old tenderness into her manner, reasoning that, if she failed, no one would see her defeat. She did fail, for Harry was as impassable as a marble

statue; and she bit her lips in mortification for having, as she said to herself, demeaned herself to propitiate him.

From that time a fatality seemed to follow Kate. The name of a flirt had now become affixed to her, for her intimacy with Harry had attracted general attention, and her heartlessness met with universal condemnation. The beaux laughed and chatted with her, but took care not to go further. If ever one showed symptoms of becoming too deeply interested, there were a dozen to put him on his guard, by saying, "she hasn't heart enough to love any man, "she'll only fool you, as she has done a dozen others, and as she did Harry Anderson."

So Kate remains unmarried, and is fast becoming an old maid. Harry is long since united to a lovely young bride, and all her old female companions have found partners for life: but Kate is still paying the penalty, and will pay it forever, by that LAST FLIRTATION.

"THE WILLOW TREE."

BY PHILA A. EARLE.

O'er my heart a memory stealth  
Of my early childhood home,  
Where the balmy zephyrs whisper,  
With a soft and plaintive tone;  
Where the willow tree is bending,  
O'er the stream that's softly wending—  
    Branches swaying,  
    Lightly playing  
With the ripples as they glide,  
Gently, sweetly, lightly onward  
In the hush of eventide.

'Neath that willow have I lingered  
When the dew was on the leaves;  
When the flowers were fragrance sending  
On the perfume-laden breeze:  
Sweet the words to which I listened  
When the silver moonbeams glistened,  
    Love tones breathing,  
    Fondly weaving  
'Round my heart a holy spell;  
'Bright those dreamings—sad the waking  
When wrecked hopes around me fell.

Nevermore I'll list to love-words  
'Neath that dear old willow tree,  
Whose long, slender branches waving  
Sweetly, sadly sung to me.  
Earth seems now all dark and dreary,  
Mournful are my thoughts and weary—

Lonely-hearted,  
Joys departed,  
Think I of that willow tree,  
Where in early years I wandered  
With a spirit glad and free.

'Tis the same, that weeping willow,  
Through its leaves the wind sighs low;  
And the streamlet dreamy murmurs  
As it did so long ago.  
And the golden sun is gleaming  
On its leaves, 'tis softly beaming—  
    Birds are singing,  
    Flowers are springing—  
Change has only come to me;  
Graceful, green, and bright as ever,  
Is that sweeping willow tree.

But there's one beneath it sleeping  
As the wakeless only sleep:  
O'er that still green grave the angels  
Ever holy vigils keep.  
When no grief in my heart's blended—  
When my earthly dreams are ended—  
    Leave me lying,  
    Where it sighing  
Grievingly will wave o'er me.  
Lay me sleeping with the love-lost  
'Neath that sad grave-guarding tree.

## DR. WETHERGREEN'S PRACTICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 101.

### CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. HOLMES, in a few weeks, could use her left arm nearly as well as her right; and this was the marvel of all who knew her, insomuch that old Mrs. Townsend, who had been "hauled up," as she had it, for twenty years with the same complaint, and a half-dozen others, or more, men and women, with unwieldy chronic maladies—such as neuralgia, *tic dolozeux*, gout, dyspepsia, and asthma—came and said they *must* be healed, if it was any way in his power; they had been sick so long; they had suffered so much; they were so tired of it! Drs. Gravesend and Coffin laughed, when they heard what cases came to him; laughed obstreperously when they heard that all the poor Irish were flocking to him in that sickly time, because McCormick had told them how he, "Doctor-r-r Wethergreen, himself, had raised his son up from the dead intirely, a'most."

Dr. Joseph heard that they laughed; but he let it pass. And, quietly going his way, he healed many, so that more and more business came into his hands, until he, too, had as much as he could do. Chiefly among the poor, however; for the poor all over his quarter of the city, had got it into their heads how kind and attentive he was; how he had been heard to say that he *hoped* he would try as hard for McCormick's boy, as he would if he were the President's boy; that, if he would not, he was no follower of the Saviour, certainly. There were other physicians there at M——, they thanked God! who would say the same; who would do the same. Large numbers went to them; and still there were large numbers left for Dr. Wethergreen. And they liked to go to him; to do the little that they could for him, because he was poor, like them; because, like them, he was having a tough struggle in the great world.

At one poor room, that, for a long time he visited daily, he found often some new comfort that had crept in and taken its place while he was away. Glasses for the medicines came, and little plates to cover them close; silver spoons, fresh covers of the whitest linen on the stand

where the dishes were kept; fresh napkins to be used about the bed; fresh bed-clothes, finer than any that belonged in that house, marked "C. Phillips," in delicate characters; and good dishes for the family table came, as Dr. Joseph knew; for dishes of beautiful ware were often there on the shelves and on the table, side by side with the burned and battered dishes.

When the child became better, so that she could again hold her playthings in her hand, Dr. Joseph found her amusing herself one day with a tiny willow basket, filled with artificial flowers.

"See!" said the child, turning up her pale, sick face. "Doria give it to me. Doria Phillips." The little fluttering hands put it out toward the doctor, and left it there on the edge of the bed for him to see it. "Doria give it to me," repeated the child. "She's a good Doria."

"Who is she? who is Doria, little one?"

"She's Doria Phillips. She *comes* here; she and Caddy. Caddy's good too; didn't you know it?" again lifting the large eyes.

"No, I didn't know it, Roxy. Who are they?" he added, addressing the mother.

"Why," began she, hesitating and preparing her words; "They're the ones that have been coming here all along. You've seen how comfortable things have been here?"

"Yes."

"Well, its all their doing. I hadn't ought to say anything about it," she added, after a pause. "I've wanted to tell you, a hundred times," with filling eyes. "But they—or Doria, at least, told me not to. She told me that if I lisped a word of it, she should be offended with me. So I mustn't. I might tell about Caddy; for *she* don't care. She don't seem to think or care whether anybody knows it, or not. But Doria told me not to mention either of 'em to you. She said she had her reasons. I don't know what they are, I'm sure."

"No;" interposed Dr. Joseph, giving the basket back to the child. "But you do perfectly right to respect them, whatever they are."

Then he gave directions and went.

Now, it had been so all along, that Dr. Joseph visited little Roxy last on his round; so that he



was always there about noon. But, in the course of a few days after this, two or three of his patients were off his hands, and he was round to Mrs. Mercer's by a little past eleven. And he found Doria and Cad both there; Doria standing with her bonnet in her hand, talking with Mrs. Mercer; Cad sitting by the bed, with her hands where Roxy could see what they were doing, cutting out rows of paper-girls and boys. Well, when he came in, Doria, smiling a little, blushing a little, bowed herself a little in passing out by him, and was gone. He only saw of her, that she had what people call "a homely but very intelligent face;" that her features were what people call "large and irregular," but that there was something fine about them, after all; something exceedingly delicate and fair, from the clear white skin, and the blue veins showing themselves through. And in part, perhaps, from the light drab dress she wore, and the very light rose-colored ribbon about her throat. Cad, laughing in a low, musical way, to see Doria run, composedly kept her place; and was introduced in form, as "Miss Phillips—Caroline Phillips," to Dr. Joseph.

"What made Doria run so?" asked Roxy, laughing, and with her eyes on the doorway where she disappeared. The child laughed on and on, as if the slight frame would be shaken to pieces. "She couldn't help it," she said, when they remonstrated. "Doria run so;" and then she laughed on.

"What *did* make Doria run so, Miss Phillips?" asked Dr. Joseph, smiling.

"She is shy," Cad said. "She is afraid that ——" indeed, Cad couldn't tell him. She would ask Doria what made her run so, when she went home. And Dr. Joseph's last words to her, as he stood with his hat, ready to go, was, "Don't forget to ask Doria what made her run so, Miss Phillips. You won't?"

"No, I won't;" with the musical laugh, and bowing her adieus.

The next morning, it happened that he came up with the Misses Phillips, on his way to the post-office. They, also, were going to the post-office; and so he had their company.

"What made you run, Doria?" he asked, laughing, almost as soon as he was introduced. For he knew by the liveliness in the eyes of both the sisters, what was in their thoughts.

"Because," she began, with something half-merry, half-defiant in her air.

"Because——"

"Yes; I can't tell you to-day."

"Will you tell me any day?"

"Perhaps I will. I don't know."

"What act shall I render, of penance or of service, to make sure of your telling me, some day?"

"You must just go your way, and not mind me any more than you would if I were a leaf on the wind."

By-the-by, the reader does not know that October had come at M——; that, already, at M——, some of the leaves were sere on the trees, and some of them falling. Did the reader think of this? A leaf went by them as they walked. It was this that suggested Doria's comparison.

"I shall mind the leaves that go by, then, not a little after this," replied he, laughing. "Now, I shall cross over to Miss Caroline's side. I shall ask Miss Caroline if she don't think this one of the pleasantest of days.

Miss Caroline did. Miss Caroline was glad the hot summer was over; glad that the autumn days had come, when poor, old fading Nature takes so grand an aspect; when the winds go by with so grand a sound. She was glad winter was not far off.

So did Dr. Joseph like the autumn. So did he look forward to the winter. But autumn was certainly not the time for any great exhilaration. It was, after all, a sort of burial time. It could be, as he thought, a rich, grand, good time, only to those whose clear faith in resurrections of all sorts, helped them to perceive a sublimity in all the processes, both slow and quick, through which a beautiful new life comes, in its time.

Miss Caroline thought the same; and her beautiful eyes had a softer expression, her voice a sweeter ripple, as she assented. As for Miss Doria, she was over there on the other side of Miss Caroline, walking demurely, and not once raising her eyes, not once speaking—only to say "Yes," once, when Cad asked her if she didn't think it true, that which Dr. Wethergreen had just said.

## CHAPTER X.

"SAY, Doria! good Doria! what made you run? What makes you to this day, so stiff with me (only now and then, when, for a moment you forget what you are doing?) What is it? You shall tell me now, or I will be angry and stay away, until tomorrow evening, I presume." He smiled a little; but he was earnest and grave, withal.

November had come! Thanksgiving was close by. He had been out and in of late, as if he were the brother of the daughters, the son of the mother, who was early widowed, and who had no son. He had met Caroline Cunningham

there, one time and heard her say, "You! I'm so provoked, I don't know what to do! Mrs. Jones, the dumpiest, dowdiest woman in all M——, you know, has got her a dress just like my new one; exactly. And has it trimmed like mine; in a peculiar way, you know. I had mine trimmed so, that there needn't be another like it. I'm mad! They say, that, whenever any one admires it, or looks at it, she tells them it is just exactly like Caroline Cunningham's. Caroline Cunningham has got a dress just like it. Ain't it too bad?"

To this and a good deal more like it, he had seen that Doria just listened with her accustomed quiet and good nature; that Cad only laughed, and, as she looked over her worsted, said, "Ah, I wouldn't care if I were you."

"Will you tell me?" he repeated. He had been waiting for Doria to tell him why she had been so shy and reserved with him from the beginning.

"Yes, I *want* to; for then I shall be easier when you are about. Then you will understand me, let me do or say what I will. Still, I don't know how to say it; for it shows perhaps a want of trust in your manliness. But I *do* know, Dr. Wethergreen," now looking him earnestly in the face, "I have seen men as sensible and as little vain, perhaps, as yourself, who, if a simple lady of my age, (past the age when most girls are married, or engaged to be married, as you know) if she is unreserved and cordial with them, when she likes them, just as she is with the women that she likes; if she is glad to see them, when they come and lets them see it unequivocally that she is; sorry when they go, and if she lets them see this too, just as she would let a female friend see it; and if, as she is inclined, out of the rare pleasure she has in their rare good company, she says with her friendly looks and tones, 'Come again; come whenever you feel disposed; we shall always be glad to see you,' they believe that she thinks of nothing in the world but of marriage, and of having them for her husband. They believe that she smiles to this, and modulates her voice to this end, says 'Come again,' to this end."

"Ah, Doria!"

"They do! as sensible men as you, Dr. Wethergreen; for I have both heard and seen it. I've felt it too," with unsteady tones, "more than once. For I like gentlemen's company. I like to talk with them. I am spontaneously inclined to be unreserved with them in whatever I say; but I can't be. I have to watch myself, my eyes, my lips and my whole manner."

"This is too bad, Doria, if you think so!"

said Dr. Joseph, with deprecating looks and tones.

"I *know* so; for, as I told you, I have seen it and heard it; against others and against myself." Again she bowed her head and spoke with shaken tones,

"So I keep myself, in a way, braced up, as you have seen me, when single gentlemen whose age and position would seem to indicate them as suitable for me, are about."

Dr. Joseph now laughed heartily. Doria half laughed and half-cried.

"So, Doria?"

"So, Dr. Wethergreen, I am never truly myself with you, nor with any other unmarried gentleman 'of a certain age,' that I like. If, one moment, or one hour, I forget my caution and chat and laugh, on and on, as I would with a friend who already has a wife, or a betrothed, in the next I recollect myself; and then I long to say to you or to him, 'I wouldn't marry you, sir, if you *think* I would. I like you and like to talk with you; but I wouldn't marry you if you were made of gold; or, rather, unless you were made of gold, and so, fit for being taken to the mint and afterward used for benevolent purposes.'"

Dr. Joseph fairly went off his feet, laughing. And Doria laughed now without any tears in her eyes.

"If I were beautiful, like Caddy and many others, I should feel differently," Doria added, when they had had their laugh out. "For a beautiful girl does not *presume*, if she advances even so far. Or, if she does, all the allowance in the world is made for it, for her loveliness' sake."

"Ah, Doria! you don't know!"

"Yes, I do. I have had a chance. I have an uncle who is a fine man, and a rich one, and a widower. I have two cousins who easily attract, or, at least, who think they do, without intending it; even intending fairly to *not* attract; and I have heard what they have to say. It is in a few words of delicate utterance with them, always; for they are gentlemen. But I would a thousand times rather carry myself round stiff as Mrs. Ispchin, all the days of my life, than that such things should be said of me by such men as they are; rather than see the shrugging of shoulders, even so slight, and the lifting of the eyebrows, when my name was spoken. It is *you* that don't know about these things, Dr. Wethergreen."

"I mean that you don't know the character of your face and its expression, when you under-rate it as you do now, and as I have heard you more than once before. I like your face."

"I too like it; but I know that it is a homely face, for all that. No, Dr. Wethergreen! I know what you would undertake to make me believe. I do not want to believe it, trust me. I am willing it should be just as it is. I like my very homely face as well as Caddy or any one can like her very beautiful face. All is, a beautiful woman can go *her* ways, a homely one can go *hers*; but hers must be quieter, more unobtrusive, else shoulders and eyebrows are lifted very high in some quarters; especially, *especially*, if, like this homely woman who makes such long speeches this evening, she really likes to talk often with those gentlemen who are really worth talking with, and if like her they are impulsively apt to show their likings."

"Well, we will let it go so. But I dare say you have ten apprehensions where you need not have more than one."

"I dare say. But one can never know."

"And this is what made Doria run so?" laughed Dr. Joseph.

"Yes."

"What made her take such pains to conceal her goodness to Mrs. Mercer and little Roxy?"

"Yes. One thing more, and then you must go home; for I engaged to go over to Lowell street, to come home with mother and Caddy. I was to be there to take my tea with them; and you see," directing his attention to the mantle clock, "it is quite time."

"What is the one thing more?"

"Why, I am just as *sure*," she said, speaking with emphatic earnestness, "that neither would you marry me, as that I would not, under any circumstances, marry you. So there it is; the whole affair, before our eyes. I shall *know*, after this, that you will not misconceive my meaning and purposes. I can be ever so glad to see you; can tell you, in all manner of ways, that I like you, and you will understand that it is as I would like a brother. Exactly. That is, as I would like a brother who was well read, genial and manly, like yourself."

"I thank you, I am sure, Doria," said Dr. Joseph, with a kind voice, with kind eyes.

He shook hands with her; left his "regards for mother and sister Cad," and was gone; gone with bounding, sinewy tread.

Doria, her lips parted with a well pleased expression, looked after him until he was out of sight. Then she went, singing a pleasant air with good, grateful words to it, to prepare for her walk.

She went, softly humming the same pleasant air, as she crossed the square where few people were. And she said more than once within

herself—"It is so good to be thoroughly understood!"

## CHAPTER XI.

BREDY was not so much to Dr. Joseph in those busier, more prosperous times, as in the old days when he sat and waited, with none but her to comfort him. He *loved* her as well as ever, though; and admired her more; for when he saw how glad the little creature was when he came; how one minute she lifted her head and "poured her throat" in the long, long melody, and the next came eagerly clinging to the bars that separated them, pressing her breast against them, he knew how much she loved him, and how much she missed him when he was gone; and then he called her, with the tenderest voice, "Contented little thing!" and "Darling!" and told her, holding her to his breast or cheek, with both hands, that she was the dearest, best bird in the whole world, to sing and eat her dinner, and be so busy when he was gone; for Nan had many a story to tell about how birdy sang "all to herself" when he was gone; about how she went in once and she was busy eating her seed, another time and she was in the bath "trying to see how far she could make the water fly."

Little Kate came often tripping to see the bird and little Nan; for soon, between the girls, there sprang up a close liking. The delicate, town-bred Kate taught Nan all the prettiest steps she had learned at Mrs. Bundy's school, and many still prettier ones, that she herself, out of her graceful spirit, improvised as she taught. Nan, the practical, the round-cheeked, the round-limbed, the farm-bred, "took the steps" as well as she could, any way; and when out of breath with it, as she soon was, always, she threw herself into the wide arm-chair, made room for Kate; and, when she came, they sat there very lovingly, very contentedly together, while Nan taught Kate the Lord's prayer. Both of the fatherless ones thought this very beautiful—"Our Father who art in heaven." They both loved to say that, and to repeat it, before going on with the rest.

Mrs. Ambrose took comfort in hearing the words, as she went about her work, or sat at a window with her sewing. She loved all the dear Scripture words of protection and consolation; for once more was her boy far from her, in the rough world where so many dangers lay. She had heard from him *once*. He had reached San Francisco safely and was well.

"But I have a prodigiously uncomfortable feeling about the heart, mother and little Nan,"

he wrote, "at every thought of the dear old places, and the dear old friends in them. I had when I left, and before I left, all along, whenever I thought of it. It was as if I were wrung and twisted and screwed; and I wonder what made me come. I suppose it was the New England blood in my veins, the New England cordage along my bones and in my muscles. I imagine it was that. I remember that some English writer or other, who saw how, in our country, the son breaks away from the father, and both the father and the son from the old homestead, laid it to lack of attachment to friends and places. He didn't understand it at all. His *old blood* is so different from our *new*, you see."

His word to Dr. Joseph was—"Take good care of mother and little Nan. Don't let them miss me."

To his mother and Nan it was—"Be cheerful when I am away, that you may write and tell me that you are cheerful, that poor Jo may find it pleasant with you."

He sent enclosed two little rings of California gold, one for Nan, one for Kate. The rings, the grateful thoughts and words of the giver, that had their origin in the gift, were, after all, the most beautiful links of the band that kept those girls together.

Ambrose came across Ike Allen one day just before he left. It was a raw, early-October day; and the little fellow was purple and curled up in his old, thin, summer suit.

"Cold?" asked Ambrose, with his hand on the boy's head, and looking down with a smile into his face.

"Kind 'o cold," shuddering from head to foot. "Mother's goin' ter git me some good, warm—some *good, warm* clothes"—he repeated the words as if his mind liked to dwell on them—"s soon 's she can. Father's lame, ye see. He havn't got but one foot, any way; and that's got sores on it."

Ambrose had heard how cunning lies are told to impose upon the credulous. The memory of it came now in the way of a caution; but he whistled it off, trusting in the honest face; and, above all, pitying the curled-up, shivering frame. He said, "Come—come with me, Ike," to the boy; took him round to Tenney's; and, in a few minutes, the boy was running homeward in a warm glow and with his bright eyes sparkling, "to show 'em ter mother! ter mother!" This was what he said to the laughing Ambrose, when he darted out of the shop on his way, habited in his strong, thick clothes, and carrying his old in a bundle.

Ambrose went one day to the old home of the

architect. He wanted, at the least, to see him, and show him a friendly face. But he had gone and left no sign of returning, or of his exact whereabouts. He should go first to Boston, where he learned his art, he told his neighbors. He thought he should soon go from there to some of the western cities: but was not certain of the measure. At any rate, wherever he went, whether he ever saw them again or not, his memory of their sympathy in his trials would always be kept fresh; would always do this one great thing for him, make him love his race better, and believe more confidently in the good there is in the human heart, ready to come out into exercise when the strong circumstances call for it.

Mr. Harvey's horse and carriage were, all along, at Dr. Joseph's service, whenever he had need of them to visit patients out of the town; and would be, their owner told Dr. Joseph, with sincere eyes on his face, until he was abundantly able to keep them of his own.

Mrs. Harvey knew and remembered all the young doctor's favorite dishes; so that, not a week passed, in which honest little Willy did not come and get hold of his finger, to lead him off, as he said with bright eyes, "over to our house to see what we've got for you!"

Mrs. Holmes was forever putting her right arm to all manner of movements and tests, to reassure herself and others of this—of this; that it was in all respects equal to her left; in some respects superior. And it was Dr. Wethergreen, with his cold water and his little pills and powders, that had done it! She sent for him to come whenever there was the slightest pretext. Her husband was willing. He was as anxious as herself to evince his patronage of the young practitioner. But he often laughed at her. And one day he told her that he believed she would now and then bump the boys heads together to get up bruises on them, to be in want of some of Dr. Wethergreen's *arnica*, if nothing else would turn up.

Drs. Gravesend and Coffin were almost done laughing and shrugging their shoulders about "Dr. Wethergreen's practice." They tried some times to say something facetious tending that way; but were themselves conscious of failure.

And thus matters stood when Thanksgiving came; when Dr. Joseph, after having breakfasted with his aunt and little Nan, after having made it sure that Kate and her mother would come to dine and spend the rest of the day with them, went into the cars and sat down with folded arms, to be taken to his father's house. He had not been there since Thanksgiving, a

year ago; when, so far as his own affairs were concerned, he could only say, "By-and-bye, father! by-and-bye, mother," and so on.

Now he could have other things to tell them; and he longed to be there.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE winter was ended. It was late evening, of the last day of the last month; and Dr. Joseph sat, with the book he had been reading open, under his hand, thinking it over. He could see that his patronage, the favor with which he was regarded there at M—— had been steadily increasing; insomuch that, whichever way he went now, warm, friendly eyes beamed on him, friendly hands took his to their grasp. Especially the poor Irish blessed him; when by carefully watching his ways they satisfied themselves that now, with the rich calling him and favoring him, he was just as faithful toward them, just as patient and as tender, as when he had none but them and a few others as poor and humble as they.

He was thankful for this; thankful that to so many homes he had gone with healing on his hands; but he mourned for little Kate, whose beautiful feet lay so still then beneath the sod. Her Father in heaven called her; and his utmost care by day and by night had no power to stay her going. He thought of the child's animated, beautiful life, of all she was worth to her mother, to him, and to the large numbers of relatives and of "little mates," as she called them with loving voice; and his heart was sick, that, for all he could do, she had passed away. He felt then that for all varieties and degrees of success here on the earth, there are painful drawbacks; that in the midst of them there comes often to us this lesson that we so often need—"Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart." His mind dwelt on the lesson as it comes in the poet's words, and in the Saviour's—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." And he prayed that he might be kept from setting his heart on any earthly success, any earthly good; that when the good, the success, the treasure came, he might take it into faithful hands, take it with a grateful heart, to be sure; but with a fidelity, a thankfulness, turning first and last, and in the midst of all times to God.

Kate kept saying, "Our Father who art in heaven," with beautiful eyes, with a thrilling voice. She died as she said, "Our Father." He thought of this; thought how all the dying call upon the Father and the Saviour. And out of a heart melted at once into penitence and high

resolve, he asked of the Father that, not only in the hours of his death, but in all the hours of his active life, he might remember Him and call upon Him.

Tranquilized and softened by his reflections, Dr. Joseph's thoughts went back and forth, back and forth, through the bright winter days, the genial winter evenings; turning oftenest, as it must be confessed, to some rooms out on east Hanover street, where curtains and carpets and gilded volumes were radiant in the light of gas and of a glowing coal fire; and where faces were radiant with the welcome for him, with the inward intelligence, the inward enjoyment of life. He saw a lady of fifty-five in mourning, with a delicate face and thin black curls shading it, and with a quiet, high-bred air, who often looked up from her work or her reading to speak, or to smile at something the rest were saying. He saw a lady "of uncertain age;" (only Doria's age was no uncertainty to *him*; she had told him long ago that she was twenty-eight; just his age) saw her frolicking merrier than any kitten, when only himself, Caddy and mother, and those that she loved were about; and saw how, when widower Curtis and bachelor Blake came in and put their eyes on her, she wore, at once, the old manner he remembered seeing in old times set up against himself; the manner half defiant, half humorous, half earnest and grave, (if the reader will only, this once, allow us so many halves!)

He saw a younger girl, a more beautiful, a stiller girl, who sat contentedly at Doria's feet and looked up to her. He saw that her whole being brightened when he came; and often, at other times, when he spoke to her, and when their glances met. He understood, now that he thought long and closely about it, that as Doria's face and bearing, even in her utmost friendliness and unreserved cordiality toward him, said, as plainly as her lips had ever done, "I like you; but I wouldn't marry you if you were made of gold"—so Caddy's, the dear, sweet-voiced Caddy's said, "I love you. I will be anything to you that you ask."

But he would not ask her to be anything to him, poor as he was, in debt as he was. He would never need her so much as then; he believed that this was true. He could understand very well how happy it would make him, if she sat by him then, as so often he had seen her in the winter evenings sit by Doria, with her hands clasped, lying on his knee, and her sweet face upturned to his. But he would never take her away from her life of ease and plenty at home, and bring her to share his life of self-denial and uncertain prosperity. If another year there at

M—— did all for him that he might reasonably hope, he could ask her! And——

But he would think no more about it. He would put Caddy and the home with Caddy in it, away from his thoughts and go to his rest, that to-morrow he might be fit for his duty. He would so discipline his heart that his love should not fill it, or engross its powers. He would not stay by any idol; but, God helping him, he would go steadily forward in ripening his capacities for rendering and receiving good. Then if the time ever came when he could bring Caddy to his home, he would be found worthy of her; worthy and able to take her by the hand and lead her, through all her life with him, close beside the still waters.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"WHAT is my sister Caddy thinking about?" It was Dr. Joseph who asked the question. He had been accustomed all through the spring and summer, to call both Doria and Caddy "sisters," and Mrs. Phillips "mother." He and Caddy were walking with a large company—from whom they were just then a little separated—near the Falls above M——.

"She is thinking that this is a beautiful world, and——"

"Well?" smiling, and with his eyes on hers.

"And that we who live in it ought to be very grateful and very pure. It troubles me thinking what a poor life I live, when I see how perfectly beautiful the waters are, and the sky, and the woods, and everything that one sees in the natural world." She turned her eyes from the leaping waters to the sunset sky, and to the islands in the river where the dark pines grow; and on her features lay the softened expression of delight mingled with pain. Dr. Joseph was at no loss to understand what she felt. He himself felt the same. He had felt it many times standing in that same spot. I suppose that multitudes have felt it standing there, and had their lives exalted thereby; so that the place is, as it were, one of God's own temples, made with His own hands, filled and consecrated to inspiration by His own holy spirit.

Dr. Joseph said something of this kind to Caddy. He drew her hand through his arm and held it in his, saying that he wished they might oftener come there together; wished that everywhere they might be together, sharers of the same life, the same endeavor, the same cares; wished that she might be his own, his cherished wife.

Caddy bowed her head and was silent, until,

the second time he said, "If it can be that Caddy wishes, or will consent to the same——"

Then, when she spoke, she consented to the same; with trembling voice, with tearful eyes, but with a heart very firm in its love and womanly trust.

### CHAPTER VX.

NOVEMBER had come, ushered in with all her glory of many colored garlands, of clear skies and dew-bespangled turf.

Ambrose had come from California richer than ever, more generous than ever; but far less broad of face and chest, far less handy and spirited. When people asked for the cause, he said a few brief things about "one hard campaign off there that used him up;" then began to talk persistently of other matters. When he saw that neither his mother nor Dr. Joseph were satisfied, that they still kept grave eyes on his face, waving a light dismissal with his hand, he began walking the floor, merely adding, "This is all, mother. It is all, cousin Jo. I am as well as any man need to be, I assure you. And as happy. So come, Jo! Let's go and take a turn. I've got somebody at the City Hotel that I want to show you. No, mother, I don't bring him here at present. Don't say a word to Doria or Caddy, or anybody that I have any one there; for I've got a mighty nice plan in my head. A plan that I like," he continued, looking at Dr. Joseph meantime, and brushing the nap of his hat round with his coat-sleeve. "I want to tell you about it. Good-by, mother."

His mother's eyes followed him to the door.

"Good-by, mother," he repeated, laughing at her searching looks. "You shall know, mother, all in good time. It will be all the better for keeping; like the good corn-porridge you used to make when I was a boy."

He smacked his lips thinking of the porridge; wondered, he said, whether it would taste to him now as it used to; got a promise from his mother that she would make some and see, and then went. His mother, poor woman, stood some minutes in the same spot, thinking of his "used to;" new words for him, spoken with a new and to her ear, a sad cadence. She had heard it already several times, and he had only been at home two days.

He had taken a larger house in the same neighborhood; had bought it; and already it was in Affutt's hands (conjointly with his own, his mother and Dr. Joseph's) to be beautifully fitted up and prepared for—"for you, good mother," he said, "and for good little Nan; and,

by the way, how she grows; how she improves, mother!—oh, but it is so bad that little Kate is dead! for she loved me, you see; and I loved her. As I was going to say—for you and Nan, mother, for cousin Jo and the little creature he is going to take home with him, and for me, when I am here.”

His mother hoped that he would always be there.

“No! no, mother! I must go and come; come and go. I must stir; this is natural for me. Although I believe I don't feel altogether so much like it as I used to.”

His mother was not sorry for that, if he was as well as he used to be. She only wished that he would settle down as his cousin Joseph was going to do. There was plenty of room for it in his new house. The south-west room opposite Joseph's and Caddy's parlor—if, instead of taking that for his bed-chamber, as he had planned, he would have that fitted for him and *somebody else*, (some good girl like Caddy) and have his bed-chamber back of that! With the new Irish girl, Mary, to help her, she could easily take care of them all. Oh, if he *would* stay.

Well, perhaps he would, mother! Perhaps he would! Stranger things than that *had* come to pass in this world and in his day. Perhaps he would manage to like Caddy's first bride's-maid, pretty Mary Walton, whose attendant he was to be. He would try, mother! He would! She should see how he would try.

He laughed and went. His mother laughed then; but she sat down and cried as soon as he was gone. She looked over to the new house; and thought that there in that house, stately, beautiful as it was, she was to meet an overwhelming sorrow. But she said, “God will prepare me. He will be with me, whatever else fails. And if I can trust in Him.” Then she wiped her tears, and went about the house, making ready for the marriage; making ready to leave the old house for the new.

They were married in the evening, at church. It was Mrs. Harvey and Doria's plan; Mrs. Harvey's, because she knew of so many—Joseph's staunchest friends too they were—who wanted to see them married; Doria's, because she wanted something strong and summary in the proceedings, she said. Perhaps she calculated upon crying all the time, and upon feeling that she might in so large a crowd. She did cry all the time, at any rate; and people pitied her. People took her hands at the close of the services, and said, “I'll be your sister now, Doria dear.”

Drs. Gravesend and Coffin were there to see the ceremonies. They saw the weeping; (there was

not a little of this done by one and another; for Mrs. Ambrose was there with her eyes on her boy, who was so fine a figure there by the bridegroom, with her presentiment lying heavy on her heart; and little Kate's mother, filled with the thoughts of her beautiful darling; and many, many others, who in that solemn time felt deeply for the bridal pair, or felt deeply for themselves.) They heard the prayer for love, for heaven's blessedness on the earth. As they listened to the words of the prayer, they had their eyes on the bridegroom and the bride, saw how a manly inspiration kindled his whole being; and how a reliance upon him who had chosen her, softened and irradiated hers. Their eyes met. They met again at the door going out; and Dr. Gravesend said to the other, “That was a fine sight.”

“Yes,” replied Dr. Coffin. “He's a fine fellow. He's generous and good-hearted. Caddy Phillips has done well; and I'm glad for her.”

“So am I.”

And they were. The old enmity, the old folly thank God, was over.

Birdy, bless her! had her head tucked snugly beneath her wing all this time, at a window in the dining-room of the new house. When they came home from church, Ambrose tried to wake her to tell her about her new mistress and show her to her; but she only nestled a little in her gentle way, moved along her perch a little and then was still again.

“I had a bird—a dear creature,” said Caddy. She stood with Dr. Joseph and Ambrose watching the bird.

“Did you lose it?” asked Ambrose, turning round so as to face her.

“Yes, it flew away!”

“When?”

“Oh, more than a year ago. A year ago last August.”

“I wonder if you ever heard from her?” looking steadily at her; not looking at all toward Dr. Joseph.

“Yes. I heard that she was with one who needed her, and so I let her go. But I missed her so much; for I never saw so dear a bird. This one—is it yours, Joseph?”

“Yes; yours and mine; *ours*.”

She dropped her eyes a moment beneath his glance. Her heart, one saw, was in a tumult at the dear word, spoken with the dear voice. But soon she raised her head to look once more at birdy.

“It is the same color of mine,” said she, scanning it closely. “A beautiful color.”

“Are you a connection of the Cunninghams on Lowell street?” asked Ambrose.

"Mrs. Cunningham was my father's daughter by an early marriage," she replied, with questioning eyes on his face.

"That's it!" said he to Joseph, with a light, brisk tap of his fingers upon his palm. "And so," speaking to Caddy—"and so Mr. Cunningham is your round-about brother, cousin Caddy, my dear? And so he advertized your bird?"

"Yes," the questioning eyes going to and fro between him and Dr. Joseph.

"Caddy! Caddy Wethergreen!" cried Ambrose, coming a step or two nearer, "where—what have you done with the pin of California gold, pray? where is it?"

Caddy looked again at him, at her husband, who stood watching the workings of her lovely features, the kindling expression of her fine eyes, and at the bird. She asked her husband whether that was her bird; whether he was the one who needed it and sent her the brooch; and when she heard from them all about it, when Joseph took "the little sleepy-head," as Ambrose called her,

out and put her into Caddy's hands, she kissed her, "called her pet names," and cried over her. The tears, though, were in part of pity for her husband, that ever, in his life-time, he had been so lonely.

## CHAPTER XV.

Our pages are already filled.

With Ambrose's friend at the City Hotel, with his mother's heavy presentiment, as well as with the good fellow himself, we have more to do.

And dear Doria's affairs—there is not a little to be said yet upon Doria's affairs. But here there is no room. *She* wouldn't mind their being huddled. She would like it best, on the whole; for she has a sort of instinctive repulsion toward all emblazonment of herself, or her proceedings. As this would not, however, suit us, or our readers, we shall take liberties with both in a sequel to this present story of Dr. Wethergreen's Practice.

## SONG.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

I CANNOT part with thee, beloved,  
Our hearts have long been bound  
By that mysterious, holy tie,  
That throws a halo round  
The brightest and the darkest scenes—  
How could I bear to see  
That cherished tie dissevered now?  
I cannot part with thee!  
Then talk no more of fortune's change,  
Of ceaseless toil and care;  
I ask no brighter, dearer boon  
Than in thy lot to share.

Yes, tell of all the dreaded ills  
That from that change may start,  
And I will list with smiles to all—  
But say not we must part!  
I know that still within thy soul  
Glow's love's unclouded ray:  
It is for me thy fears arise;  
Then cast those fears away.  
We must not part! That thought alone  
Were worse than death to me;  
All else save this were light to bear—  
I cannot part with thee!

## HARVEST—HOME.

BY LUCINDA ELLIOTT.

Home! Home! the Harvest—Home!  
Hark, how the chorus swells,  
While gay knots gleam on every team,  
And silvery tinkling bells.  
Home! Home! the Harvest—Home!  
We've toil'd beneath the sun,  
And the fields are clear'd, and the garners stor'd,  
And the reaper's labor done.  
Home! Home! the Harvest—Home!  
The ripe and rustling corn,

From the fields and plains, in loaded wains,  
Was blithely homeward borne.  
Home! Home! the Harvest—Home!  
The festal of the year,  
When with mirth and song we gaily throng  
To the pleasant harvest cheer.  
Home! Home! the Harvest—Home!  
The last brown sheaf is stored,  
And each sun-burnt face has its welcome place,  
At the sturdy yeoman's board.



## FLORICULTURE: ANNUALS.\*

BY E. K. SMITH.

**LARKSPUR.**—This is a very large and beautiful tribe of annuals. The variety termed the rocket larkspur is the finest. The specific name of this plant is *Ajacia*, from its bearing streaks or spots resembling the letters A J A, standing for Ajax: the legend being, that when Ajax, in a fit of frenzy, stabbed himself, this flower sprang from his blood. The rocket larkspur requires a rich soil. An excellent mode of managing it is to prepare a few barrows full of turfy, friable loam, from a common or old pasture, mixed with some well-rotted manure. Then, removing the soil in patches, six or eight inches square, and a foot deep, fill up with the above compost, and sow the seeds in it. The plants, as they grow up, need not be thinned too much, as they exhibit the most striking effect when in a mass. They may be sown in March or April, to flower in June or July, or in autumn to flower in spring. But, when sown in autumn, common garden soil should be used for the purpose of keeping the young plants back, rather than having them too luxuriant, and consequently more liable to be cut off during the winter.

**AFRICAN MARIGOLD.**—First introduced to Europe by the Emperor, Charles V., from Africa, after the conquest of Tunis in 1585. There are many varieties of this and the French marigold. They should be sown in April, in a rather rich soil.

**MIGNONETTE.**—A native of Barbary, not known in America, till within a hundred years. Its delicious fragrance makes it a universal favorite, in fact, a little darling—the literal meaning of the word *mignonette*. With very little trouble, without either hotbed or greenhouse, this plant may be obtained in flower almost every month in the year by the following method. For winter flowering sow about the end of July. In September, take up the seedlings, place them in pots, and shade and shelter them from the sun and rain until they be established. Then, before frost sets in, place the pots in-doors in any spare room or empty garret—any place, in short, that is airy, light and cool, without being accessible to frost. As the plants are required to bloom, the pots must be brought successively into a room

where a fire is kept, and placed in the window. Another sowing should be made in August, in pots, and treated in the same way, to succeed those sown in July. By this means flowers will be obtained from November till March. Another sowing made in February will come into flower in May, and a March sowing will succeed the last, and produce flowers till the frost. Thus a constant succession of those exquisitely perfumed flowers may be kept up nearly all the year round. The Virginian stock, *Collinsia grandiflora*, sweet alyssum, *nemophila insignis*, *Clarkia*, *collomia coccinea*, *collomia grandiflora*, and candytuft, may be treated in an exactly similar manner, and will furnish flowers for bouquets during the winter months, as well as a cheerful bloom for the window.

*Mignonette* has a much superior fragrance when grown in a poor, sandy soil, than in a richer one. Indeed, the finest scented of these flowers that we have ever met with, were grown in the gravel of a fore-court. The gravel was just raked, and the seeds sprinkled in. The tree *mignonette* is only the common flower treated in a peculiar manner, so as to assume the appearance of a shrub, and afford a much superior scent.

**LUPIN.**—There are an immense variety of annual lupins; they may be sown in March or April, in a light, rich soil, and in the place where they are to flower, as they do not bear transplanting. The *lupinus Cruikshankii*, so called after its discoverer, who found it, in 1829, growing luxuriantly on the Andes, close to the line of perpetual snow. Sown in April, it will produce in July and August an abundance of large, showy flowers, varying in almost every shade between purple, blue, pink, yellow, and white. Growing to the height of five feet, it seems a shrub, which it really is in its native regions, though the nature of our climate reduces it to be merely a herbaceous annual.

**SWEET PEA.**—This is one of the old English garden favorites, and well deserves to be so. The seeds are usually sown in a small circle, with stakes, or a wire trellis in the centre, for the plants to cling to. Or they may be permitted, as Cowper describes—

“To catch a neighboring shrub,  
With clasping tendrils, and invest its branch

\* Continued from the August number.

Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon  
And fragrant chaplet; recompensing well  
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend."

The seeds may be sown in March or April. The soil should be rich, light, and well dug, as the slender roots penetrate deeply—for the same reason they will not bear transplanting. They may also be sown in pots in autumn, and kept in a cool room as described for mignonette; and when they show signs of blooming, removed to the window of a warm room.

**POPPIES.**—Many varieties of this tribe are very gay, brilliantly colored, garden annuals. They are mostly all strong, vigorous, showy plants. The seeds may be sown in March or April in a light, rich soil. The young plants may be thinned out to the distance of a foot apart if the soil be rich; in poor soils the distance may be less. They require plenty of water in dry weather. One of the most interesting plants of this species is the yellow-horned poppy, a native of England. It grows wild in the greatest profusion on the sea-shore, between Brighton and Shoreham. In the garden, it forms a fine plant, from two to three feet high, and bears abundance of rich, golden yellow flowers. It delights in a sandy soil. The *escholtzia Californica* is a species of Californian poppy. It is one of those anomalous plants that scarcely comes under the denomination of an annual. For though it flowers in the same season that it is sown, yet it retains vitality in its fleshy root during the winter, and will spring up afresh in the following year. Its flowers are a splendid golden yellow.

**SUNFLOWER.**—This is a native of Peru, was one of the sacred flowers of the Incas, and worn by the virgins of the sun at their most sacred festivals. It is sown in spring, and very easy of cultivation. It is almost too large, however, for a small garden. Its seeds are an excellent food for fattening fowls.

**NASTURTIUM.**—A well known and very gay creeping plant. The flowers, leaves, and young shoots may be used in salads, and the seeds, when steeped in vinegar, are an excellent substitute for capers. The seeds are sown in spring, and will germinate sooner if steeped in lukewarm water for a short time before sowing. Its

cultivation is very simple; it may be permitted to trail over the ground, or a low fence—the shoots are so soft and succulent, that they will not bear tying. The canary bird flower is a species of nasturtium, and a native of Peru, where it is termed by the Spaniards *pazaritos amarillos*, or yellow birds. It has been cultivated from time immemorial in the gardens of the Incas. The seeds may be sown in April in a light, rich soil, and the plants may be trained over a trellis, or up strings placed for the purpose, to the height of eight or nine feet.

**PHLOX DRUMMONDII.**—This is the most beautiful of annuals. It varies greatly in shades of color, yet, though the flowers may be of the deepest crimson, the under part of the petals are always a pale blue, and every petal, though it may be a pale pink, has a deep carmine spot at the base. During bright sunshine, when agitated by a gentle breeze, a bed of these flowers, with their varieties of colors, presents a brilliant and singular effect. The seeds should be sown in April, in a rich, loamy soil; the plants will flower in July. A few flowered singly in pots are a great embellishment to a window or balcony.

**BARTONIA AUREA.**—This beautiful gem is one of the new Californian annuals, and has been ably described by Dr. Lindley, in the "Botanical Register," in the following words:—"It is only beneath the bright sunshine that its splendid flowers unfold. In the early morning, the plant seems a shabby bush, with pale, greenish grey branches, and weedy leaves; but as the sun exercises his influence, the petals generally unroll, as if in acknowledgment of his power, till every branch is radiant with gold, and so metallic is the lustre of the inside of its petals, that one would really think they must be composed of something more solid and enduring than the delicate and perishable tissue of a flower." The seeds may be sown in April or May; the plants will flower in June or July, and afford a succession of blooms until they are cut off by the frost.

Several other beautiful Californian annuals, as the several varieties of *nomeophilla*, *Clintonia pulchella*, *lasthenia Californica*, *platystemon Californicum*, and several varieties of *Collinsia*, may be treated in the same manner.

## A CHILD.

Oh, thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,  
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed  
By the unceasing music of thy being!  
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.  
'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,

His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday,  
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,  
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,  
Whence all things flow! oh, bright and singing babe  
What wilt thou be hereafter? A. S.

## A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

BY SOPHIA YORK.

### CHAPTER I.

"I HEARD of a new engagement, when I was out visiting to-day," said Margaret Alston, after she had poured out five successive cups of tea, and sat down comfortably on her cushioned chair to drink her own. "Can you guess who it is, Sophy?"

"Let me see," said her sister, musingly, "a new engagement! why, we shall have a gay winter with so many weddings. Who can it be? Not Annie Johnson?"

"Annie Johnson! no."

"I am sure I cannot guess. Do tell me."

"Caroline Hardman!"

"Caroline Hardman! of all people, why I did not know she knew a man to speak to."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Alston, "her parents are so very poor, and their house is such a small, retired one."

"Way up the road—and how she dresses—why I am certain she never had a silk dress in her life."

"Silk," said the mother—"how is poor Jonas Hardman to get silk dresses for his daughter?"

"Well, I am indeed surprised—but you have not told as yet who the gentleman is. It takes two to make a bargain, Margaret."

"That is the most wonderful part of it; *that* you will never guess. You know they have been to Boston for a few weeks, and have just returned."

"I wonder they went to the expense," said Mrs. Alston, "people of narrow circumstances should understand that home is the cheapest place."

"Oh! but they had good reasons for going, mother, Annie Johnson told me all about it at the sewing society on Wednesday. She says Caroline has been working capes and collars for several months, and that they went to Boston to try to sell them. Annie met them in a fancy store one day, and heard them bargaining with the storekeeper."

"However good or fine her work may be, it never will nor can pass for French."

"No, to be sure not; but Margaret, you have not told me yet who the gentleman is."

"I am coming to him as fast as possible. Mrs. Hardman and Caroline boarded at a small house,

opposite to the residence of Annie Johnson's aunt."

"Mr. Hardman staid at home then."

"Of course he did. Indeed I don't see myself why the daughter did not stay at home too. Mrs. Hardman might as well have gone alone, and have sold the capes and things, but some people never can learn economy. A journey of one hundred miles is no trifle for two people, and people who set up to be poor too."

Alas! for people when they, to use Mrs. Alston's phrase, "set up to be poor;" when, casting off the reserve which can do so much toward concealing the "nakedness of the land," they are constrained to come forward and say to their acquaintances, "I am poor, pity me." Such was the case with the Hardman family. The mother and father had in their youth enjoyed a life of ease; but now, when no longer young, they found themselves in consequence of a series of untoward circumstances, left to subsist upon a sum which scarcely allowed them and their daughter more than the bare necessities of life. Their house was the smallest in Hartsville, their furniture the poorest and plainest, their dress the cheapest, and most unfortunately they were of that class who "cannot dig," and who "to beg are ashamed." Mrs. Hardman had for some years striven (as who in similar circumstances does not?) to make a good appearance, and on all occasions to put the best foot foremost, but at last worn out with efforts which were always unsuccessful, and desperate attempts to make both ends meet, when both ends stood so far apart, she gave it up as a bad business, and, to use her own words, "determined to try to deceive people no longer." All the village now heard of her poverty, and as usual all the village felt themselves entitled (that is to say, all the female part of it, for men don't do such things) to advise, to question, to condole, and occasionally to reprove. Caroline, the heroine of our story, whose sorrows, we are sorry to say, are but just beginning, was a modest, timid, humble-minded girl, who, notwithstanding her pretty face and good figure, was so accustomed to wear old bonnets, and cheap, ill-made dresses, that she said "she hardly wanted anything better now."

But let us return to the Alston family at their comfortable, well-spread tea-table. Let us hear what they went on to say about Caroline Hardman's engagement.

"The mistress of the house where they boarded," continued Margaret, "had one other boarder; a rich, handsome man, no other than the elegant Mr. Dexter, who spent a fortnight at the Eagle here, last summer—well, Mr. Dexter is the man."

"George Washington Dexter! the lawyer, the man of fortune, to whom I was introduced in the bar-room of the Eagle!" exclaimed Mr. Alston.

"The very same, papa, think of Caroline's good luck."

"How could they have accomplished it?" said Mrs. Alston, "but I always did think and say, you have often heard me say it, girls, that there was a good deal of cunning about Mrs. Hardman. There were one or two little disputes with her milkman that came to my ears, and that convinced me she was not the simple-hearted creature people take her for."

"But George Dexter is not a man to be taken in by anybody. There is no finer or more intelligent fellow to be found than he. An excellent family too, the girl has done well for herself."

"Indeed she has, papa, and what a change it will be for her, and I dare say she will be able to give her family a great deal."

"It must have been love at first sight, Margaret, they were not long away."

"Not more than three weeks, Annie Johnson says, though she did not call on them there. She would have been ashamed, she says, to tell her aunt, who is a very fashionable person, that she knew such poorly dressed people to speak to."

The next morning the new engagement was again a subject of conversation, and after breakfast Mrs. Alston said, "Girls, get on your bonnets, and we will go up to Hardman's and see how it is about this Mr. Dexter. I should like to know how the mother takes it."

"Oh, yes, I should like to go," said Margaret.

"So should I," repeated Sophy.

In the course of the morning, Mrs. Alston and her two daughters put on their silk dresses and worked collars, and spite of the dust, and the heat, and the flies, made their way up the road to Mrs. Hardman's little dwelling.

"Do look, mother, the gate is off the hinges."

"Yes, I must speak to Mrs. Hardman about it, it is quite time she should learn that a 'stitch in time saves nine,' but some people never seem to learn anything."

A narrow gravel walk led from the gate to the front door, which stood open, affording a view

of a very narrow entry, and an equally narrow staircase beyond. The party entered without knocking, and made their way into a little parlor as poorly furnished as possible, where a tall, meanly dressed woman sat, darning a piece of red and green carpeting.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hardman!"

"Good morning Mrs. Alston, how do you do, young ladies? do sit down, excuse my not being dressed, I really have so much work to do. I hope you are all well, Caroline is very busy this morning. I am afraid you will have to excuse her."

"Certainly. Sewing, I suppose."

"Well, that or something else—poor thing, a hard life she has of it."

"But they say there is something very fine in store for her. Now if we must believe all we hear, Caroline has done better for herself than half the girls in Hartville," said Mrs. Alston, good-humoredly.

"Yes—I suppose she has in one respect—but it brings a world of trouble on me this engagement, a very different thing in your house. Now, my dear young ladies, everything about you is pretty, and neat, and nice; and if a gentleman comes in you have nothing to be ashamed of. I confess I am not as well pleased as I would be with some one more in our own line, you know, but this Mr. Dexter is so grand and high in his ways, and such a poor way of living as ours is! To be sure he has not been down here yet."

"Do you expect him in Hartville soon?"

"To-morrow week, he writes; and what a heap of things I shall have to fix up. I am darning the carpet to-day."

"Well, I wonder now, Mrs. Hardman, that you keep a carpet down in summer. Not that I would take it upon me to advise, but a mat is a great deal cheaper."

"I know that, Mrs. Alston, but I had no money in the spring to buy mats, I had to leave the carpets down whether I liked it or no. Poor people must do as they can."

"It is a fortunate thing then that Caroline is engaged to a man of some property."

"So it will be in the end. But I would like to know how in the world I am to go to the expense of a wedding."

"A wedding need not be a very expensive thing: I always found, at our house, that an engagement was quite as costly a thing as a wedding—what with the wear and tear of your house, and teas and dinners—at least it was so in our family."

Mrs. Hardman folded her arms and sighed at the melancholy prospect.

"There is a great deal to be done by a little management though; for as you begin, so must you go on. I found it so. I allowed a great many things when Elizabeth was engaged that Becky never had at all. Where there is a large family of daughters you must stand up for your rights. In your case now, to be sure, it is different. Caroline is your only one, and you will naturally feel disposed to be very indulgent. Still there are limits. Men will expect to drop in at all hours, morning, noon and night; it is a troublesome habit, especially on sweeping days and ironing days, and one they must be indulged in, but not too much so. In your case it would be a good plan to say, 'We shall be in the parlor to-morrow by twelve, Mr. Dexter,' or 'Caroline has a little fine sewing, and cannot leave it before six in the afternoon.' If there is anything going on that you don't like to mention, say, 'there is sewing to be done for the poor,' anything like *that* goes a great way with young men. But of course families vary, and you will do as suit yours."

After more conversation of this nature between the rich lady, who had successfully managed two sons-in-law up to the day of their marriage, and the poor, hard-working one, who looked forward with dread to the arrival of her daughter's affianced husband, because they had so few spoons and such old chairs; and because the gate was off the hinges, and the parlor windows wanted several panes of glass; and because, although Caroline had a decent lawn, and a very respectable mouseline-de-laine, the old black silk Mrs. Hardman herself had worn for best for five years was very foxy, though it had been dyed twice, and there was no time to rip it apart now and have it dyed and made up again before to-morrow week;—Mrs. Alston and her two well-daughters took leave, not forgetting many messages and congratulations to Caroline.

Having finished the carpet, Mrs. Hardman went up to Caroline's little room. The door was bolted. "Let me in, Carry." After a little bustling and bustle inside, Caroline opened the door.

"How do you come on with your embroidery, my dear?" and the mother took a seat in the dingy little room. "Why! I do believe you have not done the first half yet, indeed I can't see that you have put a stitch in it this blessed day. How is this?—just as it was when I left you. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I have a great many things to do always, mamma."

"Have you mended the hole in your mantilla?"

"No, mamma."

"Have you darned the stockings?"

"No, mamma."

"Or have you been trimming your bonnet over again?"

"No, mamma."

"It is very singular, so many things to do and not one of them done yet. Really, Caroline, I can't see the meaning of it. But your desk is open. I see it now, you have been writing a letter to Mr. Dexter—very affectionate, I suppose, but you wrote one yesterday afternoon."

"No, mamma, I have not been writing this morning, at least that is, not to George."

"Well, I am glad to hear it, idleness is a bad thing even if you *are* going to marry a rich man. How rich is he, Caroline?"

"I believe he has a few hundred dollars a year besides his practice, which gives him several hundred more," said Caroline, looking down, for the question was not agreeable to her. Sincerely attached to the man who had singled her out poor and friendless for the companion of his life, she felt all the awkwardness arising from the disparity in their circumstances, and with a nervous sort of irritability shrank on all occasions from any mention of it.

"Well, that is something indeed. Mrs. Alston has been here, and she spoke of him as rich. It is well they think so, indeed the whole thing will do very well altogether, except that he is coming here. If he would but stay at home in Portland now."

"But I want to see him again, mamma."

"And so do I, my dear, but the house is so small, and the entry paper is so dirty, and the mat at the foot of the staircase is not only black with dirt, but actually almost in two pieces."

Caroline endeavored to smooth away these difficulties. She was sure George Dexter would never observe the mat, and he must have seen small houses before, and as to the entry paper, he was very near-sighted. Nevertheless as she said it, she felt her heart sink within her at the thoughts of the meanness of their style of living, compared with what her lover had been accustomed to at home. After a few more remarks, Mrs. Hardman hearing her husband's step in the story below, left her daughter's room. As the sound of her footsteps died away, Caroline softly bolted the door again, and taking a pile of papers out of her desk, sat down again with a pen in her hand.

"How fortunate it is," said she to herself, "that woman's curiosity is so easily diverted into other channels. Poor thing, if she did but know, but it would be a pity to excite her hopes when I am not yet by any means sure of success."

The embroidery indeed! why I may make ten times as much by this." And beginning to write in good earnest, Caroline did not raise her head from her labors until she was summoned to dinner.

But somebody will want to know what all this means. To explain it, we must go back to the short period which Caroline and her mother spent in Boston, that period which was the means of bringing her into contact with George Dexter, that period which proved to be the most eventful and the saddest of her life.

One day when her mother was out looking for a cheap shop, Caroline sat in the little parlor sewing in company with the mistress of the house, who entertained her with praises of her own family, and of one son in particular, who wrote for Magazines and newspapers.

"And a heap of money he has made by it," continued the satisfied mother. "Why he made me a present of the very shawl I have on my shoulders now. To be sure it was second-hand then, but I never could have bought it myself, old or new."

These words set Caroline thinking. "Why could she not write too? Why could she not be earning money in this way, instead of the laborious one upon which her hands were at this moment employed?" In a moment her resolution was taken. As soon as she got home she would try what she could do. But George Dexter, with his charming manners, his handsome eyes, and his intelligent, refined conversation, drove these thoughts out of her head before night. It was love at first sight on his part, it was *almost* love at first sight on hers. He was the first young man with whom she had ever been intimately acquainted, having met him at her friend's house the year before in her native place, although he had never visited her. The slight acquaintance thus begun ripened into something much stronger, when they accidentally met at the little private boarding-house in Boston. There was a timidity which delighted him in Caroline, a reserve exactly to his taste, but its wearing off upon better acquaintance was exactly to his taste too. Before Caroline left Boston he made her promise to marry him, and assured her that he would spend as much of his time with her as business would permit. Arrived at home again with new sensations, new hopes, Caroline felt herself awakening from a dream as she entered the little dwelling once more. She had forgotten all about it, and now once more opening her own little door, she began again her former life of privation. Her writing-desk covered with dust recalled to her mind the plans

she had formed, which she was not now long in beginning to put into execution. There was a weekly newspaper in Hartville, and to the editor of this she meant to send her first efforts. In a few days she concocted a very respectable story, signed *Aurelia*. A few days more brought her a small sum of money, small to be sure, but more than she could make by embroidering for three times as many hours as she had written. Emboldened by success, she determined to keep her secret to herself, and to make further attempts.

"Where did you buy that ribbon for your neck, Caroline?"

"At Goodman's, mamma."

"Mrs. Stephens gave you more for the collar than than you expected?"

Caroline was puzzled. There were two paths before her, the straight path of truth and rectitude, the winding, dangerous road of deceit. It was a sad hour for Caroline when she first put her foot upon the latter. Waiting an instant to collect herself, she replied, "Yes, she gave me a dollar and a half more for the collar than I expected. Mrs. Johnson too paid me very well for the cuffs, she said they were just like French." Mrs. Johnson had indeed said the cuffs were just like French, but she had taken them, and asked Caroline to wait a week or two for the money. Mrs. Hardman had not a very predominant idea of arithmetic, but if she had understood this science to its utmost depths, she would never have mistrusted Caroline.

"Caroline has been uncommonly successful with her embroidered muslin this month," said she to her husband, "it is well she took to it."

"Yes, poor child, it is bad for her eyes, but we must have money."

"She will be enabled to make a more creditable appearance before George Dexter when he comes. Have you observed how neatly she has trimmed her old straw bonnet, quite equal to a milliner, the bow at the side hides the place where the straws are broken? Caroline has a great deal of my good management."

"He will be here in a few days now."

"To be sure he will, and do you see how I have contrived everything to look as well as possible. The carpet is darned in fourteen places; he will never see *those* holes, *this* one is not so well managed; but I have put the arm-chair over it, and I hope, my dear, you will never move it away; and your map, see, I have hung it over here where the paper is so dirty, and——"

"But I think that great clean square of paper where the map hung before, is a greater blemish than all the dirt on the paper and paint put together."

"How provoking you are, I do believe men like dirt better than anything else. By keeping the room dark, and by turning the sofa with the face the other way that will not look badly, it will scarcely be observed."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Hardman. Poverty had made him peaceful, by no means its general effect.

"I have borrowed a few spoons from Mrs. Caldwell, and a sugar-bowl from Mrs. Butler. You need not remark them."

"No."

"It is to be hoped it will not be long, I don't think I could manage it for more than a week. If you see anything in the papers about business being very good in Portland, you can just mention it, you know."

No answer, for Mr. Hardman was gone. He seemed to have grown dull with misfortune, for whilst his wife busied herself in all parts of the house, cleaning and preparing for their expected son-in-law that was to be, and Caroline trembled with nervous anxiety at the prospect of the miserable poverty her beloved could not help witnessing, he wandered about the house as unconcerned as if nothing at all were the matter, as if poor people's rich connexions never came to their humble dwellings to discover the ill-concealed marks of the narrowness of their circumstances.

## CHAPTER II.

THE important day came. Mrs. Hardman, who at other times did all the work of the house with her daughter's assistance, had now hired a little girl of about eleven years old to do different things about the house, "for," said she, "it will never do to have Caroline leave Mr. Dexter to iron her dresses or fill the lamps. It was a fine morning, the room, that is, the parlor was swept and dusted, the arm-chair was placed exactly over the hole in the carpet, the shutters bowed to a becoming darkness, becoming not only to Caroline's complexion, but to the paper and paint, and the inhabitants of the house awaited the arrival of George Dexter with an anxiety entirely new to them.

Poor Caroline!

"My gracious me!" exclaimed the little girl, bursting into Mrs. Hardman's room, "if there is not a strange gentleman gone and walked into the parlor, and opened the shutters and pulled the arm-chair away from the hole, and, and——"

"A strange gentleman! Nancy, why who can be?"

"I don't know, ma'am, indeed, but I had gone

and fixed everything so nice for Mr. Dexter. Well, he'll be here soon, I suppose."

"Hook my dress, Nancy, and I'll run down and see."

Mrs. Hardman hastened down and found Mr. Dexter himself in conversation with her daughter. He arose immediately and greeted her with affection, and entered into an account of his plans. "He could be absent but two weeks at present—he was at the hotel—but he meant to pass much of his time with them, their village was so beautiful, and he himself so great an admirer of rural scenery. He and Caroline had been arranging walks in the neighborhood, there was a bridge, and a mill, and a wood that she would show him." Mrs. Hardman was delighted. "Not a bit high," said she to her husband, "he don't hold himself at all above us, and when I apologized for the paint, he said, 'if there is one thing he hated above all others, it was the smell of fresh paint.'"

Satisfaction on all sides. Caroline was perfectly happy, and as she walked through the street, her acquaintances stole many a glance at the tall, handsome man who accompanied her. Mrs. Alston persuaded Mr. Alston to call on him; he was invited there to tea, and the mother could not refrain from thinking how much more suitable a match it would be for one of her lively, well-dressed, accomplished daughters, than for the humble, the dispirited Caroline, who had never learned a note of music, or worn a flounce in her life. The example was followed. All Caroline's acquaintances ventured upon another act of patronage, and the very ladies who the week before had beat her down in the prices of her cuffs and collars, now invited her and her lover, and spent more than the price of the cuffs and collars upon her in the way of lights and eatables. Hartville was like most American villages in this respect; it was impossible to ask any three people to your house without buying and cooking enough food for thirty, and those who would have gone placidly to bed without eating a mouthful after tea if at home, were not satisfied, if they happened to be next door, with less than a tremendous supper.

So passed the first week; Mrs. Hardman found that her kind friends relieved her of all the trouble of entertaining her son-in-law, and she herself got more ice-cream in six nights than she had eaten before in six months. The ice-cream and the company were not quite so novel to Mr. Dexter, but he was an amiable man, and felt grateful to the Hartville people for their attentions, although he would have preferred walking with Caroline on the bank of the stream

which ran past the town, or sitting alone with her in her mother's little parlor, spite of the dirty paper and the great hole in the carpet.

The second week began. Caroline was expecting him one afternoon; she heard footsteps in the entry and voices; presently George came in.

"Here is a letter, Caroline, for you, a boy met me at the steps and gave it to me."

Caroline took the letter. She knew the hand, it was from the editor to whom she had sent her last tale. She left the room to read it.

"Good news from your friends, I hope," said George, as she entered the room again.

"Oh, yes!—no—I mean—it was nothing at all."

"What is the matter?" asked he, in nowise curious about the letter, but very much so with regard to her agitation.

Caroline turned very red. How could she tell him the truth? how could she confess that she owed to the contents of that letter and others of its kind, the dress she had on, the trimming on her bonnet, the very shoes on her feet? She was not practised enough in deceit to have recourse to an actual misrepresentation of facts, but she did what was very nearly as bad, she hesitated—she trembled—she said what had no meaning in it at all, and finally changed the subject as awkwardly as possible. Her lover said no more, it did not enter his head to suspect Caroline of an attempt to deceive him, and the evening passed on very much as usual, with the exception of a slight coldness, a reserve on both sides.

"What was that boy here for, Caroline?" asked her mother, toward the close of the evening, "he has left a great deal of mud on the steps, I could see it plainly by the light of the moon."

"That boy always does leave mud," said little Nancy, "the last time he was here I told him so."

Caroline took up a new book the Alstons had lent her, and began eagerly to discuss its merits.

"What did he want, Nancy?" asked Mrs. Hardman.

"He never says he wants anything, ma'am, he just leaves the letter for Miss Caroline and goes."

"Are we to go to Mrs. Henry's to-morrow to tea?"

"Yes, I believe so, your friends are all very kind."

"No kindness at all," said Mrs. Hardman, "just what they ought to do, just what I always do for them in such cases, don't I, Caroline?"

Caroline had begun to prevaricate on her own

account, but she could not yet do it on her mother's, so she made no answer.

Mr. Dexter took his leave, it was half an hour earlier than usual.

"He does not seem pleased to-night, Caroline, what can be the matter? I am sure the lamp burns well, and the hole in the carpet don't show much, to signify, and you look very nice, perhaps he thinks I am shabby in this old tea color, I can tell him the old tea color was a handsome dress in its days—or maybe it was not that—do you think it was?"

"No, mother."

"Perhaps he did not like being troubled to bring in that letter for you, it was thoughtless in the boy to trouble a visitor with it. Some message, I suppose, about the cuffs or the capea."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Of course you don't want anything said about it to him. I'll keep your secret for you the next time one comes, let me alone for hiding it, Carry."

Caroline made no answer. She fell off musing. The result of her reflections was a determination to caution the voluble Nancy. Early the next morning she called her to her own room.

"Nancy, I have something to say to you. Do you see this quarter of a dollar?"

"Yes."

"Nancy, if you will mind me in one thing, I will give you that to buy yourself two pair of new stockings. Do you remember the letter a boy brought for me yesterday? Well, now, he may bring another some day, I wish you to bring it to me as quietly as you can, without letting anybody in the world know anything about it—do you understand?"

There is a natural liking for a secret in the human mind, that and the bribe together filled Nancy's heart with delight.

"Daresent he, nor she, nor nobody know?"

"Nobody at all, Nancy, it must be a profound secret between you and me."

"The very next one then that comes, I'll bring it in somehow that no living soul shall see it."

"Very well, Nancy, I will trust to you, now go down and clean the knives."

Very little relieved in mind by the means to which she had had recourse, Caroline sat down to her sewing, and after some hours began to get ready for her morning walk. Meanwhile in came her mother.

"Carry, dear, how much longer does George mean to stay in Hartville, do you think?"

Caroline just then recollected that he was ever going to leave Hartville.

"Because, my dear, no dress will last always,



even the best and stoutest of silks; the tea color is getting too bad, though I do save it with aprons all I can; you know while he is here I can't be going about in my old calico as I used to. When do you say he is going? not that he is not a very fine young man, a remarkably fine one—but——"

"His fortnight will have expired in three or four days now."

"Call it four days, four days, let me see, four afternoons, I really do *not* think the tea color will stand four afternoons, and the old black is entirely gone; but there he comes now—are you ready?"

Caroline was nearly ready, George had not to wait long; her bonnet and gloves were soon on, her cravat tied round her neck. They had a long, delightful walk, all awkwardness had passed away, affection, which finds ways and means of blossoming everywhere, seems to take a more rapid growth in the woods and fields, the sweet face of Nature is always in harmony with pure and heartfelt emotions. So the lovers found it this morning. The walk was prolonged beyond the usual hour. Mr. Dexter gave Caroline an account of his family and connexions, of his future prospects, and dwelt with much earnestness on the happy period when he should be enabled to call her his wife.

"In a year at furthest, but meanwhile I shall pay you frequent visits. I shall now be obliged to return in a few days, for I must not neglect my profession."

"When shall I see you again, when may I count the days, and be glad as I used to be that they are gone, George?"

"Not for some months, I am afraid."

"Months!"

"Yes, it is only by a close and unremitting attention to my practice for another year, that I can hope to take you home with me to Portland, and to support you there in the manner I would wish."

So they wandered on, talking sometimes of love, sometimes of housekeeping, for although love *may* be entirely independant of housekeeping, and housekeeping should *not* be entirely independant of love, something else is required to keep that ugly visitor away from the door, who is said to oblige love to escape by the window. By degrees they reached the village again, when looking at his watch, the lover suddenly recollected an engagement he had entered into to dine with some gentlemen at the hotel. "I will be with you at dark, or a little later," and after a tender parting, Caroline opened the little front door and rejoined her mother,

whom she found engaged in making pies for the week.

"Do come and help me, my dear, or are you too tired?"

"I am tired, mother, but I will come and give you a little assistance as soon as I take off my things."

In a few minutes she was at work, and her hands kneaded the dough as skilfully as if her thoughts had been there instead of—where? Perhaps some young reader can answer the question.

The day passed on as usual, so did the evening, and the next day, until the next evening.

It was a pleasant afternoon, Caroline and her lover sat in the parlor enjoying the precious hours that they now feared were drawing to a close. Daylight faded away, twilight came on, still they sat there unconscious of anything but their own perfect happiness.

Suddenly the door opened, and in burst Nancy with a light. Placing it on the mantel, she busied herself in moving about the room, and making all the usual bustle attendant on the setting of a tea-table.

"That is a very active little servant of yours."

Caroline mechanically turned her eyes in the direction of his. As she did so, quick as lightning Nancy brandished a letter over her head, and as quickly concealed it again.

"What have you there, Nancy?" asked Mr. Dexter.

"Nothing, sir," and she frowned at Caroline.

"She is a silly child," said Caroline; "what did you say your eldest sister's name is?"

"Frances, the eldest, and then Mary and Agnes."

Here Nancy's pantomime was repeated.

Mrs. Hardman came in, and tea was soon served. Tea in New England is by no means the simple meal it is elsewhere. Mr. Hardman helped most plentifully to his wife's pies, and conversation did not flag. He had got into a discussion with his son-in-law respecting criminal law in Maine. Mrs. Hardman was giving Caroline, in an under-tone, an account of a visit she had paid to Mrs. Alston that afternoon, and repeating everything that had been said by every one present. Nancy flitted round the table when called on, and at other times stood in silence behind the mistress of the house. She continued to brandish the letter whenever Caroline looked up, and by placing her finger on her lips, shaking her head and winking her eyes at intervals, endeavored to convey the idea that she was a most faithful confidant. Much of this was visible of course to Mr. Dexter and Mr. Hardman. The

indulgent old man looked upon it as some child's play not worthy of notice, but the lover saw in it something of much more meaning, especially as Caroline's heightened color betrayed the agitation, which her trembling voice did very little to conceal.

When tea was over, Mr. Hardman went up stairs to smoke a cigar. Mrs. Hardman followed Nancy out of the room to see that the china was properly washed and put away.

"Excuse me for a moment, George, I must go wash my hands."

"Go," said he, coldly.

No sooner had Caroline left the room in quest of Nancy, than Nancy as suddenly entered it by the other door in quest of her.

"Where is Miss Carry?"

"What do you want with her?" asked Mr. Dexter, sternly.

"Oh, *you* ain't to know: it's a secret, *you* shant be told about the letters—where's Miss Carry?"

"Stop, Nancy. Miss Caroline gets letters, does she?"

"My! but she'll murder me if I tell you."

"But I saw one of them the other day, the boy gave it to me for her."

"Well, he won't do it no more, I told him this very day to come round to the back gate."

"Who are the letters from?"

"From Mr. Simpson, I think. I know I take letters to him sometimes for Miss Carry."

"Mr. Simpson! who is he?"

"Well, he keeps the book-store up the street."

Caroline at this moment entered the room.

"Caroline!" said Mr. Dexter, "how is this? What is this silly tale I hear?"

Caroline made no answer.

"Can you explain this matter to me? Listen, Caroline, I am not to be trifled with; is it true that you have written to, and are in the habit of receiving letters from a Mr. Simpson?"

Anybody else would in her place have confessed the truth, but Caroline's strong, natural reserve, increased by long years of poverty and mortification, forbade this straight-forward measure. She stood immovable. It was a dreadful scene. Jealousy and anger were imprinted in plain handwriting on her lover's forehead: terror and secrecy upon her own. Not many words were spoken on either side, for before a quarter of an hour he rushed from the house, and the next morning George Dexter left Hartville for Portland.

All this occurred as many as ten years ago. Caroline, now an orphan, keeps a girl's school in Hartville, Mass. As frequently happens, good is wrought out of evil, for the patient, care-worn school-mistress gives three prizes in a year, one for the most studious, one for the most amiable, and one (she calls it the highest) for the most candid.

## A LADY'S RESOLUTION.

No! I will never see him more,  
Since thus he likes to roam,  
And when his cab stops at the door,  
John, say—I'm not at home!  
He smiled last night when Julia smiled  
(They must have met before:)  
If thus by her he is beguiled,  
I'll never see him more!

I'll sing no more the songs he loved,  
Nor play the waltzes o'er;  
Nor wear the colors he approved;  
I'll never please him more!  
I'll conquer soon love's foolish flame,  
As thousands have before,  
Look strange whene'er I hear his name,  
And ne'er pronounce it more!

The plait of hair I must resign,  
That next my heart I wore;  
He, too, must yield that tress of mine  
He stole when truth he swore!

The miniature I used to trace,  
And feel romantic o'er,  
I'll tear from its morocco case,  
And—never kiss it more!

This ring—his gift—I must return,  
(It makes my finger sore;)  
Then there's his letters—those I'll burn  
And trample on the floor!  
His sonnet that my album graced,  
My tears thus blot it o'er,  
The leaves together thus I'll paste,  
And ne'er behold it more!

I'll waltz and flirt with Lawyer G——,  
(Though ryled oft a bore!)  
In short, I'll show my heart is free,  
And sigh for him no more!  
If we should meet, his eye shall shrink,  
My scornful glance before;  
Ha! that's his knock! here, John! I think  
I'll see him *just*—once more!

## QUENTIN METZIS.\*

BY E. K. BOWEN.

IN the year 1470, there was at Antwerp a celebrated blacksmith, who employed many industrious and able-bodied workmen, and whose forge rang daily to the sound of the hammer, and glowed in the fierce red light which imparts so fantastic and strange a character to every object that it illumines. Amongst his workmen was one who seemed never to have been destined by nature for so laborious an employment. He was one of those exceptional beings who afford striking evidence of the power of the will, united to physical debility; for in this young man, who was no other than Quentin Metzis, it was moral energy that supplied the place of strength. He felt that it was art and not labor for which he was qualified; yet he had patience to resign himself to his destiny, and a spirit of emulation which taught him to excel even in this laborious profession. He was the blacksmith's best workman, and his master loved him, despite the apparent singularity of his character; for, inwardly conscious of a capacity for better things than striking the anvil or shoeing a horse, he did not share the habits of his comrades. It was not that he despised them, but they wearied him, and when once his task was done, he liked better to be alone with his own thoughts than to drink with them.

One evening that the smith's workmen were going to a neighboring tavern, they invited Quentin Metzis to accompany them. He thanked them kindly, but declined.

"What is the matter with him?" asked one of the workmen of his companions, when Metzis was out of hearing.

"He is in love," was the reply.

"Well, what does that signify? That is no reason for not drinking, but rather the reverse."

"Very true; but he is sad, and it is that which prevents him from drinking."

"Then he must see love in a wrong light; for I am in love too, and I am merry."

"Yes; but you are not in love with a girl who is too rich and too handsome for you, and that is what has happened to our poor comrade, who is passionately attached to the daughter of a man who will only bestow her upon a painter; and

as no one can make pictures with a hammer and anvil, the poor fellow is quite out of heart, and unless the father changes his mind, which is not likely, Quentin Metzis will probably never marry his sweetheart."

And the two speakers returned to their bottle, without troubling themselves further about the sorrows of their comrade.

As to Metzis, he had, as we have said, left his companions, and, his eyes fixed on the ground, had turned down a well-known road, under the guidance of his heart rather than of his will. Suddenly he stopped before a door which he had no right to open, and concealing himself in the shade, waited, with his eyes fixed on one of the windows of the house, for that which he similarly awaited every evening—for that which gave him strength for the toil and burden of the morrow. Then, when he had seen the window open—when, as in a celestial vision, a silent gesture had answered his gaze, and after this long-desired moment of happiness the window had closed again, he retraced his steps, repeating to himself, as he did every evening, "She loves me;" and on these three words he based all his visions of the future. Sometimes a gleam of hope would shoot across his soul; but when, on quitting some church where he had been praying, he contemplated the *chefs d'œuvres* of the period, and reflected that he must do as much before he could gain his object, the momentary hope vanished, and he felt that it was impossible.

Returning home after this transient happiness, he found his mother, whose constant prayers were for her son, awaiting him. He embraced her affectionately, saying,

"Good evening, dear mother."

"How are you this evening, Quentin?"

"Quite well, thank you, mother."

And embracing her once more, without perceiving the tears which rose to her eyes, he retired to his chamber, to be alone with his dreams.

Hence arose the long, feverish hours of watching, in which the artisan dreamed of art, the humble blacksmith of glory, the unhappy lover of love; hours which consumed half of the night, and left him sadder and more powerless than before.

There are sorrows which can be held under

\* From the French of Alexandre Dumas.

sufficient control to conceal them from the eye of strangers, but cannot be hidden from a mother's love; and every morning, when Metzis went forth to the forge, his mother gathered from her son's pale face how many sleepless hours he had passed. Without ever having learnt it from his own lips, the poor woman fully comprehended that her affection was no longer all-sufficient for her son, and she waited till he was gone to let her tears flow without restraint.

One morning, however, he was so dejected, and looked so deadly pale, that his mother would not let him go out; and in the evening, at the hour when he was wont to seek the spot where all his happiness was centered, he was too feeble to leave his bed.

The reason of this was that despair and discouragement had at length overpowered the strong will which had struggled against them, and that his scanty hours of sleep had given place to utter sleeplessness. He was a prey to one of those illnesses which, varying in form and name, are the same in fact, which waste the frame, dim the eyes, and wear out the heart.

It is in moments such as these, when all hope forsakes us, that we cling the most closely to the blessings which still remain; and Quentin Metzis, unable any longer to seek the daily solace of a glimpse of his mistress, turned for comfort only to his mother's love.

He opened his whole heart to her, and the poor woman, who had nothing to give but her own life for that of her son, perceived at once, that unless it pleased God to work a miracle, that son must die.

One of his brother workmen, who often came to visit him, reached his door one day, at the very moment that a procession in behalf of the sick was passing along the street; he held in his hand one of the wood-cuts which were distributed by the members of the brotherhood.

"Well, Metzis, how are you?" asked the blacksmith on entering.

"Much the same, thank you."

"I have brought you one of the wood-cuts given by the brethren."

"What for?" asked the sick man.

"To cure you," replied his friend. "The procession in behalf of the sick has just taken place, and some of these wood-cuts have been distributed; and as I know what wonderful cures they effect, I have brought you one."

"But there are illnesses which they cannot cure," said Metzis, "and mine is one of those."

"Why should you be so depressed? It is that which does you harm. Try and divert your mind, and you will get well. If the cut only

serves to occupy your thoughts a little, it will do some good. Take it, and amuse yourself with copying some of those figures of the blessed saints; it will help to wile away the time, and that is something when one is ill."

The blacksmith then shook hands with him and went away, leaving the miraculous wood-cut on his bed.

When Metzis was alone he relapsed into his usual musings, without appearing to remember his friend's words. His mother, absorbed in prayer, watched beside him like a guardian angel; but at length perceiving that he was falling asleep—a rare blessing for him—she rose and left the room.

When he awoke he found the wood-cut still lying on his bed, where the blacksmith had left it, and took it up mechanically, saying, "It is not that which can save me!" Yet he no longer looked at it with indifference, but contemplated it first with devout attention, and then with prayer, till the tears filled his eyes, and it seemed to him as if those quaint figures of saints smiled upon him, and whispered to him the words of hope, to which in suffering we are all so eager to listen. He dashed away his tears, regarded the wood-cut with increased attention, then rose from his bed, went to the table, seated himself, and began to copy the figures of the saints, whose countenances still smiled upon him. He appeared rather like a sleep-walker obeying the dictates of some hidden influence, than a waking man acting in accordance with his own will, so immovably fixed were his eyes, so low and feeble was his breathing. Yet an occasional smile gleamed upon his face, for now his copy began to assume form and likeness to the original—his own saints began to smile encouragingly upon him. It seemed as if the miraculous cure foretold by the blacksmith were really in progress; for Metzis began to perceive with his waking eyes the goal of which hitherto he had only dreamed. At the end of half an hour he stopped; drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, as upon that of a man awaking from an agitating dream. He looked at his work—

The likeness was perfect—the joy had well nigh turned his brain!

His poor old mother, bending over his chair, had understood all his sufferings, entered into all his dreams, and, doubtless, while her son had worked, she had done her part in prayer. Certain it is, that when his task was done, and Metzis rose, he met the eyes of his mother beaming upon him through tears of joy—they had no need of words to understand each other, and were soon locked in each other's arms.

At that moment his visitor of the day before made his appearance; Metzris hastened toward him, and to his surprise embraced him eagerly.

"You have saved my life," said he.

"How so?"

"With your wood-cut."

"Ah! I knew that; and so you will come back to the forge?"

"No, I am no longer a blacksmith."

"Indeed! what are you then?"

"I am a painter."

"You? a painter?"

"Yes, I," and with these words Metzris left the room.

"I see, the illness has taken a different form, and touched the brain. Your son is out of his mind," said the blacksmith to Quentin's mother.

"God is great and merciful, and he has had pity upon him," said the old woman, "that is all."

"We shall see," replied the man. "I shall wait till he comes back," and he sat down beside the table at which Metzris had been working, and upon which he perceived both the original wood-cut and the copy. He was struck dumb with amazement; the miracle was obvious and palpable. He awaited with impatience the return of his friend, the cause of whose sudden departure he did not understand, and was curious to learn.

Half an hour later Metzris reappeared.

"Where have you come from?" asked the blacksmith.

"From my father-in-law's house."

"Are you married, then?"

"No; but I soon shall be."

The blacksmith reverted to his original idea that his friend was mad. He, however, wished to be sure of the fact before he left him, and asked him whom he was going to marry.

"A young, rich, and beautiful woman, who is to marry none but a painter. I have just offered myself."

"But a long time must elapse before you are qualified to paint a picture; and perhaps in the meantime your wife may grow tired of being the widow of a future husband."

"She will wait for me."

"Well, but what have you done?"

"I went, as I have told you, to the father, and asked of him his daughter's hand, which he refused me."

"Very naturally."

"He told me that he had promised her in marriage to a painter, and could not give her to any other, unless he were a better artist, and when, on his asking me what I had done hitherto, I told him that I had worked in iron, he laughed in my face."

"And what did you do?"

"I merely said to him, 'Give me six months' time, and if in six months I do not bring you a better picture than your son-in-law elect, you may give him your daughter.' He went on laughing, and challenged me to do it. I accepted the challenge, and am going to set to work immediately."

"You are quite right there; you should strike while the iron is hot," said the blacksmith, who borrowed his figures of speech from his profession.

"And now many thanks to you, my good friend, for it is to you that I owe all this. In six months' time you will come to my wedding."

And the two young men parted, the one to go and tell the news at the forge, the other to commence his task.

Then began an obstinate struggle between the artisan and the artist, which, as it became more and more arduous, entailed many an hour of deep discouragement, in which the poor votary of painting gave way to exhaustion and despair on beholding how little he had effected, and how much yet remained to be done. He had not, indeed, mistaken his calling so strangely revealed to him by the wood-cut, but so much study and labor were required in order to attain his end, that but for his undying love, for the gratification of which renown was an essential condition, he would have abandoned his design as impracticable. But time rolled on, and Metzris, absorbed in the pursuit of his object, disappeared from his accustomed haunts, or only came forth occasionally to take breath before renewed efforts. At length he reappeared amongst men, pale and wan from victory, as others are from defeat, but with a glance of triumph in his eye beaming with the consciousness of power unalloyed by pride.

Six months had completed the miracle foretold by the blacksmith, and he now knocked eagerly at the door before which he had so often kept his hopeless watch.

"Oh! is it you, Metzris?" said his future father-in-law, on beholding him. "Your six months are passed, and you come to acknowledge yourself beaten!"

"You are mistaken," replied the artist, "I have still a fortnight before me, but, with your leave, I had rather be beforehand."

"Is not that presumption?" said the father.

"No; it is only very natural impatience to secure the prize I have labored so hard to gain, now that I have won it."

"Won it?"

"Yes, indeed. The proof of it is too large to bring hither, or I would on no account have

troubled you; but if you will have the kindness to come with me, you can give me your opinion of a picture which I purpose to present to the church in which I am married."

The two men went out together, and a week after Quentin Metzis was married, to the great wonder and admiration of all the smiths in Antwerp, before an altar-piece, of which the centre compartment represents the burial of our Saviour; the right hand one, the presentation of the head of John the Baptist at the table of Herod; and the left hand one, St. John in the cauldron of boiling oil. This painting is to be found in the Sistine Chapel of the Church of Notre Dame at Antwerp, and is one of the best performances of Quentin Metzis. In front of the same church, which contains the first effort of the painter, is to be seen the last work of the blacksmith; a well, of which the iron decorations were shaped with the hammer, not with the file.

The singularity of his marriage, his previous profession, and, above all, his indisputable talent, acquired a great reputation for Quentin Metzis. It is always an attraction to the public if there be something strange or poetical to shed a romantic interest over the man whose works they admire or seek to purchase. The English possess this taste in a peculiar degree; thus Quentin Metzis has become a great favorite with them, and so

many of his pictures have passed into their hands, that now, with the exception of two or three, it is difficult to say what has become of the productions of the painter-blacksmith.

Amongst them, we may, however, specify, besides the painting before which his marriage took place, his own portrait and that of his wife, both of them to be found in the Florence Gallery, and two scenes from the life of our Saviour—the Virgin and Child, and the Christ and his Mother—full of the poetry of religion.

His other works are so scattered that it would be impossible here to give a list of them.

Such was the life of the blacksmith, Metzis, thus epitomized in the Latin verse upon his tomb:—

"*Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem.*"

Quentin Metzis died at Antwerp at the age of fifty-nine, in the year 1529.

He was first interred in the church of the Chartreux de Kie, and his body was afterward removed to the foot of the tower of the cathedral, where his monument now stands with this inscription:—

"*QUINTINO METZIS,  
INCOMPARABILIS ARTIS PICTORIÆ ADMIRATRIX,  
GRATAQUE POSTERITAS, ANNO POST OBITUM SECULARE  
CIC. ID. C. XXIX.  
POSUIT.*"

## THE DEAR OLD PLEASANT TWILIGHT TIME.

BY W. WILSON.

THE dear old pleasant twilight time  
Is still the time I love the best;  
It is so calm, that I can think  
With some degree of spirit-rest.  
Then, my old peace of mind, which went  
With her into the quiet tomb,  
In the distance of a Future,  
Seems upon my sense to loom.  
In the mellow Summer twilight,

When the garish day's at rest,  
Then my spirit seems to commune  
With that spirit—early blest!  
Then I seem to gain conviction,  
Of reward for Sorrow here,  
And such thoughts of perfect Love,  
Belonging to a higher sphere,  
That I long to reach his realms—  
Where dwell not Sorrow, Doubt, or Fear.

## MOTHER, OH! SING ME TO REST.

BY MRS. J. SCOTT.

MOTHER, oh! sing me to rest:  
As in the bright days departed,  
Sing to thy child, the sick-hearted,  
Songs for a spirit oppress.  
Lay my tired head on thy breast:  
Flowers with the twilight are closing,

Pilgrims and mourners reposing:  
Mother, oh! sing me to rest.  
Lay my tired head on thy breast:  
Weary is young love when blighted,  
Sad is this heart unrequited:  
Mother, oh! sing me to rest.

## THE FIRST LESSON.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

"DEAR ma! see what a pretty rose," exclaimed a beautiful little nymph of about five summers, as she held the bright emblem of love in her lily white hand. "Is it not very pretty?"

"Yes, dear!" the mother replied, "but it will not remain long so. Its little life-string is broken even now, and its sweet fragrance is floating on the air but as the last ray of the sun lingering upon the face of departing day. Its beautiful bright petals will soon fall to the earth, and its fragrance depart forever!"

"But," continued the child, "I will always keep it so. I will not pull it to pieces as little Anna does. It is so sweet! How many kinds of flowers are there, dear ma?"

"Many, very many, my sweet child!" the mother replied, "and all robed in different hues; but there is a garden far away where is flowers of a different grade from these, and all robed alike in pure whiteness."

"But mine is so bright, and so pretty, and I mean to keep it so!" reiterated the child.

Here was Faith—ay, even such as might "remove mountains." No teachings of earth, no philosophic reasoning could shake this first formed impression. Child like she was firm in her simplicity. "It is bright, and I mean to keep it so!"

Would you turn the waters of the ocean from their unfathomable bed?—would you pull down the cloud-capped mountain with the implements of art?—even so might the mind of that innocent one be *reasoned* into reason. Oh, heart of child! Oh, mysterious simplicity! Oh, innocent creature! You may talk to it of sorrow, of misery, of fading beauty, but your words are unmeaning. It has never felt the chills of disappointment; it has never writhed beneath the pangs of affliction; and its guileless faith knows nothing of the emptiness, the hollow professions and cold-heartedness of the world; and would to God that the cup may be broken ere it be lifted to its lips!

"But you spoke of a garden far away, dear ma! and of pure white roses."

"Yes, my child," responded the mother, "and I will tell you something about them, provided you will promise to listen attentively."

"Do, dear ma, I will be so glad to hear you."

"Well, you recollect little Flora, with whom you have played so often in our own pleasant garden? You recollect, too, her sweet blue eyes, her soft, ruddy lips and bright golden ringlets?"

And you recollect that, one bright morning her little fairy form was stretched upon a stand, and her lily white hands were crossed upon her breast, and she lay *so still*, as if sleeping? A tender smile was on her face, and sweetness lingered upon her ruby lips; but no earthly sound fell upon her ear, for she lay in the cold embrace of Death. Her tender life-string had been snapped asunder, even as that of the beautiful rose which you hold in your hand. Her beautiful brow, once crowned with the halo of merriment, now lies in the cold ground, but her little pure spirit is transformed into a beautiful bright flower, robed in everlasting whiteness, and is now blooming in that garden far beyond the skies, and which we call Eden.

"The flowers of this earth, my dear, are bright, but fading. They spring into beauty from out the bosom of mother earth, and at the will of our heavenly Father, but they live for a short period. And He who in His goodness carpeted our earth with these beautiful flowers, gave us also blossoms that will be to everlasting! They may not remain with us always—yet will they not fade! And of such was little Flora.

"Now then—will not my little daughter be ever good in this life, so that when God calls her spirit home it will roam in that beautiful garden forever and ever?"

"Yes, dear ma! but I like my red rose, it is so bright, and I——"

Her lips faltered—the tongue refused to utter the half told sentiment of the heart—the moral is obvious—the lesson was premature. The language of earth failed to touch the sleeping chords of reality, nor did Time ever open the fount!

Death enters all homes—of the rich and of the poor, of the high and of the low. It has paralyzed the efforts of age, and prostrated the schemes of manhood; it has dispelled the happy visions of youth by taking the fairest and brightest from the social group; it has clouded the bright dreams, and placed its signet on the laughing brow of childhood; and it has crushed the mother's fondest hope. Alas, for the instability of earthly things!—alas, for the ties that we nourish!

Fain would that mother have said, "It is bright, and I mean to keep it so!" but no—

"Born in a world where flowers of fairest hue  
First fade away;  
Herself a rose, she lived as roses do—  
But for a day."

## THE STORY OF JEREMY LONG, OF POTTSBURGH.

BY FITZ MORNER.

TRAVELLING by railroad is very apt to be dull business, especially where it is continued for any lengthened time without cessation; but now and then the peregrinator picks up a companion in the cars who proves an inexhaustible reservoir of amusement. It was my good fortune to fall in with one of this class on a recent trip to Gotham.

As I stood leaning against the "cabin" of the New York Central Railroad Ferry at Albany, my attention was attracted by a long, lank, bony specimen of humanity, who stood clinging to a carpet-bag with both hands, and gazing through a quizzing-glass at the objects on the opposite shore. He was immediately entered on my lists an oddity. His figure was surmounted by a white "wide-awake" hat, with an original improvement thereto in the shape of a long, fluttering red ribbon. Underneath the hat was a crop of short black hair, surrounding a face which was endeavoring to look austere and dignified—with but indifferent success. A ministerial-looking, white kerchief was tied about his neck in a manner seeming at the point of strangulation; while underneath appeared a very dark checked shirt, which vainly endeavored to cultivate acquaintance with the kerchief, leaving the brown neck bare for about an inch. Otherwise, his apparel was plain black, with the one glaring exception of a fashionable, short-waisted, red velvet vest, from one of the pockets of which dangled a long, heavy silver watch-chain.

I had but just completed my survey of him, when the ferry boat touched the opposite shore, and amid the general rush he was soon lost to my sight. But as I was about to step upon the platform of a car, I was accosted by a heavy voice behind me with—

"Spring up, sonny!"

I complied, and turned indignantly to see who had thus addressed me, when—

"Oh! beg pardon, sir! I didn't see your whiskers! But you're such a small person—such a very small person, that, really—but never mind that!"

It was the man of the white kerchief.

While speaking we had entered the car, and I found myself seated at his side, congratulating myself on the prospect of an interesting ride.

He introduced himself as Mr. Long—Jeremy Long, late of Pottsburgh, and in return inquired my own name, which I gave.

We conversed upon the various topics of interest—the weather—the scenery on the road—the fugitive slave capture—the Maine Law, &c. &c.—on all of which I found my companion well informed. At the Poughkeepsie station Mr. Long retired to "refresh his corporeal system," he said; "not having grubbed since the previous day." He returned, complacently wiping the crumbs from his lips with a red silk handkerchief, and remarked, as he took his seat,

"They have huge bivalves in this section of the country, sir. They are first-rate—very first-rate. I am told that the quality of the fruit increases in a direct ratio, sir, from the time an individual leaves Pottsburgh until he arrives in New York—is it so?"

"I am not aware, sir," said I, "never having extended my travels as far as Pottsville."

"Pottsburgh, I'm much obliged to you. Pottsburgh! Then, probably, you did not know Appleton Potts, sir?"

"Well—no, sir—I believe not."

"Dry up, a half a second, if you please," said he, "I, a—" and taking a key from his pocket he arose, adjusted his glass, and began fumbling in the carpet-bag. He soon produced, therefore, a packet of papers tied around with a string, whence he drew forth a well-thumbed manuscript. This he handed to me. I opened it and read—

TO AN ASPIRING MAID.

"Upbraid me not! I never swore——"

but further perusal was checked by the stranger, who exclaimed,

"Well—do not read it now, I beg, Mr. F——. Who do you suppose writ that?"

I could not tell.

"Well, no—naturally not," said he. "Perhaps you had not inferred, during our conversation, that I was a—an—a—ahem!—a poick, a bard?"

"No, sir," said I; "candidly it had not occurred to me; but since you have directed my attention to the fact, it appears reasonable for me to anticipate that such is the case."

"Right, sir—correct—very correct."



A pause ensued. I now determined to hold my peace, and allow the strange man to unburden himself of the tale which I felt sure he was aching to tell. At length—

"Oh! these women—women!" said Mr. Long, with a deep-drawn sigh. "Would you believe, sir, that an individual of my appearance would fall in love—in love with a woman?"

"It is a very common disease with the sex, I believe," said I, deferentially, beginning to wonder if this austere personage was going to make me—his junior by a dozen years or more—the confidant of his love affairs?

"True," replied he; "and that article of poickry which now so calmly reposes in your palm, was a direct result of a transaction of that nature. You see—but thereby hangs a tale!" and Jeremy Long, late of Pottsburgh, arose, divested himself of his hat and white kerchief, glanced at his watch, seated himself, cleared his throat, and began—

"You see, Pottsburgh is one of those bewitchful, retired little hamlets where civilization is not more than skin-deep; where maidens dally and lovers sigh, unmolested by the rude arm of the policy officer; where Augustus J. Potts keeps a dry-goods store; where the late firm of Long & Carver formerly run a saw-mill on the banks of a lovely stream that rolls through the green forest, and glides in swan-like majesty, over the dam; where—but I am straying from my subject. Excuse me, sir, and I will endeavor to confine myself to simple facts.

"In Pottsburgh I lived, and pursued my humble callin'; was very generally a popular fellow, (speaking as though it was somebody else I am talking about;) took the lead in all the frolics, apple-parins, dances, pic-nics, and etcetera and etcetera, which came off in the village. It was not known that I was a poick, and consequently I was treated with all the freedom and familiarity extended to other men. There were those, indeed, of the girls, who would sometimes poke fun at me, after the manner of those parts; all which I took good-naturedly, being willing to look down on the little creatures a-enjoying themselves—even at my expense.

"It was at an apple-pairin' at Squire Cheerly's that I made the acquaintance of Kitty Fencer. She was a lovely creature, with soft, dewy, red lips, light, curling hair, downy cheeks, and such eyes! From the moment that I first beheld her, I resolved that marry her I would. It was a silly resolution, sir, which I thank heaven and Appleton Potts for preventing me to keep! The truth of this will appear to you, sir, when I tell you that she was the merest *miss* of a woman,

three feet high or thereabouts, and I am, as you see me—*long*.

"I went home with her from that parin', which was about four miles from where she lived. Her folks came after her about ten o'clock; but I prevailed on 'em to let her stay, and I would see her safe home. I was glad I had met her *there*, for I was conscious how ridiculous I should have appeared walking at her side—and first impressions being most lasting, I thought it real lucky that I had met her where I could *carry* her home in my cutter.

"Oh! sir, I can never forget that night, that happy night, as the pale moon shone down on *us two*—me and her—tucked so cozily under that buffalo; she snuggled up close to me, laughing and joking so merry all the way; and I driving them two blood horses like greased lightning over the smooth snow, with my heart knocking against my ribs hard enough for her to hear, if she tried.

"I had not been acquainted with Kitty very long before the village gossips began to talk about us, and it seems to me never was such fun made of a courtship before in Pottsburgh. Well, there was a large fund for it, I'll allow. It looks comical to me, now, to think of my courting such a little thing—but I was in love; and when a man's in love his reason is tucked away in some old cupboard, there to remain until the knot's tied.

"Well, I'm glad some one else took compassion on my folly and strove to rescue me; but oh! how I could have cursed that man at the time. I could kiss him now. Don't laugh, Mr. F—, I *can* kiss—and this kissing propensity of mine was an active worker in my redemption.

"Kitty Fencer had not long been a resident of Pottsburgh; if she had 'a been, she would never have imbibed that prejudice of hers—for such a kissing set as there is in Pottsburgh you never see.

"It was not hard for me to see that Appleton Potts was trying to wring in to Miss Kitty's favor; but I had my hand in, and Kitty had kind o' took a liking to me. To be sure Potts was a better looking man than I, and Kitty had told me so, but I never imagined that anything had ever passed between 'em. And I knew, that, spite of his good looks, Potts was not near as clever a fellow as I; besides that, I am a man of property, sir, and was considered worth more than any other man in the neighborhood of Pottsburgh, which fact had a most wonderful effect in softening the angularities of my person with the feminines.

"One evening I went to see Kitty, and was

met by her with a face covered with smiles, as she took my hat and hastily led me to a chair. She then began fumbling in that mysterious pocket of hers, and finally fished up a letter, which she handed me to read; while she took a seat by my side, 'to help me laugh over it,' as she said.

"A glance at the thing showed me that it was poickry; I hastily looked at the bottom of it, and there was the name—'APPLETON POTTS.' I read it, and at every line I waxed madder and madder. It was an avowal of love, sir—an avowal of love—to *my* intended! This alone was sufficient to fire up the indignation of a man with a jot of spirit in his breast; but, sir, judge of my rage when I read also the lines—

"'Jeremy Long is a butcher's son—  
A butcher's son is he;  
The son of a butcher he was, is now,  
And evermore shall be.'

"Sir, I was dumb with passion; my face glowed like a fiery furnace; I tore the letter in a thousand fragments and flung it from me. I arose and seized my hat, vowing that I would flog the black-hearted wretch within an inch of his life, or perish in the attempt. But Kitty clung imploringly to my coat-tail, and screamed out,

"'Oh! don't go now, Jerry—wait till to-morrow—don't go and leave me, there's a good fellow—I was going to have *such* a good time with you this evening!'

"I yielded, sir, partly because a man ought to always yield to the voice of entreaty, when he's in a rage; partly because I was afraid my coat would be torn; (my very best, sir,) and partly because I had no particular objection to enjoying 'such a good time' myself. So I smothered my rage, and seated myself by Kitty's side; somehow my arm found its way over the back of her chair, and thence around her waist; and then we talked love, you know—love. We had just about got it settled where we would live, and etcetera; when I felt so precious neat that I turned and snatched (what I thought was all all right enough) *a kiss*.

"Alas! sir, I hit her *prejudice*! Did you ever see a woman in a perfect fury? I have—and, I am ashamed to own, I *let* that little girl put me out of the house!

"As I sprang into the road, hat in hand, and heart in my mouth, who should I meet but Potts—that cursed Potts. The moon shone fair and clear; Kitty stood on the steps and saw the rencontre. She made but one bound into the road, and in the twinkling of a saw-log Appleton Potts,

son of Augustus J. Potts, was in that house, the door was bolted, and I was rolling my eyes at *the moon*!

"What thoughts crowded my brain, as I stood there, statue-like, in my sadness? Was this a preconceived scheme? Was I a dupe? Was Potts successful? Well, sir, I finally placed my hat on my head and spread myself across the snow-crusted fields home.

"The die was cast. Appleton Potts was in, and I was out. It didn't take but little while for all Pottsburgh to know the tale; genius is proverbially sensitive, sir, and I could not stand it; so I kind o' concluded that it would be as well for me to sell out and travel—for my health.

"But, sir, I am comforted by the reflection that the Pottsburghers have discovered, ere this, what a genius they have sent from their midst; and Kitty Fencer may yet weep over the day when she rejected him whose name she shall at some future time see enrolled in the calendar of fame. I left several poems to old acquaintances in Pottsburgh, and one to Kitty Fencer—that one, sir, which you now hold, and which I have now the honor of requesting you to accept, as a slight token of my sincere regard for you.

"Read it not until a week shall have elapsed, when I shall be far away on the billowy ocean, bound for distant lands."

I was profuse in my expressions of gratification at Mr. Long's tale, and assured him that it should be laid before a sympathizing public.

The poem proved to be as follows:—

#### TO AN ASPIRING MAID.

"Upbraid me not; I never swore  
Eternal love to thee;  
For thou art only three feet high,  
And I am six feet three.

"I wonder, dear, how you suppose  
That I could stoop so low;  
'Tis only few can tie a knot,  
Though all may fix a beau.

"Besides, you must confess, my love,  
The bargain's scarcely fair,  
For never could we make a *match*,  
Although we made a pair.

"Marriage, I know, 'makes one of two,  
But here's the horrid bore;  
The priest declares, if you are one,  
That I, at least, am four.

"'Tis true that moralists have said  
That love has got no eyes;  
But why should all my sighs be heaved  
For one who has no size?

"Tis usual for a wife to take  
Her husband by the arm;  
But pray excuse me should I hint  
A sort of fond alarm—

"That when my arm I offered you,  
That happiness to beg,  
Your highest effort, dear, would be  
To take me by the leg.

"I do admit I wear a glass—  
Because my sight's not good,  
But were I always quizzing you,  
It might be counted rude.

"And though I use a convex lens,  
By all the gods I hope  
My wife will never look at me  
Through Herschel's telescope!

"Then fare-thee-well, my gentle one,  
*I ask no parting kiss;*  
I must not break my back to gain  
So exquisite a bliss.

"But if you ever love again,  
Love on a smaller plan;  
For why extend to six-feet-three  
A life that's but a span?"

## THE FAIRY QUEEN'S GIFT TO THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. MARY FARMER.

'Twas a beautiful thought of the olden time,  
And oft fitted by poet to graceful rhyme,  
That the fairies, good people, much loved to dwell  
Near the perfume and shade of each flower bell.

In the innocent faith of their simple souls,  
Fairies peopled the groves and the moonlit knolls,  
And they hid in the moss, around mouldings quaint  
That o'er arched the still grave of some buried saint.

In the woodbine they nestled, on heart's-ease fed,  
Over daisies and violets loved to tread,  
Left their breath on the rose and the heliotrope,  
Breathed soft music for all, like the syren-hope.

But the fairies, good people of ancient rhymes,  
Are all banished and fled from our elder times,

Never moon elves now frolic o'er hill and dell,  
To go rustling at dawn in some flower bell.

And Titania no more makes her regal bow'r  
In the heart of the queenliest garden flow'r,  
Or bright love garlands will for her fav'rite weave  
In the hour of her pow'r—high mid-summer's eve.

Her wierd hazle-wand once o'er the flow'rs she  
stretched,

With it over them all a soft mist she fetched,  
Whilst to them she resigned all her pleasant pow'r,  
And then died at high mid-summer midnight hour.

Now the flowers, like good fairies, bring fancies bright,  
To the heart soft they speak of duty and right,  
Both the weak and the weary they still may cheer.  
And soft check by their brightness some pilgrim's tear.

## EVENING'S PALL IS CLOSING ROUND US.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

EVENING'S pall is closing round us,  
And my home is far away;  
I must reach my humble cottage  
Ere the rosy dawn of day.  
Dearest Mary, ne'er forget me,  
Distant from you though I dwell,  
For you are the world unto me—  
Gentle maiden, fare-thee-well.

Where the sun in beauty rising  
Gilds the ever smiling morn,  
And his glory sheds o'er all things,  
Hill, and dale, and field, and lawn—  
Turn your thoughts to yonder cottage,  
Hid within a lonely dell;  
And remember one who dwells there—  
Gentle maiden, fare-thee-well!

When the hawthorn is in blossom,  
And the daisy decks the mead;  
And the shepherds oft their treasures  
By the running waters lead—  
When the air is soft and balmy,  
Soothing with its fairy spell,  
Do not then, dear one, forget me—  
Lovely maiden—fare-thee-well!

May you e'er be free from sorrow,  
And your heart know naught of pain;  
Though for years I should be absent,  
Pray that we may meet again.  
Now I leave you with my blessing,  
Though my thoughts no tongue may tell,  
Till we meet again beloved one—  
Dearest Mary—fare-thee-well!

## KNITTED BASSINET QUILT, OR COUVREPIEDS.

BY M<sup>LL</sup>E. DEFOUR.

**MATERIALS.**—One pound of white six-thread fleecy wool, quarter of pound of blue or pink ditto, a pair of wooden knitting-kneedles, No. 8, eagle card-board gauge, and a coarse crochet-hook and rug-needle.

This pretty quilt is quite a suitable piece of knitting for a beginner in the art; it is so simple, and has so elegant an effect. It may be done in cotton, if preferred; but we advise wool to be used, as so much warmer.

For a bassinet quilt cast on 135 stitches, or any other number which can be divided by 24, and leave 15 over. At the beginning of every row slip off a stitch, without knitting, putting the needle in as if you were going to purl it, and at the end knit a stitch, taking it through the centre instead of the front of the loop, as is usually done. These stitches are not reckoned in the receipt, as they are invariably the same.

**1st row.**—Knit 13,  $\bowtie$  make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip-stitch over, \* 6 times knit 12  $\bowtie$  repeat to the end of the row.

**2nd row,** and all the other alternate rows are purled.

**3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th rows.**—Like the 1st.

**13th row.**—Knit 1,  $\bowtie$  \* make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip-stitch over \* 6 times, knit 12  $\bowtie$  repeat to the end of the row, which will end with the  $\bowtie$ , make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip-stitch over  $\bowtie$  6 times.

**15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd rows.**—Like the 13th.

**24th row.**—Purled like all the other alternate rows. This completes one pattern, and the twenty-four rows are to be repeated until the piece of knitting is as long as is desired, when cast off. Now thread a large rug-needle with wool of the other color; fasten it on at the corner of one of the plain squares; take the needle through the centre of the square, to the opposite corner, and then the next, in a diagonal line downward, returning in the same stitches, twisting the needle in every loop of wool. When all the plain squares are thus worked in one direction, do them in the same way from corner to corner in the opposite direction. Thus every plain square will have a colored cross on it, the open squares being left without.

A bassinet quilt might be done in stripes of two colors, each being worked with the other color. For this purpose, cast on 89 stitches only for each stripe, and make them an uneven number, 3, 5, or 7, so that the same color may be at each edge. They must be neatly sewed together. When the centre of the quilt is done, work one round of open square crochet, with three stitches close together in every corner. In these open squares knit a fringe three and a half inches deep, and composed of the two colors.

## JESSAMINE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—A reel of white cannetille; a little coarse wire: a skein of pure white floss silk: a small skein of yellow ditto: green Berlin wool of three shades:—rather a yellow green is required, and the shades must not be very light.

**FOR THE FLOWERS.**—With the white floss silk, make a chain of eight stitches; take a piece of cannetille a nail long, and place it under the last chain. Crochet down the chain, working over the wire doubled, 7 Sc. Draw the silk through the last loop, and fasten off. This makes one

petal, and five will be required for each flower. To make up the flower, take a finger-length of the coarser wire, bend the end of it down closely in the form of a hook, and wind round the top a piece of yellow floss silk, two or three times. Then pinch the wire close together, and wind the silk round both sides of the wire, a little way. Round this head arrange the petals one by one, winding a little white silk round each. Continue to wind the white silk round, for about three-quarters of an inch, and then cover the remainder of the stem with a light green wool.

Do every flower in the same manner. About five will be required for a small spray.

**THE FOLIAGE.**—The leaves of the jessamine grow in sets; each small branch has a leaf at the point, and six others, placed in twos, at the sides. Several of these sets, made of the various shades of green, are arranged on a spray, care being taken that the *lightest* shall always be the highest, and the darkest at the end of the stem.

**1st Leaf.** (For the points of the set.) Make 16 Ch, fold a bit of wire in the form of a hook. Slip the end in the last chain, and work down it 6 Sc, 2 Sdc, 5 Dc, 1 Sdc, 2 Sc; draw the wool through, and fasten off.

**2nd Leaf.** (Two required.) 18 Ch, bend a bit of wire, and work over it; down the chain, 4 Sc, 8 Sdc, 5 Dc, 1 Sc. Fasten off.

**3rd Leaf.** (Four required.) 10 Ch; bend the wire as before; work on it, 3 Sc, 3 Sdc, 2 Cc, 1 Sdc, 1 Sc; fatten off.

When the seven leaves are made, take a piece of the coarser wire, three inches long; slip the point in the end of the first leaf, fasten it to the fine wire stem of the leaf, by winding some wool of the same shade round it very evenly; place the next two leaves a little way down the stem, opposite each other, and continue winding, covering in the ends of their stems; place the other four leaves in pairs in the same way, and wind round the wool, to the end of the wire.

Several of these sets of leaves should be made, and then flowers and leaves are to be arranged in a tasteful manner, on a coarse wire.

## EMBROIDERED SCENT BAG.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—A square of silk canvass rather more than twice the size represented in the engraving; a skein of ombre green netting silk, one of rose ditto; a little violet, blue, and yellow netting silk; three-quarters of a yard of white silk fringe, some white satin, pot-pourri, &c.

The design of the wreath of flowers embroidered on this scent-bag must be enlarged to about twice the size represented in the engraving. Still further increased, and worked on kid or cloth, it is suitable for the mats now so much used as stands for the ornaments on the mantel-piece.

All the foliage, various as it is, is worked with the one skein of green silk, a needleful of the darkest part being taken for some of the leaves, the very lightest tints being selected for others, the medium colors for the remainder. They must be worked according to the taste, and so as to produce the greatest possible variety—two leaves of a similar tint never coming together. The leaves are done in the usual way; the veinings up the centre in half polka stitch. Besides all the foliage, another part of the design is also worked in green—that is, all the sprays of heath, the dots of which only are worked in scarlet, in

French knots. The China asters are done in shades of violet, with yellow eyes, also worked in French knots. The petals of those flowers are done by using a double thread in the needle. The forget-me-nots are worked in French knots; five blue ones forms a small circle, with a yellow one in the centre for the eye. In working the roses, begin at the heart of the flower, threading your needle so as to use the silk double. Take care that both the ends are of the same tint, either the darkest or the lightest. Having made a single French knot, with green silk, in the eye of the flower, begin to work round it, in stitches partly lying over each other, and gradually longer, until the heart is entirely worked. The outer petals are to be done in the usual embroidery-stitch, with a single thread, and in such a tint as shall correspond with the outer part of the heart of the flower.

This embroidery requires to be worked in a frame.

To make it up, fill a muslin bag, of the proper size, with any pleasant scent, and cover it again with white silk or satin. Tack on the canvass on one side, sewing it round the edges, and add the fringe.

## CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

**MATERIALS.**—French cambric and fine work-ing cotton, No. 120. Work in button-hole stitch

and satin stitch. This is a pattern of very great beauty.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR AUGUST NUMBER.—Our August number received warmer encomiums, from the press and the public, than even we had expected. The fashion-plate seems particularly to have pleased. Says the Long Island Democrat:—"The fashions are the most beautiful, perfect, colored engravings we have seen. This Magazine is the only one that gives colored fashion-plates, and they may always be relied on as the very latest." The New-Berne (N. C.) News says:—"The fashion-plate for August is of the most exquisite richness. We cannot say too much in praise of this work, as we think it undoubtedly the best Magazine of the kind in the country. It publishes none but the choicest tales from the best American authors." The St. Augustine (Fla.) Ancient City says:—"Its embellishments of the fashions are alone worth more than the subscription." The Montrose (Pa.) Democrat says:—"The fashion-plate is the most perfect and beautiful colored engraving we have seen." Others are in raptures with the steel plate. Says the Lincoln (Me.) Democrat:—"The steel engraving, entitled 'Don't Deafen Me,' is one of the prettiest things of the kind." Still others declare that in every respect it is superior: and this is the voice of the majority, as it is doubtless the opinion of all. Says the Dansville (N. Y.) Democrat:—"It is fully equal in all respect to any of the more costly Magazines, while the subscription price is only two dollars per year." The Manheim Sentinel says:—"This is decidedly the cheapest (only two dollars) Magazine now published, and in point of excellence and worth is fully equal to any of its three dollar cotemporaries." The York (Pa.) Republican says:—"Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine for August, is on our table, filled, as usual, with choice literary productions, beautiful embellishments, fashion-plates, &c. We can only reiterate what we have said of this publication on former occasions—that it is equal to any of the three dollar Magazines."

WHAT IS SAID OF US.—No other Magazine is honored as this is, by letters from kind friends, eulogizing the literary matter, fashions, embellishments, and moral tone in "Peterson's Ladies' National." Every few days we find notices like the following. The first is from a correspondent of the Pennsylvania Republican.

"'Peterson's Magazine,' for the present month, has just found its way to our pleasant home—and an ever welcome visitor to the centre-table it is. It is a real pleasure to cut the leaves of such a fresh, sunshiny Magazine, for one is sure to be interested—sure to find something both entertaining and in-

structive in its clearly printed pages. It is an old favorite with us, and we used to look for it the middle of the month previous to its date, but of late it does not appear until the proper time—the commencement of the month, which is decidedly better, as it is then more seasonable.

"We think this number excellent. The line-and-stipple engraving is a rural picture, called 'Old Snow Ball,' and will be sure to be appreciated, from its truthfulness to nature. 'Peterson' always publishes good stories. We notice more selections from its pages in the different newspapers, than from any other periodical. And no wonder. We seldom read more interesting stories than those from the pen of E. W. Dewees, who contributes a sketch to the present number. Her articles are never lengthy, but short, spicy, and to the point. Then there is Carry Stanley—an old favorite too—now contributing an excellent novelle, entitled 'Ada Lester's Season in New York,' which has been running through several numbers. It is an admirable picture of life in Gotham, and we are very much interested in it."

The next is from a contributor in the Independent Democrat, published at Concord, N. H. The writer is evidently a lady. She says she is generally her own dress-maker, and after describing what she has just been doing to one of her dresses, says:—

"I put rows of lace round my collars and undersleeves, to make them layer—let the sleeves of my dresses down under the caps, and trimmed them over with rows of closely plaited ribbon, to the same intent. And then I subscribed for 'Peterson's Ladies' National.' Every lady who lives out in the country places, if she desires to know just what to wear and how just to wear it, should have this Magazine. It is, in many respects, better than 'Godey,' the only other monthly that gives fashion-plates in every number; for 'Godey' has no contributor who comes anywhere near Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—Mr. Peterson's associate in the editorial management—in beauty and strength of style. Besides the regular fashion-plates, it has, often, several pages filled with all manner of patterns, for all manner of garments, embroidery and ornamental work for the parlor and chamber, accompanied with full descriptions of the same, full directions for making them. If you write to Eunice, tell her to take it. It is only two dollars a year—'Godey's' is three, you know. Tell her to address Charles J. Peterson, 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. Tell the Langdon girls they had better have it. Their father can have it for one dollar. All clergymen, everywhere, can. The editor says so, in a number I have here."

We thank these, and other anonymous friends, for the "good word spoken in season." We shall endeavor to deserve, more than ever, their approbation, and that of the public at large, by making the Magazine as perfect as possible in all its departments. During the present year, we have doubled our subscription list; and next year we shall double it again: at least, if we do not, it shall not be because the Magazine is wanting in merit.

**TAKE THE ADVICE.**—The editor of the *Peterborough* (N. H.) Transcript gives the following capital advice, in his notice of the August number. "Peterson's Magazine is again on our table. Upon going home the other evening, after the labors of the day were completed, we found our 'folks' busily engaged in reading it. We interrupted with the question, 'How is Peterson this month?' The reply we got was, 'First-rate, same as it always is,' and upon reading it ourself, (we generally have to wait for the second reading, having presented the work to our wife, just as every man ought to do if he has a wife, and if not, to the lady he loves best,) we are not at all disposed to dissent from that opinion."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad.* By *Elihu Burritt*. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—In this neat volume we have a collection of the fugitive essays of Elihu Burritt, better known as the learned blacksmith, and as a prominent peace advocate. The essays are distinguished by earnestness of manner, considerable vigor of style, elevated thoughts, and bold utterance. No person can peruse them without being set to thinking, and often having to remould opinions he had regarded as fixed forever. A brief memoir of the author, written by Mary Howitt, is prefixed to the volume. This is not the least interesting part of the book, for it traces the early struggles of Burritt, and shows, as in the somewhat analogous case of Hugh Millar, that no difficulties are insurmountable to the resolute man. We have always thought that self-educated persons enjoyed one great advantage, almost compensating for the deprivation of academic instruction; which was that they grew up, in the very nature of things, bolder thinkers and less trammelled by the conventionalities of the school and society. A man like Burritt, or Hugh Millar will often hit on truths, especially social ones, which students, who have sat at the very feet of philosophy, almost necessarily overlook: and the reason is that the point of view, from which the former regard things, is generally new. A portrait of Burritt adorns the volume.

*Leather Stocking and Silk; or, Hunter John Myers and his Times. A Story of Virginia.* 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This new novel comes before us anonymously. The author, however, has no cause to be ashamed of his book, which is a most delightful fiction. In the dramatic faculty, indeed, the writer excels any American predecessor in the same walk, his character, young and old, male and female, polished and unpolished, talking with a rare naturalness, and developing their peculiarities in this way, instead of having them described narratively by the author. The old Frenchman, the negro nurse, the coquettish Nina, honest John Myers, and indeed every actor in the book stand prominently forth. The incidents are interesting, without being absorbing. The description of western Virginia life,

thirty years ago, is said to be accurate. Altogether, the novel is one which we can recommend to persons of taste. With a more careful elaboration of plot, and the introduction of more tragic elements, the author would take rank as one of the best, if not the very best writers of fiction America has produced.

*Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.* By *Harriet Beecher Stowe*. 2 vols. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Had any anonymous person written this book, it would have been pronounced an agreeable record of foreign travel, marred by the writer's excessive variety. The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will not, however, be judged so impartially. The success of her first work was so great, that she is herself her most dangerous rival; and as she can never, perhaps, equal that famous novel, she will always now disappoint her readers. Had she been wise, she would, if have consulting only her literary reputation, retired on her laurels, and not have provoked comparisons, or given a handle to her enemies, by any new publication. The book, however, we repeat, is quite readable; and will no doubt have an extensive sale: for there is much curiosity afloat to learn the particulars of Mrs. Stowe's triumphal visit abroad. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. issue the work in the neat style, which distinguishes all the books they print.

*A Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians. Revised and Abridged from his Larger Work.* By *Sir J. G. Wilkinson*. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—With the aid of five hundred wood-cuts, and the author's graphic text, the whole life of the Ancient Egyptians is laid before us in this volume. It is a book which should be in every family library. We have read it with the greatest instruction and pleasure. The type and paper are excellent, but the binding is too flimsy for a book of frequent reference, such as a work of this character is, at least in the hands of intelligent people.

*Substance and Shadows; or, Phases of Every-Day Life.* By *Emma Wellmont*. 1 vol. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The author of these sketches is already favorably known to the American public, having written, a few months ago, that popular fiction, "Uncle Sam's Palace." The present volume is made up of a series of short and pointed essays, something in the style of Fanny Fern's, though resembling them in no other respects. The book is full of good sense, applied to the practical exigencies of life, and ought to be on the centre-table of every lady.

*A Quarter Race in Kentucky, and Other Tales illustrative of Character and Incidents in the South and West.* Edited by *W. T. Porter*. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We have laughed over the sketches, in this volume, until the tears have run from our eyes. The illustrations by Darley are not inferior either to the text. The volume forms one of a series, which T. B. Peterson is publishing, under the general title of "Peterson's Library of Humorous American Works."

*Gan-Eden; or, Pictures in Cuba.* 1 vol. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The somewhat fanciful title of this book, which is taken from the Arabian Nights, and means "The Garden of Delight," must not prejudice the reader against the sterling merits of the volume. Though not pretending to be a statistical, or blue-book account of Cuba, the work is one of really greater value; for it gives a series of pictures of the manners, scenery and general life of Cuba and the Cubans: and consequently is as much more vivid than a book of the former character, as a picture of a living human being is than an anatomical print. The author is, however, not only a keen observer, but a brilliant writer. We recommend "Gan-Eden" as one of the most fascinating books of the year: indeed, since the appearance of the "Howadji in Egypt" we have read nothing, in its line, so absorbing. The volume is published in a very elegant style.

*Magdalen Hepburn. A Story of the Scottish Reformation.* By the author of "Margaret Maitland." 1 vol. New York: Pike, Thorne & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new novel, by an author of unusual power, whose fictions always leave a wholesome moral influence on the mind. We commend it especially.

*Sir John Carew.* By the author of "Charles O'Malley." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very inferior work, utterly unworthy of Lever. Being without a particle of his usual humor, we should suspect it to be a forgery, but for the respectability of the house which republishes it.

## PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

**THE GENTLE GENTLEMAN.**—This exceedingly amusing game, productive of much mirth and laughter, is played in the following manner:—A quantity of pieces of paper having been prepared, with one end twisted up in a point, like the papers used for lighting candles, and the players all being seated in a circle, the one who commences the game, turning to the person seated on the left, says:—

"Good morning, gentle gentleman, (or lady, as the case may be,) always genteel, my gentle gentleman, always genteel; I have to inform you that this gentle gentleman (pointing to the person on the right of the speaker) always genteel, possesses an eagle with a beak of gold."

The person thus addressed must accurately repeat the same words to the player seated on his left, and so on in rotation till every one in the circle has repeated them. Any one who makes a mistake in repeating the words, receives a horn—that is, one of the pieces of paper is stuck in his or her hair; and, as the game proceeds, is invariably addressed as the "horned gentleman," with one, two, or three horns (as it may happen) "always horned."

When the words have gone the round of the players, the first speaker, supposing he had a

horned gentleman on his right, would recommence with:—

"Good morning, gentle gentleman, always genteel, my gentle gentleman—always genteel; I have to inform you that this horned gentleman, with one horn, always horned, possesses an eagle with a beak of gold, and claws of iron."

Every time the words go round, the first speaker adds a new property to the eagle.

The third time he gives him *eyes of rubies.*

The fourth " " *wings of silver.*

The fifth " " *heart of steel.*

By this time a good many of the party will be well horned; and, as every horn incurs a forfeit, the game may cease until they are redeemed.

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

**THE PUZZLE.**—Three gentlemen and their servants having to cross a river, find a boat without its owner, which can only carry two persons at a time. In what manner can these six persons transport themselves over by pairs, so that none of the gentlemen shall be left in company with any of the servants, except when his own servant is present?

**THE SOLUTION.**—1. First, two servants must pass over; then one of them must bring back the boat, and repass with the third servant; then one of the three servants must bring back the boat, and stay with his master, whilst the other two gentlemen pass over to their servants; then one of these gentlemen with his servant must bring back the boat, and, the servant remaining, his master must take over the remaining gentleman. Lastly, the servant who is found with the three gentlemen, must return with the boat, and at twice take over the other two servants.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*Cure of Toothache by Emetics.*—M. Cesar Fredericq, of Ghent, says:—"The pain caused by a carious tooth is sufficient to induce the sufferer to try every means for relief. Of all tropical antidontalgies, creosote, as a cauter, appears to me to possess most advantage. But besides these remedies, there is one too much neglected in my opinion; I mean the use of emetics. Ipecacuanha, given in a vomitive dose, in cases of toothache, has been followed by a success wholly unexpected. It answered even in cases where the neuralgia has remained after the extraction of the tooth. Emetics constitute a valuable resource in cases of odontalgia without caries. There are many varieties of toothache. It may be symptomatic of other affections, or it may be produced by an ephemeral cause. Commonly the pain is attributed to the caries; but, if so, why should not the pain be permanent in a carious tooth? Why do not people suffer continuously? Some determinate cause must be at work for the production of pain; and this



varies considerably. The author believes that gastric disturbance often coincides with odontalgia, and that the close sympathy which exists between the stomach and the brain explains why a powerful impression made on the former should exert an influence on the nerves of the head.

*To Cure Hams.*—Monsieur Ude's receipt for curing hams is said to be that of the Westphalian. Take the hams, as soon as the pig is sufficiently cold to be cut up, rub them well with common salt, and leave them for three days to drain; throw away the brine, and for a couple of hams, of from fifteen to eighteen pounds' weight, mix together two ounces of salt-petre, a pound of coarse sugar, and a pound of common salt; rub the hams in every part with these; lay them into deep pickling pans with the rind downward, and keep them three days well covered with the salt and sugar; then pour over them a bottle of good vinegar, and turn them in the brine, and baste them with it daily for a month; drain well; rub them with the bran, and let them be hung for a month in a chimney, high over a wooded fire, to be smoked.

*Cod-Liver Oil.*—Of late years the cod-liver oil has gained a great reputation in consumptive diseases; it belongs to the class of medicines by which the general health is improved when feeble, and therefore should not be omitted. The dose usually given is too large, and is liable to produce dyspepsia, or to excite the patient's disgust, so that he cannot continue its use. One teaspoonful twice or thrice a-day is, in most instances, sufficient. It may be taken floating on ginger-wine, or beaten up with milk; many prefer taking it without any addition, as it is perfectly free from unpleasant taste or smell when pure. To children it may be given by pouring it upon a piece of toasted bread, or some mashed potatoes; in this form, with the addition of a little salt, it forms a very palatable mixture.

*White Mushroom Sauce.*—Cut off the stems from half a pint of small button mushrooms; clean them with a little salt and a bit of flannel, and throw them into cold water, slightly salted, as they are done; drain them well and throw them into half a pint of white sauce, made with very fresh milk or thin cream, and thickened with a tablespoonful of flour and two ounces of butter. Simmer the mushrooms from ten to twenty minutes, or until they are quite tender, and dish the sauce, which should be properly seasoned with salt, mace, and cayenne. It may be served with boiled poultry, breast of veal, or veal cutlets.

*To Make a Very Nice Boiled Pudding.*—To a pint of very good milk, when it boils, pour on two tablespoonfuls of arrow-root that has been mixed with a little cold milk, and stir it well till it gets thick; then put three fresh eggs, with a spoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of brandy, and a little cinnamon and mace. Mix all well together. When cold, butter a cup or basin; shake flour round it to prevent it from sticking. You may make a rice-pudding the same way, only boil it.

*To Clean Oil Paintings.*—Mix an ounce of spirits of turpentine with an ounce of spirits of wine: wash with this mixture the paintings gently with cotton wool; then wash with turpentine alone; if there are any stains which this will not remove, wash the paintings with an infusion of kali; when dry, put on a thin varnish, composed of two ounces of mastic dissolved in six ounces of turpentine; at the end of a few days, another coat of varnish, such as is sold by the color makers for oil paintings, may be added. The preparation of this varnish being very tedious, it is always better to buy it ready made.

*Proper Food, &c., for Macaws.*—The best food for these birds is bread soaked in boiled milk, boiled potatoes, or other vegetables, and some fruits, particularly nuts. Do not give them salt meat or parsley; but occasionally a bone of fresh meat to pick, and a peppercorn, as a treat, are useful. They should not be kept in cages, but upon perches about four feet high, which are fixed in the centre of a stand, well supplied with sand. Keep them clean and warm.

*White Rice Soup.*—Throw four ounces of well washed rice into boiling water, and in five minutes after pour it into a sieve and drain it well, and put it into a couple of quarts of good boiling stock; let it stew till tender; season the soup with salt, cayenne, and powdered mace; stir to it three-quarters of a pint of very rich cream, give it one boil, and serve it quickly. Cream should always be boiled for a few minutes before it is added to any soup.

*To Make New Oak Look Like Old.*—The appearance of old oak may be obtained by exposing any article of new oak to the vapors of ammonia. Every variety of tint may be procured according to the duration and temperature of the volatile compounds. A new oak carved chair exposed to the vapors of ammonia, will, in about twelve hours, have all the appearance of having been made two hundred years before.

*Stewed Pears.*—Pare, cut in halves, and core a dozen fine iron pears; put them in a close-shutting stewpan with some thin strips of lemon rind, half a pound of sugar, in lumps, as much water as will nearly cover them, and a dozen grains of cochineal bruised, and tied in muslin; stew the fruit as gently as possible from four to six hours, or longer, should it not be very tender.

*A Baked Apple Pudding.*—Take four large apples, peel them, and grate to the core, beat eggs, warm three ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, the rind and juice of one lemon, and sugar to your taste. Mix them all together; put a rich puff-paste round the edge of a tart-dish; put in the mixture. About half an hour will bake it.

*Cabbages With Cream.*—Slice, and blanch the cabbages, boil them in water with a little salt, and when they are nearly tender, take them out, and dip them in cold water; after which put them into a saucepan with some cold butter, adding as much cream as will cover them, and stew gently for a quarter of an hour.

**To Fry Potatoes.**—A very delicious dish may be made by slicing raw potatoes to the thickness of a half dollar, allowing them to dry for some time, and then steeping them in brandy for two or three hours, until they absorb a sufficiency of that fluid. Dip each slice in rich butter, then fry them to a light brown, and dust them, before serving, with powdered sugar and grated lemon-peel.

**Furniture Varnish, French Polish.**—Melt over a slow fire, two drachms of salt of tartar, or ten ounces of potash, dissolved in water, five drachms of wax cut into small pieces, and ten ounces of river water; lay this mixture on with a brush, and when dry, polish with a piece of cloth.

**Curling Fluid.**—Cut into small pieces one pound of common soap, and put it into one pint and a half of spirits of wine, with four ounces of potash; melt, stirring it all the time with a wooden spatula. After it is properly melted, pour off the clear liquor, and add any scent you please.

#### FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

**FIG. I.**—A CARRIAGE DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK, BROCADED IN BLACK.—Skirt long and full. Basque closed up the front, and very long, trimmed with a deep ruffle of black lace. Coat sleeves with a deep cuff of black velvet, trimmed with a narrow black lace. Large, pointed collar of *point d'Alencon*. Bonnet composed of green satin and black lace, with a face trimming of large, gaily colored flowers.

**FIG. II.**—A CHILD'S BALL DRESS OF WHITE TARTAN, trimmed with four flounces, each flounce edged with an illusion quilling. One of these quillings heads the upper flounce. The corsage is made with a full "infant's waist," with two tarletane ruffles around the neck, edged with illusion quilling. Hair dressed in curls, with a wreath of blue bells around it.

**FIG. III.**—A WALKING DRESS OF BLACK SILK, skirt trimmed with three flounces, each flounce slashed, and finished with a row of black velvet ribbon. Corsage high, with a basque cut and ornamented like the flounces, and confined in front by four bows of velvet ribbon. Sleeves reaching only to the elbow, and corresponding with the basque and flounces. Full, white under-sleeves confined by a band around the wrist. Bonnet composed of pink silk and black lace, with an under trimming of pink flowers, white blonde and ends of black velvet.

**FIG. IV.**—THE DONNA GOMEZ is made of cloth in all the new shades of color. It is simple, elegant, and original in style and shape, and especially adapted to the early fall season wear. It is a combination of the Mantilla and Talma in shape, being square in front, and bound in the back, falling over the arm with a sweep, affording protection and forming a graceful drapery. It is trimmed with narrow flounces of cloth, neatly pinked round the shoulders and bottom, and as represented in the plate, slashed on the

arm and finished with a cord and tassel, giving it a dressy and pretty effect. It is altogether the most novel and desirable garment for the season we have seen. We are informed that Mr. Bell has quite a variety of these pretty and really useful garments ready for the coming season. Wholesale merchants would do well, we should think, to inspect this stock.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—The silks with large plaids which were so fashionable last winter, have appeared with renewed splendor this fall. Broad stripes are also much worn in silks, though in *de laine* the stripes are usually figured with palm leaves or a running vine pattern. The heavier goods for winter have not yet made their appearance.

Plain silks, as also those of narrow stripes and plaids, are usually trimmed with three broad flounces, each flounce being edged with a ribbon put on plain or quilled, black lace, or a narrow fringe generally of the colors of the dress. Corsage for the house are made open, but with no point in front. Basques still retain a great degree of favor. There is but little change in sleeves except in the style of trimming, which is in every variety, to suit the fancy of the wearer.

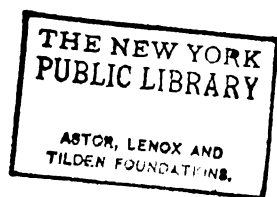
MANTILLAS are likely to be worn very full, and straight, set upon a deep yoke.

The fall bonnets are composed of silk and lace, and are made very open at the face.

BONNETS of straw, trimmed with white satin ribbon and feathers, or richly colored plaid ribbon, with or without gay flowers, as the taste may dictate, are in high favor. A beautiful bonnet, particularly for slight mourning, is of straw, dotted over the front and crown with velvet violets, and trimmed at the sides with bunches of violets and black lace, the under trimming also consists of black lace and violets.

#### POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."

FREQUENT letters having been written to us, asking for information as to the postage on "Peterson," on the ground that some postmasters assert the postage, even when pre-paid, to be more than a cent a number:—we state that the weight of a single number is *not over four ounces*, and that the postage chargeable is one cent for the first three ounces, and one cent for every subsequent ounce, with a deduction of fifty per cent. when the postage is paid quarterly in advance. This deduction takes place whether the postage is paid at the office of mailing, or the office of delivery. As it is inconvenient to pre-pay the postage here, all persons are requested to pay where they receive the Magazine. When double numbers are given, the postage, of course, is greater. But, from the above, every subscriber can estimate it for himself or herself.





THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

By J. M. W. Turner.



LES MODES PARISIENNES.





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Jane

NAME FOR MARKING.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



NAME FOR MARKING.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

## RUTH AND NAOMI.

BY REV. JAMES STEVENS.

ALL ages and countries are agreed as to the beauty of the book of Ruth. It would be considered a priceless gem in the literature of any land. But it is even more valuable to us, because part of the inspired record. We treasure it, not merely as a picture of manners in a comparatively primitive age, but as one of the most exquisite tales of the affections ever penned.

Naomi was the wife of Elimelech, a Jew of Bethlehem-judah, who, during a famine in the land, had emigrated to Moab. In this new home his two sons had married. After awhile Elimelech died, and was soon followed by his sons. The widowed Naomi, being thus left alone in a strange land, where she was eating the bread of dependance, determined to return to her kindred, especially as intelligence reached her that the famine had ceased in Israel. Her heart yearned for the scenes of her youth: for the hills of Judea, and the fields of her fathers.

When she announced her designs to her daughters-in-law, she had no idea that either would accompany her. What was to her a return to old friends and to her native land, was to them eternal exile from their companions and family. She felt keenly the pang of separating from her daughters; but she was too unselfish not to advise them to stay behind; and when they offered to go with her, she dwelt in such a way on the sacrifices they would have to make as would, she thought, effectually deter them.

With one of her daughters, the offer had been, as now appeared, only a mere formal act of courtesy. Orpah made no second effort to shake her mother's opinion; but having kissed Naomi, went back to her people, among whom doubtless she soon forgot the past. But Ruth, pitying the lonely widow, still clung to her. Then arose a contention of love and self-sacrifice between these two women. Naomi, though her heart yearned for the companionship of her favorite

daughter, still insisted heroically on their separation. "Behold," she said, "thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods; return thou after thy sister-in-law."

We may well suppose that, at these words, there was a temporary struggle in the breast of Ruth. She would have been less than human if there had not been. There must have arisen within her a momentary temptation at least to take Naomi at her word. Ruth could not but have contrasted her own probable fate, a lonely wanderer in a distant land, with the lot of Orpah, who was going back happily to the village where she had played in childhood, to the well where she had drawn water, to the home where father and mother, brothers and sisters were waiting to welcome her. But the temptation was dismissed as soon as it presented itself. Ruth shut her eyes to everything but duty. Her resolution was unshaken to follow the desolate Naomi, no matter at what cost of suffering and privation to herself.

So Ruth, kneeling at her mother's feet, and refusing even to look after the retreating figure of Orpah, besought Naomi not to refuse her boon. "Intreat me not to leave her," were her touching words. She declared that she would follow her mother, to Bethlehem, and only begged not to be sent back. "Whither thou goest," she continued, resolutely, "I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Mr. Rothermel, in the fine picture which the engraver has copied, has seized this moment. In the face of Naomi is seen the endeavor to preserve an inflexible refusal, though her heart manifestly pleads the other way; while the attitude and air of Ruth have a silent eloquence that is only surpassed by her memorable words.

The after years of Ruth were as happy as her heroic self-sacrifice merited. Instead of poverty, she had riches; and instead of loneliness, love. God richly repaid her, as he so often does, even in temporal blessings, for doing her duty. Has not the story its moral?

## WOODLAND VOICES.

BY LILIAS MELNOTTE.

ONE morn in the early Spring-time,  
When the sky was fair and blue,  
And cloudlets floated lightly  
Of soft and pearly hue;  
O'er fields whence the snow had vanished,  
To the budding woods away,  
With sadden'd heart I wander'd  
In the joyous time of May.

The warblers sweet were singing,  
And I knew that the Father's hand  
Had brought them safely homeward,  
From the sunny, Southern land;  
I felt the quick tears gushing,  
But the bird-tones seemed to say,  
"Fear not the darksome future,  
He'll guide thy steps alway."

Then came a low, soft murmur,  
That fell upon my ear  
Like fairy chime-bells, ringing  
All purely, sweetly clear;  
'Twas the voice of a tiny streamlet  
That sparkled in the sun,  
And to me it gently whisper'd,  
"Press on till life is done."

From 'mid the lofty tree-tops  
Breathed out a plaintive tone,  
Till my heart-strings seem'd to echo  
The sound so sad and lone;  
But with the sad strain blended  
An undertone of love.  
And my spirit caught the cadence,  
"In sorrow, look above."

Then I bent me o'er the moss-tufts,  
And turn'd each brown old leaf,  
To see if the delicate blossoms  
Found a nestling place beneath,  
And I found a pale, sweet cluster  
Of May flowers lurking there,  
With a tint like the blush of a maiden  
On the petals pure and fair.

In haste I plucked the treasure,  
With quick and eager grasp,  
But alas! one fragile flower  
Lay crush'd within my clasp;  
But it poured its richest fragrance,  
And a sweet voice filled the air  
That came, perchance, from the angel  
Of the flow'ret, withering there.

'Twas sweeter than the music  
Of a wind-touched harp at even,  
And soothed with a gentle power  
Like words by a loved one given;  
I heard, as I hushed my breathing,  
"May thy heart, like the bruised flower  
Be fraught with the richest blessings  
When cometh thy dying hour."

Then I hied with a slow step homeward,  
And treasured deep in my heart,  
The lessons taught in the forest  
That I ween will ne'er depart;  
And oft, when my soul is weary  
And faint with the toils of life,  
I dream of those woodland voices  
Till they hush my spirit's strife.

## TO THE ABSENT ONE.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

Art thou thinking now of me?  
Art thou sighing pensively?  
Night is coming and the hour is still—  
Clouds are dark'ning o'er the distant hill—  
Luna rises placidly—  
Art thou thinking now of me?  
Art thou thinking of me now?  
Moonbeams resting on thy brow—  
Evening breezes wafting back thy hair

As thou sittest lone and silent there,  
'Neath the willow's mournful bough—  
Art thou thinking of me now?  
Art thou thinking of me still?  
As the hours with silence fill—  
Luna slowly sailing through the sky—  
Dost thou gaze on her with pensive eye?  
When love dreams thy bosom thrill,  
Art thou thinking of me still?

# THE ORPHANS FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[ Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.

## CHAPTER XIII.

It was the day before uncle Nathan's husking frolic. All the corn was housed and stocked upon the barn floor, which had been swept and garnished for the occasion, for after the husking was to come a dance—not in the house, aunt Hannah had some old-fashioned prejudices about that—and uncle Nat shrunk from the idea of having a frolic in the out-room where poor Anna had died, so as the barn was large and the room sufficient, the play usually ended where the work began upon the barn floor, which was always industriously cleared from the corn-stalks as the husking went on.

Of course it was a busy day at the old house. Salina came early, and was in full force among the culinary proceedings of the kitchen. Aunt Hannah received a slight exhilaration of life, she moved about the kitchen more briskly, let her cap get somewhat awry, and twice in the course of the morning was seen to smile grimly as Mary, in her active desire to please, brought the flour-duster and nutmeg-grater to her help before the rigid lady had quite found out that they were wanted. Uncle Nat too acted in a very excited and extraordinary manner, all day running in from the porch, asking breathlessly if he could do anything, and then subsiding back into his old arm-chair before aunt Hannah could force her thin lips into a speaking condition.

As for Salina, though her tongue was always ready, she had found the old man too dull of comprehension for any thought of taking help at his hands, and when he meekly offered to cut up a huge pumpkin for her, she paused with her knife plunged deep into its golden heart, and informed dear, unconscious uncle Nathan that she did not require help from the face of man, not she.

With that she cut down into the pumpkin with a ferocity quite startling, and split the two halves apart with a force that made the horn comb reel among her fiery tresses, and sent uncle Nat quite aghast through the back door. Salina looked

after him with a smile of grim triumph, snuffed the air like a victorious race-horse, and after forcing the half dislodged comb into her hair with both hands, she proceeded to cut up the pumpkin into great yellow hoops, with another toss of her head, which denoted intense satisfaction.

It is possible that Salina would have been a little provoked, had she seen with what composure uncle Nat took the rebuff, and how quietly he settled down to a basket of large potatoes by the barn door which he softly cut in twain, scooping each half out in the centre, and cutting off the bottoms with mysterious earnestness. As each potato was finished, uncle Nat fastened it to the edge of a new hog-head hoop that lay on the floor beside him, till the whole circle was dotted with them.

When this mysterious circle was completed, uncle Nat tied a cord to the four divisions of the hoop, and with the aid of a stout ladder suspended it between two high beams in the centre of the barn. Having descended to the floor and taken a general observation of the effect, he was about to mount the ladder again, when Mary Fuller ran in, eager to make herself useful in the barn as well as the house.

"Stop, stop, uncle Nathan, let me go up, while you set down on the corn-stalks and tell me if I place them right. Here now, hand up the candles," she continued, stooping down from the ladder after she had mounted a round or two.

Uncle Nathan drew a bundle of candles from his capacious coat-pocket and reached them up.

"I hope there'll be enough," he said, regretfully, "but somehow Hannah is getting rather close with her candles."

"Plenty—plenty," answered Mary Fuller, "we'll scatter them about, you know; besides Salina brought over half a dozen nice sperm ones."

"Did she?" said uncle Nathan, heaving a deep sigh, "that's very good of her, especially as she seems to be a little out of sorts lately with us—don't you think so, Mary?"

"Not at all," said Mary, laughing blithely

from the top of the ladder, as she settled the candles each into the potato socket prepared for it, "Salina's cross sometimes, but then it amounts to nothing."

The old man sat down on a bundle of corn-stalks, and quietly gazed upon Mary as she proceeded with her task; but all at once a broad light was let in to the barn through the folding-door that were softly opened.

"Come down—come down, Mary," cried uncle Nat, "some one is coming."

"Oh, it's only me, don't mind me, you know," said a sharp, little weazle-eyed man gliding through the opening, "yes, I see, preparing for the husking frolic. All right, just the thing, labor gives value to everything—of course corn is worth more with the husks off."

At first uncle Nathan seemed a little startled by this abrupt entrance, and Mary came down the ladder with an anxious look in her eyes, for this man was the village constable, and with a vague sense of debts that they did not comprehend, both the old man and the girl received him with something like apprehension. But he clasped both his hands under his coat behind, and looked so complacently first at the corn-stalks, then at uncle Nathan, that it quite reassured the old man; though Mary, who had glided down the ladder, and stood close by his side, still bore an apprehensive look in her eyes.

"Fine corn!" said the constable, breaking off an ear, and stripping the husk carelessly from the golden grain, "the rows are even as a girl's teeth, the grain plump and full as her heart. I say, uncle Nathan, why didn't you invite me to the husking? I'm great on that sort of work."

"Didn't Hannah invite you?" answered uncle Nat, blushing at this implied charge of inhospitality. "If she didn't, I'll do it now, of course we should be glad to have you come—why not?"

"Of course—why not? If I can't dance like some of the young fellows at a regular stand, I'll husk more corn than the best on 'em. See if any of 'em has as big a heap as I do after the husking. Oh, yes, I'll come!"

"What are you coming for?" inquired Mary, in her low, quiet way, fixing her clear eyes on his face.

"To dance with you, of course, and to drink the old man's cider—what else should I come for, little bob o' link?"

"I don't know," answered Mary, with a faint sigh, which uncle Nat did not hear, he was busy gathering himself up from his low seat on the bundle of stalks.

"Won't you step in and take a drink of cider now?" said the kind old man to his visitor.

"No, thank you; but this evening, you may depend on it, I'll be among you."

As he said this, constable Boyd put on his hat, settled it a little on one side, and thrusting a hand into each pocket of his coat, walked with great dignity toward the door.

A yoke of oxen, fat, sleek, old homestead animals, lay in the grass a little distance from the barn.

"Fine yoke of cattle them," said the constable, sauntering toward them, "fat enough to kill a'most, ain't they?"

"I fed them myself," answered uncle Nathan, patting a white star on the forehead of the nearest animal, as he lay upon his knees half buried in the rich aftergrowth. "Isn't he an old beauty?"

"Kind in the yoke?" questioned the constable.

"I should think so!" answered uncle Nat, with a mellow laugh. "Come go in and see how the women folks get along."

"No, thank you, I'll just take a short cut across the garden; but you may depend on me to-night—good day."

"Good day," said uncle Nat, with his usual hearty manner, and, picking up a fragment of pine, he moved with it toward the porch.

A barrel of new cider had been mounted on the cheese-press. It was evidently just beginning to ferment, for drops were foaming up from the bung, and creaming down each side the barrel in two slender rivulets.

Uncle Nathan drove the bung down with his clenched hand. Then seating himself comfortably in the old arm-chair, took a double-bladed knife from his pocket, and began with great neatness to whittle out a spigot from the fragment of pine, sighing heavily now and then as if some unaccountable pressure were on his mind. Aunt Hannah crossed the porch once or twice on her way to the milk-room, and at each time uncle Nat ceased whittling and gazed wistfully after her. Once he parted his lips to speak, but that moment Salina came to the kitchen door with a quantity of apple-pairings gathered up in her apron, and called out, "Miss Hannah, do come alone with that calendar, the pumpkin sarse will be biled dry as a chip—where on arth is Mary Fuller?"

"Here," answered Mary, in a low voice, coming down from her chamber.

Had Salina looked up she might have seen that Mary's eyes were heavy and moist, as if she had been weeping, but the strong-minded maiden had emptied her apron, and sat with a large earthen bowl in her lap, beating a dozen eggs tempestuously together, as if they had given



her mortal offence, and she were taking revenge with every dash of her hand.

"Throw a stick or two of wood into the oven, Mary, that's a good girl, then take these eggs and beat them like all possessed, while I roll out the gingerbread and cut some broke leaves in the pie crust. Aunt Hannah now always will cut the leaves all the way of a size, as if any one with half an eye couldn't see that it isn't the way they grow by nature, but broad at the bottom and tapering off like an injun aroun at the top. Besides, Mary, it's between us, you know, aunt Hannah never does make her thumb marks even about the edges, but Nathan, now, I dare say, don't know the difference between her work and a leaf like that."

Salina had resigned her bowl while speaking, and was now lifting up the transparent upper crust of a pie in which she had cut a leaf, through which the light gleamed as if it had been hair work.

"Look a there now, Mary Fuller, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he never noticed the difference between this and that outlandish concern;" here Salina pointed, with a grum smile, to a neatly covered pie which aunt Hannah had left ready for the oven, and added, with a profound sigh, which arose from that want of appreciation which is said to be the hunger of genius, "there's no use of exerting one's-self when nobody seems to mind it."

With these words Salina spread down the crust of her pie, and lifting the platter on one hand cut around it with a flourish of the case-knife, and began pinching the edges with a determined pressure of the lips, as if she had quite made up her mind that every pressure of her thumb should leave an indentation in uncle Nat's insensible heart.

"There," she said, pushing the pie against that of aunt Hannah's, "see if any one knows the difference between that and that—I know they won't—there now!"

This was said defiantly, as if she expected Mary to contradict her, but the young girl sat languidly beating the eggs, lost in thought, something very sad seemed to have come over her.

"Humph!" said Salina, snuffing the air, "what's the use talking!" and seizing the rolling-pin, she began with both hands to press out a broad plot of gingerbread, proceeded to cut it up into square cords, which she marked in stripes with the back of her knife. Just then aunt Hannah came from the out-room rapidly, and with a strange look in her usually cold eyes.

"Goodness gracious, what's the matter now?" cried the strong-minded maiden, pointing her

case-knife toward the old lady, "one would think she'd seen a bear! what is it now, do tell?"

Aunt Hannah did not reply, but sat down in uncle Nat's armed-chair in silence. Mary looked up with a strange confusion in her eyes; she fancied that the cause of aunt Hannah's agitation might be the same that had filled her own mind with forebodings, and her look was eloquent of sympathy.

Salina failing to obtain an answer, rushed into the out-room, still grasping her knife, and thrust her head out of the window. A travelling carriage was passing rather slowly, which contained three persons, two ladies and a gentleman. The ladies leaned forward, looking toward the house. Never were two faces more strongly contrasted than those; the elder, pale, withered and thin, glanced out from a rather showy travelling bonnet for an instant, and was drawn back again; the other, dark, sparkling and beautiful, was turned with a look of eager interest toward the house, and as Salina gazed after the carriage, a little gloved hand was waved toward her, as if a recognition or adieu were intended.

"Well now, I never did, if that isn't—no—yes—goodness me—it is Miss Farnham!"

Back ran the maiden to the kitchen, untying her apron as she went. She flung the case-knife upon the table, and began vigorously dusting the flour from her hands.

"Where's my own bonnet, where's my shawl, I must be going—aunt Hannah, now do guess who was in that—are carriage."

"I know," answered the old woman, in a hoarse voice.

Mary Fuller sat motionless, with her eager eyes on Salina and her lips gently parted. Thus she looked the question her lips refused to utter.

"Yes, it's them, Mary. The old woman, Mr. James and——"

"And Isabel—is with them."

"Well, I suppose it's her; by the way, she put out her hand, but she's grown as beautiful as a fairy, light and blooming, I can tell you. Now good day, don't let them pies burn or have them underdone at the bottom. I'll try and run over to-night, but you mustn't depend on me; every thing is uncertain where Miss Farnham is."

Away went Salina through the out-room and into the street, long before aunt Hannah arose from her easy chair, or Mary Fuller could conquer the joyous trepidation in which she had been thrown. The strong-minded maiden had disappeared along the curving shore of the river. After awhile aunt Hannah arose and went on with her preparation, but in silence,

and with a degree of nervous haste that Mary had never witnessed in her before.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE barn was a vast rustic bower that night. One end was heaped with corn ready for husking; the floor was neatly swept; and overhead the rafters were concealed by heavy garlands of white pine, golden maple leaves, and red oak branches, that swept from the roof downward like a tent. Butternut leaves wreathed their clustering gold among the dark green hemlock and pine, while sumack leaves shot richly through the gorgeous masses of forest leaves. The rustic chandelier was in full blaze, while now and then a candle gleamed out through the garlands, starring them to the roof. Still, the illumination was neither broad nor bold, but shed a delicious starlight through the barn, that left much to the imagination, and concealed a thousand little signs of love-making that would have been ventured on more silly had the light been broader.

But the candles were aided by a host of sparkling eyes. The air was warm and rich with laughter and pleasant nonsense, bandied from group to group amid the rustling of corn-husks and the dash of golden ears, as they fell upon the heap that swelled larger and larger with every passing minute.

Uncle Nathan's great armed-chair had been placed in the centre of the barn, just beneath the heap of lights. There he sat, ruddy and smiling, the very impersonation of a ripe harvest, with an iron fire-shovel fastened in some mysterious manner across his seat, a splint basket between his knees, and working away with an energy that brought the perspiration to his forehead like rain. Up and down across the sharp edge of the shovel he drew the slender corn, sending a shower of golden kernels into the basket with every pull of his arms, and stooping now and then with a well pleased smile to even down the corn as it rose higher and higher in his basket.

Our old friend Salina sat at a little distance, with her fiery tresses rolled in upright puffs over each temple, and her great horn-comb flourishing therein like a battlement. A calico gown, with very gay colors straggling over it, like honeysuckles and buttercups on a hill side, adorned her lofty person, leaving a trim foot visible upon a bundle of stalks just within range of uncle Nat's eye. Not that Salina intended it, or that uncle Nat had any particular regard for neatly clad feet, but your strong-minded woman

has an instinct which is sure to place the few charms sparsely distributed to the class, in conspicuous relief on all occasions.

As Salina sat perched on the base of the corn-stock, tearing away vigorously at the husks, she cast an admiring glance now and then on the old man as his head rose and fell to the motion of his hands; but that glance was directly withdrawn with a snarl; for uncle Nat's eyes never once turned on that trim foot with its calf-skin shoe, much less to its owner, who began to be a little exasperated, as maidens of her class will when their best points are overlooked.

"Humph!" muttered the maiden, looking down at her calico, "one might as well have come with a linsey-woolsey frock on for what any body cares." Seizing, as she spoke, an ear of corn by the dead silk, she rent away the entire husk at once; and lo! a long, plump red ear appeared, the very thing that half a dozen of the prettiest girls on the stalk-heap had been searching and wishing for all the evening!

This discovery was hailed with a shout. The possession of a red ear, according to the established usage of all husking parties, entitled every gentleman present to a kiss from the holder.

The barn rang again with the clamor of voices and shouts of merry laughter. There was a general crashing down of ears upon the corn heap. The roguish girls, that had failed in finding the red ear, all abandoned work and began dancing over the stalk-heap like mad things, clapping their hands and sending shout after shout of mellow laughter, ringing cheerily among the starlit evergreens overhead.

But the young men, after the first wild shout, remained unusually silent, looking sheepishly on each other with a shy unwillingness to commence duty. No one seemed willing to be first, and this very awkwardness set the girls off like mad again.

There sat Salina, amid the merry din, brandishing the red ear in her hand, with a grum smile upon her mouth, as if prepared for a desperate defence.

"What's the matter, why don't you begin?" cried a pretty, black-eyed piece of mischief, from the top of the stalk-heap, "why, before this time, I thought you would have been snatching kisses by handfuls."

"I'd like to see them try, that's all!" said the strong-minded female, sweeping a glance of scornful defiance over the young men.

"Now, Joseph Nash, are you agoing to stand that?" cried the pretty piece of mischief, to a handsome young fellow that had haunted her neighborhood all the evening; "afraid to fight for a kiss, are you?"

"No, not exactly!" said Joseph, rolling back his wristbands and settling himself in his clothes, "it's the after-clap, if I shouldn't happen to please," he added, in a whisper, that brought his lips so close to the cheek of his fair tormentor, that he absolutely gathered toll from its pearly bloom before starting on his pilgrimage, a toll that brought the glow still more richly to her face. The maiden, laughing till the tears sparkled in her eyes, pushed him toward Salina in revenge. But Salina lost no time in placing herself on the defensive. She started up, flung the bundle of stalks on which she had been seated at the head of her assailant, kicked up a tornado of loose husks with her trim foot, and stood brandishing her red ear furiously, as if it had been a dagger to play Lady Macbeth with, rather than inoffensive food for chickens.

"Keep your distance, Joe Nash; keep clear of me, now I tell you; I ain't afraid of the face of man; so back out of this while you've chance, you can't kiss me, I tell you, without you are a good deal stronger than I be!"

"I shan't—shan't I?" answered Joe, who was reinforced by half a dozen laughing youngsters, all eager for a frolic; "well I never did take a stump from a gal in my life, so here goes for that are kiss."

Joe bounded forward as he spoke, and made a snatch at Salina with his great hands; but, with the quickness of a deer, she sprang aside, leaving her black silk apron in his grasp. Another plunge, and down came the ear of corn across his head, rolling a shower of red kernels among his thick brown hair.

But Joe had secured his hold, and after another dash, that broke her ear of corn in twain, Salina was left defenceless, with nothing but her two hands to fight with; but these she plied with great vigor, leaving long, crimson marks upon her assailant's cheeks with every blow, till in very self-defence he was compelled to lessen the distance between her face and his, thus receiving her assault upon his shoulders.

To this day it is rather doubtful if Joe Nash really did gather the fruits of his victory. If he did, no report was ever made satisfactory to the eager ring of listeners; and Salina passed away from him with an air of ineffable disdain, as if her defeat had been deprived of its just reward. But the red ear gave rights to more than one, and in her surprise Salina was taken unawares by some who had no roguish black eyed lady-loves laughing behind them. There was no doubt in the matter now. Salina paid her penalty more than once, and with a degree of resignation that was really charming to be-

hold. Once or twice she was seen in the midst of the *mêlée*, to cast quick glances toward uncle Nathan, who sat in his easy-chair laughing till the tears streamed down his cheeks. When there rose a loud clamor of cries and laughter for uncle Nathan to claim his share of the fun, Salina declared that "she gave up, that she was out of breath, that she couldn't expect to hold her own with a child of three years old." In truth, she made several strides toward the centre of the barn, covering the movement with great generalship by an attempt to gather up her hair and fasten the comb in securely, which was generous and womanly, considering how inconvenient it would have been for uncle Nat to have walked over the mountain of corn-stalks.

"Come, hurry up, uncle Nat, before she catches breath again," cried half a dozen voices, and the girls began to dance and clap their hands like mad things once more. "Uncle Nat—uncle Nat, it's your turn—it's your turn now!"

Uncle Nathan threw the half shelled ear upon the loose corn in his basket, placed a plump hand on each arm of his chair, and lifted himself to a standing posture. He moved deliberately toward the maiden, who was still busy with her lurid tresses. His brown eyes glistened, a broad, bland smile spread and deepened over his face, and stealing one heavy arm around Salina's waist—who gave a little shriek as if quite taken by surprise—he decorously placed a firm and modest salute upon the unresisting—I am not sure that it was not the answering—lips of that strong-minded woman.

How unpleasant this duty may have been to uncle Nat I cannot pretend to say, but there was a genial redness about his face when he turned it to the light, as if it had caught a reflection from Salina's tresses, and his brown eyes were flooded with sunshine as if the whole affair had been rather agreeable than otherwise.

In fact, considering that the old man had been very considerably out of practice in that kind of amusement, uncle Nat acquitted himself famously. When the troop of mischievous girls flocked around, tantalizing him with fresh shouts of laughter and eyes full of mischief, the dear old fellow's eyes brightened with mischief akin to their own. His twinkling eyes turned from face to face as if puzzled which saucy mouth to silence first. But the first stride forward brought him knee deep into the corn-stalks, and provoked a burst of laughter that made the garlands on the rafters tremble again, while away sprang the girls to the very top of the heap, wild with glee and daring him to follow. The tumult aroused Salina. She twisted her hair with a quick sweep

of the hand, thrust the comb in as if it had been a pitch-fork, and darting forward seized uncle Nat by the arm just as he was about to make a second plunge after his pretty tormentors.

Slowly and steadily, the strong-minded female wheeled the defenceless man round till he faced the armed-chair. Then quietly insinuating that "he had better not make an old fool himself more than once a day," she cast a look of scornful triumph upon the crowd of naughty girls and moved back to her place again.

The youngsters now all fell to work more cheerfully for this burst of fun. The stalks rustled, the corn flashed downward, the golden heap grew and swelled to the light, slowly and surely, like a miser's gold. All went merrily. Among those who worked least and laughed the loudest, was the little constable that had taken so deep an interest in the affair that morning. Never did two little ferret eyes twinkle so brightly, or peer more closely into every nook and corner.

Two or three times Mary Fuller entered the barn, whispered a few words to uncle Nat or Salina, and retreated again. At last aunt Hannah appeared, hushing the mirth as she came as night shadows quiet the sunshine. She made a telegraphic sign to Salina, who instantly proceeded to tie on her apron, and communicate with uncle Nathan, who arose from his seat, spreading his hands as if about to bestow a benediction upon the whole company, and desired that the ladies would follow Salina into the house, where they would find a barrel of new cider just tapped in the stoop and some ginger-cake and such things set out in the kitchen. As for the gentlemen, it was always manners for them to wait till the fair sex was served, and besides all hands would be wanted to clear out the barn for a frolic after supper. Moreover, uncle Nat modestly hinted that something a little stronger than cider might be depended on for the young men, after the barn was cleared, an announcement that served to reconcile the sterner portion of the company to their fate better than any argument the old man had used.

Down came the girls like a flock of birds, chatting, laughing, and throwing coquettish glances behind, as they followed Salina from the barn. Up sprang the young men, clearing away stalks, kicking the husks before them in clouds, and carrying them off by arms full, till a cow house in the yard was choked up with them, and the barn was left with nothing but its evergreen garlands, its starry lights, and a golden heap of corn sloping down from each corner.

Meantime, the bevy of fair girls, full of harmless, frolicsome mirth, and blooming like wild roses, had trooped gaily into the old house.

Aunt Hannah had allowed Mary Fuller to brighten up the rooms with a profusion of autumn flowers, which, though common and coarse, half served to light the table with their freshness and gorgeous colors. A long table, loaded down with every domestic cake or pie known in the country, was stretched the whole length of the out-room. Great plates of dough-nuts, darkly brown, contrasted with golden slices of sponge-cake, gingerbread with its deeper yellow, and a rich variety of seed cakes, each varying in form and tint, and arranged with such natural taste that the effect was beautiful, though little glass and no plate was there to lend a show of wealth.

Little old-fashioned glasses, sparkling with the cider that gave them a deep amber tinge, were ranged down each side the board, and adown the centre ran a line of noble pies. These pies were aunt Hannah's pride and glory. She always arranged them with her own hands in sections, first of golden custard, then of ruby tart, then the dusky yellow of the pumpkin, and then a pie of mince, alternating them thus, till each pie gleamed out like a great massive star, beautiful to look upon and delicious to eat.

Then there was warm short-cake, and cold biscuit; the yellowest and freshest butter, stamped in cakes, with a pair of doves cooing in the centre; and a thousand pretty contrivances that made the table quite like a thing of romance. At the head stood aunt Hannah, cold and solemn, but very attentive, just as they all remembered her from their birth up, with the same rusty dress of levantine silk falling in scant folds down her person, and the same little slate colored shawl folded over her bosom, only with a trifle more grey in her hair and a new wrinkle or so creeping athwart her forehead. There she stood as of old, quietly requesting them one and all to help themselves; while Salina and Mary Fuller flew about, breaking up the mosaic pies, handing butter to this one and cake to that, and really seeming to make their two persons five or six at least, in this eager hospitality.

Aunt Hannah always threw a sort of damp on the young people. Her cold silence chilled them, and that evening there was a shadow so deep upon her aged face, that it seemed almost a frown. Still she exerted herself to be hospitable; but it was of no use; the girls ranged themselves around the table in silence, helped themselves daintily, and conversed in whispers. Salina insisted that this state of things arose

from the absence of the young men, but as she only suggested this in a whisper to Mary Fuller, no one was the worse for her opinion, and after a little there arose a fitful outbreak or two that began to promise cheerfulness.

It certainly was aunt Hannah's presence, for when the girls left the out-room, and trooped up to Mary's chamber, they grew cheerful as birds again; and it was delightful to see them aiding each other in the arrangement of the little finery which was intended to make terrible havoc among the young men's hearts below.

And now there was a flitting to and fro in Mary's room; a listening at the door; and every one was in a flutter of expectation. Pink and blue ribbons floated before the little glass, with

its green crest of asparagus tops red with berries. Now a pair of azure eyes glanced in, then came black ones sparkling with self-admiration. A hundred pretty compliments were bandied back and forth. All was flutter and excitement. For they heard the young men gathering in the supper-room, and joy of joys! the tones of a violin from the back stoop.

You should have seen that group of mountain girls, as each threw herself into some posture of natural grace and listened to that low prelude.

"It is, it is a fiddle—where *did* it come from? a fiddle, a fiddle, how delightful!" and they broke into an impromptu dance, graceful as it was wild.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE CHAPEL BY THE RHINE.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

"I know not how the truth may be,  
I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

Hushed and silent fell the evening, down upon the  
sleeping earth,  
Peaceful as the first bright midnight, when the  
young stars had their birth;  
One lone cloud was sweeping onward in the silence  
of the sky,  
As the hopes of our tried spirits ever changefully  
go by.

All the rest was deep, deep azure, purest hue to  
mortals given,  
Gleaming like the mystic brightness round the  
golden throne in Heaven.  
As the moon-ray shone and shimmered on the  
church-spire tall and old,  
I bethought me of a legend, of an ancient chapel  
told:

How the chimes from out its steeple only rung the  
funeral knell,  
And the voice was ever fearful of that massive iron  
bell.  
How it made the cheek of beauty at its sound grow  
cold and pale,  
And the heart of sturdy manhood at those fearful  
changes quail.

And the mother, in the twilight, singing to her  
slumb'ring child,  
Ceased her cadence low and gentle when she heard  
those accents wild;  
Closer to her heart she pressed it, signed the cross  
upon its brow,  
Whispered, "Hush thee, little sleeper, for a soul is  
passing now!"

For the chapel, grey and olden, stood in mighty  
Germany,  
Land of dreamers and of sages, magic land of  
mystery;  
Underneath its grated windows flowed the Rhine so  
still and deep,  
Murm'ring dirge-notes for the heroes in those dark  
grey walls asleep.

Noble hearts and brave there slumbered—chieftains  
of the days gone by,  
Heard no more the martial music, waked not at the  
battle-cry.  
Banners that had proudly floated o'er the blood-red  
fields of yore,  
Swung above the dead who bore them ere their war  
of life was o'er.

Many a gleaming dagger hung there, many an  
weapon quaint and strange,  
That had once seen valiant service in this world of  
strife and change,  
And the founder of the chapel, grim Sir Gallaghad  
De Vaux,  
Slumbered in a darksome corner, that the dawn-rays  
never saw.

Never gleam of peaceful moonlight shone upon its  
darksome bound,  
Never sunbeam bright and golden lighted up the  
marble round;  
O'er his grave the mass was chaunted in the old  
cathedral dim,  
And the priests in sable garments uttered requiems  
for him.

And a light was ever burning on his coffin-lid of gold,  
 With the holy oil they trimmed it, thus to scare the fiends, so bold;  
 For his brother lay beside him, whom his blood-red hand had slain,  
 Goaded onward by a demon, maddened by the lust for gain!

Gold and jewels rich it won him, and his broad lands fair to see,  
 But low down in his heart's chambers *fiends* were feasting silently.  
 Grim Remorse was there to haunt him, and upon his vitals preyed,  
 And a thousand mocking spectres seemed against his soul arrayed.

Fearfully his young wife saw him haunted by his mad'ning dole,  
 Till the anguished tide of being washed each life-drop from her soul;  
 When beneath the sculptured marble, with her hands crossed on her breast,  
 German maidens, scatt'ring blossoms, bore the weary one to rest.

But there came a change upon him when they laid her 'neath the mould—  
 Warder angels, backward rolling, gates of Heaven hinged with gold,  
 Heard him listen to their anthems till the tears were in his eye,  
 And his stormy heart grew human while they coursed down silently!

And the prayer he ne'er had uttered through long years of grief and pain,  
 Scorned in sunny days of childhood, faltered on his lips again,  
 Till a peace was shed around him by the Christ of Galilee,  
 And the fiends that gnawed his bosom, holy words had made to flee!

Then he built the ancient chapel, standing by the quiet Rhine,  
 Where his hand had slain his brother, reared the penitential shrine;  
 With his gold and gems endowed it, and with all his broad lands fair,  
 For no son or heir was left him, down his blood-stained name to bear.

And he vowed with awe and trembling, as a penance for his crime,  
 Never swell of joy or triumph, should that chapel bell ere chime!  
 But the peasantry around it, say that peals of fiendish glee  
 Sound out the massive turret, when the Storm-king rideth free.

And they hold their breath at midnight, when they hear the sweeping blast,  
 And say with white lips quivering, that Sir Gallaghad rides past;  
 And when upon the wild night-winds the bell begins to toll,  
 They cross themselves, and kneeling say, "Heaven rest the murderer's soul!"

### "THINK OF ME."

THINK of me when Spring-time lingers  
 O'er the earth,  
 When the birds and fragrant flowers  
 Have their birth,  
 When the Summer's golden sunshine  
 Bathes the sky,  
 When the dreamy stream is gliding  
 Softly by,  
 When the Summer leaves are lying  
 Pale and sear,  
 When the Autumn winds are sighing  
 Lone and drear.  
 When the snowy wreaths are falling  
 On the lea,  
 And the voice of Winter's calling,  
 Think of me!  
 When to thrilling tones you listen,  
 Sweet and true,  
 When the silver moonbeams glisten  
 On the dew,  
 When the twilight's 'round thee flinging  
 Shadows dim,

When the vesper-bell is ringing  
 For the hymn,  
 When the zephyrs mild are breathing  
 Soft and low,  
 Of the lips which smiles were wreathing  
 Long ago,  
 When low tones are sweetly singing,  
 Let them be  
 Voices from the past that's bringing  
 Thoughts of me!  
 When the wing of sorrow's sweeping  
 O'er thy heart,  
 When its stings, with anguish weeping  
 Almost part,  
 When are withered life's sweet roses,  
 Think of me!  
 And each blighted leaf discloses  
 Grief to thee,  
 When life's dark storm-clouds have shaded  
 Light from thee,  
 And life's hopes are wrecked and faded,  
 Think of me! P. A. B.

## MY COUSIN, THE MIDSHIPMAN.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I HAVE been for many years a wife and mother, and one would have thought my many "family cares and family joys," would have crowded such old memories out of my head; and yet I recall, as though it were but yesterday, the time when cousin Breck entered the navy.

Sister Su has been married longer than I have; yet, often and often, as we sit together, we talk over those old times, and we agree perfectly in thinking there never were, and never can be such glorious times again.

Sister Su and I were very young, I, in fact, a mere child, and, she, though more womanly, not much older, when our parents, who resided in the country, sent us to town for the benefit of better schools. We found a home under my uncle's roof, and I am bound to say we soon made ourselves as much at home as my uncle himself.

For a time after our arrival, things went on quietly enough, for cousin Breck was away from home, either at school or college, I forget which; still we heard a great deal about him. Bertha, his sister, was always talking of him, and from other quarters rumors constantly reached us, to the purport—that Breck was "a first rate fellow, but so wild."

Cousin Bertha, however, thought him perfection, and would hear no whisper against him.

The first time we ever saw cousin Breck, he burst upon us in full splendor—in all the pride and pomp of uniform—a regularly commissioned officer in the United States Navy.

The manner of his advent was characteristic. Su, Bertha and I were sitting in the parlor, which was up stairs, busy with our books or needle-work, when suddenly there rose the confused sound of a scuffle on the stairs, accompanied by a series of small, faint screams, and a loud manly laugh. We rushed to the door just in time to see a strong, athletic young man rushing up the stairs, bearing on one arm the form of poor old Maggy, a woman of sixty, who had spent her life in uncle's family in the capacity of nurse and housekeeper, and who had often carried in her arms the wild boy who now so unceremoniously carried her perforce in his arms.

At the top of the stairs he relinquished his

discomposured burden, and darted upon Su and me.

"So, my pretty cousins, are you not going to speak to your own relation?" and he attempted to claim his cousinly privilege—"Baahful, hey?" he continued, as I shrank back, half frightened, from his boisterous gallantry; for I was a shy little thing, and only thirteen. Bertha and sister Su, who was three years older, met him more on equal terms.

I retreated to a little distance, and slyly observed him from behind the book I was demurely pretending to read.

He was a tall, handsome youth, with bright, twinkling black eyes, sparkling with gaiety—back hair, and a small dark moustache. His age, I suppose, was not more than eighteen or nineteen. He was dressed, as I have said, in full naval uniform, and my eyes rested with great respect on the gilt buttons, and small gilt anchors worked on the ends of the standing collar to his coat.

I made these observations quite unperceived, as I supposed, while he was talking lively nonsense to Su and his sister; but suddenly the mad-cap fellow exclaimed,

"Well, cousin Em, what do you think of me? Do you imagine I don't know that you have been peeping at me over the top of your book this half hour?"

I was overwhelmed. But very soon cousin Breck's cordial gaiety banished my embarrassment, and made me feel quite at my ease with him. Though too timid to take part in the conversation which he was carrying on with Su and Bertha, I was a most admiring and attentive listener; we thought his odd stories, too, droll, and a merrier party than we were that night, I would have defied any to find in all America.

As cousin Breck was stationed at the Navy Yard we saw him only occasionally. But come when he would, he made a sensation in the household, I can tell you. Every one, from his lady mother down to the poorest maid in the kitchen, woke to new life. Even the old guitar, unstrung for many a year, was dragged from its dusty case, and forced to abandon its inglorious idleness for the most active service.

Cousin Breck said all the officers played, and

"he'd be shot if he could not do whatever they could, if he *had* never taken a lesson." So at it he went; and certainly, by the aid of a good ear, natural quickness, and a dashing boldness, which carried all before it, in a few days he actually played so as to give us all pleasure. True, the guitar was every now and then sent flying from one end of the room to the other in a fit of impatience, but it stood its hard treatment wonderfully, and Breck declared it sounded all the better for it.

But this guitar-playing by no means sufficed for cousin Breck's amusement. He also taught us all to waltz. There was a great talk about the "Navy Yard step," which we were assured was the best and easiest in the world.

Oh, those waltzing lessons were droll things! What fun poor Breck managed to extract from them; and how prettily Su, who had a natural turn for flirting, coquetted about them—and how shrewd I thought myself when I discovered, and confided to Bertha the great secret, that "Cousin Breck" liked to waltz with Su twice as well as with either of us, and gave her twice as long lessons."

I remember one evening in especial, when Breck came home, quite out of spirits apparently, and throwing himself on a sofa, he declared he was tired to death, having been out two days and a night in search of a deserter.

How dreadful it sounded! cousin Breck chasing a deserter! We entreated to know what would be the fate of the poor fellow when he should be found. But on this point Breck was very mysterious. He merely drew a pistol from his breast, and laid it on the table, and unbuttoning his coat pointed to the hilt of the dagger concealed in its lining. The orders were to take the man "dead or alive," he said. We shuddered, and Su attempted to snatch the dagger from him.

Breck's excessive fatigue was gone in a moment, and we were all of us soon engaged in a wild romp; we, striving to get the dagger away from him; he pretending to defend himself with it. In the scuffle Su's hand received a slight scratch—and what a fuss was made about it. How sorry cousin Breck was, he would suffer no one but himself to bind up the wound—insisted on kissing the place to make it well, and pro-

mised Su a serenade by the Navy Yard band to console her.

The promised serenade was given soon after; and a proud and happy girl was Su to be able to say at school—"I had a serenade last night, by the Navy Yard band, given me by my cousin Breck of the United States Navy."

That cousin Breck was recklessly extravagant we gathered from an occasional ejaculation of my uncle on receiving his bills.

"Twelve pairs of boots in a month! the boy's crazy."

A rumor reached us too of the magnificent manner in which he was in the habit of tossing to his "boy" the coats or pants just come from the tailors, when they did not exactly suit his fastidious taste; but about these matters we troubled ourselves very little.

It was a sad day for us, and all the household, when cousin Breck was ordered to sea. The life seemed gone from the house after his departure. As for Su, though she denies it now, I am sure she wore the willow for his sake for a time, and carried about her person a miniature or locket. I recollect too that she was sadly plagued, about this time, with a short lock on her forehead, whence a ringlet had evidently been cut.

But Su remembers nothing of this now, though I have tried many a time to refresh her memory.

The return home after three years cruise, when cousin Breck could talk of having actually "seen service," was delightful too; how warmly we all welcomed our sun-browned sailor! But things, nevertheless, were changed—Su was engaged to be married, and the first virgin pride of the young middy in his new dignity, and new accoutrements, had worn off. For us, too, the mysterious charm had departed from the United States Navy buttons and the little gilt anchors. Perhaps also, worst change of all, a little youthful buoyancy had fled from all our hearts.

Poor cousin Breck! tears as well as smiles are called up at your remembrance.

Surely your gay and careless heart (and none kinder ever beat) was meant only for fortune's smiles—not her frowns. And yet the stern future brought you a sad fate. Alas, for temptations unresisted—ruined hopes, gathering cares and early death.

## OCTOBER.

THE luscious Autumn, Juno-like,  
Comes in with stately tread;  
She sweeps the hills with purple robes,  
And gold is round her head.

Where'er she goes is pomp and pride,  
The rivers flow with wine.  
Ah! who that sees her queenly port  
Can doubt her royal line?

C. A.



## DORIA'S AFFAIRS.

### A SEQUEL TO "DR. WETHERGREEN'S PRACTICE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

#### CHAPTER I.

LITTLE Mary Walton was so very little, that, when she stood with Ambrose at Dr. Wethergreen and Caddy's wedding, her orange flowers were just up to his wide shoulder; and he was by no means one of the tallest of men. It was seen all about that her head was even with his shoulder; and looks and observations touching the matter were passed from one to another, along the pews. And people smiled, as much as to say, "We shall see! *that's* what we shall!" Because her head was as high as his shoulder, that was all. Only he did have the feeling—which, perhaps, was magnetically felt; perhaps seen in the form stooping a little toward her—that he must, in a way, shield her, and see to her, after that, the rest of his days, "that she was not at all over-run and poked about and stared out of countenance." It made him think of it, he said, next morning at breakfast, seeing what a bit of a thing she was down there at his elbow, and how broad and high he was above her. Birdy was so jocund over it, over the laughter and the light click of so many dishes at table, that the laughter, in the end, was turned altogether upon her. And Ambrose put his head down to look into Nan's face, (the gravest face at the table, by the way,) and said, "Ain't she a rascal, little Nan?"

Little Nan modestly hinted that she couldn't be called a rascal, very well, because she *wasn't* a male bird; and then birdy and all the rest made merry over that; somewhat to little Nan's discomfiture; until her brother reassured her by telling her, with his grave, sincere expression, that she was right; that, for his part, after that time, he should call her "Little Bunch." Birdy's feathers, on some sudden whim of hers, were all set out on end, at the moment, which probably suggested the idea to Ambrose.

Meanwhile, two squares or so out east, on the same street, sat three at breakfast, in a house large enough for twenty people. And to make out even three, they had just rang for Irish Mary to come up, thinking that, perhaps, with her merry face and her good appetite, they would be able to think of something else but this—that

they could have no more of Caddy there, to sit and eat with them, *just* as she always had done until that morning.

Irish Mary brought up the hot buckwheat cakes she had just been frying for her own breakfast, when she was called. She brought up, moreover, a very large amount of lively satisfaction in her heart, generated there by this new demonstration of the respect in which both her old and her young mistress held her—"as if they knew that I'd die for them as quick as any thing," she said to herself, with tears in her eyes, as she slipped off one apron and tied on another. It was perfectly natural, that, of this abundant, effervescing satisfaction, considerable portions should be reflected back, as they were, from Mary's shining face, and tossed from her merry tongue. When she found how sad their thoughts were inclined to be, running on their loss of Caddy, she shook her head gently, and told them that "they didn't know what *raison* they had to be thankful. They had great *raison*; for she'd been always a blessing to them; and now she'd be a blessing to another, to another home, close be their own, where they could see her every day and every hour, an' they choosed. Ah, it was indeed *raison* to be very thankful that they had. An' if they wasn't thankful, she'd go an' be married herself to Mac Garvin, (*he'd* been asking her) and then see 'f they would be thankful."

While they laughed at this, and at Mary's lively way of saying it, (for all she had tears in her eyes, thinking how she really did like him, the good, homely soul, all pitted up with small pox; but wouldn't leave Mrs. Phillips and Miss Doria for forty Mac Garvins) little Mary Walton came tripping in; for the Waltons lived close by. Their garden and Mrs. Phillips' joined.

She came in to eat breakfast with them, she said, dragging off bonnet and shawl, throwing them into a chair, and sending her friendly eyes one way and another.

There were joyful exclamations and kisses and thanks. Mrs. Phillips called her "a dear child!" and told her that *she* always knew just what one needed; at the same time that she drew Mary's

chair (which she herself had taken at once along with her to the table) close to her own.

Poor Irish Mary too was glad. "Miss Walton was a darl'n to come then! she'd bring dishes for the darl'n; she'd run down; and, in two minutes, she'd be up again with hot cakes for the darl'n! she would, indeed!" All on Mrs. Phillips and Miss Doria's account. She had lost her "sociable time;" but "that was nothin'," she said to herself, to put back the tears that kept coming to her eyes.

"No, indeed! that was nothing." And, by-the-by, that is something that our hard-working, cheerful-tempered Irish girls are often saying to themselves, to put the tears and the regrets back. And, the very next moment, we hear them humming in a nasal way, and clamping diligently in their heavy shoes, trying their best to let us see how willing and glad they are "to do for us."

This time the cheerful alacrity and abnegation were recompensed ten thousand fold, in Irish Mary's estimate, by their saying to her, when she came up with the steaming cakes, "That's a good Mary. Sit down now, and eat some of them, while they are hot and good;" and by her seeing, in the quick glance she threw round on them all, that they really did mean what they said; that they did really, out of their hearts, choose that she should come, delicate little Mary Walton and all, the darl'n!

Irish Mary was very happy, that morning; and for many and many a morning, thinking of it while she worked. She told Mac Garvin of it, the next time he came to ask her. She shook her head, saying, "No, Mac Garvin; not as larg as they need me, an' want me—my old mistr-r-ress an' my young mist-r-ress. They're so good, so kind ter me, ye see!"

She was thankful then and afterward, however, that he said, in return, "I shall wait for ye, Ma-r-y. Ye will see that I shall; for I'm in no hurry, 'f I cannot have you. In no hurry."

"And so, Mary dear, you like him?" asked Doria, looking down into her empty cup, and moving her spoon about in it.

They still sat at table, although Irish Mary's hum and clomp had been going on a half hour down in the kitchen.

"Yes, I do. He's monstrous large; don't you think he is?"

"Pretty large."

"Yes; I was half afraid of him, some way, he seemed so monstrous large," she added, laughing. "He must have one of the best hearts in the world, I know," she continued, in a musing way, after a pause.

She had heard of his goodness to Dr. Wether-

green; had heard it from Caddy's grateful lips; and they had had tearful eyes, tearful tones in reciting and commenting; for, incidentally, they thought and spoke of it, how many there are in this world, how many there are in that one small city, who wait and grow faint and discouraged, as Dr. Wethergreen had done; and who have nowhere a good, rich cousin Ambrose, or any body, to come, and help, and encourage them.

## CHAPTER II.

"THE season," so called, was over at Lake Win-nipiseogee, but the warmth and mellow beauty of a resplendent Indian summer-time lingered, day after day upon the scene. So the birds sang on the islands and on the shores, as if it were a new spring, sang and chatted, now that they had nothing else to do, and flitted, all day long, day after day. Jo Hendrick, a still artist, with dreamy, beautiful eyes and mouth, lingered; and was out all day long, going lazily from point to point in his tiny boat. So the odd, rich old bachelor, Marsh, of Boston, lingered. Or, in fact he had not been there long. He meant not to come until the flow of visitors was quite over. He wasn't going up there to hear young girls giggle, and see young coxcombs dangling. No! and he ground the muttered negative between his teeth. He was going up to see the autumn winds swing and toss the pines, and to hear them go sougling through the nights.

That bright Indian summer was bad for him. He hated it on the whole; or hated that so many people should come threading out of every boat, to enjoy it there where he was. Because, of all the people who met him there, or elsewhere, there were so few to like him, to understand how he wanted friends more, ten thousand times, than he wanted God, heaven, or anything; and yet, with his unlucky manners, could never get them. So he was only seen at meal-times coming in, eating a few hasty mouthfuls, and, going out, always with the same frown about his brows, always with the same darkness on his bent features; and, late in the evening, he was seen moving slowly this way and that, in the bright moonlight.

Well, he was there, staying for the time to come, when only himself and the flying winds and clouds would be left, Hendrick was there enjoying himself; and, as has already been intimated, the "Lady of the Lake" never came across that she did not bring numbers great or small; most of whom had seen the lake in the legitimate summer-time, but who wanted to see how things looked then, when the skies, mountains and trees

had their royal garments on; and when they themselves, now that there was no more summer heat, were so strong, so ready for vivid enjoyment.

One day, early in the Indian summer, a tall, broad, richly (albeit, somewhat grotesquely) attired man, young and with the sunniest face in the world, said to a pretty little, fashionably dressed creature, who was taking timid steps over the plank at the landing, "Here, little Mary Walton! let me lead you." He took one of her baby-like hands into both of his, held it very close, bending a little toward her to say, "You're as timid as a hare, I see. So I shall see to taking care of you."

She did not speak, or look up. He felt, however, that her hand lay within his, as if there was its place, and that her step became instantly assured and free. He felt that she liked to be helped by him, even as he liked to help her: and this made her very dear to him.

He turned back to see to the rest. Caddy looked as delicate and as tranquil as a babe; and as lovely, in her light travelling dress. But she too needed help over the landing; and her fine-looking husband gave it tenderly, as if she were cherished "like the apple of his eye."

"As for our best Doria, she never needs help, or anything," said Ambrose, speaking heartily, and heartily going to her to assist her. But she was crossing with firm steps, with unconcerned looks. He did not, therefore, offer her his hand, or his arm. He merely kept by her, answered her smile with another, and said, "Always sufficient for yourself, dear Doria; always making your own quiet way."

Again Doria answered with one of her pleasant smiles; she was swallowing her tears, though, all the while; and saying, within herself, "Yes; always making my own way; and this is what I shall be doing to the end."

Ambrose, out of his quick sympathies, felt that the heart had less part than the face and the feet, in her wonderful self-reliance. He said so to her, in a few words, as they were coming up with the rest.

"And, if it is so?" asked she, with her eyes on his face.

"Why, if it is so, I shall see to it. I shall take care of you from this time."

"I shan't let you. You shall take care of little Mary Walton. It will trouble me if I see you taking the least pains on my account." Her eyes grew very earnest as she spoke.

"Taking pains—taking pains, your old phrase. And I've told you ten times, as many as that, that I don't take pains; that neither the doctor,

nor I, nor any man fit to come near so good, so dear a creature as you are—as you are, in spite of this piece of folly of yours—would ever feel that he is 'taking pains,' when he sees to you a little. He would feel—at least, I would, the doctor would, I know, and I have no doubt others would do the same—that, in doing you, perhaps, some small service, he was doing himself a great one. He would feel obliged to you for being a little more—why a little more willing to be seen to, a little."

They had come up with the rest; and, for the nonce, all had a part in contending with impracticable Doria; in trying to make her believe—as *they* most assuredly did—that she was the best creature anywhere about, and that it was her duty to let them, and all who offered and were worthy, to do something for her now and then.

"When I ask you! I will ask whenever I want help, or anything!" she said, laughingly, but with increasing color in her cheeks, from first to last, inclusive.

So that Ambrose and Dr. Joseph were half vexed. So that, in making a little ascent, they would both help her; would both leave Caddy to help Mary; and Mary, Caddy.

Doria cried about it after she got into her chamber; her solitary chamber now, for the first time since she was a child. She had shown herself very obstinate, she knew. She supposed they had all begun to think, and would think it more and more, that she was already, two years almost beforehand, an odd thing; an odd old maid. Perhaps they would come, in time, to lay it up against her; for she must go on seeing to herself. She had determined anew on the point before she came to the lake; that Dr. Joseph should be for his wife, Caddy, and Ambrose for his pretty little favorite, Mary; that both Dr. Joseph and Ambrose should see that she was abundantly sufficient unto herself. That dear, affectionate Caddy and Mary should see it too. And then they would go their ways and she hers, in a perfect freedom. She sighed many times, and many times had tears in her eyes, as she planned it. She moreover wished, that, here in our New England, as in Old England, and in all refined and enlightened Europe, lovers and pairs in the honeymoon, had their loves and comforts more in common with fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, old maid sisters and old bachelor brothers, and with the little troops of nephews and nieces. She liked the New England fidelity of lover to lover, of the newly-made wife to husband, and of the newly-made husband to wife; but she wondered whether this were not possible; and compatible, at the same time, with

a less intense exclusiveness—especially in the lovers.

### CHAPTER III.

"HALLO—hallo!" cried Ambrose, extending a hand to a gentleman who sprang up from the table to meet him.

Dr. Wethergreen knew him slightly it seemed. He shook hands with him and said, "How do you do, Mr. Brooks? glad to see you here."

"Where's Mrs. Brooks? Hasn't she been here?" asked Ambrose, seating Mary and Doria; seating Doria first.

"Yes; she has been here. She left this morning. She has gone to Dover to her family, for a week or so."

"She's coming back? Here, waiter! just shift the captain's dishes over here into our neighborhood; hey, Captain Brooks? wouldn't you like it? I want you here, you see, to help me take care of these girls. Miss Phillips, Captain Brooks—sister to Dr. Wethergreen's wife there"—Captain Brooks bowed to Caddy—"Miss Walton, Captain Brooks."

Yes; Captain Brooks made gallant, easy bows and compliments to them all. The waiter, as it happened, placed his dishes opposite Doria; Ambrose, therefore, seated himself, saying, "All right! all right!" opposite blushing little Mary Walton.

"Mrs. Brooks is coming back?" Ambrose again asked, in the midst of serving Mary; in the midst of smiling at the bashfulness on her part, that was so engaging to him.

"Yes; in the course of a week Miss Phillips let me——"

Yes; Miss Phillips, otherwise our obstinate Doria, would let him do anything for her. For the Mrs. Brooks who left that morning, who would return, in the course of a week, was a good spirit, as it were, utterly exorcising "Doria's folly"—as they had all learned of Ambrose to call it—making it clear and pleasant as a summer morning between her and the fine-looking man across the table. She talked with him—she hadn't been at the table five minutes, before she found that he was one of those men with whom one talks, without premeditation, on and on; to whom one has more and more to say, the more one has said already. There was a good deal that was grave and solid in the expression of his face, in the tones of his voice, and in his general bearing. But he was very cheerful. His smile came very readily; and was very—why, very open, very—but then, no matter. Doria said so to herself when she began

an inward comment. We say so to ourselves and to our readers; for, did not Mrs. Brooks leave that morning? and would she not be back there, in the course of a week?

"Yes," Doria said to herself. "And I am so thankful there is a Mrs. Brooks somewhere to come back! When she comes back, she shall love me, and I will love her. I will sit with her and walk with her; and then the others" (she meant Dr. Joseph and Caddy, Ambrose and little Mary Walton) "can go in pairs as they please."

This was more and more in her thoughts, as the second and third and fourth days passed; as, each day, Captain Brooks attended to her with more and more care and delicacy; and evinced more and more a liking for talking with her upon the great political questions that concerned the nations, by the way, they talked; upon philosophy and the arts; as well as upon the commonest subjects; getting vivid interest out of them all. They would still talk about these things after Mrs. Brooks came, Doria promised herself; and with added interest, no doubt; for Mrs. Brooks must be an intelligent, noble creature to be the chosen of such a man; and, especially, after having been four years his bosom companion. She knew that she had been his companion four years; for, the day her party came, she heard him say to one who spoke of a certain date, "It was four years ago, sir. I remember it; for it happened the day I was married."

An expression as if of subdued sorrow, or at least of regret, stole upon his features as he spoke, taking the place of the open smile, the cheerfulness that ordinarily was, as it were, a light round about him. Doria saw it. And then, and when she thought of it afterward, she knew that it came out of his love for the wife who was away, out of his want of her; and her respect for him, her liking for him was augmented a hundred fold, thinking of it. She wished, however, more and more, that she could know what kind of an eye Mrs. Brooks had—whether genial and full of light and warmth like her husband's, or close and hard like poor Mr. Marsh's—what kind of a manner, what kind of a heart; whether frank and inviting, or cold and repulsive like an iceberg. Hu—she shuddered, on the whole, thinking of the possible repulsive woman on one side of her, and of a possible iceberg on the other, close; hemming her close in an iceberg's veritable shape, perhaps; perhaps having no form whatever, but an essence of loneliness and apathy.

"Doria! Doria! darling Doria," half said and half sang two merry voices, before they were

fairly within her chamber. "We've come after you! We want to sail, you see; it is so beautiful out."

"Yes, my dear ones, I will come."

"Aren't you well, Doria, *best* Doria?" Little Mary Walton had both arms about her waist, and was looking eagerly in her face.

"Perfectly, darling."

"But somehow your voice has a sound, a something new in it, that makes me reproach myself for being so—so happy. For I am oh, so happy, Doria!" clinging closer to her. "It is so beautiful here!" She still held Doria; but with loosened embrace, and her beautiful eyes were turned through a window to the lake and the glowing woods. Doria kissed her, and, out of a full heart, called her "A dear little girl."

"And Caddy is a dear Caddy!" she added, drawing her sister close to her, close to the window where they could see the little white sails, on one part of the lake, and on another, in the bright light and in the deep shade. They stood there looking out, talking about how beautiful the earth is, and how worthy the human heart should be, until they heard a tap on the door, and Dr. Joseph saying, "Are you ready, girls?"

"We are waiting," he added, when the door was opened to him. He smiled and reached out his hand for Caddy.

Caddy and Mary both sprang forward; Mary knew that, when she came below, a smile would be ready for her too, and a hand reached out. Doria stood still, with a hand on the door-knob, and asked, "Who *are* 'we,' brother Joseph? who will go with us?"

"Who *should* 'we' be, sister Doria, but Caddy and I," again smiling on Caddy, "cousin Ambrose and little Mary here, your good self and Captain Brooks?"

"Yes; well," drawing back a little, "I think I won't go. I want to look the papers over. See! they lie there, a whole pile of them, that I have hardly touched."

"You shan't!" Caddy and Mary both said, with their arms and their hands hold of her, bringing her. They both had tears in their eyes too, stirred by this something new, that Mary spoke of in Doria's voice.

Dr. Joseph did not say anything; but he looked with steady, very friendly eyes into her face, took her hand, drew it through his arm and led her down on one side, and his wife—congratulating herself, congratulating them all that they had got Doria—on the other. Doria did not congratulate herself at all, it seemed. She spoke often; was kind toward them all; but her eyes,

when they rested on one, in speaking, had the same "something new," something very grave and quiet in them, that was in her tones; so that the best side of the path was given to her on the way to the boat; and the best seat in the boat; and Caddy wrapped her own shawl around her with very slow moving, affectionate hands.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THEY came back toward the shore in the sober twilight. Ambrose was helping Mary forward in the boat, and Captain Brooks Doria, when Ambrose said, looking back to Doria, "What will you do, Doria, when Mrs. Brooks comes? She'll be here now in a day or two. I'm thinking you'll miss his right hand not a little when she comes."

Mary tapped his arm nervously with her finger the instant he began to speak. But he went on; and Mary, then and afterward, kept on wondering what made him, who was always so considerate, so quick to perceive what it was best to do, say that; *just* that, and at just that time, when poor, dear Doria already had that something new, and, as she felt, regretful in her thoughts.

Doria bore it well enough, however. She kept her quiet manner, her quiet smile, (the color came a little though.) She brought her other hand up, laid it an instant on his arm, as she said, "I shall be glad when she comes. For I can still have *this* arm, can't I, Captain Brooks? And she can have the other. There is plenty of room for us both, isn't there?"

Captain Brooks had the slightest look in the world of feeling puzzled by the question; of doubting withing himself whether, indeed, there would be any room left for Doria, after Mrs. Brooks returned. He hesitated in replying—"Plenty of room there must be for Miss Phillips—if—"

"Yes," quickly interposed Doria. "And then there is your left arm, Ambrose," bowing slightly to him and smiling, "and brother Joseph's left arm. So that, on the whole, nobody has so many arms, and such good arms at their service as I. And if it were otherwise," she added, thoughtfully, after a pause, "if there was not one arm at my service, I could make my own way, as so many others do."

She tried to smile in saying this; tried to control her voice perfectly; but it is doubtful whether she succeeded; for they were all very still as they moved forward; and Doria was sure that she heard her companion sigh; that she felt his arm tightening its pressure slightly upon her own. This caused her to instantly rally herself,

and proceeded, forthwith to rally the rest, with a project that instant conceived, she told them, of asking poor, cross Mr. Marsh if he would walk with them, and let her have *his* right arm in emergencies."

"He'll snarl at you," said little Mary Walton. "He did yesterday to that funny Mrs. Dow. Ha! She told as she was going where he stood with his elbow on Shakespeare's head, pulling a yellow leaf to pieces, to make herself agreeable to him. So she went with all the courage she could muster; but she was as afraid of him," laughing, "as she would have been of a polar bear; and she went edging along, and with such a curious look in her face! When she got up to him, she didn't know, for the life of her, what to say; and so she asked him whether he liked children! What do you suppose," she added, with some pretty wonder in her eyes, "made her say that to him?"

They all laughed.

"Well, he just growled at her; and she came away, looking as if she were altogether conscious of having failed to make herself agreeable. He'll do the same by you, Doria, if you go near him to speak to him. I hope we all 'may be there to see,' don't you, Mr. Ambrose?" looking with a bashful air away up to his eyes.

Yes. But then, little Mary, Mr. Ambrose didn't believe in Mr. Marsh's being a polar bear; although he had no doubt he might be brought into a semblance of one, or of almost any other sort of creature, according to one's estimate of him, and to the character of one's approach. For his life was clearly an impersonal kind of life. His soul might be as fair as a babe's, and supplied with untold resources of thrift and power, and of a divine way of living; but overlooking these home advantages, he would go everywhere else but to his own soul, and grope and stumble, strain his eyes and stretch his hands—for power; for something, for anything that would set him at ease on all sides. So he was constantly disappointed and annoyed. People never understood him; never made use of delicacy and kindness in approaching him, as in approaching another. He was an ill-used man; an angry man very often, and a lonely man at all times; for, if he had not friends and friendly appreciation, he had nothing.

Both Doria and Ambrose understood that this was his character and feeling. The rest demurred, save Captain Brooks, who walked with his eyes on the ground, and seemed not to attend to what they were saying.

"I am sure we are right, Doria, and they are wrong, this little thing down here," (meaning

Mary Walton) "and all. We'll convince them, won't we? we'll take him in hand."

Fond as ever good Ambrose was of taking things into his hands. Only there was this agreeable change in him—while the old muscular force was a good deal diminished, in part by the ardors of his last "campaign" at gold-seeking, in part through the induction of his new habits of leisure and social recreation, the old nervous force was a good deal augmented; so that now his hands easily let go the mattoe and the spade and the speculative strife in mammon, at the same time that his mind went eagerly forth, back and forth, amongst books and men. He was already hold of a little company of terms of science, of art, of philosophy, terms feebly understood, yet always on our tongues, as if their exact force and meaning were clear to us, like the *a b c's*. He was tumbling the books over, great and small, and tumbling his own conceptions over to make out definitely what art is, and what science is; definitely what art and science do, what their mission is; and how, by what laws and methods they fill it. He asked Doria one morning, (it was the next morning after the sail) with Webster's dictionary in his hands, what idea she had of art; what she conceived art to be; what relationship she saw between art and science.

Yes, indeed! Doria could tell him. Why art—why art was—oh, indeed, she did not know *what* art was. She only knew that, to her, art was a very tall, very beautiful female, with loose, trailing drapery, with loose locks, Grecian head and a laurel wreath. Science too was tall, with firmer contour than art, with a Minerva-sort of helmet on her head, and a rule and square in her hand; in one hand; the other lay on a pedestal.

Little Mary Walton was delighted. Those were precisely her ideas of art and science. Captain Brooks, Dr. Joseph and Caddy were a little apart sitting with the Dows and others; sometimes talking with them, sometimes attending to what Ambrose and Doria were saying. Capt. Brooks, although he did not turn his head that way at all, seemed as if he were altogether listening to what they said; for they in his immediate neighborhood must often speak to him the second time, before they could get his attention to what they were saying.

"Poor, cross Mr. Marsh," as Doria always called him, stood apart from all others, with his elbow on a corner of the mantel-piece, mechanically opening and shutting his tooth-pick, listening to Ambrose when he spoke, and to Doria when she spoke; looking at them steadily, that he might hear them above the snapping of the

cheerful fire, above the hum of all other voices. For it was a frosty morning, and all in the house were congregated in the parlor where the open fire blazed and crackled.

Doria looked up to Mr. Marsh once, when she was trying to make out what art was, he instantly withdrew his eyes and resumed the opening and shutting of his tooth-pick. She looked up again—instinctively; for she felt that he listened to them with interest that he strove to conceal—looked up, with a steady, clear expression, and this time he did not turn his eyes; this time he still listened. And as he listened, with his eyes on Doria's, his brow opened a little, and it seemed to Doria that light came into his features. Pretty soon, when they were all laughing at Doria's art in such long skirts, and Doria's science with the ugly helmet on her stiff head, he laughed too, almost as heartily as any one. Ambrose beckoned him over with his finger, and he came; carrying himself rather stiffly at first; but soon, as he talked with them, he was thoroughly at ease and animated; for he knew more than they all; not only of art and of science, but of whatever abstract term. Ambrose dragged in to be looked over and sifted.

But "poor Mr. Marsh!" said Doria, still, when she looked upon his new complacency. For she reflected that, unlike the steadfastness of that which is purely, or chiefly self-desired, as his came with the word, the glance of another, so with a counter word and glance, it would all vanish and leave it oh, so dark, so dead, within his brain and within his heart! She felt that what he needed was a consciousness of God, a hope and frequent thought of the blessed land, heaven, where his inward struggle and pain would be over, and his idol-love and service. She felt that she too needed it; for she too forgot God and heaven so often, and bowed down to the earth and the earth-born! Like the Magdalen (as one sees the best Magdalens in the arts) she

bowed herself, disciplining her heart and begging for heavenly strength, heavenly purity; so that God might be in her heart, finding it a fit temple.

Mr. Marsh and Ambrose still talked of their "personalities" and their "impersonalities," their "subjectives" and their "objectives," little Mary Walton sitting close by to turn over the dictionary for them. Dr. Joseph, Caddy, the Dows and Captain Brooks, still—or all but Capt. Brooks—talked and listened and looked into the fire by turns. Captain Brooks was standing by a table, just back of Doria and her great arm-chair. He was turning over the books, it seemed, but with no very strong indications of interest. When Doria turned her head at the sound of the rustling leaves, he came a little nearer, saying something about it, that the sun was warm that day; that by noon it would be finer and warmer on the lake than they found it yesterday. And then would she like to go out?

She thought she would not go out that day, she replied, turning slightly toward him, but without raising her eyes. She had letters to write when it was warm enough in her chamber. She presumed it was warm enough then. She would go then. And she gathered up handkerchief, shawl and newspaper to go.

He was at the door to open it for her. At the door she met his glance, when she would acknowledge his courtesy; and there was something in it that she had never before seen—or *felt*; for it was rather a feeling than a sight—in any other glance, something that ran through her being, for an instant, like the thrilling breath of the early spring, rendering her very calm and strong, very happy.

"Don't write letters all day," said he, his eyes following her to the foot of the stairs.

She smiled, bowed her parting, and was over the stairs out of his sight.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## ACTION.

BY MRS. WILCOX.

Do something! do it soon! with all thy might;  
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
And God inactive were no longer blest.  
Some high or humble enterprise of good  
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,  
Become thy study, pastime, rest and food,

And kindle in thy heart a flame refined;  
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
To this high purpose; to begin, pursue,  
With thoughts all fix'd, and feelings purely kind;  
Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
And strength to give the praise where all is due.

## THE TURNING POINT.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

LUCY HOLMES was one of the most light-hearted, frolicsome beings that ever shook ringlets. Thoughtless! yes, thoughtless as the sunbeam on the floor. Often would old farmer Holmes smilingly smooth back her hair, and call her his mad-cap girl; and then sigh as he wondered whether time and care would gently bend down that light spirit, or break it at once. Lucy had no mother, and aunt Tabitha used to say that she had her hands full with her. Aunt Tabitha was very prominent in the church—one of those people who always draw their mouths down and their eyebrows up, and assume a lugubrious tone when they talk about religion. "I never can get Lucy to think of anything serious!" was her perpetual complaint to Deacon Fowler's wife, their next neighbor. "I think that at seventeen, it is about time she should see the vanity of this world, and be converted."

"Oh, well! young people will be a little gay."

"Lucy is more than a *little* gay. I wish I could get her to sit under the new minister in the South Church. He is getting up a revival, and has anxious meetings every evening. Sister Wickfield told me she had a delightful season there the other night."

Aunt Tabitha thought a great deal of dignified behavior, and Lucy often awakened her righteous indignation on that point. She would dance about the house, and often, with sun-bonnet in hand, bound into the very room where her aunt sat in grave converse with the "revival preacher," or some of the "sisters." The sanctimonious air and whine of some of these "sisters" Lucy would often mimic. Mr. Holmes would shake his head, saying, "My daughter! your aunt means well. It is unfortunate she deals so much in these cant phrases. They are ridiculous to you, and very offensive to me. It is sometimes a fault among religious people. They lay open to ridicule the religion really dear to them. They debase it in the eyes of the world, for very few take the pains to separate the gold from the dross; and they make their conversation very unwelcome, to say the least, to many good people whose taste and refinement turn from everything of the kind. As for me, I am a plain man, and don't pretend to much taste, but I don't like such things. •Let not your good be evil spoken of."

Lucy always listened to her father's words with a glimpse of the beauty in simple religion, standing by itself, refining and ennobling; but she lost it again when she viewed the robe in which Mrs. Tabitha enveloped hers; and she wondered whether it was only a robe, and not a necessary adjunct.

Lucy was fond of gay colors, and feathers and flowers, and aunt Tabitha cast up her eyes at the sight of them as part of the vanities of this life. Lucy's perfectly formed frame and bounding spirits impelled her to the natural exercise of dancing, and aunt Tabitha held it was a crying sin in a church member to allow his daughter to conform so much to this world. But Lucy danced on, and sung on, as much a child as she was at twelve years of age.

In the outskirts of the village at Greendale stood a dilapidated cottage—hut, rather. The reckless, dogged look of the man who sat smoking his pipe in the doorway, and the lazy, dirty children who lay about, told the character of the inhabitants. The good people of Greendale had a Missionary Society, and a society for the relief of the poor; but the poor must be "worthy, deserving objects," not ragged, idle outcasts, and all their missionary sympathies were engaged for "fields" on the other side of the world, (Barrioboola Gha, perhaps,) overlooking the real missionary ground at their very doors. They thought more of educating little East Indians, who, even when elevated, would still be an inferior race, than of enlightening those in whose veins run the proud Saxon blood, formed for action and rule, now swaying the destinies of the world. Did I say all their sympathies were engaged? Stop! there were some visionaries among them, who cried out in horror at the ignorance and moral degradation of the New Zealanders, and never took the trouble to inform themselves that there were those in their own village, in the heart of their own New England, who could hardly answer the question, who made you?

Why! no one ever went to Sam Tucker's cottage. Two ladies had tried it once, but half frightened by Sam's dark looks, they never came a second time. Joe Tucker, the eldest son, had grown up to be nineteen or twenty—ignorant and degraded, but not wicked as might be expected.



One day all Greendale was startled by the intelligence that a murder had been committed. Mr. Read, one of the largest farmers, had been knocked down in his own fields, by a blow from a rake-handle in the hands of Joe Tucker. The young man had been hired as a day laborer during harvest. Some altercation had occurred, and in a moment of passion he had given the fatal blow. He had escaped, but the constables were out after him in every direction. Before the day was over, hand-bills had been spread through the neighboring villages and towns, and information sent to the Boston and New York police.

Joe would soon be taken—there seemed no doubt of that, yet day after day passed, and he still eluded the search. One afternoon, about a fortnight after the occurrence, Lucy Holmes was returning from a ramble in the woods, when she was terribly frightened by the sudden appearance of Joe Tucker in her path.

"Don't scream, Miss, don't scream! Ye needn't be afeared," said Joe, who looked ghastly and emaciated. "Only listen to me. I wouldn't harm a hair of your head. Can't you give me a morsel to eat, I'm starving to death?"

"I wish I had something for you, but I haven't," faltered Lucy.

"Then I must give myself up," he groaned. "I've lived on roots and berries for the last week. And they'll hang me for getting angry. God knows I never meant to kill the man. Yes, they'll hang me, for such as I am have no friends."

"Don't, oh! don't talk so," said Lucy, the warm tears filling her eyes as she looked at the wretched outcast. "You have one friend at least. Indeed I would do anything for you that I could."

Joe looked up in surprise. It was the first word of kindness from a stranger that in the whole course of his life had ever fallen on his ear. He knew not what to make of it.

"You a friend to me," he said. "You forget who I am."

"No, I do not. At this moment, I would give almost all I possess to have the power to do something for you."

The accent and look were not to be mistaken. The wild, rude heart on which they fell was thoroughly subdued. Joe moved a few steps off, and leaned his face against a tree.

"Bless you! bless you for those words," he said, in a broken voice. "If I could have heard such as them before, perhaps—but that's over now. All's over now."

"No! no! I am sure you are sorry for what you have done, and——"

"And what? What is before me even if I should get out of their clutch? And I'll find it hard to do that. The officers are all over, I suppose?"

"Yes!" and Lucy shuddered and looked around.

"So Bill told me a week ago. He brought me something to eat, and they tracked him to my hiding-place. I had a desperate dodge that time. That's a week ago, and I haven't been able to let him know where I am, or get a crust of bread since."

"Will you trust me?" said Lucy.

"Ay!" returned Joe Tucker, after a long look on the pale girl.

"Then come with me. You wouldn't be able to stay here longer at any rate, for I heard father say they were to have a thorough scouring of all the wood to-morrow morning."

She turned, and hastily traversing the lonesome wood-path in which they had been standing, came to some pasture land owned by her father. Springing over the stone wall, she led her companion by a short cut across the fields and through the orchards. The shadows of twilight were thick around when they reached a low, disused out-building. She opened the door.

"Here you are safe for the present," she said, hurriedly. "No search will be made here. As soon as I possibly can I will bring you food."

As she turned to go, Joe laid his hand upon her arm. "You will not betray me?" said he, with gleaming eye.

"You wrong me, indeed you do. I would sooner die," said the excited girl.

Joe withdrew his grasp, and she reached her own room she hardly knew how, and sat down to think over what she had done. This was the wild, thoughtless, petted girl! Her woman's heart, true as the needle to the pole, had sprung up at the call for kindness.

"Now, Lucy," commenced aunt Tabitha, when she appeared in the sitting-room, "this is what I call scandalous. I know how late you got home. I saw you run up stairs. Where have you been?"

"Out taking a walk."

"Taking a walk, indeed! You'd have been much better employed at home doing something useful. But if anything is of use, that's enough for you—you don't like it. I suppose you'll be too tired to go to prayer-meeting with me this evening. You always have some excuse."

"Yes, I can't go," said Lucy.

"Oh! what are you coming to? Do you ever think of the state you are in, Lucy?"

She did not answer, and her aunt departed for "meeting" with an expression of pious horror.

Mr. Holmes kept good country hours, and every one in his house was supposed to be in bed at ten o'clock. Lucy glided down to the buttery, and filled a basket as large as she could carry with the best there was. Then she paused, while a nervous trembling stole over her. What was she about to do? Go forth alone, at night, to put herself in the power of a murderer. How much she would have given to run away to her own room, and bury her face in her pillow, and shut out all responsibility—all necessity for action. But not so—the pallid and hunger-worn must not die, felon though he be. And he had trusted her. She took up the basket and unbolted the kitchen door, when the watch-dog began to bark.

"Hush! Bruno, hush! be quiet!" she said, as the animal came toward her.

Recognizing the familiar voice, he submitted to be caressed, but would not leave her. She knew not what to do. His barking might already have awakened somebody—she started at every sound. She harshly ordered the dog away, but his low growl at this alarmed her far more. He evidently scented the meat in her basket, and kept continually jumping upon it. Almost in despair, she went round to the other side of the house, and pulling out a large piece of meat, threw it to him, and he immediately plunged his teeth into it. Then she sped away breathlessly.

The night was dark and damp. Her feet were soon wet, and her slight form chilled through, but it was another feeling that was shaking in every limb. Other fears than those of discovery, or the nameless ones of the night made her breath come short. All was dark in Joe's hiding-place, and her trembling fingers could not move fast enough in pushing back the slide of the dark lantern she carried. With the first ray of light, she caught the gleam of a pair of fierce eyes in the farthest corner. She shuddered and drew back.

"Don't be afeared, Miss," said Joe, coming forward.

Like a famished wolf he seized on the food. Not a word was spoken for many minutes, but bread and meat and pies and pickles were fast disappearing. At last Joe looked up. To Lucy the sight of the avidity with which he eat had been far greater reward than any thanks, but tumultuous, broken words rushed in deep sincerity to his lips, as he looked on the slight young figure before him. Lucy was half frightened at the strength and vehemence of his expressions, but he again entreated her to have no fears of him.

"You have saved my life," he said, "and can

you think I'd harm you? You're not more safe in your own father's parlor than here, murderer though I am."

"Mr. Read is dead, I suppose," said he, after a pause.

"No, he is living yet, though there is no hope of his recovery."

"I'm glad he isn't dead," said Joe, drawing a long breath. "There isn't blood upon my head yet."

"How are you to get away?" asked Lucy.

"I can't tell."

There was a long silence. "I don't see any way," said Lucy, "but don't be discouraged. I'll do all I can. Something may happen. You can stay here in safety. You have food enough there for to-morrow, haven't you? I'll come again to-morrow night."

"God bless you, Miss," was the half choked response, and that night the hunted felon slept soundly on the premises of the sheriff for the county.

"They're off to look after that wretch, Joe Tucker," said aunt Tabitha, coming into Lucy's room the next morning.

At dinner, Mr. Holmes' first words were, "We may give it up now. Joe Tucker was about here a week ago, but he's off now, I'm persuaded. He'll not run far though. They've got some of the knowing ones on the watch, and they'll ferret him out, no matter where he is. Why, Lucy, what on earth is the matter with you? What makes you flush so?"

Lucy was taking her first lesson in the art which every woman must learn—command of countenance. She stammered out some excuse, and left the dining-room as soon as she could. After dinner the consciousness of her secret made her fancy suspicion in her father's every look, and when night came how softly she crept down stairs!

She provided herself with a piece of meat for Bruno, and then opened the kitchen door and softly called him. Leaving him deeply engaged, she took her way to the old corn-house. Joe received her with a kind of affectionate reverence, as if she were a being of another sphere. He had made himself a den in the loft, so concealed that one might search long without finding it. Lucy had brought him some books and papers, but she found he was but an indifferent reader. She could devise no plan of escape, and they both thought it best to wait awhile.

She had spent the morning in thought, an occupation very new to her. Joe Tucker's life seemed to depend on her, and if the burden of a fellow-creature's fate would weigh heavily on

any one, how much more on the joyous little heart that had never known a care. How should she manage his escape? She thought for a moment of trusting to her father's kind heart and warm, generous feelings. In her child-like ingenuousness she longed to do so. It seemed so terrible to have to decide anything of such importance for herself and by herself. But no! she remembered his strict sense of justice, and stern, unbending integrity.

Aunt Tabitha appeared at the breakfast-table the next morning with her cap-strings flying, and her brows drawn together.

"Some one must have been in the buttery these last two nights," she commenced. "There's heaps of things gone. There's a nice leg of lamb, hardly touched at dinner, and two large pieces of pork—they're gone. And those apple-pies I made the other day, two of them were gone yesterday morning, and now two more, and a whole pot of my best pickles, and a jar of sweetmeats, and I don't know how many loaves of bread and cake and rolls of butter. I'm thankful I know nothing about it."

Lucy played her part very well this time, and her father and aunt wondered in vain. Still the attacks on the larder did not cease, and aunt Tabitha suspected in turn each of the two "helps," and then every one of the workmen on the farm. One night Lucy had just descended to the buttery, when she turned round and saw her father just behind her.

"Why, Lucy," he said, "is it you who commits these depredations?"

Lucy forced herself to speak calmly. "Why, papa, could you think I ate all those cold shoulders of lamb and sirloins of beef aunt Tabitha laments so pathetically? I want some sugar to drop lavender on," and taking a few lumps, she proceeded up stairs before her father. He laughed. "A pretty fool I have been to jump out of my bed at this hour for such a minx as you. I thought I had the thief. I'll not do it again, at any rate."

The weeks went on. Poor Joe Tucker learned to love the very ground on which Lucy stood. Nothing so pretty, so sweet and delicate had ever come near him before. His untamed heart was naturally warm and affectionate, and now it was stirred to its inmost depths. The passionate devotion with which he worshipped his benefactress was a strange feeling to his wild, ignorant soul. It seemed to open a new world to him. Every visit showed Lucy more and more of the ardor of the poor fellow's attachment, and every visit saddened her more and more as she felt her own deficiencies. She had a consciousness, dim at

first, that this was the time to sow the seed of good in that untutored heart, and hers the hand to cast it—but she knew not how to do it. She thought how fluent aunt Tabitha would be in such a case, but that was not exactly the fluency she wished for.

For seven weeks Joe Tucker remained concealed in Mr. Holmes out-building. The excitement seemed to be lessened, and Lucy thought he might try to escape. She had just received her liberal quarterly allowance, and she gave him every cent of it. She disguised him with a complete suit of one of their working-men, and one night in October stood beside him for the last time. Poor Joe could not speak. He began several times "Miss Lucy"—and then choked up. His sobs spoke for him.

At last Lucy wiped away her streaming tears, and took his sun-burned hand in both hers. "Joe," she said, "promise me that when you get to California, you will try, to the best of your knowledge and ability, to be a *man*—an honest and good man."

"I do promise," said Joe, "I swear it by God in heaven."

Lucy placed a small Bible in his hand, and in five minutes he was gone.

The next morning she saw the doctor pass in a great hurry. Mr. Read was dying, they said. The brain fever, in which he had lain ever since the occurrence, seemed running to its close. Lucy thought of Joe and wept. The guilt of blood was really on his hand and conscience then. But at noon other tidings came. What had been thought the agony of death was but the lowest crisis of the fever, and now the surgeon thought he might recover.

He did recover, and on her father's bosom Lucy confessed all that she had done for Joe Tucker. That father sat astonished, and then his eyes filled, and he clasped his daughter to his swelling heart, wondering that in the thoughtless child should have been hidden such capabilities of feeling and action.

Aunt Tabitha might have preached to Lucy to the end of time, and produced no effect; but the impression of those midnight visits to the half ruined shed, where she had felt the want of inducements and hopes above this world, could not be effaced. It was made at a critical time in her life, just as childhood was taking its leave, and thus was she gently brought to the source of all help. She was as happy and as mirthful as ever—danced and sung just as much—went to none of her aunt Tabitha's favorite anxious meetings—even declined "sitting under" the "revival preacher"—but even aunt Tabitha

could not question the sincerity of her Christian character, for truly her "light so shone that men saw her good works, and glorified her Father in heaven."

News, good news came from California. Lucy received a letter from Joe. He had learned to write for the purpose of writing to her. He had obtained a situation as porter in a store, and was sober and industrious. "I keep my promise, Miss Lucy," he wrote. "I keep away from bad company, and try to learn something and be something—and its all for your sake."

And this was Lucy's own work. At the turning

point in Joe Tucker's life her kindness had met him, and fixed the direction of his future course. How different it would have been had she shrunk from the poor outcast, and he had been given up to the law. True, Mr. Read had lived, and he would have suffered nothing but a short imprisonment, but what would have been his prospects at his release?

Lucy heard from him every few months—there was no change in him—he continued a useful and worthy member of society. Was she not fully justified for having stopped the course of justice?

## YOU AND I, CORA LEE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

How the fervid gush of feeling  
Swept heart-shadows all away,  
As around us twilight stealing  
Threw a gentle after-day!  
Fondly, dearly, silver-dearly,  
Comes her love tones gushing free—  
As she threw her soft white arms about us,  
As she said she could not live without us,  
You and me, Cora Lee.

How it set my pulses throbbing  
When she said her love was mine:  
Yet you knew she was not robbing  
Thee of any that was thine!  
Dark eyes telling, what love welling,  
In their inner depths might be;  
As she threw her soft white arms around us,  
As she said she lived not till she found us,  
Meaning us, Cora Lee!

We saw the wild flowers twining  
Her bright brow as a bride,  
And we saw them light-like lining  
Before long her coffin's side!  
Sadly, slowly, bending lowly,  
How you told your grief to me!  
How you said your very heart was aching,  
Just as if you knew not mine was breaking—  
How thoughtless, Cora Lee!

None ere had a sweeter sister,  
Nor none a lovelier bride!  
Oh! it is not strange we miss her,  
This angel from our side!  
Her form lightly, oh, how lightly  
Gliding to our arms I see;  
It is but a phantom to remind us  
That we too must leave this world behind us,  
You and I, Cora Lee!

## "THY WILL BE DONE."

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

Thy will be done!  
However devious be the paths we tread,  
Or faint the gleams of light around us shed;  
However fierce the conflicts we must wage—  
Be this our cry—this prayer each soul engage—  
Thy will be done, oh, God!

Thy will be done!  
Though from our hearts be wrenched each earthly tie,  
And Hope's fair plants beneath Time's touch soon die;  
Though friends prove false, and rank deceit prevails,  
And Memory's music turns to funeral wails—  
Thy will be done, oh, God!

Thy will be done!  
Though strange, "past finding out," may be the way  
Wise Providence doth lead us, day by day—  
"Father of Spirits" give us strength to bear  
Whate'er Thou send'st—e'en heaviest crush of care!  
Thy will be done, oh, God!

Thy will be done!  
If this the language of our inner life,  
Come trials then! Come fiercest weas and strife!  
By Faith we'll compass raging seas of doubt,  
And with clear voice—transcending storms—cry out  
Thy will be done, oh, God!

## A LEAF FROM A CARNATION.

BY AN ELDER SISTER.

Most flower lovers have their favorites among the multitude that enjoy the hospitality of the garden and conservatory. I am particularly fond of pinks, and my parterres and partiality include all kinds attainable to me, from the humble Deptford to the rich Carnation. In the division appropriated to the latter, one thrives under my care, whose story it may not be amiss to relate while inhaling its perfume, though it be somewhat deficient in sentimentality or romance, ingredients commonly abounding in flowery narrations the world over.

There is in our neighborhood a shattered old house which is not always occupied, when at all by some poor family whose scanty means do not permit them to obtain any better shelter. It stands in a bleak and lonely spot, and the rough piece of ground around is scarcely distinguished by any attempt at culture or care, from the roadside separated from it by a ruinous fence. Its tenants often change—too often indeed for them to take any interest, or even make themselves tolerably comfortable in their transient abode. Altogether, it is as unhome-like and repulsive-looking a place, through its natural disadvantages, its neglect and abuse, as could be found in a day's journey.

Two years ago, there moved into the house from an adjoining town, a family which was below the grade even of its usual occupants. The father was a miserable inebriate, and the avails of his fitful labor, eked out as they were, sometimes by private, sometimes by public charity, could scarcely fill the measure of the needs of his numerous family. Inconveniently numerous it was, for there were eight children, and burdensome it must have been, for all of them were under twelve years of age. How could it be expected that the wife and mother would be tidy, active, and energetic? There are few women whose mental and physical constitutions are hardy enough to sustain them at their own level amid burdens and trials like hers—a fast increasing family, with none to aid her in its care, the countless ills of poverty, and, worse than all, an intemperate husband.

Soon after the Griffins came into our vicinity, mention was made at a meeting of a sewing circle of the destitution of the family, particularly in

respect to clothing, and, as our gains were often appropriated to the relief of such needs, two of the members were deputed to call and inquire more particularly into their wants. I was one of these, and, with my friend, repaired to the house the next day. A dirty faced urchin opened the door at our summons, and after staring at us a minute without replying to our repeated inquiries for his mother, ran back into the house. Presently a woman came forward, wearily carrying an infant on her hip, and asked us to walk in. Neglected and uncleanly in person, with a languid, dispirited, nay, hopeless look, she prepared us by her appearance for that of things within doors—for the disorder, squalidness, rags, poverty and filth conspicuous everywhere. The only indication I saw of an idea of cleanliness on her part, was an ill-directed attempt, when we had seated ourselves, to sweep up the hearth with a worn-out hemlock broom, which merely resulted in driving out a cloud of smoke and ashes from the fire-place. The children seemed sickly and stupid; the mother broken down and disheartened. There was evidently need enough for all we might have to bestow, and after ascertaining that aid would be acceptable, and informing ourselves partly by observation, partly by inquiry, of their most pressing wants, we took leave.

We found frequent occasion to repeat our visit. At one time, a protracted fit of intoxication in the father would reduce them to absolute lack of food; at another, sickness among the children would bring a fresh and varied demand for charity. I fear that we sometimes became weary in well-doing and were apt to complain, not only as we might of the intemperance of Griffin as imposing heavy burdens on us, but of the shiftlessness of his wife.

"She takes no care of anything," said Mrs. Brown, a bustling personage who was ready to give, but kept a watchful eye on the fate of her bounty. "Nothing is half washed, or ever mended there; it is quite discouraging to try to assist them. The other day I saw her second girl out in the rain and mud with a muslin de laine dress on, which I made for her out of a good one my Amelia had outgrown, and oh! it was so defaced! I should never have known it

if it hadn't been for the way I made the sleeves. And then, to think we are helping to support that brute of a husband in his idleness!" Alas! if charity was only awarded to the wholly deserving, and discerning of its value, when would it be bestowed? The economist, I believe, like the poet, is "born, not made," and Nature had withheld the materials for this character from the luckless Mrs. Griffin. She certainly evinced some gratitude when articles designed for the comfort of her family were presented her, but showed little eagerness in the acquisition of care for their preservation.

At last, the owner of the wretched house the Griffins occupied warned them out. He had admitted them chiefly because he had frequent occasion to employ day laborers, and expected to receive payment of his rent in the services of the father. But finding that his dissipated habits precluded any dependance on him, and fearful that his family might become an expensive public charge, he gave them notice to leave. I had not heard of this, when one morning Mrs. Griffin, who was so far a model housewife, according to some people's requirements, that she rarely quitted her own precincts, presented herself at our house. Her usual slovenly appearance was, if possible, heightened, and her ordinary despairing look was mingled with a less passive expression of trouble. Gathering from her demeanor that something more than common had occurred, I inquired if her family were all well.

"Yes, they are all about, thank you," she replied, "but—we've got to move again."

"Indeed! and how is that?"

"Oh, Mr. Wathly (Worthly) says we must go away; he wants the house for somebody else. I don't know, I'm sure, where we are to go. There's no chance round here, and my man is gone way over to B—— to see if he can get a place. I'm dreadful sorry to leave, for I never expect to have so comfortable a place again, and the folks have been very kind to us."

Somewhat surprised to hear her regret leaving her miserable shelter, I endeavored to console her by representing that she would scarcely lose anything by a change in this respect.

"I've lived in more wuss houses than better ones than this," she answered, "and it's hard work to get along with two or three families under the same roof when there's children. "But," continued she, rather more calmly, "we've always had to keep moving about from place to place, and I've given up the hope of ever having a steady home. Years ago, when we hadn't much family, I used to try to persuade

my man to go out West, where land was cheap, and settle. We might have done so then, and had a good farm of our own by this time, if——"

Here a sudden recollection of the habits of her husband, so fatal to thrift anywhere, seemed to check her.

"I was brought up on a farm," she resumed, after a pause, "and we always had a plenty of breadstuff of our own raising. Then my father kept cows, and we had milk, and butter, and cheese to use just as we were a mind to. I often think of the good bowls of bread and milk I used to have when I was a girl, and wish I had some for my children. We had a beautiful garden too—with all kinds of sass that grows, and then my mother's posies—there, that makes me think of my arrant——"

Stepping forward, she lowered the corners of her apron, which, during her unusual fit of loquacity, I had observed she held tightly grasped in one hand, and displayed a fine carnation pink root. It had evidently been removed from its bed with care, precaution having been taken to retain a large quantity of earth around it. As she stood there holding her apron extended with its burden, I was irresistibly reminded of the current representations of nymphs bearing offerings of flowers or fruit in their drapery.

"I've got a pink root here," said she, "it come from a little slip that a lady give me where we lived last. I brought it with me, and sot it out in a corner of the 'tater patch, and took as good care of it as I could, hoping to see it bloom sometime or other, for I always loved flowers, though I hardly ever see or have any. But I can't carry it away, for most likely I shan't have any place to put it, and I don't want to leave it there for the cattle to trample down. So I've brought it over to you, if you'll accept of it, and give it room in your garden. It's the beautifullest pink I ever saw when it's in bloom."

Was this not a lesson for me, and for those who might have been hastily tempted to condemn and despise this woman in her low estate? I looked mentally back, and saw her, through long years, chained to unrelenting toil, which could not provide for the morrow, but merely meet the urgent call of the day. I thought of her endurance of want of every kind—of her deprivation of almost all that could minister to or gratify the taste, of which she was plainly not destitute. The love of the beautiful, so hopelessly banished from her house, had taken refuge in this solitary promise of a flower, unfolding itself amid the surrounding weeds and neglect. And then, when necessity required her to part with this little reserve made to a taste fostered

in childhood, how uncomplainingly was the sacrifice borne! Had I submitted as well to the loss, temporary and trivial to me, of a gratification of this kind, while this was all to her?

I led the way to the garden, and to that part of it which is occupied by flowers of this kind. "Your pink I will place here," said I, "among mine, and I will keep it for you. Remember it is yours whenever you claim it, or one as good. And now will you go to the other side of the garden and see the earlier flowers?"

She hesitated a moment only. "I should like to see them, but I don't dare to stop any longer, for I've left the children alone." So placing the pink root carefully by the spot pointed out for it, she shook the loose earth from her apron,

passed out of the gate, bade me good morning, and turned toward home. A few days after the family removed to a town a dozen miles distant, and I have not seen her since.

But her carnation lives, and unfolds its richly tinted and perfumed flowers to the warm breath of summer, though she who reared it so carefully sees it not. There—I know of an acquaintance who is going that way to-morrow, and I will send her a bouquet with some of its choicest flowers. Mrs. ———, my messenger, will laugh at the ill-chosen gift, and probably hint that a bundle of factory cloth would be more to the purpose. But is that perfect charity which provides for the wants of the body alone, and disregards other and perhaps as keenly felt needs?

## THE EVE OF DAY.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

Oh! lovely, lovely is the Morn,  
When light comes forth and gilds the sky,  
Sure, no one then can feel forlorn,  
Or heave one single, hopeless sigh,  
While birds awake, and joy is born,  
And earth is filled with melody.  
Yet, when the Eve of Day appears,  
Though Nature sheds her silent tears,  
And closely veils her beauteous face,  
In sleep she doth mankind embrace,  
And places stars above his head  
To keep their watch till Night had fled.  
Oh, dark and dismal is the Night—  
An emblem of the angel Death,

Who steals our treasures from our sight,  
And takes away the living breath!  
But then, like Death, it comes in love—  
The Eve of Day—like gentle dove—  
And to us all gives welcome rest,  
While we may sleep supremely blest!  
Then, when fair Morning comes in light,  
To banish dreams and dismal Night,  
Our eyes look forth on blessings new,  
Which earth affords our eager view,  
And we arise to joy and bliss;  
Like life from death this happiness;  
And well may we with songs most gay,  
Greet this kind guest, the Eve of Day.

## WILT THOU MEET ME?

BY L. N. BURDICK.

Meet me, love, beneath the willow,  
At the stilly hour  
When the gay-plumed birds are seeking  
Each their leafy bower;  
And I will a love-tale tell thee,  
If thou'lt grant my prayer,  
And to-night it must be told, love—  
Wilt thou meet me there?

Meet me, love, beneath the willow,  
In the calm twilight,  
When the stars in silent beauty,  
Deck the brow of night,

And in accents low I'll whisper  
Tales of earnest love—  
Love as pure as bless the angels  
In their home above!

Meet me, love, beneath the willow,  
In the shady dell,  
Where the streamlet ripples onward,  
And to thee I'll tell  
How the heart within this bosom  
Longs with thee to share  
All life's joys and sorrows—say, love,  
Wilt thou meet me there?

ALEXANDRINE AND HER LOVER;  
OR, A PASSAGE IN MY HISTORY.

BY MARY ANN PARKER.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT sorrow had come upon me; a sorrow that blasted every hope of happiness, shut out every gleam of consolation. It left me no refuge, save in religion, and even that seemed for a time but a miserable sanctuary; my prayers for strength and submission availed little in the first deep bitterness of grief.

That bitterness passed away, and the future lay before me; not glowing with bliss, as hope had once foretold it, nor wild with anguish, as despair had threatened that it should be, but cold, dreary, and purposeless. The love of father and of friends was all too poor to warm or cheer it; even the love of God, I thought, would hardly suffice.

Some trials are of evident benefit; we feel that we have come forth from them, stronger, wiser, purer than before; but trials such as mine teach no wisdom save suspicion; impart no strength but coldness and indifference. They wring the soul with all the agony of conflict, and leave it without the victory at last. It is hard to see the use or necessity of such sufferings, yet that they have both we cannot doubt.

After some weeks of vain repining I began to see and acknowledge this truth. It was a great comfort to me, but it was likewise a reproach. I felt that the affliction had not been rightly borne; sitting amid the ruins of my own happiness, I had selfishly forgotten the happiness of others. This, I resolved, should be so no longer; if I could not be gay and light-hearted, I would at least be cheerful; my dejection should no longer cast a gloom over the spirits of that kind father, who was now my dearest, as he had always been my truest, friend. I found it very difficult to keep this resolve; sadness and forlornness seemed my natural state, and the effort for a better frame of mind was painful in the extreme. I might, indeed, have given up the struggle, had not a circumstance, trifling in itself, important in its results, come to my aid.

It was a mild afternoon in February; the early part of the day had been glad with sunshine and blue sky, but now, toward four o'clock,

the brightness had vanished, and grey clouds hid the beaming azure. All nature wore that dreary, uncomfortable look peculiar to a "thaw"—water dropped ceaselessly from the eaves, and the melting snow offered but a treacherous footing. I sat by the window, drawing mentally all sorts of gloomy comparisons between the altered aspect of things without, and the sad change in my own existence. A ring at the door-bell very opportunely aroused me from these unprofitable musings. Looking from behind the curtain I recognized the postman.

"A letter for me?" I asked, as Betsey, who had answered the summons, came into the room.

"No, Miss Anne, it is for your father; shall I put it on the mantel-piece?"

"Give it to me, if you please; ah, it is from New Haven. What correspondent can father have there, I wonder." I examined the delicate little epistle without satisfying my curiosity; the graceful character of the address, and the dainty seal, gave no clue to the writer, except that she was a lady.

The mind worn-out by sorrow gladly seizes on the veriest trifle that interrupts its monotony of endurance, and I grew interested, excited even, about a letter which I should not have noticed a few months before. I handed it to my father as soon as he came in, and watched his countenance while he read—he laid it down with an air of great dissatisfaction.

"Who is your unknown correspondent?" I inquired. "I have been very curious about her ever since the letter arrived, and was quite tempted to break the seal, and see for myself who she was, and why she wrote."

"You would not have found anything very agreeable to reward you—it is from Mrs. Hamilton."

"My aunt Julia! How does it happen that she writes to you at this late day?"

"Because she has need of me, my dear; she would never have done it otherwise, you may be sure."

Mrs. Hamilton, I may as well state, was my mother's half-sister. She had been very gay and fashionable as a girl, and was married, early in



life, to a young officer of large fortune. There was a considerable difference of age, and very little congeniality of taste between my mother and herself, and when the former was united to a country gentleman of quiet habits, their intercourse became merely occasional, and not very gratifying to either party. Mrs. Hamilton, living for pleasure and excitement, found the country insufferably dull; my mother, accustomed to a round of duties and enjoyments tranquil as the stillness of a Sabbath day, was quite unfitted for her sister's worldly circle. Their visits became rarer and more rare, and were at last replaced by a lagging correspondence. After my mother's death, Mrs. Hamilton ceased to concern herself about us, and for five or six years we had heard nothing from her directly. The papers informed us of her husband's decease, and from mutual friends we learned that after six or eight months of "mourning" she had returned to society. Her daughter and only child, was reported to be a marvel of beauty and accomplishments.

The letter which my father now gave me to peruse was of no slight interest to us both. Mrs. Hamilton, it appeared, had been living very expensively, and had drawn largely on her fortune—so much so, indeed, that she had begun to meditate upon retirement and economy for a season. Her daughter's health, too, was much impaired, and the physicians recommended country air and exercise as indispensable for its restoration. She had, therefore, engaged a small house in the vicinity of New Haven, and was in the midst of preparations for a removal thither, when she received intelligence of the most startling nature. Mr. Armytage, the executor of her husband's estate, and likewise her daughter's guardian, was deeply involved in the various speculations of the day; not content with risking his own means, he appropriated the funds of the Hamilton property to his use. For a time he was successful—then fortune turned against him. He was ruined, and through his imprudence the Hamiltons were at once reduced to poverty. Such was the account contained in my aunt's letter.

"I have written thus freely to you, my dear brother," she said, "because I need advice, and you are the only one from whom I have a right to ask it. I hope you will soon respond, and give us your counsel and sympathy. Poor Alexandrine is quite overcome; she was very delicate before, and the shock was too much for her. She has been confined to her room for more than a week, and the doctor says her case looks unfavorable. God help me if I am to lose my child with all the rest."

"How sorry I am for them," I said, laying  
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down the letter. "It must be such a change for my cousin, beautiful and admired as she has been. What can we do to help them, I wonder?"

"There is no need of any wonder about the matter," replied my father; "I can write to Mrs. Hamilton to-morrow, and inform her that I have transferred a certain number of thousands of my state stocks to her name, and that I hope she will not suffer her own or her daughter's mind to be troubled about pecuniary matters. Then I can express my regret for her loss, and hope that Alexandrine is recovering. That will be a letter after her own heart."

"Indeed, I do not know why you should say so."

"Of course you don't; you would send three or four pages of sentiment and sympathy, and expect her to feel very much gratified with it. You have not seen much of the world yet, Anne; depend upon it Mrs. Hamilton will prize my half dozen lines far more than your well-filled sheet. What does she mean by asking my advice? Why to ask my assistance, to be sure, though she has too much pride, or delicacy, I suppose you would call it, to say so openly. My advice! yes, it will be very gladly taken if it comes in the shape I mentioned; the only question is, whether I shall choose to give it."

"I do not think there is any question about the matter—nor do you," I answered, looking at his smiling face. "You are rich, dear father, and what is money good for, if it does not make some one happy. You can spare enough for my aunt, and have more than abundance left; we do not need much, we two alone."

"And how will it be when we take a new partner into the firm," said my father, in a voice which he strove to render jocular—"when I have bridal expenses to pay, and a house to furnish, and who knows what else to do?"

"It will never be needed for me," I answered him.

"You must not be romantic, darling; you must not renounce the whole sex because you have found one man unworthy. I know you have suffered—I have seen it, though I said nothing. In truth, I did not know what it would be best to say. Oh, Anne, if your mother had lived, what a comfort and support she would have been to you in this trial! She would not have stood aloof, waiting for the result, as I have done."

"Do not speak of it, dear father; I knew you felt for me and with me. But how about my aunt and Alexandrine?"

"What a persevering little thing you are, my child! Well, I must promise to help them, I suppose, if only to get rid of your importunity."

"That is right—I was sure you meant to do it—and now let me tell you the best way to manage the business. I know very little of these relatives—I ought to know more. My cousin is ill—she needs attention. Let me go to them; I can relieve my aunt, and be of service to Alexandrine. It will be a good thing for me, too; will divert my thoughts and give me occupation. *Here* everything calls up the past. You must write to Mrs. Hamilton, offering what assistance you please, and mentioning my plan. I am sure I can be useful to them; you know I am a pretty good nurse."

"Yes," said my father, after some reflection, "you can go, but it seems a poor way of raising your spirits. Had you not better wait till the weather is settled, and then let me take you to Niagara—Saratoga—Newport—anywhere, and enjoy yourself? You shake your head; very well, my dear, just as you please. I only wish to see you contented."

After some further conversation about the matter, we separated for the night. I went to bed in a happier mood than I had known for weeks. I felt much interest in my cousin, and a great desire to see her. What was she like? was she so very beautiful? how should we suit each other? were questions I asked myself again and again. I fell asleep in the midst of projects for enlivening her sick-room, and making her time pass pleasantly.

On the morrow, my father wrote, as we had agreed—an answer to his letter soon arrived. Mrs. Hamilton was overflowing with gratitude for her "dear brother's" kindness, and would be delighted to receive "dear Anne." "Could she not come on immediately?" So, after a few needful preparations, I took leave of my father, and set out upon my journey. The close of the second day found me at the place of destination; a sufficiently neat, though small and unpretending house on the outskirts of New Haven. Mrs. Hamilton met me with great cordiality, and I felt at ease with her in a moment. She removed my travelling gear, installed me in a large chair near the fire, and insisted that I should have tea at once.

"Can I not see my cousin first?" I asked.

"By no means," she answered, with a smile; "wait till you are thoroughly warmed and comfortable. It would be cruel to take you from the fire after such a long, cold journey. I will have the tray brought up immediately, and we will take tea together."

We took it close to the glowing hearth, whose warmth and brightness were grateful indeed on such a chilly night. My aunt was very talkative,

and I thought very agreeable. She was handsome, too, though long past the age at which American women in general lose their good looks. She was tall and finely-shaped—her black hair untouched by time; she had dark eyes, and a very pleasant smile. "So far," thought I, "'tis a delightful disappointment—I did not expect to like my aunt at all. How will it be with Alexandrine?"

Tea over, we went up stairs to her room. She was lying on a kind of low couch, from which she partly rose to greet me. As she held out her hand, and spoke a few words of welcome in a musical voice, I thought her the loveliest person I had ever seen. She was quite thin, and extremely pale, but there was nothing attenuated or worn in her appearance; illness had spiritualized not impaired her beauty. She was a little creature—standing at my side her head would hardly have reached my shoulder—her hand, and the foot that peeped from beneath her white dressing-gown were small as those of a child. Her hair and eyes were of a light brown—her forehead not high, but broad and white—her every feature exquisitely formed; nothing could be more beautiful than the curve of her calm lips, and the long sweep of her eyelashes. An indescribable air of grace and refinement seemed natural to her, and I felt myself growing plainer and more awkward every moment; the contrast between us was so visible. During the evening I was much surprised and pained to see that my cousin's manner to her mother was peevish and undutiful; all her kind inquiries and tender care seemed to be regarded as officiousness, while a slight and unavoidable delay in the preparation of some cooling draught was harshly reprimanded. Mrs. Hamilton did not appear to notice the rudeness, but when I bade good night, and was about to seek my own room, she whispered to me, "You must not think anything of Allie's behavior this evening; she is very much fatigued. When she is well no one can have a sweeter disposition." So I excused my cousin as her mother had done.

I found this not quite so easy when, after the first restraint wore off, the peevishness was exercised toward me in person; when I was told to do this or that in authoritative tones, and sharply reproved if the service or the manner in which it was rendered failed to please. More than once a hasty answer rose to my lips; but I checked it, and remembering that Alexandrine was very ill, determined not to notice, even in my own mind, the little ebullitions of her temper. This plan succeeded perfectly, and I soon thought no more of her caprices than we do of the occasional

fretfulness of a lovely child. Then she was very sweet at times; very gentle and affectionate—how I wished the mood could be perpetual!

Alexandrine's room, where most of my time was spent, had a very cheerful, pleasant air; you would not have taken it for the abode of an invalid by any means. There was no stand, covered with vials, near the bedside; no tumbler full of nauseous draught upon the window-sill. Alexandrine detested such things, and when the medicine had been administered, she ordered that all traces of it should be instantly removed. Nor was the room darkened, as is so often the case; the windows were shaded only by light draperies of muslin, which let in the sunlight freely through their transparent folds. In the centre of the apartment stood a large table, loaded with books and engravings, while the piano occupied a recess at the end of the mantel. When Alexandrine was able to bear the noise her canaries were brought in, and their clear warble seemed like a renewed song of cheerfulness and hope.

My cousin's case, though one of serious danger, was by no means hopeless. She was able to listen while I read, and to converse occasionally; her taste was exquisite, and she was gratified when I appealed to her advice about my drawing or embroidery—thus reading, conversation, and sketching formed my chief employments, engaged my best attention.

Was I happy in this quiet life? No, I cannot say that exactly. The grass, trampled by rude feet, does not spring up erect as ever where the heavy step has passed; the heart crushed as mine had been cannot regain its early gladness. But I was serene and content, feeling myself useful and affectionately regarded; and happiness more vivid than this I did not expect to enjoy upon earth.

Some weeks had passed since my arrival at Mrs. Hamilton's, when I sat one evening by the fireside, thinking of home and of my father. I pictured to myself what he was doing at that moment—sitting, doubtless, in the back parlor, with the stand drawn to the fire, and the evening paper airing on a chair back near at hand. Perhaps as he waited thoughts of his child came over him, and he wished me there again; I wished it, too, and grew quite tender over the scene my fancy had created.

There was a ring at the door—a sound very unusual in that quiet house. Alexandrine roused herself from the sofa, where she had lain in sleep or meditation for the last half hour; I threw fresh coal upon the fire and lighted the tall wax tapers on the mantel-piece; while thus occupied I heard

the hall-door close, and a moment after a man passed down the gravel-walk and through the little gate. My aunt came in presently in excellent spirits.

"Who has called, do you think?" she said, in an animated voice. "A great friend of yours, Alexandrine."

"I don't know," replied her daughter, languidly; "Mr. Arnold, perhaps."

"Not at all—but I won't keep you in suspense—it was Mr. Layton."

"Indeed!" cried Alexandrine, with a brightening face; "why did you not ask him to come up and see me, mamma?"

"He was in great haste, and would not even sit down. He has been absent a month, attending to his sick father, which accounts for his not having called on us before. He heard of your illness while he was away, and stopped here on his return home. To-morrow he is coming to make a visit to you, *in particular*."

"I am glad of it," said Alexandrine; "it will be pleasant to see some one again. To think," she added, bitterly, "that we should be driven to *that*! glad to see just *one* of the old faces!"

"Really, Allie," I observed, "you pay me a poor compliment—as if I were not 'some one'! And you are lonely, too, it seems; now I had flattered myself that we were getting on very cogily and comfortably together, and it troubles me to find out the true state of the case."

"It should not, Anne," she replied, very gently; "I am grateful to you, and like exceedingly to have you with me. But suppose yourself in my place. While you are rich, and well, and happy, you are surrounded by friends. Suddenly there is a change. You are poor, and sick and sorrowful; you need sympathy and companionship, but nobody comes near you. Not one of all the kind people who praised, and admired, and professed to love you, ever crosses your threshold. Do you not think you would be glad to find that there was one person who liked you for yourself alone?"

"Certainly, Allie; you are quite right. And it is to be hoped," I added, rather mischievously, "that you will value Mr. Layton's constancy as it deserves." Alexandrine looked vexed, and her mother signed to me to say no more.

"It is rather an awkward subject," she said, as we took our tea together in the front basement. "I don't mind telling you about it, as you are a relation, but it is quite a secret. We spent some weeks here last summer with Mrs. Arnold—not in this part of the town though—she has a splendid residence in W— Place, and, by the way, I think she might have called

before now. Mr. Layton is the pastor of St. Luke's, where Mrs. Arnold has a pew; Alexandrine and he became acquainted, and liked each other very much; in fact, (I can say it to you, my dear,) he fell in love with her. He was very often at the house, and I grew uneasy about it.

"Alexandrine," I said to her one day, "do you intend to marry Mr. Layton? She blushed and said he had never asked her to do it yet. But he will, I am sure of it," said I, "and then what will you tell him? She would not give me any answer but laughed, and said there was time enough yet to think of that, and that the morrow must take care of itself. At last I spoke to her very seriously, and asked if she really thought of settling down as a clergyman's wife after all her gaiety and conquests? 'No,' she said, 'never; it was absurd to think of such a thing.' Then I told her plainly that it was very wrong to encourage the young man as she did, but she said Mr. Layton was too sensible to think of marrying a giddy girl like her, and he was an agreeable man, and it would be *too* bad to give up his society just for a mere notion of mine. I knew better—I knew he loved her all the time, and I think she knew it too."

"Oh, don't say that, aunt Julia," I exclaimed; "Alexandrine is not so heartless."

"Why it was not heartlessness exactly; you see she liked him, and could not bear to give him up; I don't much wonder at it, for the young men at Mrs. Arnold's were a dull set enough. So they used to be together a great deal—Alexandrine would sing for him, and he read to her, and they played chess, and had very pleasant times. I always stayed in the room as much as possible, for I wanted to prevent an explanation; to tell the truth, my dear, I was a little afraid of the result. When a girl's feelings are interested impracticable things grow easy, and 'love in a cottage' looks very well at a distance. But, in spite of all my care, he found an opportunity, and Alexandrine was obliged to tell him that she should always esteem him as a friend—but nothing more."

"Indeed!" was my inward and indignant comment. "Here are some new lights on character truly. Alexandrine encourages a man whom she intends to refuse, and her mother tells me of it with the utmost coolness—oh, Allie, I am sorry to hear this of you!"

"I never could make out Mr. Layton's reasons for behaving as he did," aunt Julia continued, placidly, unaware of my disapprobation; "her refusal did not seem to affect him in the least. He kept on coming to the house just as before—

and to-morrow he will be here solely on her account. Sometimes I have thought it was pride, and that he was determined to let us see that the rejection did not trouble him so greatly, after all."

"That would be a strange pride indeed for a clergyman," I said, and I thought "it is far more likely that he comes here because he still loves Alexandrine, and hopes to win her."

When we went up stairs my cousin was in a very gracious humor; gentle and cheerful, she appeared more than ever lovely. But I could not admire her as before; a feeling of distrust, almost of aversion, filled me at the remembrance of her conduct. It was impossible to be with her long, however, and resist the influence of her sweetness and beauty; ere the evening was half over I found myself framing excuses for her, and trying to justify her behavior. I could not succeed very well in the attempt, and so, unwilling to dislike or blame her, dropped the subject.

## CHAPTER II.

I EXPECTED Mr. Layton's visit with some curiosity, partly because I was interested in the person who had so nearly won my cousin, partly because Mrs. Hamilton's account had led me to form a picture of him in my own mind, and I wished to observe how it corresponded with the original. As accompanied by my aunt he entered the room, and gracefully renewed his acquaintance with Alexandrine, I was agreeably impressed by his appearance. He was tall, and rather slight, though not conspicuously so—gentlemanly-looking and well-dressed, but altogether free from that air of *exquisitism* which I so dislike in a clergyman, and which is rarely to be noticed, it seems to me, except in those who give more time and thought to their attire than is quite becoming in the followers of Christ. So much for figure; his face was not handsome, but it was intelligent, intellectual even, and had besides an expression of purity and goodness, so that on seeing him you would feel in your heart—as I did in mine—that here was a man in whom you might confide implicitly, and who would never wrong your trust.

Alexandrine's cool and tranquil manner wavered a little when this old friend, this once lover addressed her. A blush rose to her clear cheek, and she looked at the floor instead of the face of her visitor; but soon this was over, and she regained her habitual self-possession. And then how lovely she was! how well she talked, and how animatedly! it was easy to see how, a

year before, in the full bloom of health and beauty, she had captivated the heart and imagination of the young clergyman. I watched him narrowly as they conversed, wondering within myself what were his feelings at meeting her thus, altered by illness, ruined in fortune, attainable, in the eyes of the world, by those of humbler pretensions than his own. Would he hail the change with joy, and now, when there was no chance of rivalry, press the suit which she had rejected in more brilliant days? Or had the feeling which could induce him to forego pride and forget humiliation long since died out in his heart. His manner gave no clue to his thoughts; it was easy, kind, *fatherly*, I would have said, did not his age render the expression ridiculous. Certainly there was about him neither the air of a disappointed, nor of a hopeful lover.

He said very little to me, directing his conversation mainly to Alexandrine; that was very natural, I thought, and seeing how friendly they were together, and how pleased in each other's company, I began to build in the air numerous fine castles, which I believed they might one day inhabit.

When he left us, Alexandrine lay down on her sofa and turned her face to the wall; there was no sob, nor sound of grief, yet I felt certain that the face, so bright and happy a few minutes before, was now bathed in tears of bitter sorrow. But that to my mind was little matter—for by-and-by, when through suffering she had been purified, she would yet, I hoped and trusted, taste the full blessedness of that love over whose loss she now mourned.

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Days and weeks went by; the storms of early spring gave place to the sunshine of May, and still Alexandrine lingered in her sick-room. There had been very little change since I first came to nurse her—nothing to alarm us. She was a little weaker—did not sit up quite as long—complained more frequently of weariness—but that was all. We still hoped much for her ultimate recovery.

Mr. Layton, in the meantime, visited us very often; scarcely a day passed without him. Occasionally he brought a new book and read awhile for us—since the weather had grown milder and the flowers ventured to look out, he rarely came without a bunch of violets or anemones gathered in his country walks. Alexandrine was very fond of flowers, as of everything graceful and beautiful; so it was very natural that she should wish to have these little woodland blossoms always near her lying on her pillow, or clasped in her thin fingers, or placed in water on the

stand, where she could see them from her bed.

The influence of Mr. Layton's frequent presence had been very beneficial to my cousin. From the time of his first call I think she had striven to be milder and less exacting than before. But a fretful mood long indulged is not easily overcome, and once, when Mr. Layton was present, she spoke to me in the old dictatorial, fault-finding way. What a look he gave her then—so full of surprise and rebuke! She quailed under it, her eyes dropped, her cheeks burned with shame—truly, I pitied her from my heart, and thought much more of her distress than of what had brought it upon her. I was frightened lest he should go on to expostulate with her, but he probably saw that there was no need and forebore remark. I do not think Alexandrine ever spoke a harsh word to her mother or myself after that day. Whether it were salutary shame or a better feeling that kept her from it I cannot venture to say.

It was not long before Mr. Layton spoke openly to my dear cousin of her condition—not withholding hope, but telling her of her great danger, and urging her to prepare for the worst. I wondered at his boldness when he went on to speak of her duty to God, and of the necessity of turning to Him while mind and strength were left her. Very often I had wished to speak to Alexandrine of that eternity which concerns us so nearly; often had I tried to introduce the subject, but a certain cool, defiant manner which she invariably assumed silenced me at once. She would fain have put on the same manner toward the young clergyman, but her coldness melted away before his earnest, affectionate entreaties, and I believe she joined sincerely in his prayer that she might, living or dying, devote herself to Him who can alone suffice for our happiness.

After this a gradual change was visible in her—she sometimes asked me to read God's word aloud, and I often saw her praying fervently when she thought herself unnoticed. No person, unless it be one who has watched by the sick bed of some dear friend unreconciled to heaven, can realize my joy when I knew that Alexandrine had made her peace with God, and that, in the worst event of her illness, we had only the temporary pangs of death to dread for her. Even her mother, worldly as she had always seemed, shed tears of gratitude when she heard this blessed news.

I think that no one in Alexandrine's situation could have a kinder or more judicious adviser than Mr. Layton proved to be. He met so well the many difficulties of her case—sympathized

so fully in her doubts and fears—so tenderly encouraged her to trust in the Divine Mercy. Then as her views became clearer, and her hopes stronger he admonished her wisely, and endeavored to give her an elevated ideal of the Christian life. My own weak purposes of good were many a time strengthened as I listened to him.

One thing surprised me not a little in the intercourse of these two; that in all their unrestrained communication no reference was ever made to the past, unless in the most casual manner. If I had not known of their previous acquaintance, I should never have guessed it from anything that they said. One day, however, a slight remark called forth a reference to their former knowledge of each other which I thought not very flattering, hardly courteous on the part of Mr. Layton. He had been reading *Thanatopsis* for us; he read beautifully, and the last lines fell upon my ear like a strain of solemn, yet cheerful music.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each must take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Seourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

He closed the book and turned to Alexandrine, who was looking very serious—thinking, perhaps, how soon that summons might come for her. To draw her from the melancholy mood into which she was falling he began to talk of poetry in general, and of American poetry in particular, till she became interested and threw off her forebodings.

"We have two poets," he remarked, "whose genius places them in the first rank, and it is a little singular that the works of both are characterized by the same spirit—a beautiful repose informing and pervading the whole."

"You mean Bryant and Longfellow?" I said, "and yet their writings are totally dissimilar."

"True—Longfellow's have the repose of a statue, which art has perfected to the most harmonious beauty—Bryant's the repose of nature on a summer morning, such as we have often seen when the air is full of the song of birds and the murmur of the wind, and the whole world is instinct with life—but such a calm, serene life that it seems the holiest quiet."

"Which do you prefer?" I asked.

"Nature for me above everything—and you, Miss Hamilton?"

"Judge for yourself," she answered, smiling.

Mr. Layton was embarrassed. "From what I knew of you in past times," he said, "I should say you valued art the more highly; yes, I really think you had very little taste for nature, *as nature*, if I may express myself so awkwardly. A fine piece of landscape gardening would have pleased you better than any 'unimproved' prospect, however beautiful."

"You give me credit for a contracted view of things in good earnest," said Alexandrine, seemingly annoyed.

"Those who have been like you," he answered, gravely, "in the world and of the world from their infancy, must find their vision sadly limited."

"I am not near-sighted," said Alexandrine, shortly; "you refer to mental, or perhaps to moral vision."

"Yes, to be candid, I do—surely you must have found it so, Alexandrine," he replied, calling her for the first time by her name. "Your views of life, of duty, of truth were very contracted, a year ago, compared with what they now are, I presume? I did not intend to give you a lecture when asking which of our two great poets you preferred—still, where a choice was to be made, I could hardly doubt on which side your sympathies would be. For in you art always took the precedence, and much as you owed to nature, you paid all your devotions at the shrine of her younger sister."

"Perhaps you misunderstood me then and now," said my cousin, quietly; "at any rate, I like Bryant better than Longfellow, and sympathize more fully with him. You must go to Anne there for a devotee of art—*she* thinks the author of the 'Balm of Life' has hardly his peer in English poetry."

I felt heartily ashamed as she spoke thus, well knowing that nature, and that of a very uncouth sort, was alone visible in me.

After he had gone I thought over this little conversation, and was glad that it had occurred. The slight mutual reproach would, I hoped, be of service in leading the way to explanation and to perfect confidence. "The time will soon come," I thought, "when he will find that Alexandrine used no *artifice* with him—and when she will learn, that however his judgment might condemn her conduct, his heart excused and pleaded for her through it all."

### CHAPTER III.

BUT now when all around me was so sweet and tranquil, and the remembrance of my one great sorrow had almost ceased to give me pain, a new care began to prey upon my mind.

Mr. Layton came as often as ever, and I was sure that it gave him pleasure to come moreover. As he opened the door his face fairly lighted up; I saw it many a time. Alexandrine was happy in his visits—that was equally certain—and she was becoming every day more worthy of him. All seemed to be going on exactly as I had wished—nay, as I *still* wished. Only for one uneasy, uncomfortable suspicion I felt I should be happy.

This suspicion—I may as well confess it at once. I began to fancy that Mr. Layton's coming was a matter of more interest to me than I wished to have it. I very well recollect the day when it first arose in my mind. We had not seen the young minister for a week, and the time went heavily for me; at last he came, and the joy with which I met him—a joy so disproportioned to our relations with each other—made me tremble. The first moment when I was alone, secure from interruption, I sat down to think over the matter thoroughly and dispassionately. Was it possible that I, who had believed my heart seared by suffering against such a feeling, could love this man whom I regarded almost as my cousin's husband—this man who had never addressed a word to me beyond that of ordinary courtesy—who had never in any way sought me, or tried to win affectionate regard? Alone as I was my cheeks burned at the thought. Was not such a weakness unjust to myself, base even toward Alexandrine? "Not if I do not try to make him care for me," some inward voice replied.

Then, as I fancied, I carefully went over all the evidence which memory furnished, for and against the existence of this unfortunate feeling. The result, warranted or not, was a belief that Mr. Clayton was nothing more to me than a friend—a very dear friend, I admitted, as was almost unavoidable after all I had seen of his kindness to my cousin, and all we both knew of his devotion to duty. "Very strange if I cannot esteem a man without being in love with him!" I exclaimed, indignantly, as if in reply to some unfounded accusation; "and as for my being so glad to see him, why it is so quiet here that I would naturally be glad to see *any* friend. One thing is certain—I never blush when he meets me, nor feel embarrassed in his presence—I was never more at ease with any one in my life." Still in spite of all this reasoning my conscience was not entirely clear, and I no longer met our visitor with unmingled pleasure.

A great change for the worse in Alexandrine soon effectually diverted attention from myself. A severe hemorrhage from the lungs occurred, and left her in a state of extreme prostration.

Hitherto I had been the principal nurse, my aunt only spending portions of the day in the sick-room, but now we were both in constant attendance on our dear sufferer. If Alexandrine slept, we moved noiselessly about lest the slightest sound should disturb her repose—if she slept longer than usual we looked fearfully at each other, dreading that death had stolen upon slumber. Oh, the weariness, the anxiety of that watching, when we never felt secure that an hour might not bring desolation to our home.

At last Alexandrine rallied; a slight improvement was visible from day to day, and we began to hope as those *do* hope who have never witnessed the deceitful progress of the disease which had fastened on our poor invalid. The warm, bright days of summer seemed to bring healing with them; every morning Allie declared herself better and stronger. From timid hope of her recovery we passed almost to full assurance of it. Alas! how blind we must have been not to see that with all this boasted strength she was unable to sit in the easiest chair for two hours together—that conversation wearied her—that she was totally unable to endure excitement of any kind!

One afternoon when she lay sleeping and her mother sat beside the bed, I stole quietly down stairs for a walk in the little garden. While there I saw Mr. Layton coming; I would have hurried into the house, but he had already noticed me and bowed. I was obliged in mere civility to wait till he joined me, and we walked together up the strip of graveled path that led to the hall-door.

"Allie was asleep a few minutes since," I said, as we entered the house; "I will go up and see if she has awakened. She will be pleased that you have come."

"Do not run any risk of disturbing her," he answered; "we had better wait in the parlor till we hear some sound above."

I did not like this *tete-a-tete* with him, but knew not at the moment how to avoid it—so we went in. Alone with him for the first time, the old suspicion awhile forgotten, came back with tenfold force, and I fairly trembled with emotion. He began to inquire about my cousin—did we think her really unmistakably better? I told him what we believed, and he seemed very glad to hear it; then he went on to speak of his early acquaintance with her, and how lovely she was at that time.

"You can form very little idea of her beauty when in health," he said; "it was absolutely faultless, and yet hardly so striking as that air of grace and refinement which you must have

noticed in her. Dress was not with her a mere coquetry—it was an absolute art. She never wore anything unbecoming—she never said or did anything which seemed out of place, or which had been better left unsaid or undone. With all this there was nothing chilling or conventional about her—it was such a perfection of art that it seemed like nature.”

“How did you first chance to meet?” I asked.

“You may well say that since our spheres lay so far apart—yet it happened easily enough. A young friend of hers—Miss Weldon, of whom you may have heard her speak—had imbibed an idea which would have seemed strange enough to most of her circle! no less than this, that to pass life in a round of frivolous amusements was a sin for which she would be held accountable hereafter. She grew very unhappy and anxious for instruction in duty, but as often happens in such cases wished to conceal her feelings. Alexandrine only was in her confidence, and encouraged her to seek the advice of a clergyman. Mrs. Arnold (whom they were visiting at the time) belonged to my church; I was fresh from the seminary then, full of projects for good and active in carrying them out. I believed myself heart and soul devoted to my Master’s cause. Well, they came to me; I was able to remove some of the young lady’s doubts, and gave her such advice as seemed most fitting. That was the beginning of my acquaintance with your cousin.”

I thought he was going on to tell me that he loved her, and prepared myself to listen with composure.

“I called once or twice at Mrs. Arnold’s,” he continued, “and of course admired Alexandrine. By-and-by a change took place in Miss Weldon’s feelings, and she became, I hope, a sincere Christian. It appeared to me, enthusiastic as I was, that your cousin could not remain unaffected by the alteration in her friend. I talked to her of religion, and she listened with apparent interest—we discussed matters of theology—pooh! I smile to think of it now. I suppose Alexandrine was sincere enough—she regarded Christianity as a question of aesthetics probably. I did not guess this at the time, and thought her mind open to the truth. I read much that I might combat her objections—I devoted myself to the conversion of this one soul which had suddenly grown dearer to me than those of all my flock.

“You are not to suppose that this interest was entirely spiritual—I had early learned of Alexandrine what she never learned of me. She was everything to me—a woman, an angel rather, of beauty and grace and harmony—an immortal nature for which I was responsible—a tender,

trusting nature which I was to lead to God. For I never doubted that Alexandrine felt for me as I for her.

“The awakening from the trance was very sudden. I told her of my love and my hopes—she assured me very coldly that they were wasted upon her. ‘I have dreaded something of this kind,’ she said, ‘and feared that I ought not to be with you as I have been—but I liked and esteemed you so thoroughly that I was unwilling to give up your society at any risk.’ And she went on no doubt with very friendly intentions to show me how unfitted she was for the position of my wife, and to excuse herself for having encouraged and rejected me.

“There was no need—I did not require consolation. The tears fell from my eyes at once. She who, for her own gratification, could thus trifle with the dearest happiness of another was not the one whom I had loved. All the glory of innocent, trusting girlhood went from her that moment and forever. I saw her as she was—as she had described herself—a woman, given wholly to the world—living only for excitement, enjoyment, fashionable triumphs. I clearly comprehended that the noble impulses, the lofty thoughts which I had so admired in her were no part of her real nature; they were something which she would gladly have lived down, crushed out had that been possible. The refusal of the love I had so earnestly desired gave me no pain—my disenchantment was complete and lasting.

“Still when it was all over—when there was no more dreaming, no more rapturous hope—I experienced a sense of loss. It seemed as if the duties of my sacred office were not enough to occupy my time and thoughts—as if an absorbing interest had been suddenly withdrawn from life. I felt with grief and remorse that I had given to a creature of the infinite that place in my affections which belonged to Him alone. Knowing and repenting of my error I endeavored to avoid it for the future—I entered with zeal into new pursuits and plans, and in the effort to do good to others forgot my individual aims and selfish disappointments.

“I saw Alexandrine frequently—I took a curious pleasure in contemplating her, now that the influence which had transfigured her in my eyes was over. She was to me like a monument over the grave of buried passion; it was a queer feeling; I cannot quite describe it. If the woman whom Pygmalion’s prayers evoked from the marble had lived until his love was dead and then returned into her native stone, he might have looked on her exquisite beauty very much as I now looked on Alexandrine.”



He was silent a moment, then said, "During her illness I have visited her as a friend and clergyman, and am glad to think my presence has been useful to her."

"It has indeed," I answered. "To you, under God, she owes her peace in the present, and her hopes for the future."

"Perhaps you think it strange," he added, "that I have given you this long history, and have described so minutely what I have felt for your cousin—but it has not been done without a reason. Do you wonder, Anne, that one who has seen you every day for weeks—who has witnessed your kindness, your patience, your gentleness, should admire and love you for it? Yes, I must speak at last. I shall not say that life without you would be desolate and wretched—that would be profane and irreligious—but I do say that with you it will be dear and bright beyond expression. What reply can you give me?"

As he spoke, a voice in my heart responded. I did not blush or tremble—there seemed no cause for such emotion. I looked up frankly in his face, and in that look he read my answer.

This then was love! How different from the wild passion to which I had once given the name—how infinitely purer and better!

That evening I told all to Alexandrine; it was not a long recital, and she was an interested listener. "I cannot see," I said at last, "how you could be insensible to so much merit."

A blush covered her cheek—"Perhaps I was not so insensible," she answered. "Shall I tell you all about it, Anne? When I refused Mr. Layton I did it with regret—I loved him very truly, but I knew it would be a profanation for me to become with my worldly feelings the wife of a clergyman. I submitted that he should think me heartless and trifling rather than let him know the truth.

"Since my illness things have appeared to me in a different light—when I first became religious I felt as though the obstacle to our union were removed, and I loved him without reserve. Do not think me unmaidenly, Anne—I was only mis-

taken. He came here so often—he liked so much to be with us, and I thought it was all for me. I never looked upon him as otherwise than mine.

"You do not know how I felt when you first came here; I am proud by nature, and it was so humiliating to feel that we were utterly dependant on you and yours. It would have been bad enough if we had been familiar from childhood, but to owe everything to those whom we had neglected in our prosperity was dreadful to me. Yet it was unavoidable. When you came I did not know you, and thought you wished to feast your eyes upon our poverty, and think how much we were indebted to you."

"Oh, Allie," I cried, "that was *too* ungenerous."

"I know it," she said, "I feel how unworthy the suspicion was. I was harsh to you—cynical, ungrateful. By-and-by your kindness conquered me—I admired and loved you—I wished that your goodness to me might find a fit reward. Yet when I saw that reward prepared I was selfish in my grief. I could not bear to give up the love I had so long considered as my own. I prayed for help, for release from selfishness, and it was given; but in a different way from what I expected. The violent conflict of feeling told upon my feeble health, and that hemorrhage was the result. Then the bitterness of trial was taken from me; near to the grave and near to heaven, earthly love no longer wrung my heart; I resigned it without a pang. I could have wished to conquer by myself—without the aid of that prostration which brought eternity to my bedside, as it were; but all is for the best.

"Since then I have watched you both with tender interest, and have taken pleasure in the thought that by means of my illness two such natures were brought together. You are good and will be happy—I rejoice that it is so. And for the little time that is left you will not be jealous if I keep up a cousinly regard for him?" she asked, while a bright smile parted the dear lips that were soon to smile no more.

## LOVE.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

THE earth is full of love, albeit the storms  
Of passion mar its influence benign,  
And drown its voice with discords. Every flower,  
That to the sun its heaving breast expands,

Is born of love; and every song of birds,  
That floats mellifluous on the balmy air,  
Is but a love-note.

## FLORICULTURE: ANNUALS.\*

BY E. K. SMITH.

THERE are many species of campanulas, or bell-flowers, desirable garden plants, of a delicate blue and pure white, growing tall, and producing a profusion of flowers from June to September. A light sandy soil is the most suitable for them, even pure sand will be preferable to an over-rich soil, which is apt to cause the plants to rot. They dislike shady places, but in a sunny, exposed situation, develop their numerous flowers in full perfection. They are readily propagated by dividing the roots in autumn, when the plant has ceased flowering.

The pyramid bell-flower, (*campanula pyramidalis*) a native of Carniola, flowers in July, and is decidedly the emperor of the campanula tribe. It is a magnificent plant for growing either in a pot, or in the open border, and though perfectly hardy, requires some little skill to grow to perfection. As it seldom ripens seeds in this country, it is chiefly propagated by cuttings, and division of the roots. Some gardeners, however, consider that these plants, when raised from seed, are always stronger, with higher stems, and a greater profusion of flowers, than when propagated by any other method. Consequently, they obtain seed by placing a strong flowering plant in a warm situation under glass. The seeds are sown in pots of light earth soon after being gathered, and if protected in a cool frame or room during winter, the young plants will appear in the following spring. After the first year's growth, when the leaves decay in October, the seedlings are transplanted to beds of light, sandy earth, without any admixture of fresh manure, which is a great enemy to this plant. Here they are to remain two years, being protected in winter with a light covering of rotten tan, coal ashes, or other similar material; and at the expiration of that time, they are removed to their final destination, where they are intended to flower, which will take place the year following, the third after the seed was sown.

Treated as a window plant, this noble campanula acquires an immense size, and is frequently planted in large pots, and trained in a fan form, to cover a large surface, so as to fill a

window, or stand before and conceal a hall fire-place in summer. In fact, so often this plant was used for the latter purpose, that it obtained the denomination of the chimney campanula, a name it is still known by in some of the more rural parts of the country. No instance in floriculture is so striking an example of the all powerful force of fashion as the degradation and almost total disappearance of this beautiful, and once highly-esteemed plant. But assuredly its day must soon return again, and we, even now, see symptoms of its again regaining the popular distinction it so well merits.

In the spring of the year, offsets or cuttings are taken off the large plants intended for flowering, and planted in any shaded part of the garden until they have struck root. They are then taken up, and planted in rows in a very shady situation, where they should remain twelve months from the following March. Some are taken up in the first March after this planting, but are seldom strong enough to flower very large. Observe, if they are not planted in a shady place, they will flower the first year, and the blooms, in consequence, will be inferior and diminutive. After being twelve months, then, in the rows, from the second March, they are taken up with good sized balls of earth adhering to their roots, and put in pots from ten to twelve inches in diameter at the rim, and those who have the advantage of a greenhouse, should occupy the coolest part of it with them, exposed, however, to as much light and air as possible; but where there is not the convenience of a greenhouse, the windows of a dwelling house would answer nearly as well, or even the most sheltered part of the garden, until the month of May, when the plants ought to be under cover. The soil most suitable is a good, rich loam, and thoroughly rotten manure well mixed together and finely pulverized. The plants are not only greatly aided in strength, but also in the brilliancy of their colors, by the richness of the compost they grow in.

The scarlet lobelia, (*lobelia cardinalis*) or cardinal flower, was discovered by the French in Canada in the earlier half of the seventeenth century, and sent to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., who gave it its name by laughingly observing that its brilliant scarlet color reminded

\* Continued from the September number.

her of a cardinal's stockings. Its tall spikes of flowers bloom from July to October, and in a congenial soil assume a degree of magnificence seldom surpassed. It is propagated by cuttings, and division of the roots, as its seeds seldom ripen in this climate, and delights in a stiff and rather moist soil. It should not be allowed to remain in the same place longer than three years. We have seen stems of this flower nearly six inches in circumference at the base, and the height of the centre spike five feet and a half, surrounded by seventeen side shoots, not one of which was less than four feet high. This species of lobelia, with its brilliant scarlet flowers, contrasts admirably with the rich blue blossoms of the *campanula pyramidalis*. The beauty of a bed planted with these two flowers, when in bloom, can only be imagined by those who have witnessed such a gorgeous display.

There is also a very beautiful blue species (*lobelia syphilitica*) which requires the same culture as the scarlet, and has received the anomalous misnomer of the blue cardinal.

The woolly milfoil (*achillea tomentosa*) yellow; the soft acanthus (*acanthus mollis*) white; several varieties of elegant groundsel; (*senecio elegans*) the golden rod (*solidago virgaurea*) yellow; the round-headed liatris (*liatris squarrosa*) purple; and the marsh feverfew (*pyrethrum uliginosum*) white, are all easily cultivated and eligible perennials, flowering in August, and as such we can warmly recommend them to the notice of our readers.

Conspicuous among the August flowering plants, we must not pass over the Thuringian lavatera (*lavatera Thuringiaca*.) Its flowers are large and beautiful, growing at random all over the plant, and of a fine purple crimson. In color, however, they vary considerably, some are deeper tinged, some paler, others almost white. It is easily raised from seed, and for this purpose a stout plant should be chosen, and only a moderate number of seed-pools be allowed to ripen. These should be allowed to remain on the stem until well hardened, then picked, separated, and spread upon a shelf in a dry room. After laying there about a fortnight, and being frequently turned, they may be put away in a paper bag until spring. In the middle of March, having prepared a bed of fresh mould, the seeds should be scattered over its surface, and covered to the depth of a quarter of an inch. When the seedlings appear, they should be thinned out to four inches distance, and supplied with water when requisite. About the beginning of May they should be transplanted into a shady situation, where they will require frequent waterings

during the summer, and in September they should be finally removed to the borders where they are intended to flower. If these conditions are fulfilled, the plants will flower in full perfection, and will display a great variety of color. From the finest specimens seeds should be saved, as already directed; and by annually adopting the same means, a constant succession of these fine flowers may be kept up, yearly increasing in size and delicacy of color.

The dahlia is so well known as the pride of autumn, that we need not say one word, either in description or praise of this favorite and gorgeous flower. It grows best in a light and moderately rich loam, and is most generally propagated by division of its fleshy tubers. In spring, when the eyes of the tuber begin to push out young shoots, the tuber should be divided with a sharp knife so as to retain a portion attached to each shoot; and it is a safe plan to secure, if possible, more than one bud or shoot on each portion of tuber. The divisions may be placed in pots with light soil, and kept in the house for a short time, or, if April be past, they may at once be placed in the borders where they are to flower, sheltering them from the cold by night, and the sun by day, until they become perfectly established. The upper part of the tuber should not be less than three inches beneath the surface of the soil, and a stake, to train the future plant up, should be fixed firmly into the ground at the time of planting. As the leading shoot advances, it should be tied loosely to the stake, and the plants, during their whole period of growth, should be well supplied, but not drenched with water. After the season of bloom, when the stems have turned black, the plants should be cut down to within six inches from the ground. A few days afterward the tubers must be lifted, carefully cleaned from the adhering soil, and suffered to dry in the open air. They should then be put away in dry sand for the winter, or, indeed, in any place where they will be free from frost and damp, and not experience a temperature higher than forty-five, nor lower than thirty-six degrees.

The Chinese chrysanthemum is a most desirable autumnal plant, from its blooming so late in the season. Its numerous varieties are generally described as greenhouse shrubs, but, for all practical purposes, they are hardly garden perennials. Their stems lie down in winter, but their roots, with a very slight covering of ashes, or other material, will survive the severest frosts. Of course, the flowers grown in the open air cannot be expected to be so fine as those grown in the greenhouse; still, the plant is very deserving

of cultivation, and arrives at considerable perfection when grown at the foot of a wall with a southern aspect. They are very easily cultivated. Suckers taken from the old plants in March or April, with a portion of root attached to each, planted four or five in a pot of loamy soil, and kept moist, will soon take root, and be fit for planting out. They may then be planted six inches apart at the foot of a south wall, in a rich loamy soil. Well watered in dry weather, they will grow rapidly, but each should be kept to one stem till the height of two feet is attained. They may then be permitted to branch out at will. When the flower-buds appear, a few waterings of soap-suds, or other mild liquid manure, will increase the beauty of the bloom. The early flowering varieties, as the purple, changeable white rose, and buff, seem the hardiest and most suitable for the open air. A succession of young plants should be kept up every year; for the old stools not only deteriorate the soil, but exhaust themselves by annually producing a multitudinous spawn of suckers.

The perennial aster, or Michaelmas daisy, is another most valuable autumnal plant, flowering profusely from August to the very depths of winter. It will grow in almost any soil, however poor it may be, and requires little attention; but when carefully cultivated, its flowers improve in size and color, so that it can scarcely be recog-

nized as the same plant. The numerous varieties of the perennial aster are easily propagated by seed or division. The seed should be sown in spring, and the young plants will frequently flower the following autumn; those of inferior form and color should then be thrown away, and the best only retained. No plant is so easily crossed. By tying the flowers of the rose colored on the white, the blue on the rose, and so on, seedlings may be obtained of all shades, from a dark blue to a beautiful azure, from a rose color to a faint, delicate blush, from a pure white to a French grey, in numberless varieties of sizes. Starting with half a dozen good varieties of asters, the merest tyro in gardening might, in a very few years, acquire a noble collection, the pride and admiration of a whole neighborhood—to say nothing of a delightful and interesting amusement, unattended with expense, that great drawback to so many of our pleasures. These asters should be grown in a clump, the tallest in the centre, the rest gradually decreasing in size toward the sides of the bed. When in a border, the tallest should be at the back, the lowest-growing sorts in front. Blowing at a season when the approach of winter renders the garden dreary and cheerless, the aster is a plant of no small importance in its sphere, and a most valuable acquisition to the flower-border.

## DEATH AND THE CHRISTIAN.

FROM THE 'GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

'Twas Death came toward the Christian, who hail'd him drawing nigh;

"Welcome," he cried, "oh, angel of immortality!"

"Child of sin," said the angel, "hast thou no fear of me?"

"Who of himself is fearless, he hath no fear of thee!"

"But can disease and sickness no terror to thee bring—

Nor the last sweat, so icy, that trickles from my wing?"

"None!" said the good man, calmly; "and wouldst thou question why?

'Tis the last sweat and illness that tell me thou art nigh."

And then Death breathed upon him, and so my dream pass'd o'er;

I saw no dying mortal, nor silent angel more.

A grave had oped beneath me, and therein something lay;

I hid my face in silence, and wept and turn'd away.

That moment holy voices bade me lift up mine eyes;

And lo! I saw the Christian, up in the far, pure skies,

With the same sweetness smiling as when he Death defied;

Saints shouted out his welcome, and Christ was at his side.

Then to the grave I turn'd me, to see what therein lay;

'Twas the garment of the Christian worn out and thrown away.

## ERIC'S WEDDING-DAY.

BY H. J. VERNON.

Down far below the sunshine and the green grass, in the black, steep abysses of the largest copper mine of Fahlun, sat Eric Sture, with his fellow miners. Black jacks and wooden bowls, filled with brandy and nut-brown ale, were in every hand. A bright log-fire blazed and crackled in the midst of them—for, though it was summer above, it was chill and dark in the heart of the copper mines. The laugh and the jest passed merrily from lip to lip, and the miners told tales of Jons Lundsbracka, of Gustavus Vasa and his Dalecarlians, and of the Ferry of Brunbek and the defeat of the Danes. Healths were drunk, good wishes uttered, and each rough hand in turn was stretched forth to grasp that of Eric Sture, for it was the eve of his wedding-day, and on the morrow he would be married—married to Ebba, the fair-haired darling of Oluf, the wood-cutter in the beech forest above; Ebba, whose step was as light on the mountain-side as the foot of the mountain deer; whose eyes were as blue as the deep bright lake; and whose voice was sweet and joyous as the songs of the birds high up in the leafy branches of her native forest.

Eric Sture was that night glad at heart, as he sat with his comrades by the red light of the wood fire, and listened to the wild North legends; for he loved Ebba deeply and tenderly, and he had loved her long.

It was a wild scene. All around, the rough-hewn walls and huge jutting crags were glistening with a dull copper hue, and streaked with deadly verdigris. Dark avenues and narrow passages, cut in the solid rock, and looking like the burrowing places of the gnome people, branched off on every side, stretching and winding far away into steep and dangerous excavations, rich with the precious ore, and known only to the fearless foot of the miner. High up, frail wooden bridges, consisting frequently of a single plank, were thrown from height to height, above clefts fathomless to the eye. Over these the hardy workman crossed with his heavy burthen, never heeding the creaking board that dips and trembles with his weight, or the black chasm below, which, if his foot slipped, must be his grave. Here and there small wooden huts were erected; and along the smooth, perpendicular walls of the shaft, narrow pathways, like shelves,

were cut in places that would otherwise have been inaccessible. In the distance, little glimmering lights were waving to and fro, crossing each other, now advancing, now retreating, now fading away and becoming absorbed in the gloom. These were torches carried by the miners in remote parts of the excavations; the men were not visible, and the little dancing tongues of flame looked like wills-o'-the-wisp, or the disembodied spirits in Dante's "Inferno," who were transformed into living fires. At long intervals a distant gathering sound was heard, reverberating in deep echoes through the mine like thunder, or an earthquake; sometimes the noise was followed by a faint shout far away, or by a thick, rolling, sulphureous smoke. This was from where they were blasting the rock, and rending asunder the hidden veins of mineral. All around the fire lay the party of happy workmen. Fantastic lights and shadows flittered and waved on the crags beneath which it was kindled. High above their heads was impenetrable blackness; and higher still, (so high that it seemed miles away) a spot of blue sky looked down upon them like a protecting face, clear and calm, with the pale stars shining through.

To this point Eric's eyes were constantly directed. His thoughts were with the upper life of the world; with Ebba and Oluf in the beech forest.

The *Skals*, or health-drinkings, grew by degrees less frequent. One by one the noisy revellers were silenced; their heads sank to the ground, the cups dropped from their hands; an inarticulate murmur succeeded to the legend and the song. They slept. At length Eric Sture remained the only watcher by the fire. Seated on a coil of rope, his chin resting on his hand, his eye fixed on the glowing ashes, he sat and thought of his past life and his future; of his childhood and his youth; of his love, his long season of doubt and hope, and of his present happiness. His earliest recollections were of the mine. Its dark cavernous recesses, and its rugged declivities, had been his first home, his play-ground, his native place. The bright world above was for many years as a terrestrial Paradise, a region of holiday enchantment to the child of the mines—a land too beautiful to be

dwelt in always. On Sundays, he remembered, his father would love to take him regularly to that upper earth. How he used to look forward during the whole week to that glorious holiday! To the village church, standing in its little garden of roses and linden trees; to the white-haired pastor and his mild words of loving peacefulness; to the wondrous altar-piece above the communion table, wherein Jacob was depicted with his holy dream, the ladder of moonbeams, and the bright-winged angels descending to earth, and ascending to the uppermost heaven! And afterward, when the service was concluded, the joy it was to him to wander with his kind father in the beech forest and the flowering meadows; to pluck the sun-berries and blackberries, and to gather the sweet-scented field blooms in his cap; to listen to the silver singing of the birds, and to float his tiny paper vessels on the lilled-surface of the lake. Not the least delightful of the Sabbath holiday was his meeting with little Ebba, the darling playfellow of his childish sports. How delicious was the evening meal which they partook regularly at the homestead in the beech forest on those happy occasions; how rich the white curdled milk, fresh from the pan; how sweet the hard, black bread, flavored with aniseed and coriander, and the oaten-cakes which crowned the entertainment! Then, when the feast was over, and Eric's father and Oluf, the wood-cutter, went out into the pretty garden to smoke their pipes and drink their foaming ale, he remembered how he had loved to chase the fleet little fairy through the mossy boles of the trees, beside the still lake, and along the green lawny slopes and glades of the forest; how they had often stood then, as they stood frequently even now, watching the red sunset on the mountains and tree-tops, and sadly awaiting the moment of its disappearance, for that was the signal of their separation, and of Eric's return to his underground home. How gloomy and comfortless it seemed there! how dreary the descent in the swinging tub! how harsh the clanking chains that lowered them into the mine!

"And yet," murmured Eric, as he looked around him, and at his sleeping friends; "and yet I love the place, and the kind hearts in it! 'Tis an old familiar friend to me now. God bless it!"

The smouldering embers of the hollow-burnt fire fell in, crashing; a few sparks flew giddily upward; then the pale red embers waxed fainter and fainter, and the last dying gleam faded and expired.

Eric looked up once more to the far sky, and saw that it was morning.

Other eyes—sacred, gentle, pure blue eyes, full of love and trustful as his own—were looking forth upon that morning sunrise, in the upper world, from the windows of Oluf's forest home. Ebba was leaning forth, bathing her bright hair and her white hands in the fresh sunbeams, and gathering from the rose-bushes that clustered round the casement some dewy leaves and buds for her bridal coronal.

The simple dwelling had been erected on the skirts of the wide forest. At the back is stretched away for miles—dark, close, silent, and almost impenetrable to the distant mountains; a sea of waving leaves, of massy shades, and tangled underwood. All around the cottage, Oluf had cleared a broad space and planted it as a garden, with flowers, and fruits, and trees—not the lordly beeches of the forest, but graceful drooping willows, beautiful pines, tapering firs with scarlet cones, fragrant birches, blossoming apple and cherry trees, and exquisite laburnums golden with long-dropping bunches of yellow flowers. Rose-bushes, violets, and king-cups looked charming in the little beds of brown mould that dotted the green turf; and long strawberry beds, silvered all over with white blossoms, stretched along each side of the garden path. Farther off was the rustic gate, and beyond that a wide lawn sloped gently down to the margin of the rippling lake. When Oluf had first come to dwell in the forest, bringing with him his little orphan babe, the rude hut had been built by his own hands in a close dark glen, surrounded by tall trees. Slowly his loving care had made the rude hut into a pleasant homestead, had cleared away the beeches, had planted the flowers and fruit trees, had opened the prospect to the shining waters, and all for the sake of his little Ebba, his only treasure.

And this was her wedding morning. She looked earnestly and fondly over the lake and its green islets; for, from the opposite shore, where Fahlun rose with its spires and pinnacles, and where yon dark cloud of hanging smoke looked dull in the clear air, marking the locality of the copper mines—thence Eric Sture, with his friends and comrades, with music and flowers, and branches of evergreens, would come over the waters to make her his bride.

At last the distant boats appeared far away, and Ebba hastened to deck herself in the white kirtle and scarlet boddice of a bride. The young girls—her friends and neighbors—came to bring her nosegays and good wishes, and to help to clasp the gilded belt around her waist, to hang the necklaces of beads upon her neck, and to crown her fair looks with the silver-gilt coronet

which had served for two centuries to adorn the maidens of the district on their bridal mornings. On this crown a wreath of wild roses and cypress was laid; and, clustering in thick curls, her bright locks fell over her shoulders.

Now the boats draw near, impelled by the arms of the laughing rowers; violins and loud voices, chanting a bridal song, come merrily on the breeze. The boats are moored to the stems of the weeping willows, and the bridegroom and his fellow miners leaped on shore.

Eric comes first, handsome and happy, with flowers in the red band of his high black hat, flowers in the breast of his black jacket, flowers in his hand. Green boughs are carried by all around him. On they come with their embroidered coats, their long blue cloaks, their light locks and blooming faces, shouting, laughing, singing, and hurrahing!

Now advance four of the party, Eric remaining behind with the rest. These heralds proceed toward Oluf, who stands at the gate of his cottage to receive them.

"Honest father," says the spokesman, "a noble knight and his followers have lost their road in the adjoining forest, and we come to pray for shelter and hospitality."

"How many are you, friends?"

"Three hundred at the least."

"Were your number ten times three hundred," says Oluf, "you should be welcome; and in pledge thereof, drink of this cup." So saying, he hands a bowl of ale to each herald.

Then Eric and his comrades advance joyously toward him with cordial greetings. The bridegroom seeks the bride; the young men each appropriate the hand of a maiden; the father and the musicians lead the way, and the procession starts by the green pathway on the margin of the lake for the neighboring church.

It was a beautiful little temple, standing on an eminence in the midst of a hamlet of red-painted cottages—a moss-grown building with a square belfry, full of swallows' nests. It was the same church which Eric and Ebba had frequented from their childhood. The grave-yard was like a garden with flowers and trees. The poor-box was nailed to a tree beside the gate, and the graves were planted round with currant bushes.

"Swept and clean was the church-yard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor  
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within, upon each  
cross of iron,  
Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new-twined by  
the hands of affection."

Here, at the gate, they were met by the old priest in his white robes, who led them to the

altar, before which, as children, they had knelt, and received at his hands their first communion; before which, one summer evening, they had solemnly betrothed themselves to each other; before which, years ago, the little Eric, on his weekly holiday, had knelt in breathless awe, gazing on the painted glories of Jacob and his heavenly vision.

"The benediction of heaven be upon thee, my children," said the good pastor at the conclusion of the ceremony. "The blessing of heaven be upon thee, Eric Sture; for I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

It is over now. Eric and Ebba, united forever, return at the head of the procession; the bridesmaids strew wild flowers and birch twigs in the path; the violins "discourse" gay music; the miners resume their bridal song, and thus they return to the homestead in the forest. And there, on the grassy lawn before the house, a rustic banquet is prepared, as if by magic! Cakes and cheeses, loaves of black bread, dishes of strawberries and cherries, cream and curdled milk, rosy apples, golden pears, all kinds of mountain berries, dried fish, ptarmigan and wild fowl, brandy, nut-brown ale, and sweet white beer in wooden cans—all spread on snowy cloths, with no other table than the green turf, and no canopy but the blue sky and the leafy branches overhead.

The married women, with their husbands, have arrived during the absence of the young men and maidens in church; and it is they who have arranged the wedding-feast.

All hearts were glad, and gladdest were those of the bride and bridegroom. The healths went merrily round, the priest spoke a blessing on the repast, pipes were smoked, tales were told, the women gossiped of their neighbors, and the day was far spent when the dinner was over, and the space cleared for the dance. The priest and Ebba trod together the first measure, a kind of solemn minuet. Then the young men chose their partners, the musicians played a wild and stirring melody, and the lawn was soon covered with dancers, speeding along in twirling couples in the inspiriting figures of their national polkas. Eric and Ebba sat apart with Oluf under the linden trees, listening to the music, and observing the revellers. Now, one by one, the young girls brought gifts to the bride, and the youths to the bridegroom.

"Has Eric alone no present for Ebba?" said a pretty Swede, tossing her fair locks, and curling her red lips; "not even a rune-book or a pair of silver ear-rings?"

"Indeed, I have seen none," replied her partner, a sturdy peasant, flushed with dancing and laughter. "If it were me now, and Nina were my little bride——"

He stooped down, and the rest of the sentence was whispered in the ear, and lost amid the curls of the blushing maiden. Now the polka starts off afresh, and they are once more lost in its mazes. But the conversation, short as it was, had been heard by one of the parties to whom it alluded. Eric, confused and abashed, hastily ransacks the pockets of his jacket, as if for some forgotten article. First one is turned out, then another, but in vain; the gift, the wedding-gift is not to be found in either.

"Alas!" he muttered to himself, "I have left it in the pocket of my mining jacket." He casts a wistful look at Ebba, and another at the dancers. A deep sigh and an impatient tapping of his foot betray his unwillingness to go, and his desire to partake in the pleasures of the *fete*. He thinks of the gloomy mine, and contrasts it with the joyous polka. He compares the dark night of the shaft with the rich glories of the red sunset, and is half inclined to remain where he is, and defer his gift till the morrow. But the sneer and the laugh—to be deemed a miserly bridegroom! Bah! a boat lay close under the willows; he could scull himself over the lake and back again, before any one would observe his absence! He rose, as if to seek some friend among the dancers, stole softly away through the trees, threw back one loving glance at the unconscious Ebba, leapt into the light canoe, sped noiselessly and unnoticed along the margin of the lake, and was gone.

Time flew on; the sun went down behind the mountains, and the glorious summer night of Sweden, clear, cloudless, and bright, a soft twilight, "which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday," reigned over the festival. Still the dancing went on unabated, nay, with increasing ardor. The dancers thought of no one but themselves and their partners; but Ebba and Oluf missed Eric, and wondered at his absence. Anxious not to disturb the enjoyment of the evening, they for some time refrained from speaking to the rest, and communicated their surprise only to each other; but at length the uneasiness of the bride could no longer be checked, and she went eagerly among the dancers inquiring for her lover. No one had seen him leave; no one could give any reply.

Dismay and a vague terror spread rapidly through the company: the young men dispersed themselves through the wood, and along the banks of the lake, shouting and calling upon his name: the maidens gathered around the weeping Ebba, and proffered vague consolations and encouragement.

All that night he came not, nor the next day, nor the next again. The great beech forest was traversed through and through by parties of his comrades; the boat was missed, and the lake dragged, but nobody was discovered in its depths. Neither in the beech forest, nor the blue lake, nor the dark mine, was Eric Sture to be found, living or dead; and Ebba, in one day bride and widow, was left to grief, to hope, to disappointment, to despair.

When weeks of search had been in vain, the efforts of the peasantry were given over, and the lost bridegroom was, by all save one, in time forgotten.

He never returned again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fifty years had well nigh passed away, and the tale of Eric Sture and his fatal wedding-day had become a fire-side story told on winter nights by fathers to their children.

Ebba still lived, a bent and wrinkled crone of three score and ten long, bitter years. She dwelt in a ruinous hut beside the lake—a wretched tenement, doorless and windowless, set in a wilderness of weeds and bushes. The miners, pitying her desolation and her traditional sorrows, supplied her regularly with the means of subsistence, and, accordingly, she was rarely seen beyond the narrow confines of her drear domain.

When she did go forth, however, to the world beyond, which sometimes was the case, it was to wander round the brink of the great copper mine, to gaze into its yawning chasm, and to cry, in a voice querulous with age and grief, upon the name of her bridegroom.

Fifty years work strange alterations in the page of human life. In fifty years what new generations spring up to tread out the footsteps of those which have gone before! Young men have grown old and died. Infants, whose lips had not yet learned to shape their mother's name, are grave and care-worn men, and nurse their children's children on their knees. Beauty has become weird and foul. Strength has turned to dotage. The rich man's estate has dwindled to six feet of earth, "and, behold, the twig to which they laid his head, is now become a tree!"

One day, on exploring the depths of a murky chasm, cleft at least a century before, and yet



unworked, they discovered the body of a young man. He was fair and handsome; dressed in holiday attire, and looked as though he had but just fallen asleep. Some withered stalks and leaves were yet fastened to the breast of his jacket, and clinging to the band of his cap. The money about his person was coated with verdigris, but it bore the date of a coinage and the head of a king of fifty years before. No one knew him. He looked as if he had fallen there yesterday; and yet his face was strange to the miners.

Then an old woman came by, who burst into tears when she beheld him, kissing his dead lips and his cold hands, and calling upon "Eric! Eric! her bridegroom and her love!"

And it was so. He lay there in his youth and beauty; fair as when she had last seen him, and felt the warm pressure of his hand. *He* was unchanged; but she stood there withered and old; broken in body and weak in mind; a living type of that slow and wasting sorrow, that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick."

When the morrow came they buried them together in one grave.

NOTE.—This tale is strictly true in the leading incidents. It was in 1719 that the body was found, after lying there for nearly half a century. Such are the atmospheric properties of this mine, that the corpse of a man was discovered in 1635 which had lain there for two hundred years, and which looked so fresh that he seemed only to be sleeping.

## ON SEEING A BIRD'S NEST BUILT AT THE HEAD-STONE OF A GRAVE.

BY JESSIE MELROSE.

BIRDLING, why buildest thou thy nest  
Beside that cold head-stone,  
Where taking an unawaking rest  
One sleeps alone, alone?  
Oh! fear'st thou not the ghastly dead,  
That when the night winds moan,  
Will come again from whence they fled,  
Alone, alone, alone?  
Oh! little bird of silvery wing  
And song of softest tone,  
Thou fearest not thy song to sing  
Unto the dead alone.  
The grasses too all softly wave,  
And daisies thick are strewn:

When they so soft embrace the grave,  
'Tis not alone, alone.  
Thou would'st not leave the mouldering earth,  
From whence the spirit's flown  
To wait for its celestial birth,  
Thou would'st not leave 't alone!  
To thee I speak, but gentle bird  
Soon, soon, alas! thou'rt flown,  
And nest and grave where grasses wave  
Are left, alone, alone!  
The bird on frightened, speedy wing,  
Has gone above, above,  
The spirit too will ever sing  
In the land of love, of love.

## HEIGH-HO!—HI! HI!

BY J. G. CHACE.

HEIGH-HO, then this is the way  
That Martin prolongs an unusual stay;  
When an hour or more he stood at the door,  
And then you would "come to your room right away,"  
Hi! hi, right away, right away,  
You will come to your room right away.

Heigh-ho! as she trudged up the stairs,  
The old lady sighed and said unawares;  
It used to be so, I very well know,  
When I was once young and had a nice beau—  
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But—hi! hi—"Come, Clara, I say,"  
To your room, right away, right away.  
But a word or two more had Clara to say,  
Till words upon words brought the dawning of day;  
When—hi, hi! the old lady at morn,  
Found Martin then had "*most certainly gone*,"  
For she saw his head bobbing  
Out through the green corn—  
Hi! hi! just through the green corn!

## EVA MOWBRAY'S POETRY AND ITS EFFECTS.

BY FANNY DASHWOOD.

SWEET Ida Howard! How lovely she was, and how gracefully her long, dark curls fell upon her dimpled shoulders, or coquettishly swayed to and fro beneath a gipsy fiat. She was the acknowledged bell and beauty of our little village; the queen of our May parties and our idol. Many were the hearts offered for her acceptance, and numerous were her unsuccessful lovers, who declared themselves broken-hearted. Many wondered at her for refusing so many eligible offers; still Ida dreamed on; her *beau idéal* had his existence in her imagination, and until he assumed a more definite form, she was determined upon single blessedness. She had always manifested a great fondness for poetry, and she had imbibed from it sentiments of a different nature from those entertained by the matter-of-fact people by whom she was surrounded.

Wealth should be no object with her in marriage. No, indeed; she would even *prefer* poverty. Much beauty in a man she despised; if he was only large, with dark eyes, handsome teeth and a lofty brow, it was all-sufficient, so far as looks were concerned; but he must be highly cultivated and possess every noble quality. She imagined herself presiding over a beautiful, romantic-looking little cottage, around which roses and honeysuckles twined lovingly, vying with each other in fragrance, with violets blooming all around, while she flitted about simply arrayed in white. This was her idea of poverty.

One day, while looking over a periodical, she met with a beautiful little poem, to which no name was signed, but only the initials E. M. Ida eagerly seized the periodical each month, and searched for E. M.'s contribution; and she conjured up an image of what she supposed the authoress must be. In her imagination she drew the picture of a lovely, spiritual-looking being, with golden ringlets drooping upon a neck of alabaster whiteness; large, deep blue eyes, fringed with long, dark lashes, slightly curling upon a cheek of the faintest rose tint, with small, pearly teeth gleaming out from between two rose-bud lips, while her face wore a calm, holy expression. Her figure must be slight and sylph-like, and Ida, in her dreams, could see her gliding noise-

lessly about in the moonlight, for of course a poetess must live in a perfect atmosphere of moonlight, (at least so thought Ida.)

Her raptures increasing with every poem, she resolved to address a note to the gifted authoress, telling of her admiration, and requesting a correspondence with her. From the editor of the periodical she procured E. M.'s address. A letter was immediately written, in which Ida expressed herself in the most rapturous terms, complimented the authoress highly and besought the honor of her correspondence. To this epistle Ida signed her own name, and requested E. M.'s in return. Impatiently she awaited an answer; at one time wondering at her own audacity, in thus addressing so superior a creature and hoping for a return, and anon, watching for, and even expecting a letter from her. But she was not long doomed to suspense, for soon an answer came, in which the writer expressed great pleasure at the favorable reception her efforts had met with, and consenting warmly to the proposed correspondence. Eva Mowbray was the name signed to this epistle. Nothing could exceed Ida's delight upon receiving it; one of those creatures whom she had always looked up to with so much awe as a superior being, whom she had almost regarded as belonging to another world, had actually condescended to write to *her*, and even express pleasure in the correspondence. Numerous were the letters which passed between them. Ida proffered her love, and desired Eva's in return, which proposition met with a cordial acquiescence from the poetess.

Not long after the commencement of this correspondence, a young gentleman, a stranger, came to our village, as he said, to make a short visit. He was introduced to our belle at a May party. Ida had been chosen for our queen, and she looked charmingly in her simple attire; violets, blue and white, constituted her only ornament. As she was seated upon the throne erected for her in the woods, covered with green leaves and wild flowers, she looked so like a little queen, and yet so sweet and winning, that many became quite earnest in their adoration; and the homage offered by the lips found a response in our hearts. The dark eyed stranger, Ernest Morton, appeared particularly struck with her

child-like beauty, and his attentions to her became more exclusive than some of the other beauties thought the play demanded. When the party broke up, Ernest bore off our queen in triumph, and escorted her home. After this he became a constant visitor and was continually finding some excuse to see her; now a bouquet, and now a book of poems, which he was "sure Miss Howard would like;" and he evidently found more favor in her eyes than any of her former lovers.

Ida soon discovered that Mr. Morton was fond of poetry, and she would read to him all her favorite poems, watching his fine eyes kindle with enthusiasm at the many sublime passages. Their tastes agreed till they came to Eva's poems, but Ida could never draw from him a word in their praise; he did not speak against them, but this she construed into politeness to herself.

Time passed on, and Mr. Morton's "short visit" became greatly protracted. A rumor was circulated through the village that Ernest Morton and Ida Howard were engaged, and unsuccessful lovers, with a sigh, gave up their hopes to the rival stranger.

Ida wondered more and more why Ernest maintained such a provoking silence upon the subject of Eva's poetry. She tried various ways of exciting his admiration; she read them, withholding the name, thinking he might be prejudiced against the writer, but all to no purpose: upon looking up she always encountered the same perplexing smile. What could it mean? Ida puzzled over it, but unable to arrive at any conclusion, she asked of him an explanation; but Ernest replied, that he would give it to her at some future time, thus leaving her more in the dark than ever. "What reason can he have for waiting?" thought Ida; but it was of no use, she could not arrive at any conclusion.

Meanwhile the wedding-day drew near. Eva had been informed of the important secret, and her services as bridesmaid were earnestly solicited, but she declined upon the plea of being already engaged for a wedding, which would take place on the same day. Most of the inhabitants of our village flocked to the church to witness the marriage. Many were the proud, loving looks Ernest cast upon his lovely, young bride, and she returned them with a simple, winning trustfulness.

Soon after the marriage was over, the happy pair set out on their wedding tour. Ida was anxious to accept Eva's oft repeated invitation to make her a visit, but at the suggestion she noticed that same provoking smile appear on

Ernest's face, and she immediately called upon him for the promised explanation.

"And you must tell me why I never could draw from you the least admiration for Eva's poems?" she said.

The smile became more merry as he replied—

"People are not usually very enthusiastic in praise of their own performances."

Ida looked puzzled, and inquired what he meant.

"Did it never occur to you," said Ernest, laughing, "that the initials of Eva Mowbray and Ernest Morton were the same, and that there was a possibility that *one* of the names had been composed for the occasion?"

A new light broke upon Ida's mind; Eva then only had an imaginary existence!

"And did you never suspect, my innocent, little darling, that those dear little notes of yours, so full of childish simplicity and enthusiasm, were the cause of my visiting this village? You appeared so very certain, in your own mind, that I was a lady, I thought it would be a pity to disappoint you then, and if the truth must be acknowledged, selfish motives also prompted me; I could not bear the idea of giving up a correspondence thus begun, which I was afraid might *possibly* be the consequence of giving my real name. And when you offered your love and asked for mine in return, I could not help wishing that I was as sure of it in my true character as in my assumed one. The invitation you gave me to officiate as your bridesmaid, was rather amusing, and I thought I much preferred the part already granted to me."

Ida had listened in silence, too much surprised to speak, and it must be confessed she was considerably disappointed. Her dashing Eva then, with her beautiful, golden curls, and large, blue, dreamy eyes, was only an imaginary being; and now she could indulge in no more visions of her poetess, gliding about in the moonlight and communing with angels; and then, it was so provoking to have Ernest laughingly inform her, that she had departed from the usual fashion in such matters, and that *she* had been the one to ask for *his* love first.

"Why did you not tell me of my mistake before?" she asked.

"Because," he replied, "I did not care to take the risk of losing my little treasure."

Ida does sometimes admit to herself, that she cannot *very* much regret her romantic correspondence, as but for that, she should never have become acquainted with her *beau idéal*, and two happy hearts would have been doomed to utter loneliness.

## THE DEBTOR'S CHILD.

A STRAY LEAF FROM A LAWYER'S PORT-FOLIO.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It was many years ago when I paid my first visit to Boston. One cold, tempestuous night, I found myself returning to my hotel, late in the evening, from an unavoidable business engagement. As the distance was not great, I had set out on foot; and in order to be more speedy, had struck into one of those narrow cross streets which are so common in the North end. Just as I turned a corner, a figure emerged from the shelter of an old, time-decayed mansion, and extending a wan arm, in a faint, girlish voice, now tremulous with cold, said piteously,

"Please, sir, please—if it's only a penny."

I started; for there was something touchingly sad in the low, plaintive tone of the speaker. She was a delicate, sickly looking child, apparently about eleven years of age, and wrapped in an old and tattered garment, which once had been a cloak. It was with difficulty that she could keep the rags together with her blue, cold arm, as the wind hissed and raved along the narrow street. Her whole look was one of utter destitution. Yet there was none of the squalor of willing poverty in that pale and emaciated young countenance. As I paused, looking at her a moment without speaking, she seemed to think that her prayer was disregarded; for gathering her ragged cloak around her shivering form, with a deep sigh and a look of patient submission, she shrank back under the shelter of the old mansion. But as she turned, the light of a lamp streamed over her face, and I saw that in spite of her efforts tears were rolling down her cheeks. It cut me to the heart.

"My little child," said I, kindly, "where do you live?—you are cold and hungry—what has brought you out on such a night as this?"

"Oh! sir," said she, looking up into my face, and bursting into tears again, "I don't feel the cold,—and I ain't used to beg,—but please, sir, if it's only a penny—for brother's sick, and we've no wood to make a fire, and even little Charley hasn't had any thing to eat to-day."

"Good God!" said I, "you don't mean to say they are starving to death, and in such a city as this."

"Oh! sir, what can we do?—we've got no money, and father's in jail for debt? We haven't

eat since yesterday, and brother, I'm afraid, will never get well, sir, again," and she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Don't cry," said I, "I'll go and see your brother—and, here," offering her some change. —"run and bring them something to eat, and show me the way."

The girl extended her trembling hand, and clutching the money with the eagerness of famine, hastily murmured her thanks, directed me where to find her home, and then gathering her rags around her, hurried down a neighboring street to execute her commission.

It was a withering night, as I have said. The sky overhead was of a dingy black. The cold, sleety rain whirled slantingly along before the gusts of wind that now rattled among the chimneys, roared about the corners, and went howling down the street. The houses around were black with age, and some seemed ready to tumble headlong. Here and there, indeed, a more tottering structure than its fellow was supported by a beam or two from the adjoining tenement; and in many places, from the absence of shutters, and the shattered condition of the casements, it was evident that the habitation within had long been deserted. As I turned into the by-way a still more desolate sight met my eye. The street was scarcely ten feet wide, narrow, crooked, and utterly destitute of lamps. On either side the tottering frames rose dark into the sky, while a solitary candle glimmered at intervals from some rattling casement. The mouldings of the doors were broken off; the Venitian shutters had mostly rotted from their hinges; and the side walks and door steps were torn up around. The spot looked as if mortal foot had not visited it for years; and I began to think I had mistaken the direction, when I heard a strange step behind me, and turning, beheld the little girl hurriedly following in my rear.

"There, right ahead, sir—turn the next corner," said she, in a voice tremulous with excitement—"this way," and running ahead, she stopped before a low, ruinous door till I came up, when bidding me follow, she entered a narrow passage, groped up a rickety, crooked

staircase, and pushing aside a crazy door, stole noiselessly into the room.

The apartment was low, narrow, and lighted by a solitary candle. The smoky walls were bare, the floor without carpeting, and a bed, a stool, and broken table were the only furniture. There was a chimney-place in one corner, but it looked as if it had not seen a fire for years. Several panes of glass were broken in the casement, in some of which old rags were stuffed, while through others the rain and wind beat, flaring the dim candle, and making the wretched inmates shiver as they drew their rags around them. On the bed lay the wasted form of a little boy, some six or seven years of age, his glassy eye and hollow, hectic cheek, telling a tale of premature decay. A woman cleanly but scantily drest, with a child in her arms, was standing by the bedside of the sufferer, gazing wistfully into his face. Amid all her poverty, it was impossible not to see that she had once been beautiful; and there yet lingered in her care-worn face a soft, almost angelic expression of mingled fortune and resignation. It was altogether such a face as once seen is rarely forgotten. And then the look of suffering depicted there, telling—oh! how acutely—of the agony of that mother's heart.

Now and then the babe in her arms lifted its little hands and lisped in broken accents for bread, while as she strove to quiet its cries the big tears stole down her pale, wan cheeks, and fell upon the face of the boy.

As we entered she looked up, and noticing a stranger, seemed about to speak, but her little daughter interrupted her.

"Mother, oh! mother," said the girl, running up to her, and unfolding the food she had brought, "see what this good gentleman has given me. Poor little Charley," she continued, addressing the babe, whose outstretched arms betrayed his eagerness to obtain the food, "you needn't cry any longer—brother, couldn't you eat some too?—we shall all have a nice supper, shan't we, dear mother?"

"God in heaven bless you!" murmured the parent, as she turned toward me.

"Hush—not a word, my dear madam," said I, "the wants of your little family and yourself must be attended to."

The eagerness with which the children clutched at the food, showed the extremity to which they had been reduced. The mother apologized for them.

"There, there, my love, don't eat so hungrily," she said, "but it's no wonder since he hasn't had anything to-day."

"Mother!" said the low voice of the sick boy, as he faintly lifted his head from the pillow, "couldn't I have a little water with this?"—and he held up a piece of the bread, "I think I could drink some if I had."

"For heaven's sake, my dear madam," I exclaimed, almost affected to tears, as the mother was about rising to go out and obey his request, "remain here, and I will bring the drink—you are yourself sick, you want sustenance too, as you value your children's lives don't expose yourself—I will have some fire made for you, and you shall at least be more comfortable than now."

The mother did not answer. Once or twice she essayed to speak; but her words failed her, and she burst at last into tears.

I performed my errand, and then sought out aid. In an hour a cheery fire was blazing on the hearth; the chinks of the old, tottering, crazy walls, were closed up; the broken panes no longer admitted the wind and rain; such clothing as the late hour permitted me to obtain were provided for the sufferers; and a few little delicacies that are actual necessities in a sick chamber stood upon a table by the poor boy's bedside. Never shall I forget his look of mute thankfulness, as he sucked an orange with his fevered lips; while the overlaid heart of his mother could find no vent except in choking words and tears.

"Oh! mother, if father now was only here," murmured the little fellow, "we might be almost as happy as we used to in our nice house in the country."

"And who is your father, my sweet little fellow?" I asked, "I do not wish to pry into your sorrows wantonly, my dear madam," I continued, addressing the mother, "but if, as I suspect, your husband's difficulties are pecuniary ones, I may, by my profession at least, be of some service to him. Can I aid you in any way?"

"Oh! sir, I never can sufficiently thank you," she sobbed, "but we have not always been as we are now. We were once comfortable, if not rich, and little, little did we think it should ever come to this!" She then told her story.

It was just such a tale as I had often heard, and as happens, alas! to hundreds every year in our larger cities. Her husband had once resided in New York, been a master mechanic of some note, and consequently had lived in a style of corresponding ease and comfort. But he had finally undertaken some speculations, which in the end turned out abortive; he became consequently involved in a train of embarrassments

that grew every year more ruinous; and induced at last to undertake a heavy contract for a range of stores in the hope of redeeming his fortune, he found himself at length, owing to one of those periodical contractions in our money market, unable to prosecute it, and forced to throw up the work under a penalty which would have swept away a fortune ten times as great as his own. In one word—he was reduced to beggary. His character, had he remained in New York, however, would have saved him from being distressed by his creditors, and his numerous acquaintance would have enabled him perhaps in time to re-establish himself; but possessed of a proud and sensitive heart, he could not endure to live among his friends without an equality of fortune, and preferred, like many a one before and since, to drain the cup of poverty to its dregs among strangers. He removed to Boston, and for awhile lived at least without want. But his ill fate finally found him out even there. An old creditor had pressed him for payment, and finally levied an execution on his house a month or two since. Though he was thus broken up he did not as yet despair. He removed to a meaner house, continuing his exertions as a common journeyman. But even here his oppressor found him out, and a second time sold out his little all. To crown all, winter set in, and Spencer found himself without employment. His creditor, too, arrested him, and threw him into prison for debt. His destiny seemed about to be accomplished, for poor, friendless, unknown, and in a strange city, to whom should he apply for aid? His heart sickened within him, the more so when he thought of his meek wife and suffering little ones. And she—angel that she was! but are not all women angels at such times?—how did she bear up against her fate? Day by day she stood at the prison gates long before they were opened, and never left them till the regulations forced her to depart, performing a thousand little kindnesses for her husband, striving by her cheerfulness to soothe his troubled spirit, and endeavoring with her needle to obtain a scanty and uncertain subsistence.

As the winter set in the little boy fell sick; he could no longer come to the prison—and the wife and mother now had to share her time between him and her husband. But when he grew worse, she was not only forced to forego visiting the prison, but found herself unable to earn more than half the pittance she did formerly—and when at last her employer, angry that a garment was not finished in time, refused to employ her further, her wild, agonizing decla-

ration that the fear her boy was dying had caused the failure, served only to invoke the rage of the hard-hearted man. Little do we know of the world's obduracy until we have mingled with it. Her sole support thus cut off she almost despaired of human help. In vain she applied everywhere for work—the demand for it was already greater than could be supplied. Poverty, cold, and starvation was before her, but she could have borne it all, had it not been for her little ones. One by one, therefore, their few things had been disposed of in the vain hope that relief from some quarter would arrive. As a last hope her little girl had that evening tried in vain to borrow a mite, and failing in that was driven to beg or die.

It was with a sad heart I left the abode of poverty. I at once determined, if possible, to restore the husband to his family.

It is not necessary to detain the reader with a recapitulation of what I did to effect this purpose. Suffice it to say, I procured the liberation of the father on the following day.

I judged it advisable, however, to precede him home, in order to prepare his family. On my way I called on the physician to inquire after the sick boy. The doctor shook his head, and declared the child to be in the last stage of his disorder. At my urgent request he got into the carriage with me.

Never shall I forget the sight that presented itself when I announced that the father would soon be free. Tears, sobs, and words of gratitude were poured forth, until it grew painful to me. The worthy physician, seeing my embarrassment, took the sick boy's hand in his, and with those mild, soothing tones, so welcome to a sufferer—for they sound like those of a friend—he asked,

"And how do you feel to-night, my little fellow?"

"Better, sir, thank you," said the boy, in a voice so faint that it strangely belied his words. Poor child, he felt indeed stronger, but he little knew it was only the last revival of worn-out nature. The sands were already nearly run out; the cistern was well nigh broken at the fountain; a little while longer and his pure spirit would be at rest. Every one in the room seemed conscious of this, for they had all gathered around his bed, and stood gazing on his wasted form, with sad and tearful eyes. And well might it melt the heart to look on that pallid young face.

After a little while one of the sudden, transitory doses of sickness came upon him, and for awhile, with the physician still holding his pulse, he seemed to sleep. The mother sat on the

other side of the bed, holding a cloth with which she had been bathing his brow, and every now and then turning anxiously to the door, or endeavoring to hide the tears that, one by one, swelled from her eyes, and stole heavily down her cheek. The sister stood at the foot of the bed, looking mournfully at her brother, but she did not know his danger. And the little child, held in a neighbor's arm, gazed wistfully from one to the other, as if to inquire what it all meant. Suddenly the lad started half up in bed, gazing a minute wildly around. His words at first were incoherent, his cheeks crimson, his gestures eager, his eyes glassy and unsettled.

"George, my love, George," sobbed the mother, "don't you know me? It is I that speaks. George, my dear boy—oh, God!" she continued, lifting her eyes to heaven with a look of unutterable agony, "my boy is dying!"

The child seemed to know her voice; it won upon him amid all his delirium; he looked a moment inquiringly into her face, and then extending his thin, wan hand to her, while a smile shot, like dying sunlight across his countenance, he murmured,

"Mother, is it you?—Oh! I thought I saw such strange faces—it must have been a dream—there were stars, and lovely rivers, and bright angels there beckoning me. Mother, could it have been heaven?"

"Oh! my child, don't talk so," was all the heart-broken parent could sob.

"Mother," said the little fellow after a pause, "I am so tired—let me lay my head on your bosom, as I used to when I was a baby like Charley—there, that is it—kiss me, mother—but where is father?—didn't some one say he was coming—why, oh! why don't he come?"

Not a voice could answer. We were all in tears, even the old physician, used as he was to such scenes.

"Oh! sister, mother, don't cry," said the little fellow touchingly, "you've often told me, mother, that heaven is a happy place, where bright angels sing all day long, and there is no cold or sickness or poverty. You shouldn't cry, if I'm going there—and by-and-bye, you'll all come too, won't you? Father, too, will be there—oh! I wish I could see him, if it's only for one kiss before I die—why, why don't he come?"

"Would—God—my dear—boy," sobbed the mother, chokingly, "he could—come—before—" she would have gone on, but alas! her overcharged heart would not let her speak.

"Oh! mother!" said the little fellow, looking up, and speaking, as I have often noticed in the dying, above his years; while his eyes gleamed

with a strange and fitful fire, "do you remember how happy we all used to be years ago, when we had that nice house in the country in summer, and father would take us such pretty walks, and we'd pluck such gay flowers, and at night you would hear us say our prayers, and sing sweet songs to lullaby sister and me, and laugh so at our play—you don't laugh any more, mother—I wonder if heaven can be as happy as that—I shall see sister Ellen there, shan't I, mother?—and oh! when I die, bury me in the country, in some spot like that where she was—and——"

But here—as his thoughts, in the wanderings of expiring intellect reverted to his absent father—his tone saddened, and instead of finishing his sentence, he murmured sadly, looking anxiously toward the door, "father, dear father, do come!" and then sank exhausted upon his mother's bosom.

For a moment we thought all was over. His eyes were closed, his arms rigid, his cheek unnaturally pale, and he scarcely seemed to breathe. All at once he opened his eyes, and looking up earnestly said,

"Hark!—he is coming," and instantly we heard a tread in the entry, the door flew open, and the long-looked-for father rushed into the room.

"My boy—my boy," was all he could gasp, rushing wildly to the bedside.

But he staggered back, as his eye took in the condition of the sufferer, and cried, "oh! my God, they have murdered you!" his heart-broken voice full of the bitterest agony.

"Hush, father—I am happy now," said the boy, with difficulty, "mother—sister—brother—kiss me—there, now—we shall meet in heaven—I hear the golden harps sounding."

"My child—my dear, angel Charley," sobbed the strong man, his frame shaking as in an ague fit.

"How cold—it is," murmured the boy, "don't—don't leave me. Its—all dark. Your—hand—mo-o-ther," and with a gentle quiver of the face, he was dead.

For a moment a silence, deep and reverential, fell upon the room, while all gazed eagerly upon the pallid face, to see if the little fellow was indeed gone "where the weary are at rest." The awful hush was at length broken by the old physician, as he lifted his eye to heaven, and said devoutly,

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Amen!" was all I could answer: but the poor father, who had stood like stone, gazing

upon his boy, now shivered in every limb, and casting himself frantically on the bed, while the stout frame shook under his convulsive twitches, sobbed aloud, and in the language of the Scripture, "would not be comforted." Even the tender words of his wife, who, overawed by his fearful emotion, seemed to lose all consciousness of her own bereavement, and think only of relieving his agony, were of no avail. Oh! how terrible is the strong man's grief. What to that father now, was liberty! His boy, his doted boy, was lifeless beside him, murdered, for want of that aid, which a few dollars would have secured. Can words picture the agony of such a moment?

The dear little fellow was buried, and buried

too as he had begged, where the birds might build above him.

What remains to be told? The father, through the old physician's influence, obtained a clerkship in a commercial house, rose gradually from station to station, and in little more than five years was living in comfort and ease.

But neither he, nor the mother, ever forgot their martyred boy. "To lose a child is always terrible," said he to me, years after, "but to lose one, who, but for a cruel law, might still have been living—oh! that is agony."

I pressed his hand, with tears in my eyes, and silently thanked God that imprisonment for debt was now abolished, almost everywhere in the United States.

## MRS. HEMANS IN HER CHAMBER.

"The moon seems to me to speak of the Past."—HER LETTERS.

BY FRANK LEE.

FAR through the room the holy light was stealing  
In quaint shaped tracery on the wall,  
A woman's face as sculptur'd snow revealing,  
Amid the sweep of curtains like a pall.  
The crimson folds were softened by their beaming,  
Like golden wings the light rays play'd around,  
As touch of pinions o'er that high brow streaming,  
Shading the drapery where it swept the ground.  
Her white brow on her slender hand was leaning,  
The light shone through the curving fingers,  
The face had holy calm like Ruth when gleaming,  
Or pale statues where the sunset lingers.  
Yet 'mid her soul's aisles was the rush of billows,  
Bearing her heart down on their heavy swell,  
Though the stream was pure as founts beneath the willows

Where song-echoes in low numbers seem to dwell.  
The mouth had passionate language in its curve,  
The eyes had depths of mournful meaning,  
As if some thought swept every quick-strung nerve  
Like waters wak'd 'neath the young moon's dreaming.

Her song had sweetness in its charmed measures  
That woke in e'ry kindred heart a tone,  
Floating their thoughts adown the glowing treasures  
Until her fancies were their own.  
There was no mad outpouring in the numbers,  
No jarring chord by Passion swept,  
But every pulse that in th' being lingers  
Its mournful beating to their cadence kept.  
Her dreamings were as doves with snowy pinions,  
Whose plumes had naught of stain or earthly dust,

Sweeping on strong wings to the bright dominions,  
Drinking in draughts of unrepining trust.  
There was no earthly grief in all the gushing  
Of rich lays from the bosom's unsunn'd mine,  
But every song was holy in its rushing  
As pilgrim-hearts unto a sacred shrine.  
There was no broken sob of earth-born sorrow,  
Though every chord within was deeply wrung,  
She seem'd new hopes from brighter realms to borrow  
With each low, sweet-voiced tone she sung.

But oh, the years of long and anxious waiting  
Spent in her lone and broken home,  
Gathering the links of that dimmed chain, and freighting  
Her heart with heaviness amid the gloom.  
The hours of silent toil with ev'ry pulse unstrung,  
Pouring her tortur'd heart its tide along,  
With shadows from her soul's lone temple flung  
To give an earnest meaning to her song.  
She had some sad memories to live upon—  
She had no Future through those years—  
She had some dreams whose sweetness with the Past  
was gone,  
She had a wealth of prayer—a flood of tears!  
How must she oft have sat within that quiet room,  
Feeding herself with hopes she knew were vain,  
For she had lain the real within the tomb,  
Nought but the shadow could be hers again.  
How must all sights, and sounds, and tones have  
still brought back  
Those recollections of the buried Past,



How must her thoughts have surg'd along their  
 billowy track,  
 Rousing up sadness to the very last.  
 How must each moment in those sickening years  
 Have found a louder counting in her heart,  
 While ever to their tone a host of hopes and fears,  
 Like sheeted ghosts would into being start.  
 What strange revealings must the sky have spoken,  
 What pow'r had blossom-scents wandering by,  
 How must they whisper'd of the dream long broken,  
 To her of the trampled heart, the prayerful eye.  
 She might not be alone, for e'en the wind could  
 speak,  
 Telling of the loved, the lost, the gone,  
 Giving sudden brightness to her pallid cheek  
 By the human mock'ry of its wailing tone.  
 How must her laurel wreaths have seem'd another  
 woe,

As o'er those scrolls in loneliness she bent,  
 For none might feel, no human breast might know  
 The thoughts the simplest through her being sent.

How slow Life's weary pilgrimage wore on—  
 How must her soul have leaped to hear  
 The voice of the Summoner with gentle tone  
 Fall like a blessing on her tired ear.  
 How must her soul have look'd with keener vision  
 From out the fetters that so long had bound,  
 Then with a bound, unto the fields Elysian  
 Have wing'd its flight from this earth's narrow  
 round.  
 How must the glorious troop of angel-sisters  
 Have kiss'd the mists of earth from off her eyes—  
 Have kissed the stains of grief and tears deep  
 blisters,  
 Bearing her joyful to the beaming skies.

## MENTAL PLEASURES.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I WOULD not lose the lightest link  
 In memory's stored and treasured mines,  
 The bright Utopia to attain,  
 That genius ever seeks in vain;  
 The fame for which its soul repines,  
 I would not lose the knowledge gained,  
 Or will to prove the yet unsought;  
 Nor dash to earth the fairy realms  
 That live within the land of thought.

Tear from my soul its trembling sense  
 Of beauty and life's joys have flown,  
 From Nature draw the thrilling power  
 To win me in the saddest hour,  
 And earth were dreary, void and lone;  
 I would not lose the power to weave  
 With poetry and music's tone,  
 The aërial beings of the mind  
 And musings round my spirit thrown;

Nor break the chord whose lengthened chain  
 Now brings the past before mine eyes—  
 Visions of ages swept away,  
 Of empires mouldering in decay—  
 And men whose glories cannot die,  
 Lands that my footsteps never trod  
 In vivid pictures meet my glance,  
 Their struggles 'neath oppression's chains,  
 Their softer shadings of romance.

And genius with its deathless flame  
 Gleams through the darkened mist of years,  
 With magic touch that can impart  
 Those records of the human heart,  
 That nerve the soul or melt to tears—

Mind in its myriad forms arise  
 To meet and mingle with my own;  
 I from its gathered lustre glean  
 The brightest bliss my soul has known.

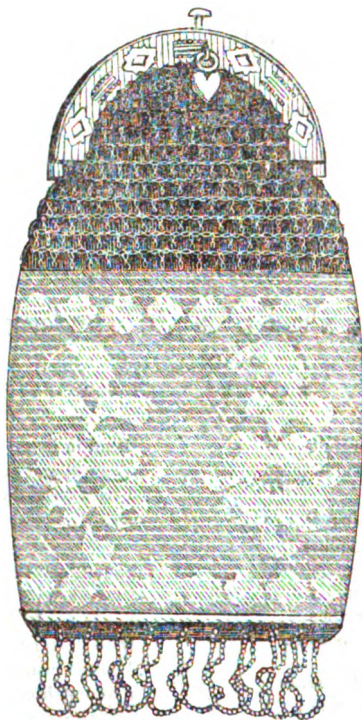
Too oft amid life's daily track  
 I mingle with the dull and cold—  
 But in my hours of solitude,  
 With graver brow but happier mood  
 A loftier communing I hold—  
 While with my books I calmly sit  
 Their garnered wealth they yield to me,  
 Historian, poet, saint, and sage,  
 And dreams of old philosophy.

All that the heart could ask or crave  
 Like scattered gems around is spread:  
 The spirit in its upward flight  
 Its finest power, its inner light  
 Springs from the living and the dead;  
 Then ask me not could aught atone  
 If mental joys no more were mine—  
 Wrapped in its prison-house of clay  
 Like fettered slave my soul would pine.

For I have books and thought at will,  
 And independence dwells with these,  
 And caters not for stinted praise  
 With restless nights and anxious days,  
 Nor courts the wayward art to please;  
 From all that worldly hearts might prize,  
 Soft "peace of mind" I turn to thee,  
 And smile to know that thou dost love  
 To find thy quiet home with me.

# SOVEREIGN PURSE IN CROCHET

BY MRS. PULLAN.



**MATERIALS.**—1 skein of dark blue purse-silk, 1 skein of apricot or salmon ditto, 1 gilt clasp, and 3 rows of gold beads.

Make a chain of 80 stitches with the blue silk, and close it into a round. Do one round of Sc.

**1st Pattern Round.**—Both colors,  $\times$  2 blue, 2 apricot, 1 blue,  $\times$  repeat all round.

**2nd Round.**— $\times$  1 blue, 4 apricot,  $\times$  all round.

**3rd Round.**—Like 2nd.

**4th Round.**—Like 1st.

**5th Round.**—All blue.

**6th Round.**— $\times$  9 blue, 3 apricot, 8 blue,  $\times$  4 times.

**7th Round.**— $\times$  10 blue, 3 apricot, (so that the first comes over the second apricot of last round) 7 blue,  $\times$  4 times.

**8th Round.**— $\times$  11 blue, 1 apricot, 8 blue,  $\times$  4 times.

**9th Round.**— $\times$  7 blue, 3 apricot, 1 blue, 1 apricot, (which should come over the 1 apricot

of last round) 1 blue, 3 apricot, 4 blue,  $\times$  4 times.

**10th Round.**— $\times$  6 blue, 1 apricot, 1 blue, 8 apricot, 1 blue, (over 1 apricot of last round) 3 apricot, 1 blue, 1 apricot, 3 blue,  $\times$  4 times.

**11th Round.**— $\times$  6 blue, 5 apricot, 1 blue, 5 apricot, 8 blue,  $\times$  4 times.

**12th Round.**— $\times$  6 blue, 11 apricot, 3 blue,  $\times$  4 times.

**13th Round.**— $\times$  7 blue, 4 apricot, 1 blue, 4 apricot, 4 blue,  $\times$  4 times.

**14th Round.**— $\times$  5 blue, 2 apricot, 2 blue, 1 apricot, 3 blue, 1 apricot, 2 blue, 2 apricot, 2 blue,  $\times$  4 times.

**15th Round.**— $\times$  4 blue, 1 apricot, 2 blue, 4 apricot, 1 blue.

**1st open Round.**—(All blue to the end)  $\times$  1 Dc, 1 Ch, miss 1,  $\times$  all round.

**2nd 3rd and 4th Rounds.**—Dc under chain, 1 ch, miss Dc stitch of last round.

Work one side of the purse, backward and forward in the same way, gradually decreasing at each edge, to fit the clasp. Do the same at the other side.

For closing the end, do one round of apricot silk; then holding the two sides together, Sc a stitch of each with blue. Add the fringe and clasp.

## SOFA CUSHION IN BRAID-WORK.

BY M<sup>LL</sup>E. DEFOUR.

**MATERIALS.**—A large square of blue or black cloth, two pieces of gold colored Albert braid, a piece of Groseille ditto, and a piece of suitable French Soutache. Cord and four tassels.

This elaborate sofa-pillow has an extremely rich effect; although, like all other braiding patterns, it is very quickly done. It consists of a rich centre pattern, and a Greek border, in which handsome scrolls are worked. The Greek pattern should be worked in gold colored Albert braid; or on a blue ground, a black braid may be used. Those who do not regard expense may make a very handsome cushion by the application of black velvet on the cloth, for the Greek pattern. Velvet ribbon may be laid on for this purpose; or the design may be cut out of a square of any gold German velvet. In that case,

the edges must be finished with Albert or Russian braid; and a line of black glass beads, No. 1, may be laid along the centre of the velvet. The scrolls within the border are to be braided with a handsome soutache, or with Albert braid. The soutache should be selected with reference to the other colors of the cushion—a remark which applies equally to the braid. Of course, very many other colors would be as suitable as those we have mentioned. Black velvet and braid, with blue in the centre, on a claret ground, would be very rich. On a green ground, two shades of violet braid, with black velvet, might be used. The back of the cushion should be of plain cloth, to match the front; the trimmings should be made expressly to correspond with all the colors used.

## NAMES FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

**MATERIALS.**—French working cotton, No. 120. Work in button-hole stitch, or in raised satin

stitch, sewing over the lines. This is a pattern of very great beauty.

## A DIRGE.

BY ELLA FARMAN.

We've laid her in her last, long sleep,  
Where green and silky grasses creep,  
And drooping willows ever weep—  
We've laid our Nellie there!

The lily waves above her head,  
The roses bloom, both white and red,  
And there the humming birds are led—  
For Nellie slumbers there!

The birds that fly with pinions fleet,  
Pause there to sing a carol sweet.  
A chant for her beneath their feet—  
For Nellie, who lies there!

The winds that swiftly onward go,  
Stop there and hum an anthem low,

In mournful measure mild and slow,  
For Nellie sleeping there!

The river that to oceans flows,  
O'er which her mound a shadow throws,  
Weeps for that young life's early close,  
For Nellie sleeping there!

I sit on that lone river's shore,  
I hear the waves with sad dolour,  
Weeping that she comes nevermore—  
Weeping that she sleeps there!

In the dim night I sit alone,  
My heart beats like a stifled moan;  
The refrain is—"Alone! alone!  
She cometh nevermore!"

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—Every young married woman, on beginning housekeeping, should keep a day-book, and a cash-book, or ledger. If possible, she should get her husband to allow her for housekeeping, a stated sum paid annually, quarterly, or weekly. If weekly, she should take into consideration the stated or occasional payments to which she is liable—such as rent, taxes, servants' wages, coals, clothes, medical attendance, &c., and reserve from each week's money a sufficient proportion toward meeting them. If she receives her money quarterly or annually, she should so limit those larger expenses, as to reserve the needful store for current expenses for as many weeks as will elapse before her next receipt. If her supplies are necessarily of a more irregular character, resulting from the profits of a retail trade or the remuneration of uncertain occupations, a double degree of caution and regularity will be necessary to set one season over against another, and reserve from the abundance of a briar and prosperous week the means of comfort and support during the dull and scanty period that may succeed it. For want of such management, plenty is often consumed in prodigality, and subsequent distress and destitution ensue.

The young housekeeper should commence book-keeping on the very day she quits the house of her father to enter that of her husband. Indeed, it will be greatly to her advantage, if she has been already initiated into it under the direction of a judicious mother, not merely to keep her own private accounts, of personal expenses, but also the housekeeping accounts, so as to be familiar with the value of every article of consumption, the quantity required in proportion to the size of the family, and the proportion to be observed of daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, and annual expense. In such case she ought, however, to commence all her arrangements on a smaller scale than those to which she has been accustomed at home. Perhaps there the family was larger, or its resources more abundant, or at least more settled. Those who would wish to be at a future period of life as their parents are now, must begin as they began, and remember that it is much easier to advance in expense than to retreat. An egg less in the pudding, and a bit of butter less in the pie-crust, and a dish less on the table than the young lady was accustomed to at her father's house, will make a pleasing difference in the weekly and yearly aspect of her account-book, and be no ways inconsistent with either health, comfort, or respectability of appearance.

The elegant and accomplished Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who figured in the fashionable as well as in the literary circles of her time, has said that

"the most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined, when they are ennobled by sentiment;" and they are truly ennobled when we do them, either from a sense of duty, or consideration for a parent, or love to a husband. "To furnish a room," continues this lady, "is no longer a common-place affair, shared with upholsterers and cabinet-makers: it is decorating the place where I am to meet a friend or lover. To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook, it is preparing refreshment for him whom I love. These necessary occupations, viewed in this light by a person capable of strong attachment, are so many pleasures, and afford her far more delight than the games and shows which constitute the amusements of the world."

OUR SEPTEMBER NUMBER.—The September number proved as popular as our warmest hopes had desired. The mezzotint of "The Puzzled Calculator," was hailed everywhere as inimitable; everybody had a boy, or knew a boy, who had looked "just so over his sums." The splendid colored fashion-plate was universally pronounced the best published any where for the month. It is now, indeed, conceded that this Magazine has the most beautiful, as well as the newest patterns for fashions of any American periodical. Says the Portage (Ohio) Democrat, in noticing the September number:—"The colored fashion-plates are magnificent, and always to be found in every number. Peterson publishes the *best* Magazine in the world for the money." The Randolph (N. Y.) Whig echoes the same opinions. It says:—"Peterson's is the best and cheapest monthly Magazine now published." Other newspapers praise the ability, refinement and high moral purpose of the contributors. The Warsaw (Ind.) Democrat says:—"It increases in interest and value from month to month, and is a Magazine of real merit. Mrs. Stephens, one of the editors, is one of the most refined and chaste writers, and the contributions from other eminent literary writers, are of the same character." The Ballston (N. Y.) Journal says:—"We find it the same agreeable and interesting periodical which has always characterized this work—no wishy-washy about it, the plates are beautiful and the matter unexceptionable." The Janesville (Wis.) Free Press says:—"We always rejoice at the arrival of this sterling periodical, not so much from its embellishments, which are highly creditable specimens of art however, as from the decidedly moral and reformatory tone of its contributions." And so say hundreds of others. It is safe, therefore, fair reader, to advise all your friends to take this Magazine, as the cheapest and most desirable in the United States.

**GREAT SUCCESS OF "FASHION AND FAMINE."**—As we predicted, the success of this novel of our coadjutor, Mrs. Stephens, has been almost unprecedented in the annals of American book-selling. No fiction, resting on its own merits only, has ever had such a run. Within a month from its first publication, three large editions were sold. We regret to add that the arduous labor of preparing the work for the press, completely prostrated the health of Mrs. Stephens during the summer; and this explains why, during two or three of the past months, we had no chapters of "The Orphans from the Alms-House." We may add, however, that she has now recovered, and hopes, for many a long year, to continue to address the public through these pages. We venture to foretell, moreover, that better things than even "Fashion and Famine" will yet come from her pen.

**WE WANT FAIR CRITICISM.**—The Mount Joy (Pa.) Herald acknowledges the receipt of our last number as follows:—"Peterson's Magazine for September, has come to hand—magnificent, superb as usual, with a spirited original engraving, entitled 'The Puzzled Calculator,' a fashion-plate that can't be beat—besides eight other illustrations for quilting, embroidering and crochet work—with a number of pretty poems and tales scattered with a lavish hand between. We are never disappointed in Peterson, he never writes 'please notice' on the cover of his Magazine, for it always recommends itself." No, we want no mere puffs, but desire to succeed entirely on the superior merits of the Magazine.

# REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Noctes Ambrosianæ. With Memoirs and Notes by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L.* 5 vols. New York: Redfield. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.—Right heartily do we hail this capital edition of these world-famous papers. The "Noctes Ambrosianæ," though originating in the last generation, are, and will be, the property of all generations, so long as wit, poetry and criticism are admired. The papers appeared first in "Blackwood's Magazine," and are an account of fictitious suppers at Ambrose's, a famous publican in Edinburgh, where, in addition to imaginative oysters and Glenlivet, there was a supposed intellectual feast in the shape of conversations on literature and literary men, cotemporary and past. The pretended talkers generally were Professor Wilson, alias Christopher North; Hogg, the Ettrick Shephard; Tiekler; Buller; Odoherty; and various other real, or fictitious personages. Most of the papers were written by Wilson, but he was, at various times, assisted by Hogg, Lockhart and Maginn. The "Noctes Ambrosianæ" did more than anything else, perhaps, to give to "Blackwood" its high reputation; they were read everywhere, in Britain and America; and the unanimous verdict was that their wit, the flow of animal spirits they

exhibited, and their delicate appreciation of literature, rendered them inimitable in their line. This opinion the present generation must confirm. The volumes ought to be in the library of every person pretending to taste in the *belles lettres*. The notes of Dr. Mackenzie add greatly to the value of the work, by recalling illustrative anecdotes apt to be forgotten, even in England, after a lapse of nearly thirty years, and never known at all, or but imperfectly, in the United States. Mr. Redfield has published the book in elegant style, with portraits of Wilson, Hogg and Lockhart.

*Fifty Years In Both Hemispheres.* By Vincent Nolte. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.—The garrulous old German merchant who penned these pages was well known in New Orleans fifty years ago, and even to a much later period, first as the agent of the Barings, and subsequently as a cotton speculator of the first magnitude. Born in Italy in 1779 of German parents, it was his lot to be tossed about the world continually, in the vicissitudes of a commercial career, and to experience every reverse of fortune. He mingled successively with high and low, rich and poor, the nobles of the old French regime and our own American backwoodsmen. He saw Napoleon in Leghorn in 1796, and subsequently at Paris as emperor; Jackson at New Orleans, and Moreau at New York; Lafayette during his American tour, and Victoria in a private interview, before her marriage. There is, indeed, scarcely a person of note, figuring in the last fifty years, whom Nolte did not meet. He gives anecdotes and sketches of Ouvrard, the great French speculator; the Barings, father and son; Girard, Astor, and McDonough; Biddle, Lafitte, Hope, and a dozen others eminent in trade or finance: nor does he omit political, artistic, or military celebrities, whom he knew more or less casually. There is not a page of the book that is not interesting. The style is generally lively, and the incidents frequently piquant; as the old gossip himself says, he dearly loves a bit of scandal. The book has been one of the most successful of the season.

*Off-Hand Takings.* By George W. Bungay. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—This is a series of short, racy sketches of the noticeable men of our age, chiefly Americans. Pen-portraits of this description, dashed off hurriedly, must necessarily often be more or less inaccurate; but on the other hand they frequently hit off peculiarities that otherwise might pass unrecorded. The publishers have spared no pains to make the volume attractive, having issued it in excellent style and adorned it with twenty steel-portraits. We may add that few booksellers have lately issued so many popular books as Dewitt and Davenport.

*The Youth of Jefferson.* 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A readable tale of college scrapes, at Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1764. That Jefferson is one of the characters adds somewhat of a historic interest to the story.

*Fruits and Farinacea the Proper Food of Man.* By John Smith. With Notes and Illustrations by R. T. Trall, M. D. 1 vol. New York: Fowler & Wells.—The vegetarian theory has found an able champion in the author of this treatise. Arguments, clothed in a captivating style, are adduced, from history, anatomy, physiology and chemistry, to prove that man's best diet is to be found in the vegetable kingdom. We confess, however, after reading the book through, that even the author's adroit logic has not overcome our taste for a beefsteak when hungry: and we fear that we shall be incorrigible to the end of the chapter. Potatoes we never *did* like; most fruits are difficult to get ripe; and too many vegetables always gave us an indigestion. We suppose, however, we started wrong, and that, if we had lived from infancy on farina, we should find poultry as injurious as we now do pie. *Chacun a son gout*, everybody to their taste. Mr. Smith may eat what he likes, if he will let us follow our inclinations too. We would rather read his book than eat his dinners. The latter we should pronounce insufferable, we fear; but we know the former to be quite readable. A handsome colored lithograph of a vase, with fruits and flowers, embellishes the volume.

*Walden; or, Life in the Woods.* By Henry D. Thoreau. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The author of this volume would be called by some a modern Diogenes; but all will admit that he is a close, though somewhat eccentric observer of Nature. Disgusted with the ordinary conventional life, he retired to the shores of Walden Pond in Massachusetts, where building himself a log hut, he lived a sort of half hermit life for two years. The present book is a narrative of his experience during that period. The style is graceful, the reflections often profound, the thought always robust and healthy. On the excessive luxury of the times the author makes war *a la outrance*, as a man who has lived on fifty dollars a year, we think, has a right. The book is so out of the beaten track that it cannot fail to set people to thinking; while no one, who once picks it up, will lay it down till he has finished it. The author, in his love of Nature, reminds us of old Isaac Walton, as in other particulars he often recalls Sir Thomas Browne. Naturalists will learn many curious facts from the volume, while the poetical admirer of Nature will linger over its pages with delight. The publishers have issued it in their usual neat style.

*History of Cuba.* By Maturin M. Ballou. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—In this neat volume we have a short, but reliable political, historical and statistical account of Cuba, from its first discovery by Columbus up to this era of Spanish revolutionists and American filibusters. At the present time, when public attention is fixed on that island, such a work must command a ready sale. We have found the book extremely interesting, even for general reading. Several fine illustrations adorn the volume, which is printed in unusually good style.

*Freaks of Fortune.* By J. B. Jones, author of "Wild Western Scenes." 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Whatever this author writes is sure to have a large sale. The present is his best fiction, and one of the best we ever read. It is full of graphic sketches of character, abounds with incident, and runs over with fun continually. We know nowhere a better panacea against "the blues." The illustrations were designed by Darley, and are in his happiest manner: they are engraved also with great spirit. The publisher issues the book on superior paper, and bound in embossed cloth. Price one dollar. For those who prefer novels of life as it is, to mawkishly sentimental fictions, this is the book of the season. Whoever likes Thackeray will like "The Freaks of Fortune."

*Rosa Woodville; or, The Sailor's Daughter.* By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol. New York: Garrett & Co.—After all, no cotemporary novelist equals Dumas in vivacity. The interest never flags in his stories. Messrs. Garrett & Co. have issued the present fiction in a cheap, yet neat style, at fifty cents.

*Percival Mayberry.* By the author of "Lafitte." 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Another of the series of Mr. Peterson's "Library of Humorous Novels." Several excellent illustrations, designed by Darley, add to the mirth-provoking character of the book.

*Martin Merrivale.* Nos. 7, 8, 9 and 10. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Four more numbers of this capital serial have appeared. We like it more and more, the further we advance in the story.

#### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*Omelette.*—Break eight eggs into a basin, season with a small teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper, and if liked, mace or nutmeg; and add two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream; about two ounces of butter, and a little parsley cut small, if liked, also a finely chopped shallot or white onion well washed. Beat these ingredients well together with a spoon, put an ounce of butter in a frying-pan, let it become boiling hot, and pour the omelette in about half an inch thick; as it is cooking continue to stir it with a spoon, drawing it from the sides to the centre, that it may be evenly done; shake the pan now and then to free the omelette from it; let it fry gently; when it is a fine clear brown, turn it into a dish, and serve.

*To Pickle Oysters.*—Wash the largest, fat native oysters in their own liquor; strain it, and to every pint put a glass of sherry wine, mace, nutmeg, a good many white pepper-corns, and a little salt. Simmer the oysters four or five minutes, but never let them boil, as it hardens them. Put in glass or stone jars; add vinegar to the liquor in the proportion of a glass to the pint, and boil it up. Skim the pickle and pour it over the oysters, and when cold tie down with bladder. The pickle liquor may be boiled down occasionally, which will tend to preserve the oysters. A spoonful of it will be a pleasant flavor for a hash.

*Omelets-au-Naturel.*—Break eight or ten eggs into a basin; add a small teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper, with a teaspoonful of cold water; beat the whole well with a spoon or whisk. In the meantime put some fresh sweet butter into an omelette-pan, and when it is nearly hot, put in an omelette; whilst it is frying, with a skimmer spoon raise the edges from the pan that it may be properly done. When the eggs are set, and one side is a fine brown, double it half over and serve hot. These omelettes should be put quite thin in the pan; the butter required for each will be about the size of a small egg.

*To Destroy Ants.*—Drop some quick-lime on their nests, and wash it in with boiling water. Tobacco water is also recommended. They are averse to strong scents, camphor, or a sponge saturated with creosote, will prevent their infesting a cupboard. Slices of turnip, rubbed with honey, will attract hundreds, which may be destroyed. To prevent their climbing shrubs, and trees, place a ring of tar about the stem, or a rag, moistened occasionally with creosote.

*To Prevent Cold Feet at Bed-Time.*—Draw off your stockings just before undressing, and rub your ankles and feet well with your hand, as hard as you can bear the pressure, for five or ten minutes, and you will never have to complain of cold feet in bed. It is hardly conceivable what a pleasurable glow this diffuses. Frequent washing of the feet, and rubbing them thoroughly dry with a linen cloth or flannel, is very useful.

*Norfolk Dumplings.*—Make a very stiff batter with a pound of flour, a little milk, three eggs, and salt. Work this up into balls the size of small turkey eggs; roll them in flour, and boil, either in water or with meat, thirty minutes; or drop the batter from a spoon into water that boils fast; boil ten minutes, drain, and serve them hot.

*To Clear White Ostrich Feathers.*—Wash the feathers by passing them through a strong and hot solution of white soap, rinse in tepid, then in cold water, then bleach with sulphur vapor, and placing them near the fire, pick out every part with a bodkin.

*Rice Pancakes.*—Beat six eggs, add a pint of cream, and three ounces of butter; sweeten with sugar, and flavor with nutmeg, cinnamon, or lemon. Sift sugar over them as they are fried, and serve with a cut lemon.

*To Render Pickling Vinegar Colorless.*—Stir together one gallon of the best pickling vinegar, and six ounces of bone black (animal charcoal.) Let the mixture stand for three days, and then decant off the clear vinegar.

*Velvet.*—When velvet gets plushed from pressure, hold the parts over a basin of hot water, with the lining of the dress next the water; the pile will rise in a short time, and assume its original beauty.

*To Remove a Tight Stopper.*—Apply a cloth wetted in hot water to the neck of the bottle, the glass will expand, and the neck will be enlarged so as to allow the stopper to be easily withdrawn.

*Cold in the Head.*—For a cold in the head, a head bath is useful. Fill a wash hand basin with boiling water, add an ounce of flour of mustard; then hold the head covered with a cloth over the steam as long as any continues to arise. Guard well against any cold air afterward.

## FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF RICH BROWN CORDED SILK, skirt long and very full. Corsage, which is not seen, is made close to the throat, with a round waist. Mantilla of black velvet and satin sewed in alternate stripes in the shape of gores. It is of a circular form. A heavy black fringe trims it around the bottom. Bonnet of straw colored satin and ribbon, ornamented at the side with a large flower, and at the back with a bow of satin ribbon.

FIG. II.—A CARRIAGE DRESS OF CRIMSON AND BLACK PLAID SILK, skirt very full and long. Corsage (not seen) high at the back, but open in front, quite low. Waist without a point. Pagoda sleeves trimmed with frills of the silk pinked at the edges. Mantilla of dark purple velvet, cut in a circular form behind, with pelerine fronts. It is ornamented with frogs and tassels of gimp, and finished at the bottom with a deep fringe. Bonnet of white satin, with a deep full of white lace around the front, and with deep crimson face flowers.

FIG. III.—CHILD OF ABOUT TWO YEARS OF AGE.—Blouse of dark ruby-colored velvet, edged with moire ribbon of the same color. Trowsers of nansouk, edged with narrow tucks and needlework. Full under-sleeves also of nansouk, drawn at the wrists on bands of needlework. A white beaver hat, having the brim turned up all round, and on one side a long plume of white ostrich feathers.

FIG. IV.—LITTLE GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of dark blue silk, the skirt quite plain. Small cloak of black velvet, trimmed with rows of black moire antique ribbon. Under-sleeves of plain muslin, drawn at the wrists on bands of needlework. Trowsers of nansouk, worked at the ends. Boots of dark blue cashmere, tipped with glazed leather.

FIG. V.—BOY OF FIVE YEARS OF AGE.—Pardessus of maroon-colored cloth, trimmed with black velvet. The upper part of the pardessus is cut square in the neck. The sleeves are short and wide. Chemise of cambric, plaited on the neck, with full under-sleeves descending below the sleeves of the blouse. Long gaiters of maroon-colored cloth, fastened by black enameled buttons.

FIG. VI.—OUT-DOOR DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF SIX YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of dark blue embroidered cashmere. Cloak of black velvet, trimmed with narrow bands of sable. Trowsers of white cambric muslin, gathered on a band of needlework, insertions just above the ankle.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Checquered silks are as fashionable as ever. It is hardly possible they should be otherwise, considering the variety in color and pattern, and the richness of texture displayed in

the newest silks of this description. The chequers are of all sizes, some very large and others small. Many of the silks of small chequered patterns have flounces edged with strips of a color different from those of the chequers. We have seen a dress composed of this kind of silk. The pattern was in fawn color and white, and the dress was trimmed with five flounces, each bordered with stripes of dark blue satin, woven in the silk. The stripes were of graduated widths, the lowest rather broad. Three similar stripes ornamented the edge of the basque and ends of the sleeves. A dress chequered with light brown and white, has the flounces striped with ten or twelve very narrow rows of cerise-color. Another dress of a small chequered pattern green and white, has five flounces edged with green stripes graduating from a deep to a pale tint. The silks of one color, such as Mazarine blue, dark browns, slates, &c., are all of very rich, heavy fabrics. Brocades are not as popular as formerly, except in light colors for evening dresses. The *de lains* are nearly all in stripes of the most brilliant colors. The most beautiful which we have seen had a stripe of cerise, one of brown, and another a stripe of palm leaves and pagodas, each about three inches wide. We should mention that in *de lains* and cashmeres the alternate stripe is figured.

One of the most remarkable innovations of the day is the evident attempt to bring about the adoption of the small hoop of the time of our ancestors—not perhaps immediately, nor by a *coup d'état*, but by gradually accustoming the eye to the increasing rotundity, and to its particular locality. Even to assume the dimensions of the present fashion in this respect, ladies are compelled to have recourse to crinoline; some even go so far as to wear petticoats with strips of whalebone inserted in them. To humor this freak of fashion, almost all the dresses made of light materials are lined with a very stiff taffetas, manufactured expressly for this purpose. Though trimmed flounces are still in high favor, in some instances they are made quite plain. Some silk dresses made recently, have two broad flounces, simply edged with a hem. Black lace is used profusely in the trimming of silk dresses. When put on as flounces, it is frequently headed by a wreath of foliage, or arabesque figures in black velvet.

The long skirts now worn have brought back the fashion of pointed shoes, which make the foot appear smaller. In this as in everything else, exaggeration must be avoided.

The prettiest style of making evening dresses of white tarletane, is to line the tarletane flounces with pink crape, letting the edge of the crape flounce which is scalloped, descend below the tarletane one.

The styles of the days of our great-grandmothers seem to be reviving in every respect. The profusion of lace and ribbons lately used, strongly point in this way, to say nothing of the hair turned back from the forehead, the hoop, pointed shoes, and the skirt open in front in the peignoir style, which has just been revived. As elegant and becoming as this

mode of dress is, we fear that it is only adapted to those "who toil not, neither do they spin," rather than to the bustling dames and cheerful, healthy daughters of our land, who have so much of the household comforts dependant upon them. For the benefit of "those whom it may concern," we will describe a dress in this style composed of silk, which has been made with the skirt open in front, in the peignoir style. This dress is to be worn over another dress or slip of white muslin, ornamented in front with needlework in the *tablier* form, and on each side of the *tablier* the silk skirt is fastened to the muslin one by three or four bows of ribbon, one above the other. The high corsage and long sleeves of the silk dress display the front of the under-corsage and sleeves, consisting of muslin ornamented with needlework and Valenciennes lace. This style of dress is particularly elegant, when the peignoir or upper dress is composed of rich figured silk or brocade.

MAZARINE BLUE will be the prevailing color, this fall, if there is such a thing as a fashionable color, where such varieties are used, and when every one consults their own taste, so much as they do at present.

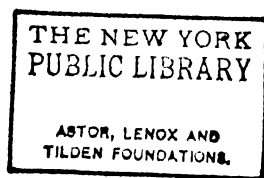
It appears not improbable that the fashion once so prevalent of wearing scarfs in evening costume may be again revived. Scarfs of guipure and worked muslin, and of other light fabrics, embroidered with gold and colored silk, have recently been worn. These scarfs have no trimming, and resemble those which, at various epochs, have formed part of our fashionable costumes.

SHAWLS of black and colored silk, trimmed with fringe or lace, are much worn in Paris. Those of black silk are preferred, and are, therefore, most generally adopted. The shawls are square, and are folded so that the fringe or lace which trims them falls in a double row, one above the other. The corners are rounded, and the trimming is surmounted by a *ruche* of ribbon, a row of open-work guipure braid or figured cut velvet. At the neck, these shawls are fastened down in folds, and the folds are gradually diminished and carried off as they descend down each side, so that the shawl sits partially open in front. The folds are retained in their place by five *agraffes* of velvet or *passementerie*. We have had the opportunity of inspecting a packet of these shawls, just received from Paris. Those composed of light-colored silk are trimmed with fringe of the same tint as the shawl, which is prettier than black lace. These silk shawls, thus embroidered and trimmed, will, probably, for a time, supersede China crape shawls. For the trimming of shawls of black silk, a variety of the most elegant fringes have been manufactured—some consisting of silk intermingled with chenille and jet, are very rich and tasteful.

We have seen nothing newer in the way of Mantillas than those in our fashion-plate.

The Bonnets as yet retain the shape so much worn this spring and summer, and are trimmed with a profusion of ribbon, lace, blonde and flowers.











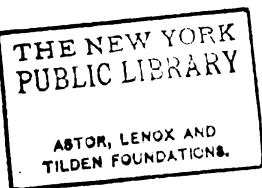


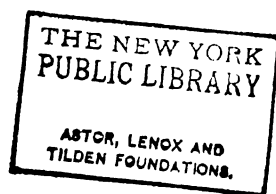


Alman & Sons

LES MODES PARISIENNES

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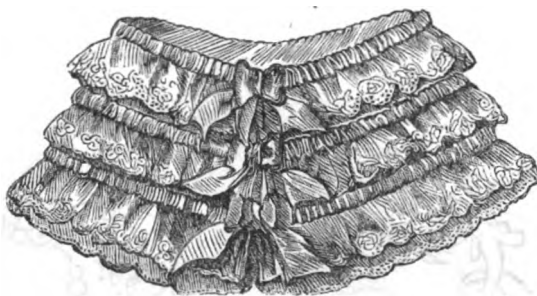




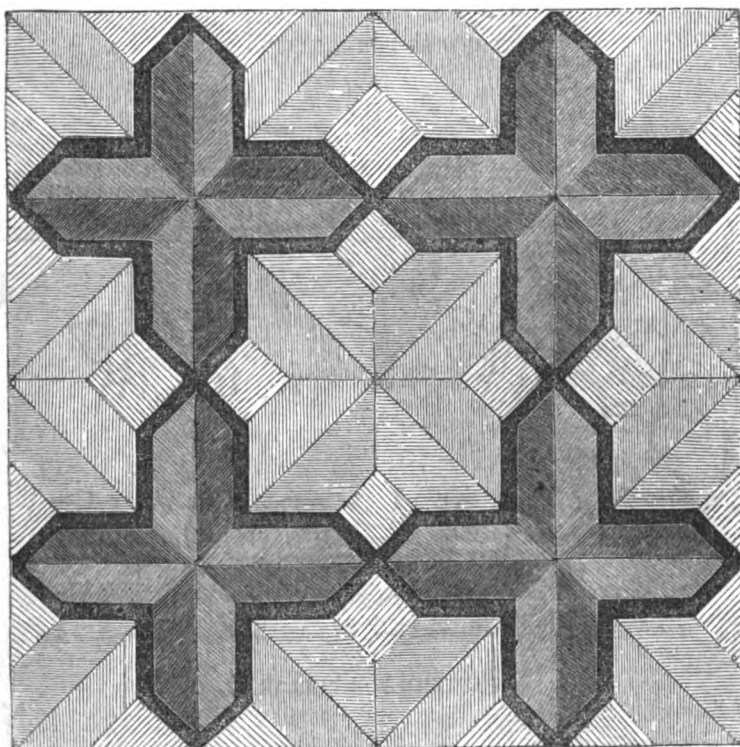
### THE NINETTI.

Fashions furnished by Molyneux Bell, No. 58 Canal street, New York. The Ninetti is decidedly the cloak for this season. It combines style and elegance with comfort. It is a full cloak with a pointed yoke, also pointed over the arm to match—from which drops a beautiful double tassel, giving a perfect finish to it, which with the new styles of plush trimmings makes it a perfect gem. In short, it is one of the most comfortable and lady-like cloaks we have seen. Just like everything else that comes from the widely renowned establishment of Mr. Bell.

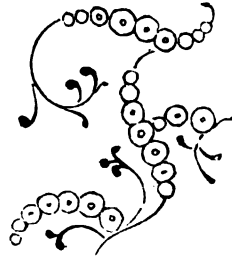




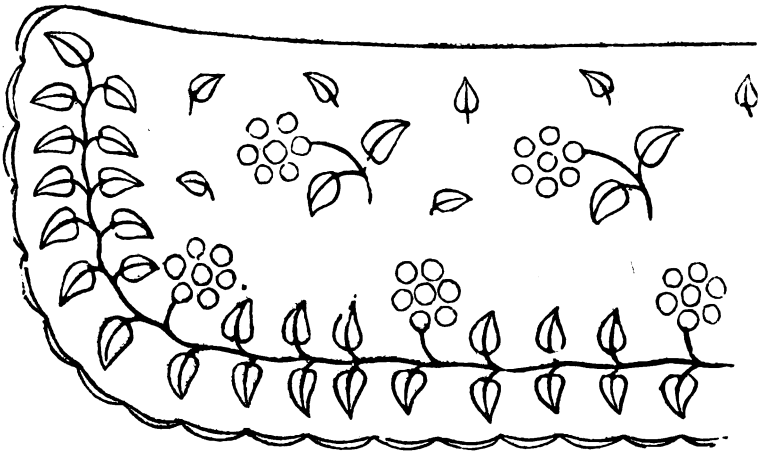
**PATTERN FOR BERTHE.**



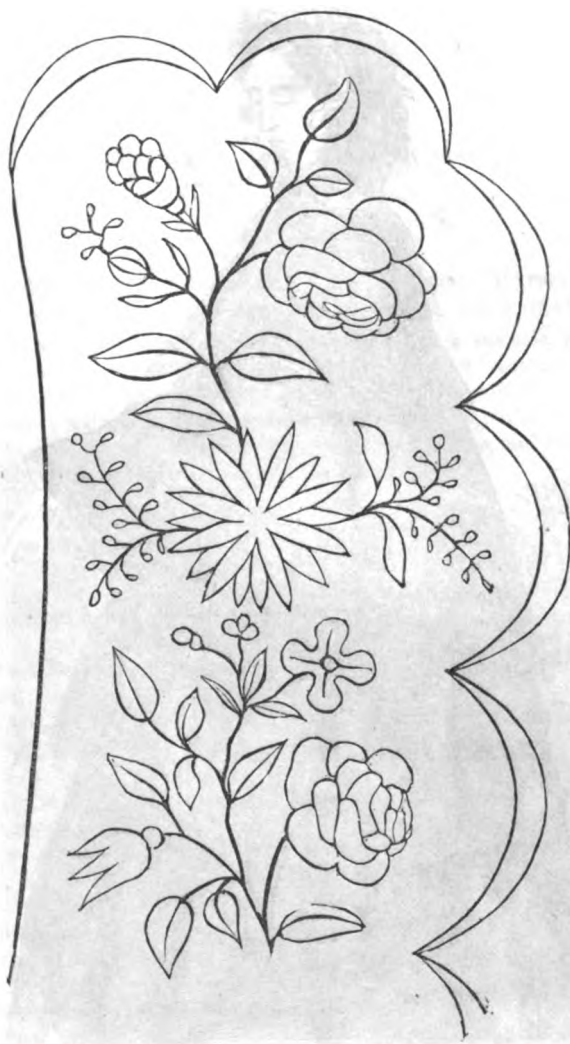
**PATCH-WORK PATTERN.**



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



PATTERN FOR COLLAR.



**PATTERN FOR COLLAR.**



**THE NON-PARIEL CLOAK.**

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1854.

No. 5.

## HORN PIPE.

### A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

#### ACT I.—HORN—

*Dramatis Personæ.*—MASTER OF THE HUNT.—HOUNDS.—HUNTSMEN.—HUNTERS.—SERVANT.—FOX.

*SCENE*—As extensive a country as can be imagined. About it, several ditches and hedges.

ENTER MASTER OF THE HUNT AND HUNTSMEN on foot, with their trousers tucked up, to show their Wellington boots with brown paper tops to them. Each one carries a walking-stick for whip; and whilst some raise their hands to one side of their mouths and practice their "yoicks," others,

with their hats on one side, pretend to be riding after the approved theatrical style.

Enter SERVANT, with a jug of ale and several tumblers. The Master of the Hunt and Huntsmen fill their glasses, and drink to the success of the hunt.



A horn is heard outside, and is followed by the yelping of the dogs.

The huntsmen start. Their faces glow with delight; and, holding out one arm to the door, *exeunt*, pointing.

Enter Fox, stealing cautiously along. He looks very cunning, and winks several times to show how knowing he is. He has a splendid stair-broom for brush.

The horn is heard without. The Fox starts, and listens attentively; then with one, two, or three bounds, he rushes out at the door.

Enter HOUNDS, yelping, and followed by the Master of the Hunt on his HUNTER, whipping and urging them on.

Enter Huntsmen on their Hunters, some with their hands beside their open mouths, and as if shouting, "yoicks," and others blowing horns of rolls of music. They all ride round the exten-

sive front drawing-room country once or twice, when

Exit Master of the Hunt and Hounds, followed by two of the Huntsmen.

One of the Hunters is urged on by bold Huntsman to take the bolster hedge which is before him. The Horse shies, and the rider is thrown. A second brave Sportsman shares his fate. *Exeunt* Hunters at full gallop, followed by Huntsmen on foot.

Enter Fox, panting heavily. He is quickly surrounded by the Hounds, who rush upon him. Horns heard without.

Enter Master of the Hunt, who leaps from his steed, and killing the Fox, cuts off his tail of stair-broom.

Enter Huntsmen, who dismount. They raise their caps, and pointing to the tail, hurrah!

(*Flourish of Horns.*)



TABLEAU.

## ACT. II.—PIPE.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—DECEITFUL HUSBAND.—TRUSTING WIFE.SCENE 1.—*The Drawing-room in house of Deceitful Husband.*

ENTER DECEITFUL HUSBAND, picking his teeth to show he has just dined. He walks about the room nervously. Suddenly he stops, and, by clasping his hands and pretending to smoke, informs the audience how delighted he would be if he had a pipe. But somebody in the passage—he says in eloquent dumb-show—always shakes her head when he attempts to smoke.

Enter TRUSTING WIFE, who advances lovingly to Deceitful Husband. They embrace. Pulling out his watch, he informs her, by whistling and opening his eyes, that he is astonished to find it so late. He tells her by waving his hand to the



door that he must be gone on business. She consents, smiling; and, fetching his hat and coat,

dresses him, and bids him take care of himself. When her back is turned, Deceitful Husband winks to the audience, and tells them in joyous action that he is going to have a smoke. Then kissing his wife fondly, *exeunt*, toying.

SCENE 2.—*A back attic in the house of Deceitful Husband. No furniture to be seen. Against the wall, the screen arranged as fire-place.*

Enter DECEITFUL HUSBAND, with his coat and hat on, and a long clay pipe and bottle in his hand. He winks, and, for laughing, can scarcely inform the audience that he has deceived his wife.

He pulls a newspaper from his pocket, and, lighting his pipe, sits down on the floor close

to the chimney. He smokes and reads his paper. Every now and then he stops to rub his coat-button, to tell how good the tobacco is.



As he is reading, a loud knock is heard at the door of attic. Husband is considerably alarmed, and does not stir, for very fear. The knocking continues, and at length the door is burst open.

Enter TRUSTING WIFE, sniffing and shaking her forefinger at Deceitful Husband, who rises, and



endeavors to hide the pipe and black bottle behind his back. Trusting Wife stamps on the floor, and commands him

to show his hands. He endeavors to soothe and pacify her, but in vain; and she still insists upon seeing his hands. At last he shows her his pipe. She is horrified, and, turning aside, bursts into tears. (*She weeps.*)

Deceitful Husband is overcome with the touching spectacle, and approaches to comfort her. She waves him from her, holding her nose with her pocket-handkerchief, to avoid the disgusting smell of smoke. Deceitful Husband promises her to reform. She is softened by his vows, and entreats him—as well as she can without speaking—to swear that he will henceforth renounce the pipe.

Deceitful Husband snaps his pipe in two, and, pointing to the ceiling, swears. *Exeunt*, fondling each other.



TABLEAU.

## ACT III.—HORN PIPE.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—SAILOR.—MUSICIANS.—AUDIENCE.

SCENE.—*Interior of a theatre, the stage lit up with rows of candles at one end, and chairs for pit audience at the other.*

ENTER AUDIENCE with large baskets of provisions and bottles of refreshments for the evening's performance. They take their seats in the pit, and commence eating. Many spread handkerchiefs on their laps, and regale themselves

with a regular supper; whilst others merely suck oranges, and throw the peel at one another.

Enter MUSICIANS into orchestra of sofa. They tune their instruments, until Audience, growing impatient, stamp on the floor and hiss. (*Music*

*in orchestra.*) Whilst the music is playing, some of the audience join in with their whistles. (*A bell rings in the passage.*)

Enter, (on the stage) SAILOR, stopping short, as if he had been running. On his shoulder he carries a stick with a bundle at the end of it.



He informs the audience, by clapping his hands to the wall, that he has come to see his sweet-

heart. He presses his bosom to describe his passion for her; and his joy grows so delirious that he is forced to dance a hornpipe. (*Music.*) During

the dance the audience applaud loudly. At the split they are excited beyond bounds, and wave their hats in the air.

When the *pas* has been concluded, they will not allow the sailor to proceed with his story,

and describe his shipwreck, but insist on an *encore*.

The dance is again gone through, the applause growing more and more excessive. At the end the Sailor again attempts his description of the shipwreck, but is once more interrupted; and a repetition of the dance called for. The Sailor expostulates, and points to his legs, to say that he is tired. They will not listen to him.

Exit Sailor, who shortly returns with the jack-chain round his legs for fetters.



The audience are in fits of delight. The dance is once more performed in fetters. The pit rises to a man, and cheers. *Exeunt, Sailor, Audience and Musicians delighted.*



## THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

THE spirits of the dead  
Oft visit us in dreams,  
They glide above our memories  
As shadows over streams;

Where'er the cheerful lights of home  
In brilliant lustre burn,  
The dead—the departed  
No more can e'er return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful!  
How peaceful is their sleep,  
Where rolls the dirge-like music  
Of the ever-heaving deep;

Where the hurrying night-winds,  
Pale Winter's robes have spread  
Above the narrow places,  
Where rests the living dead!

I sometimes dream that smiles  
Of the dead still on me fall;  
That their tones of love I hear  
My name familiarly call:

How sweet to know they're happy  
With their Heavenly plumage on;  
Yet my heart is desolate  
Thinking that they are gone.

# THE ORPHANS FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 205.

## CHAPTER XV.

THERE WAS, at the time of our story, a public house, or tavern, about five minutes walk up the street from uncle Nathan's house. To this tavern the young men betook themselves, while the girls were partaking of aunt Hannah's hospitality; and two or three of the upper rooms were full of commotion created by the change which each deemed necessary to his apparel, before he appeared in dancing trim before the ladies. Flashy vests were taken from overcoat pockets. The dickies, snugly curled under the lining of a fur cap or narrow-brimmed hat, came forth to be arranged under neck-ties of gay hues and flowing dimensions. Here and there, one more exquisite than his neighbor, exchanged his mixed socks and cowhide boots for white yarn stockings and calf-skin pumps; but this was a mark of gentility that few ventured on, and that was assumed with a stealthy sort of air and in a dark corner, as if the owners of so much refinement were not quite certain of the way in which the democratic majority might receive it.

Never were two small mirrors brought into more general requisition than those hanging upon the walls of those two chambers. It was like a panorama of human faces passing over them. First a collar all awry was set right with a jerk; then the plaits of a false bosom were smoothed down; next the tie of a flowing silk cravat was settled. While, in other parts of the room, there was a stealthy display of private rolls of pomatum, and a sharp brushing of hair sometimes refractory to anything but the fingers.

Then followed a deal of bustle and confusion, half a dozen young fellows crowded at once to the mirror in hot haste to catch a last glimpse. Red bandanna handkerchiefs fluttered out of a dozen pockets and back again, mysteriously leaving a corner visible. Then there was a general movement toward the door, and the crowd descended, each youth treading lighter by far than when he went up, and moving forward with the air of a man expected to change his manners somewhat with his garments.

While all this was going on above stairs, there

sat in the bar-room below a fair young man, travel-soiled and looking weary, like an over-taxed child. He was very slender, and with a sort of lily paleness on his bent forehead, that fatigue or sorrow had lent to its natural delicacy.

His garments were old and threadbare. Dust from the highway had settled upon them; and the crown of his hat, which lay on the floor beside him, had taken a reddish tinge from the same source.

He sat in a remote corner of the room, upon a buffalo skin that had been flung over a wooden bench, where travellers sometimes cast themselves down for temporary rest. His hands were clasped over the smaller end of a violin-case that stood upright before him, and his forehead fell wearily upon them.

"Look there," said one of the young men, turning to his companions, who were descending the stairs, "don't that look tremendously like a fiddle?"

"A fiddle! a fiddle!" ran from lip to lip, till the sound ended in a shout up stairs, "Let us see where it is! Where did it come from?"

This clamor aroused the young man, who lifted his face from the violin-case and turned a pair of full blue eyes, misty from fatigue or some other cause, upon the group.

The young men paused and looked at each other. There was something so strangely beautiful about that young face that it impressed them with something like awe.

Still the youth gazed upon them with an unmoved look, like one who listened rather than saw with his eyes. Meanwhile a smile stole over his lips, so child-like and sweet that it made the young men still more reluctant to approach him. He seemed so far removed from their nature, with that smile, and the lamplight glimmering through the thick waves of his golden brown hair.

"I wonder if he plays on it himself," said one of the young men in a whisper.

"Did any one speak of me?" said the stranger, in a voice so rich and sweet that there seemed no need of other music to him.



"Well, yes," answered the foremost youth, advancing toward him. "We've got a busking frolic on hand, and are all ready for dancing; but there isn't a fiddle within ten miles, nor any one to play it if there was. We might have got along with the girls singing well enough, I suppose, but the sight of this fiddle-case has set us all agoing for a little music."

"Oh," said the youth, with a smile, "it's my violin you wish to have; but I am very tired; for I've travelled all day over the mountains on foot."

"It's of no use asking you to play for us then, I suppose!" said the young farmer, in a disappointed tone.

The youth shook his head, but very gently, as one who refuses against his will; and this gave his petitioner a gleam of hope.

"Wouldn't a good supper, and a cup of cider that'll make your palate tingle, set you up again?" he pleaded. "There's a hull hive of purty gals over at uncle Nat's, that would jump right out of their skins at the first sound of that fiddle. If you only could now."

"Give me a crust of bread and a cup of drink, and I will try and please you. I think it is, perhaps, as much the want of food as weariness that has taken away my strength."

The young men looked at each other. "Want of food," said one of them, "why didn't you find taverns on the way?"

"Yes," answered the stranger, sadly, "but I had no money; and it is not every one who wants my music, as you do."

The group of youngsters drew together, and a whispered conversation commenced, which was followed by the clink of silver, as each one dropped a two shilling piece into the hat of the young man, who had been most active in the negotiation.

"Here," said the youth, holding forth the money, "an even exchange is no robbery. Set the old fiddle to work, and here is enough dimes to last you a week."

The stranger blushed crimson, and the white lids drooped over his eyes, as if something had been said to wound him.

"No," he said, with a quivering voice, "my poor music is not worth selling yet. Besides my journey must end not far from this, or I have travelled slowly. Give me a supper and some clean water for my face and hands, that is all I ask."

"Supper of course we will. Come with us up to uncle Nat's. As for water, why there is a trough full at his back door, that you may bathe your head in if you like; and as for cider, we'll

just try that before you say anything about it."

The stranger arose and took up his violin; then lifting his large eyes, that seemed flooded with mist, he said almost mournfully,

"Will some one give me his hand? We are going to a strange place, and I am blind."

The young men became at once silent and respectful with these words, for there was something of reverence in their sympathy with a being at once so helpless and so full of gentle dignity.

"Let me carry the violin," said one, while another stout, brave fellow clasped the slender hand of the blind stranger in his own broad palm, and led him carefully forth, hushing even the cheery tones of his voice as he directed the youth where to plant his feet.

Thus subdued from hilarity to kindness, the group of young men conducted their new friend to the old homestead and into the outer room, where the table was newly spread, with Salina hovering over it, with a huge brown cider pitcher in her hand, from which she began to fill the glasses when the crowd of guests rushed in.

Aunt Hannah, having performed her duty among her female guests, was busy in the milk room, cutting up pies and dividing pound-cake into sections, and slicing up cards of gingerbread, while uncle Nat presided diligently at the cider-cask.

Thus it happened that the blind violinist was almost overlooked in the crowd, for he sat down in a corner of the room, where his new friend brought him an abundance of dainties from the table, while Salina was too busy even for a glance that way.

"How do you feel now? Stronger, I know by your mouth, there's color in the lips now," said the young man, who had taken a leading interest in the stranger from the first.

"Oh! yes, I am much stronger," answered the youth, with one of the sweetest smiles that ever beamed on a human face. "A little fresh water now, and you shall see if I haven't music enough in the old violin to play you for all this."

"Come this way. The water-trough is out by the back porch."

The youth took up his violin, saying very gently that he never left that behind him, and following the lead of his friend's hand, glided from the room.

After bathing his hands and face, leaving them pure and white as those of a girl, he went back to the porch, and seating himself in uncle Nat's armed-chair, drew forth his violin and began to tune it.

Uncle Nat was just returning the spigot from his cider barrel, after having filled the brown pitcher once more to the brim; but at the first sound of the violin, an instrument he had not heard for years, the spigot dropped to the floor, and out rushed the cider in a quick amber stream, overflowing the pitcher, dashing down to the floor, and rushing off in a tiny river down the sloping edge of the porch, where you could hear it creeping in a rich current through the plantain leaves, while there stood uncle Nat, quite oblivious of the waste, listening like a great school boy to the violin.

An exclamation from Salina, as she came forth and seized the pitcher, brought the good old man to his senses. Clapping his fat hand over the aperture, he drove the cider back in its cask, and looked right and left over his shoulder for the spigot, avoiding the scornful eyes of that exemplary female who stood still like an antiquated Hebe defying an overgrown Ganymede, with the pitcher between her hands, over which the surplus moisture went dripping.

"There," exclaimed the strong-minded damsel, pointing toward the spigot with her foot, "there's at least two gallons of the best cider in Greene county gone to nothing. What do you think aunt Hannah will do for apple sarce, if you go on this way, making regular mill-dams out of her sweet cider?"

"Maybe we'd better say nothing about it," answered uncle Nat, making futile efforts to restrain the cider with one hand and reach the spigot with the other, "dear me, I can't reach it. Now, dear Miss Salina, if you only would."

Dear, dear Miss Salina! The strong-minded one turned at the words, her face firing up till it revealed her tresses. She set down her pitcher, shook the drops from her fingers, and seizing the important bit of pine presented it to uncle Nathan.

All this time the young stranger had paused in tuning his violin, but when uncle Nat drew a deep breath, after repairing the mischief he had done, out came a gush of music that made him start again, and threw the strong-minded woman into a fit of excitement, quite startling. She seized uncle Nat's moist hand and unconsciously—it must have been unconsciously—pressed it in her wiry fingers.

"Music! Did you ever hear such music, uncle Nathan? It's enough to set one off a dancing."

"Wal, why not?" answered uncle Nathan.

"Yes, why not?" replied the strong-minded one, "if the other young people dance, why shouldn't we?"

"Of course," said uncle Nat, wiping his hands

on the roller towel. "Why not? I shouldn't wonder if we astonish these youngsters."

"And aunt Hannah, too," chimed in Salina.

"Oh, I'd forgot her," said uncle Nat, looking wistfully toward the milk-room door, "I'm afraid it won't do, she'll think—but here they come, like a swarm of blackbirds!"

True enough, the first full notes of the violin had drawn the crowd of girls from the chamber overhead, and down they came, laughing and racing through the kitchen, perfectly wild with delight.

"Uncle Nat, dear, dear, uncle Nat, is it really a violin? Will aunt Hannah let us dance to any thing but singing?" cried a dozen voices; and uncle Nathan was at once surrounded by a rainbow of streaming ribbons and floating ringlets, while a host of merry eyes flashed their delight upon him.

"I don't know—I can't take it on myself to say," cried uncle Nathan, quite beside himself, "you must ask some one else. I haven't any objection in life——"

"Nor I," said Salina, "and that's two agin one, if Miss Hannah *does* stand out. Come, I'll go with you. We'll say that I, and all the other young girls, have just made up our mouths to dance after a fiddle, and we mean to, that's all."

"Stop, stop a minute," exclaimed uncle Nathan, spreading his hands, "maybe you'd better say nothing about it, but just go into the barn and begin. If sister Hannah has got a conscience agin dancing to a fiddle, you know, it ain't worth while to wake it up; but there's more ways of getting into a lot than by taking down the bars. Jest climb the fence, that's all."

How uncle Nathan ever came to give this worldly piece of advice is still a mystery. Some insinuated that the cider had sent its sparkles to his brain, and others thought the music had aroused some sleeping mischief there. Perhaps it was both. Perhaps too the bright eyes and ripe laughter around him had something to do with the matter. At any rate the advice was too pleasant not to be taken. A telegraphic signal brought the young men from the out room, and off the company fluttered in pairs toward the barn, making the starlight melodious with their laughter.

## CHAPTER XVI.

In their haste the young people had left the blind youth seated in the chair, in a dark end of the porch.

"Come," said uncle Nat, in his kindly fashion, "you and I will follow them."

"Give me your hand," said the youth, rising, "I cannot see."

"What, blind?" said the old man, sorrowfully, "blind, and so young! It's hard!"

He paused. A strange thrill shot over him, as the hand of the youth touched his. "Come," he added, tenderly, leading the stranger on, "I have eyes for us both."

The slender hand trembled in his clasp; the agitation was mutual; for through that delicately organized frame ran a spark of joy that warmed him to the heart. They walked on together in silence, both thrilled with a strange sensation of pleasure, and drawn, as it were, by invisible influences toward each other.

"I'm afraid," said the blind youth, "I'm afraid my music will disappoint them. I know hardly any but sacred or sad airs."

His voice made all the blood in uncle Nathan's veins start again, it was music in itself, such music as he had spoken of as most natural to him, sad and ineffably sweet.

"Oh," answered uncle Nathan, drawing a deep, pleasant breath, "you must have a dancing tone or so, Yankee Doodle, Money Musk, and Money in both Jackets as like as not."

"Yankee Doodle, oh, yes, it was the first air I ever learned, how my poor father loved it—as for the rest, well, we shall see."

Uncle Nathan's chair had been placed near the door as it happened, away from the light which fell warmest in the centre of the barn. Thus, during the whole evening, the young musician had been constantly surrounded by shadows that left his features mysteriously undefined. Still uncle Nathan hovered near him, his warm heart yearned to see itself near the youth. When he drew forth his bow, and, without a prelude, dashed into Yankee Doodle, uncle Nat sunk to a bundle of corn-stalks, covered his face with both hands, and absolutely shivered under the floods of tenderness let into his soul with the music.

But no one heeded the old man, why should they? Couple after couple rushed up to the centre of the barn, gaily disputing for the place beneath the rustic chandelier, while here and there a young fellow, more eager than the rest, broke into a double shuffle or cut a subdued pigeon wing as an impromptu while the set was forming.

It was no wonder. The violin was absolutely showering down music. A thousand strings seemed to find voice beneath those slender fingers. It set the young people off like birds in a thicket, down the outside, up—down the middle, swinging corners, oh, it is impossible for a pen

to keep up with them. There they go, whirling, smiling, dancing higher and faster, flying with the music till they paused flushed and panting at the bottom of the set. Even now they cannot be still, but give each other a superfluous twirl, or go on in a promiscuous way, doing over again the dance in fragments till their turn comes once more.

Somehow Yankee Doodle waved off into various other airs quite unknown to the dancers, and all swelling free and with a bold sweep of sound, as if the musician improvised as much in his music as the company certainly did in their dancing. But it was the more exhilarating for that, and never did enjoyment run higher or mirth gush out more cheerily.

Mary Fuller had made her way quietly into the barn, and seating herself by uncle Nathan, watched the bright revel as it went on, filled with a pleasant sort of wonder that anything could be so happy as these gay revellers seemed. Unlike most persons, she had no feeling of envy or bitterness, against those who enjoyed so much the pleasures of which she was deprived. Once or twice she was asked to dance, but shrunk sensitively from the very proposition; while Salina stood erect by uncle Nathan, with her arms folded and her head on one side, filled with burning indignation against mankind in general, and dear old uncle Nathan in particular, because she was left a solitary wall-flower planted in the very calf-skin shoes that she had expected to exhibit in.

There was a change in the music. The strings trembled and thrilled a moment, then out came a wild gush of melody that made the very dancers pause and hold their breath to listen.

Mary Fuller started to her feet one moment. The color left her lips, and then back it came, firing her face with scarlet to the brows.

"Uncle Nat, uncle Nat," she said, seizing him by the arm, "that music!—I've heard it before—listen—listen!"

She sat down trembling from head to foot, but her grey eyes flashed joy from beneath their drooping lids, and her mouth grew tremulous with feeling. When the air was finished, for it died off in a few plaintive notes, as if the violinist had entirely forgotten the dancers, Mary arose and crept softly toward the musician, till she could obtain a view of his face. By the stray candles that wavered to and fro among the evergreens, she could dimly see the white outline of those pure features and the mysterious beauty of those sightless eyes.

Now her countenance, hitherto varying and anxious, settled into a warm flush of joy; she

drew close to the musician; and resting one hand on the back of his chair, placed the other softly on his arm.

"Joseph—Joseph Wilson," she said, in a voice that scarcely rose above a whisper. "Is it you, Joseph Wilson?"

He turned his eyes toward her, fondly as if they could read all the gladness in her face.

"I know the touch of your hand, Mary Fuller; and your voice is full of the old music. Where am I? How does it happen that you and I meet here?"

"I live here—I have friends, oh! such kind friends. And you, Joseph—how came you here? Where is your father—that dear, good father? Oh! I remember him so well."

"My father," said the blind youth, bowing his head, with a look of touching sorrow, "my father is dead, and I am alone in the world, with nothing but this!"

He touched his violin with a mournful smile, and laid his cheek caressingly against it.

"Then you and I are both orphans." But she added more cheerfully, "we are not alone, you have your music, and I have my, my—oh, I have many things."

"Music, music!" called out the dancers, impatiently, from the floor.

Mary drew back.

"Don't leave me," said the youth, anxiously.

"Come listen to my old friend here, and we will talk between the dances."

"Leave you?" replied the young girl, "oh, you do not know, you cannot guess how happy I am to see you again."

"And I," answered the youth, smiling softly, "I can feel how beautiful everything is around me when you are near. Did you know how my father loved you, and how he grieved over it when you left us?"

"Did he?" answered Mary, with a low sob, "how often I thought of you and him; but he must have known where we went; and how impossible it was for us to come back after poor Isabel's mother died."

"We heard that you had been taken from the Alms-House; but no one would tell us where you went, or with whom: it was against the rules, they said, I never expected to see either of you again."

"Music, music," clamored the dancers once more. The young man took up his bow with a sigh.

"Listen, listen," he said, softly, drawing it across the strings. "Do you remember the music we had that night? I will give it to you again."

He began to play, and while others were dancing merrily, she listened till her young heart filled and her eyes were crowded full of tears. She remembered a small room high up in a city dwelling. The furniture was scant but neat and so daintily arranged. The bright cooking-stove, the bird-cage, the little round work-stand, above all the handsome, cheerful woman, with her household love and genial benevolence, Isabel Chester's mother—how vividly the sight of that young minstrel brought all this to her memory.

The music was ringing cheerily through the barn, which trembled to the buoyant movements of the dancers, till the garlands shook upon the walls, and all the lights seemed to twinkle and reel with sympathetic motion. But the face of the violinist grew sad in its expression, and as Mary Fuller gazed at it through her tears, her heart trembled within her, though a gleam of most exquisite pleasure lay at the bottom, pleasure so rare that its very newness made her tremble.

"Don't you dance, Mary?" inquired the musician, speaking to her, but without a break in his music.

"Dance!" she answered, looking down at her stunted figure with a pang, "no, I never have danced in my life."

"Oh! if you could dance now, and I had eyes to witness it—how beautiful you must be, Mary Fuller—my heart used to ache for eyes to see you with."

Mary shrunk back blushing and frightened; it seemed as if her old friend could see and was mocking her.

"No, no," she stammered, "I am not beautiful; but, but——"

She could not go on: it seemed cruel to destroy his delusion. Poor thing! silence seemed a pride to her gentle heart, but she had no courage to tell Joseph Wilson how little of beauty she possessed.

The young musician shook his head, and the light of a stray candle rippled through his hair like gold: there was something angelic in the aspect of his unbelief as he murmured amid the music,

"Oh! but she must be beautiful. Never on earth have I heard a voice so full of melody. Sweet spring sounds and the breath of flowers seem floating in it. Oh! she must be beautiful, this dear child."

Then he began to smile again; richer sounds gushed from beneath his fingers; the dancers fell into a ring; the steps grew lighter. The ring of life flashed round beneath the lights, whirling

its way amid floods of laughter, like a water-wheel casting off rainbows and foam to the sunshine. The ring broke up; all its sunny links broke into pairs; balancing; smiling, and gliding away to the half-hushed music: all glad to rest, but eager to begin again. That moment the double doors were softly pushed open, and a group of visitors entered the barn, almost unnoticed at first, but that soon cast a restraint upon all this hilarity.

It was our friend the little constable, followed by a young man, evidently from the city, and a fair girl so beautiful that the whole company paused to look at her.

She was dressed very plainly, and her air was remarkable only for its simple quietness, though her large brown eyes turned with a look of eager haste from form to form, as if she were searching for some one.

Mary Fuller, who had been standing by the violinist, very thoughtful and with her eyes dim with heart mist, saw the group come in. She drew her hands across her eyes to clear their sight, clasped them with an exclamation of joy, and moving down through the shadows stood close to the young stranger.

"Isabel, Isabel!" broke from her eager lips.

Isabel Chester turned. Her face was radiant. She opened her arms, and with a sob of delight, received Mary to her bosom.

"Mary, dear, dear, little Mary Fuller—how glad I am. You love me yet, I know. She never would forget me, any more than I forgot her. Come talk to me, I was determined to see you before I slept, and so persuaded James, Mr. Farnham, I mean—oh! I forgot you never met before—but he knows all about you, Mary. Here, James, isn't she a dear creature?"

Isabel drew Mary's face from her bosom, and stood with one arm around her as she said this.

Young Farnham reached forth his hand, but before he could speak, Isabel went on.

"She has grown a little too; reaches to my shoulder and rather more; her eyes, oh! I knew her eyes would be beautiful; and, and there is something about her that I didn't expect. James, why don't you tell Mary Fuller that she's almost handsome? There now, isn't that look something better than beauty? Oh! Mary Fuller, how glad I am to see you."

Tears were flashing, like diamonds, down the peachy bloom of Isabel's cheek; for Mary had crept to her bosom again, and she felt the shiver of delight that shook the young creature from head to foot. Her own heart leaped back to its old memories, and swelled against the clinging form of her friend.

"That's right, that's just about as it ought to be," exclaimed Salina, coming forward triumphantly, for her honest heart rose to meet the scene, "I knew she'd be here afore bed time, if New York finery and foreign countries hadn't completely upset her. Isabel Chester, you're a fust rate gal, and I say it. Mr. Farnham she's a credit to human nature. You may reckon on that, now I tell you. Says I to myself, says I, 'that are gal is sure to come down to the old homestead afore bed time, or I loose my guess,' wasn't I right?"

"You always think too well of me," said Isabel, laughing through her tears. "Come, Mary, let me hear your voice. You haven't spoken a word yet."

"Oh! I love you so much, Isabel; I'm so happy, Isabel."

Isabel bent down and kissed the happy face upon her bosom. As she lifted her face again her eyes fell upon the blind youth, who guided by voices that he recognized, had moved toward them unnoticed.

"Who, who is this, Mary Fuller? I remember the face. No, no, James, it must be one of Guido's heads, that has bewildered me. Surely I never saw anything living like that before. It is Guido's Michael in repose. Look up, Mary, and tell me who this young man is."

Isabel spoke in a low voice, but regarding the blind youth with a look of mingled admiration and surprise, while the tears still sparkled on her cheeks.

Mary looked up; her eyes kindled; and she smiled proudly through her tears.

"That, Isabel? Can't you remember something that you have seen before in his face?"

"I don't know. The memory of a picture I saw at Rome blinds me. Who is it, say?"

"Hush, Isabel; you will grow sad when I tell you. That night when you and I watched——"

"Yes," answered Isabel, drooping her head, "I shall never forget that night."

"Do you remember who was with us, Isabel?"

"That angel boy"

"Yes, Isabel. It is Joseph."

"And still blind?"

"Yes," said Mary, with a deep breath, "he will never see your beauty, nor my——"

"But he can feel your goodness, darling. Come, let us speak to him."

With her arm still flung caressingly over Mary's shoulder, Isabel Chester moved toward the blind youth; but she was checked by the capacious person of uncle Nat, who came between her and her object with a look of strange interest on his face. His hands were clasped,

and you could see the plump fingers working nervously around each other; while his eyes filled and shone with anxious tenderness. At length, after a long gaze, his chest swelled like the heave of an ocean wave; his hands fell apart; and he murmured softly as if speaking only to himself,

"It is little Anna's boy!"

"Who speaks my mother's name?" inquired the youth, in his low, gentle way, "surely some one is near that I ought to love."

"Ought to love?" cried uncle Nat, seizing the hand which had been waved softly to and fro, as if groping for some object that its owner could not see. "Ought to love? Why it would be agin natur and the Lord's Providence, if you didn't love the old man that——"

Uncle Nat checked himself; a crowd had gathered around him; but the feelings he was constrained to suppress broke forth in two large tears that rolled down his broad cheeks.

"Nephew," he sobbed, shaking the hand that he still grasped, "you're welcome to the old homestead! Neighbors," he added, with dignity, "suppose you make out the evening with blind-man's buff, or whose got the button? This is my own nephew, that I haven't seen since he was a baby. You won't expect him to play any more to-night; he's tired out; and I——"

The old man's lips began to tremble, and tears came again into his eyes, and coursed rapidly after those that had fallen. He shook his head; tried to go on without success; and taking Joseph by the hand led him toward the door.

"Stop, jest one minute now, till I've done a little chance of business," cried the constable, creeping out from a corner of the barn, where the husked ears had been piled, and planting himself, like a pert exclamation point, before

the old man, "I've got to make a levy on this corn heap," he said, "the oxen out yonder, and sundry other goods and chattels about the old homestead. I want to du everything fair and above board, so jest wait to see the law executed."

Uncle Nathan paused, half wondering, half shocked at the man's words.

"What! the corn that my kind neighbors have just husked! the oxen I brought up from steers? who has a right to take them?"

"There's the writ. All correct you'll find. Madam Farnham claims a right to her own, and I'm here to see that she gets it."

"Madam Farnham, my mother!" cried young Farnham, indignantly, "knave, you slander my name."

"You'll find it there," cried the little constable, dashing the back of his dirty hand against the open writ. "Your mother, if she is your mother, authorized me to buy up all claims agin uncle Nat here and aunt Hannah, six months ago; and I've done it. Five hundred and ten dollars with costs."

"Come with me!" answered the young man, sternly. "Isabel, go to the house with Salina. I will return."

He took the constable by the arm and led him out, followed by hoots and cheers from the young farmers.

Uncle Nathan stood for a moment, dumb with amazement; then he drew a deep breath and grasped his nephew's hand more firmly.

"It seems as if the old homestead was falling around us," he said, "but so long as a shingle is left, it shall shelter my sister Anna's son."

And he led the blind youth forth into the starlight.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## SOLE ORIENTE, FUGIUNT TENEBRÆ.

BY EDWARD J. C. HENDIBOE.

THE sun of my destiny riseth again,  
Life's icy aphelion is o'er;  
But the violets which fell 'neath the deadly cold  
Will bloom in my heart no more.  
Pass me the goblet! I will not think—  
I've thought, aye, and dreamed too long!  
No more will I dwell in the realms of Mind—  
The natal place of Song!  
Virgil, sweet Juke, might sing  
To thy praise—while I but bring  
Wild song-blooms unto thy shrine.

Press thy sweet lips to my throbbing brow!  
Nay, twine not the laurel there!  
In my heart's first Spring the leaves were torn  
From each branch now so withered and bare.  
But crush the rich grapes in thy snowy hands;  
Let the Past to Cocytus roll;  
Ha! by the prolific Father of gods!  
The libation drowns my soul!  
Each sense has ta'en a flight,  
To realms of ecstatic delight—  
Ubique is rapture with life!

## KINDRED HEARTS.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

"Oh, ask not, hope thou not too much  
Of sympathy below,  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountain flow.  
Few, and by still conflicting pow'rs  
Forbidden here to meet—  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught so fleet!"—MRS. HEMANS.

ALONE, alone! Like Coleridge's ancient Mariner, I am drifting alone on the wide, wide sea of life. In the distance lie floating pleasure-islands, beautiful as the summer-house of Kubla-Kahn, and yet mysterious and unexplored as the sepulchres of our last hopes.

Life-barques, full-freighted, dash gaily by me, and far away on the lone lee-shore, with its dull, grey line of sea and sky, drift lonely, goblin wrecks—torn, and vast, and homeless.

Sea-birds shriek there, and the sun pauses over the spot, and then looks down on me like an avenging spirit. Oh, why, why am I here? Why do the pleasure-islands float farther and farther away, and the wrecks loom up, clear and ghastly, in the scorching glare of the noontide sun?

Why, but that I have fought with good and conquered—have wrecked my own happiness, and the fragments floating here and there, seem to my imagination like the dismantled hulks of a thousand vessels!

I am indeed *alone*. There are fair forms around me, but my heart—life is desolate. In the midst of a gay world my soul walks lonely on its own track through an enchanted region; sometimes over fair, peaceful fields smiling with sunshine, but oftener through gloomy forests, where stagnant waters lie green and dark.

But everywhere it is *alone*. Into this enchanted life no human eye can look, except when sometimes one stands on the shore, and catches a faint glimpse from the border-land of the affections; even as when a traveller having crossed some rapid, surging stream, over a dizzy, plank bridge, pauses on the brink, and looking backward catches faint glimpses of pearls and coral lying far below, with the waves boiling over them!

And yet, *need* I feel so very desolate? There are those who *love* me! Those who have stood beside me, and laid soft hands on my head when

my eyes were dim and my brow aching! Those who have prayed for me at dawning and dew-fall, and guarded my life-path from thorns and darkness.

Oh! Orna, Orna, good, gentle Orna! Blessings on the light of thy brown eyes. It is not *thy* fault if thy womanish heart cannot mate with *my* proud spirit! Very good hast thou been to me; with thy noiseless foot-path by my bedside, thy soft hand upon my thrilling brow.

My wife—my beloved! And yet I know not why with thy form and thy face by my side, *another* rises out of her grave to haunt me. Forgive me, oh, gentle, and living loved, that I cannot forget the proud, cold dead! I do not know in what Nora Ivenel's wondrous loveliness consisted.

To me *only* was she beautiful. Her large, black eyes were lit with that pale, cold fire which the German sight-seers represent as illumining the eyes of the Vampires. Her heart was proud, defiant, haughty. Her hand chilled me as it lay in mine; her voice sounded to my ear like tones out of grave-yards, and yet she suited me to the finest fibre of my being. I cannot tell *why*, but I *loved* her.

It must have been that in the far-off country, there is something of which souls are made, and our souls were of the same material, for they were as near alike as fire, and flame, ice and water. *Her* soul *was* but *my* soul refined and intensified.

They took her away from me. I can remember how the blue veins swelled in that fair forehead, and the red burned into those pale, soft cheeks. They robed her for the burial, and as I sat beside my beautiful dead I knew it was a demon-holiday, a like-wake of goblins!

It was many years ere Orna rested on the heart which *had* been Nora's, but it is *her* home now. She is good and fair, but sometimes oh, buried Nora, thou wilt arise as to-night, and put

aside the long grass from over thy grave, and lay thy head upon my breast till once again in the heart that beats against my own, my heart has found its mate!

## THE DEMON SPELL.

BY W. E. PABOR.

HARK—hark—hark!

A sudden moan, like a demon's groan  
Comes on the fitful blast.

Dark—dark—dark—

And darker yet, like a fold of jet  
Its gloom is round me cast;  
Round me cast till the storied past,  
Contrasted with the present's phase,  
Is like the flow of a golden glow  
From a sullen and murky haze.

On—on—on—

This demon speeds, with the scattered seeds  
Whose harvestage is pain;

On—on—on—

It heeds no prayer of the heart's despair,  
Nor the sad and mournful strain,  
So like a dirge from the sounding surge,  
Pressing on to the spirit's core;  
But evermore, with its demon roar  
It billows down Life's sinking shore.

Pray—pray—pray—

An angel cries in her unseen guise  
Deep in my shattered heart;

Nay—nay—nay—

The demon howls as the myriad ghouls  
In the utterance took part.  
As though the walls of my spirit's halls  
Echoed but one dull strain—  
As full of woe and its bitter flow  
As the cloud is full of rain.

Stay—stay—stay—

I faintly shriek, in a whisper weak,  
From the spell around me thrown;

Nay—nay—nay—

I'll haunt thy soul, till the blood drops roll  
In a stream, your cheeks adown.  
I'll cloud thy way, and will dim the ray  
That the beautiful may shed—  
I'll throw my shield, with its cross-boned field,  
With gloating o'er thy head.

Woe—woe—woe!

His demon spell works its mission well  
Deep in my bruised breast;

Know—know—know—

By it accurst, from the very first,  
I've sought in vain for rest.  
For Hope is lost on the shelving coast,  
And its glimmer may not speed  
With softened ray, to the safety way,  
Though my soul is faint with need.

Bend—bend—bend—

Bend low, my soul, for I hear it roll  
And gath'ring fierceness by the way—  
Bend—bend—bend—

And shrink ye low, as perchance its flow  
May but an instant on ye lay.  
But woe! woe! woe! with its direful flow  
His demon spell will faint nor tire,  
Till one full strain, with its last refrain,  
Goes up from my funeral pyre.

## TO AN INFANT.

BY JAMES EDMESTON.

GEM of my soul! soft be thy slumbers,  
And sweet thine infant dreams of air,  
That little heart no grief encumbers,  
No thorn surrounds the roses there;  
Then sweetly sleep, for not forever,  
Soft as to-day thy couch may be,  
But years, my love, will roll and sever,  
My babe, perhaps, from home and me.

Then rest thee light—thy mother singing,  
Is all the sound that meets thine ear,  
She, to whom all thy heart is clinging,  
She, whom thou lovest best, is near;

And if a tear fall gently on thee,  
'Twas not the bitter drop of pain,  
'Twas but a love gem dropped upon thee,  
And smiles shall make it bright again.

Oh, rest thee, then! thy heart, so simple,  
Thinks all is safe when I am by:  
Repose appears in every dimple,  
And quiet in that closing eye;  
Oh, might this season last forever—  
But time will fly, it cannot be,  
And years, my love, will roll and sever,  
My babe, perhaps, from home and me!



## THE TWO CLARAS.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

CLARA LEDSTED was an Eastern girl, not one of those who lie curled up on the soft cushions, loaded down with golden fetters—no, indeed! such a one could never put forth the least claim to the Yankee gift of “spryness.” Clara’s native state was the one ennobled by the birth of such men as Adams and Hancock; where “the young ladies,” after wielding the broom all the morning in true housewifery style, sit down in the parlor, of an afternoon, with every appearance of being “to the manner born.”

But notwithstanding the force of birth and education, Clara’s conduct failed to give general satisfaction. Mr. Ledsted was rich, for a farmer; he lived in a large house, and had numerous acres of ground to be planted and reaped. These acres required “hired hands,” and hired hands made work for the “women-folks;” therefore, Miss Clara, instead of spoiling her pretty hands with household drudgery, and bending her back with milking and churning, established two “helps” in the great, old-fashioned house, and considered *her* duties well-performed in superintending this menage.

“It was not so in her mother’s time,” as the neighbors reproachfully observed; Mrs. Ledsted had been a thrifty, hard-working woman; but it was now several years since her death; and Clara had been left so much to her own inclinations, and the easy management of an indulgent father, that she ordered things entirely her own way, and certainly contrived to make the old house look comfortable and inviting. Mr. Ledsted was always busy about the farm; and as long as his meals were in readiness at the appointed time, and the house in perfect order, he took no pains of inquiring into the house-keeping affairs, and naturally supposed that if he made more money he must expect to spend more.

Clara had abundant leisure for reading; and when the weekly paper arrived, she seized it with the greatest eagerness, and absolutely devoured every scrap of stale news, and all the week-old movements of the Senate and Congress. She pored over the extracts of popular speeches until she fairly exalted the various representatives into demi-gods—and imagined some gifted being, with “the front of Jove,” and an eye that

did the business of half-a-dozen common tongues, pouring forth “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” until the exhausting nature of intense admiration should cry out enough! and then this divine being was to place himself at her feet, and acknowledge that *she* had conquered him who had, himself, conquered all.

This was Clara’s day-dream; and she would read, “Honorable so and so and lady,” and think how well it sounded—what a much grander flow in “honorable” than plain “Mr.”

“Yes,” said Clara, one evening, to her father, partly in jest, “I shall not go lower than an ‘Honorable.’”

“That *may* be ‘low’ enough,” replied Mr. Ledsted, not in the least sympathizing with his daughter’s penchant for titles and distinctions.

Clara smiled, as she took up her sewing, and fell to building castles in the air, which ended in her being President’s lady.

Notwithstanding Clara’s often denounced disposition to “stick up,” she has not arrived at the venerable age of seventeen without receiving various hints that daughters were not expected *always* to stay at home and keep house for their fathers. The most acceptable of these hints had been daily expected from a young farmer named Philip Norham.

Philip had such a flattering way of expressing himself in looks—while his quiet, respectful manner was especially approved by the self-sufficient young lady. He was very good-looking, too; at least six feet high, with deep, hazel eyes that, when he was pleased or excited, were lit up with a bright glow; but he would have been scarcely more at ease in dancing than one of his own cows, and although he harmonized very well with the surroundings of a farmer’s life, he would have been decidedly out of place in that hall of eloquence that was always floating through Clara’s mind.

There was another drawback to Philip’s pretensions, and a pretty substantial one, too, in Miss Sally Norham, the maiden sister who most literally took charge of his affairs. Miss Sally was stout and strongly made; she had never had a day’s illness in her life, and experienced no sympathy for those who professed themselves too weak for hard work. She was a driver of

the first order, and knocked off work as though it had been an enemy whom she took a pleasure in despatching—"hired help" she despised—and all precautions against tanning, freckling, and red hands were regarded by her as so many evidences of a weak mind.

She ruled Philip with a rod of iron; several years seniority had given her a complete influence over him, and she looked with no favorable eye upon the progress of affairs between him and Clara. She was fortunately ignorant of that young lady's peculiar views; and cherished an idea which, in her expressive language, found vent in the words, that "all the girls around were ready to throw themselves at Philip's head." She now and then conjured up a sort of myth who was to be "Philip's wife"—a pale, meek, little woman, who would bake, and brew, and churn according to directions, and not presume to say that her head was her own if Miss Sally claimed the possession. Still, she preferred reigning without a subordinate; and was very well satisfied that Philip seemed disposed to defer the evil day.

One bright, October afternoon, Clara took her sewing, and went over to sit awhile with Miss Sally Norham. It was an unfortunate visit in every respect. Miss Sally was engaged in the congenial occupation of filling a feather bed; and Clara's modest lifting of the great, brass knocker brought, from an upper window, the encouraging question of,

"Who the plague is that?"

"It is I," was the reply, "Clara Ledsted."

"I wish that 'I' would stay at home!" muttered Miss Sally, "and not be troubling industrious neighbors." Then in a louder tone, she added, "Well, I don't know how on airth you're goin' to get in, unless you crawl through the winder. I can't leave these ere feathers."

Clara replied with a pleasant laugh; she was not unamiable, and disposed to make full allowance for Miss Sally's peculiarities and house-keeping duties; ~~she~~ telling her not to trouble herself, which elicited from the cross spinster a grant, which seemed to say that she would like to catch herself at it, Clara walked around to the back of the house, and Miss Sally returned to her feathers, devoutly hoping that she wouldn't get in.

But Clara was well acquainted with all the modes of ingress pertaining to the building, and having laughingly scrambled through a small window, she seated herself in "the keeping-room" to await Miss Sally's entrance.

That lady had no intention of hurrying herself; and after disposing of the feathers in a very moderate manner, she made a very plain

toilet, and appeared with a face shining, not with hospitality, but from the effects of brown soap and a coarse towel. Miss Sally was not handsome, and a constant exposure to sun and wind is not at all improving; her expression was hard and unconciliating.

"What do you call *that*?" said she, giving a most disrespectful twitch to the piece of fine muslin in Clara's hand.

Clara informed her that she was embroidering a ruffle.

"When people *pretend* to work," said Miss Sally, with infinite contempt, "I like to see 'em do it!"

This remark only caused a smile, and was set down to the spinster's old-fashioned prejudices. Clara possessed the forbearance that always accompanies a high and generous temper, and a certain sarcastic power of repartee was kept as a corps du reserve—to be used only in cases of extreme need. Miss Sally's arrows had, so far, proved mere harmless playthings; but she seemed bent upon quarrelling, and soon tried Clara upon another tack. She began to talk of Philip, and his qualifications for matrimony.

"Any girl might be glad enough to get Philip!" said Miss Sally, in an emphatic tone.

The rockers of Clara's chair moved rapidly, but she said nothing.

"I do hope," continued his sister, that when Philip *does* marry, he will get a sensible, hard-working girl, that can take care of things—not one of your fine ladies who are afraid to soil their hands!"

The look that accompanied this remark was more expressive than the words, and Clara felt completely roused.

"Yes," she replied, very quietly, "it is very foolish for people to marry out of their stations. A man who is not rich should, as you say, have have a hard-working wife—but I don't think that *I* would suit a poor man any better than he would suit me."

"*Poor!*" almost shrieked Miss Sally, "who said that Philip was *poor*? It's no such thing! He's as well off as his neighbors, any day!"

It was now a regular quarrel, and Clara gathered up her things, as she replied,

"When people talk of 'hard-working' and 'saving,' the natural impression is, that they must be poor—but there is no *harm* in honest poverty."

Miss Sally muttered; "Hussy!" *scarcely* under her teeth, and was so perfectly astonished at this novel interpretation of her superior good sense, that the power of speech quite failed her.

Clara ran home in triumph; but the two

"helps" had gone to the neighboring town, and upon her devolved the necessity of preparing her father's supper. She entered the spacious kitchen, and went as systematically to work as though she had always been accustomed to it; the blaze of the bright fire she had kindled was quite cheering on a chilly, October evening—the kettle was suspended—and as there were only two of them, she concluded to set the table there. She sang cheerful snatches of song, as she went about her work, and appeared to have driven Miss Sally entirely from her mind.

Now it so happened that Philip Norham, on his way home from a cattle-show, passed very near the kitchen-window, and attracted by the bright aspect of things, he paused and looked in. The kitchen had never looked so pleasant; but what was his astonishment to see Clara, herself, flitting around amid household duties with the air of one quite pleased with her vocation.

He thought she had never looked so lovely; suppose that it was *his* kitchen—that *she* was his—and that it was *his* supper she was preparing? The longer he gazed, the greater his desire to go in; and, at length, reflecting that he was arrayed in his best clothes, he fully persuaded himself that the critical moment had arrived—he was about to stake all his hopes upon the single venture of "popping the question."

Clara received him very calmly; and having concluded her arrangements, seated herself in one of the kitchen chairs with the air of an empress. Poor Philip felt direfully confused—it seemed to him as though Clara had been suddenly placed on some great height to which it was almost impossible to look up, and he certainly made a very awkward business of it. When he had said the very thing that he had no intention of saying, and felt painfully conscious of having acquitted himself miserably in the eyes of her whose approval was his greatest happiness, he sat like a criminal awaiting his sentence.

Clara told him that she respected him very highly—that she had no doubt he had the *power* within him of becoming a great man—that she considered herself very unfit for a farmer's wife—and that she was now consulting his true interests by declining his proposal. She advised him to apply himself to study; and felt quite sure that in the pursuit of fame he would soon forget *her*.

And Clara glided gracefully out of the room; while poor Philip walked home, feeling more bewildered than he had ever felt before. He could not go into the house yet; so he turned

into the lane, and went toward the barn. A favorite cow stood waiting for an opportunity to reach her shed; and as Philip let down the bars for her, he stroked the animal's neck, and said, half absently,

"You don't 'advise me to forget you,' do you, Brindle?"

Brindle answered with a characteristic "Moo," which was quite as much as could be expected of her; and Philip strolled on without any definite purpose.

"What are you goin' to do with that two-acre field?" called out a neighbor, "I should hev' it in oats."

"Oats!" repeated Philip, abstractedly, "I don't want any oats."

"Well, I guess the critters will, if you don't," replied the man, laughing, "'pears to me you must hev' bin tossed up in a blanket, or somethin'," he added, "you're generally wide enough awake when anybody talks of fodder."

Philip sighed drearily as he retraced his steps—everything was altered with him now. His sister was coming from the cow-yard with two pails full of milk, and he hastened toward her. He felt as if he wished to relieve his full heart by being helpful to every one; but Miss Sally repulsed him with a characteristic jerk—giving vent, at the same time, to the expressive remark that "she wasn't made of white satin!" A mistake that no one could possibly indulge in for a moment.

When they were seated at the tea-table, Miss Sally informed her brother that "that saucy minx, Clara Ledsted, had been there—watching for *him*, like enough!—but she *did* hope that he didn't think of marrying *her*?"

"No," said Philip, gloomily, "I don't."

"I am glad of it!" returned his sister, "she is no more fit for any sensible man than a pullet is to chop wood. Those hands of hers *ought* to have been pin-cushioned—and I'm sure I felt enough like stickin' pins into 'em to-day!"

But Philip said that he was not very well, and soon went up to his own room; while Miss Sally was so delighted at the turn of affairs, that she meditated a house-cleaning jubilee the very next day.

Clara stood at her window, and wondered what made her gaze half-sorrowfully after a retreating figure; but then she said to herself: "No! I never *could* be satisfied to live on in that hum-drum way, and make bread and stitch my husband's shirts—I am intended for better things." So she said that her *destiny* had impelled her to refuse Philip Norham, and went back to her father's supper.

The winter months had commenced; and Clara Ledsted suddenly made the discovery that the country was a very dull place. An acceptance was written to the often-repeated invitations of a city cousin—papa's well-filled pocket-book was somewhat lightened—and having deposited an accommodating aunt in her place, Clara departed in the full hope of meeting with some of the heroes who had thronged her dreams.

The cousin pronounced her perfectly presentable; and Clara stood, one evening, before a mirror in the drawing-room, arrayed for her first ball. She was dressed to the last pin before her more experienced cousin thought of *commencing* operations; and she now ran into the dressing-room to survey herself at leisure.

Very well satisfied did she feel with the investigation. Her white crepe dress floated gracefully around her, and a wreath of pink rose-buds rested lightly on her bright brown curls. She advanced to the mirror and smiled. Then she retreated a little, and frowned. She was bewitching, dignified, and supplicating by turns; and she could scarcely decide which expression became her best. She practised the waltz that her cousin had taught her, and moved about as gracefully as a sylph. When she had finished, she joined her hands in an attitude of entreaty, and, with head slightly bent, stood before the mirror, as if awaiting the plaudits of an auditory.

A low laugh greeted her ear.

Now these various manœuvres, although perfectly innocent in themselves, were decidedly embarrassing in the presence of spectators; and Clara sprang from her "attitude" to encounter the laughing eyes of a handsome, young officer.

It was to be a military ball; and this was the splendid-looking escort about whom her cousin had been going into ecstasies of admiration. A flashing of epaulettes, black eyes, gilt buttons, and white teeth seemed all mingled together; and without stopping to return his respectful brow, Clara rushed up stairs in a paroxysm of mortification.

She could scarcely command herself when, later in the evening, her cousin introduced her to Lieutenant Pearsall; but the officer evidently thought her vanity very pardonable, and hastened to engage her for the first quadrille with the greatest eagerness.

Poor Philip would have been puzzled to recognize his farm-house beauty in the brilliant belle of the ball; and Clara quite forgot that she had not been accustomed to such things all her life.

Lieutenant Pearsall was decidedly in love, and made an impetuous offer of his hand and heart

on their way home from the ball. Clara told him that it was very sudden—that she must take time to consider it; but even while she spoke, she contrasted his elegant manner with Philip's countrified style.

Her visit to the city was indefinitely prolonged; and one bright, May morning, Philip Norham started as if he had received an electric shock, while the paper in his hand trembled with his emotion. But his sister's sharp eye was upon him, and he walked out of the house without making any comment.

Miss Sally took up the paper, and after examining it carefully, put her finger upon the following paragraph:

"Married, on the fifth instant, Clara, only daughter of Jacob Ledsted, Esq., to Lieutenant George Pearsall, U. S. N."

Miss Sally gave an expressive "humph!" and rejoiced that Philip was safe.

Years rolled slowly on, and brought their usual changes. Since that eventful evening, Philip Norham had made the discovery that, beyond the knowledge necessary to manage a moderate sized farm, his stock of information was alarmingly small. He remembered Clara's words: "You have within you the *power* of becoming a great man," and although she may have forgotten them as soon as uttered, they retained a deep hold upon Philip's mind. True, he often laughed at the utter fallacy of the idea when he remembered *all*; but, while poring over his books, he loved to fancy himself toiling for some bright goal in the far distance.

Miss Sally thought it "foolish," this book-mania, and decidedly vetoed Philip's oft-repeated visits to the city in quest of treasures; but these were now his dearly-beloved companions, and the business of the farm fell almost entirely into the hands of his active sister. This was Miss Sally's natural element; and while she strided through the high grass in Philip's boots, chasing refractory chickens, seeking for eggs in impassible places, and often driving a procession of cattle, her brother was left undisturbed in his retreat.

The more that Philip learned, the more conscious did he become of his ignorance; and the more surprised at his presumption in having considered himself the equal of Clara Ledsted. Philip's altered views were perceptible in his demeanor; and the neighbors began to regard him with respect and admiration. But his added knowledge was not accompanied by self-consciousness; and never had Philip Norham been so much *loved* as now, when Time had slightly

silvered his hair and cast over his face the mellow radiance of a fruitful autumn.

He had never married; and so perseveringly avoided all associates but men that the belles of his native village had quite despaired of vanquishing so impracticable a subject.

At last, Philip's neighbors sent him to Congress. He had shrunk from the honor distrustfully, at first; but as time showed him his own powers, he listened to the persuasion of friends, and was successful.

A bright galaxy of beauty was assembled at the first effort of the "speaker from Massachusetts." Philip's sojourn at Washington had introduced him to those leading spirits who are essentially "the bone and sinew of the land;" and as they marked the frank, independent bearing, and quiet consciousness of reserved power in the new representative, they saw the rising of another star.

As Philip cast his eye over that crowd of fair women and noble men, a host of old recollections almost overpowered him as he thought of Clara, and how *she* would have sat there had they both been as they once were. No matter what he spoke about—whether it was the Maine Liquor Law, or the Abolition question; his speech was manly, eloquent, and enthusiastic; and as his fine eyes kindled, and his tall figure dilated with fresh dignity, many a bright young dreamer, like Clara of old, created him a demi-god and fell down and worshipped. It was the eloquence of a Cincinnatus fresh from the plough; and Philip's pale cheek was deeply flushed as he resumed his seat.

A pair of splendid eyes had watched every movement of the speaker; and when he sat down, the owner turned to answer the badinage of her companions.

"Really, Mrs. Keywood," exclaimed a voice from behind a dark moustache, "you will be answerable for overstocking the market with eloquent farmers, for such glances as these are enough to kindle one into following the plough at a moment's notice."

She smiled and made some laughing reply; but the most observant noticed that a cloud passed over her face, and her eyes followed the speaker.

"You have the bright, far-off look that characterized Mrs. Jellyby," remarked another, "although I am perfectly certain that *you* do see something 'nearer than Africa.'"

Mrs. Keywood roused herself, and proceeded to talk of indifferent things; but had she not been a rich, beautiful widow, they would not have considered her as interesting as usual.

Philip was courted by his associates, and loaded with the hospitalities of the place. A man of his age was not expected to *dance*; and with his quiet, thoughtful face, and imposing figure, he passed very well even in society so different from his early associations.

He was presented to the brilliant Mrs. Keywood; and realized, for the first time, the pleasure of conversing with an intelligent and cultivated woman. Her host of admirers were not particularly pleased to see the stranger singled out as an object of especial condescension, but the public voice declared that it was a settled match; and reports reached Philip's native place that he was the lion of the capitol, and on the very eve of marriage to a rich widow.

Let us see what has become of Clara.

Her officio-husband enjoyed his happiness but a short time; and when he died, Clara regretted him not as one to whom *she* had been tenderly devoted, but as one who had been tenderly devoted to *her*. Captivated by her beauty at first, he soon learned to respect the unerring tact and good sense which seemed to bind over and secure his admiration into enduring love. Clara was young and inexperienced when she married; she sometimes thought of Philip half regretfully, but then she remembered that she never could have sunk into the unvarying routine of so tame an existence; Lieutenant Pearsall was gentlemanly and refined, and had seen much of the world; under his guidance Clara repaired many of the defects in her early education, and the few years of their married life were uninterruptedly happy.

Jacob Ledsted died very suddenly, soon after his daughter's marriage; and the old place was sold and occupied by strange owners. Clara had, now, no tie to her native place; and as she never went back, all trace of her was lost. On the death of her husband, she found herself possessed of a small independence that enabled her to take up her permanent abode in the city. She was still young, and far more lovely than when she disdained the admiration of a plain farmer.

When her period of mourning had expired, the beautiful widow became all the rage; and having been a number of times besieged to that effect, she listened to the persuasions of Hiram Keywood, Esq., whose age more than doubled her own, and assisted him to diminish the contents of his overflowing coffers. Some people wondered if *she would* have married him divested of his surroundings; but these very people bowed low as Mrs. Keywood's splendid greys threw dust in their eyes, and considered themselves highly honored.

When Mr. Keywood died, his widow's position was the envy of her numerous circle of acquaintances. But she left them all and went off to Europe; spending years in foreign travel that enlarged her ideas, and developed the many talents that had scarcely shown themselves in girlhood.

She was beautiful, accomplished, wealthy; and although twenty years had now passed since she laid aside the name of Clara Ledsted, Time had touched her so lightly that no one would have guessed the years she had really numbered. Mrs. Keywood's admirers called her "plump"—her detractors pronounced her "*fat*;" and, if the truth must be told, there was little resemblance to the slight, girlish-looking Clara of former days. But her movements were so graceful, her bearing so dignified, that none but the malicious would have hinted at an undue proportion of flesh; and the widow, herself, carried off her allowance of pounds very lightly. Her brilliancy reminded one of the gorgeous-hued flowers of the tropics; and wherever she went she carried all captive before her.

It was thus that she met Philip Norham, after a separation of twenty years; and so much had he changed in the interval that it was by the name alone she recognized him. Her feelings upon this occasion were more tumultuous than she cared to acknowledge; and, for the first time, it struck her that she really loved him. She felt provoked at herself, and tried to call back her emotions like hounds to the leash, but they would not answer her bidding; and the more she saw of Philip, the more she valued the genius that, as a wayward girl, she had cast aside.

Philip returned home, well-surfeited with honors, and was received like a hero fresh from victory. The neighbors were delighted; and now that their representative had proved that there was something in him, they all began to imagine that they had the fashioning of him. And Philip smiled quietly as he thought what a piece of patchwork he would have been, had these worthy people all had a hand in him.

Miss Sally entirely disapproved of what she termed "Philip's airs;" with respect to his speeches, she observed that there were enough people in the world to do the talking without him; and when her brother insisted upon improving things a little, and actually provided himself with two house-servants, Miss Sally was so much displeased at "having folks placed over her head"—although the tallest of the "helps" just reached her shoulder—but she immediately married an old, prickly-pear of a man, who

seemed to have been manufactured expressly for her, and her brother's house was relieved of her presence forever.

People began to talk of the new purchaser of Jacob Ledsted's farm, a rich widow from the city; and then it came out that this was the very widow who had so enthralled their honorable representative in Washington. Clara bought back the old place, and made various alterations that gave rise to numerous remarks and conjectures.

Philip Norham considered it his duty to call upon his old acquaintance, for as she often passed him in her carriage it would have been awkward not to do so, and he evidently thought it his "duty" to follow up this call with others; but as he was known not to be a visiting man, people began to look knowing, and wonder "when it would be?" But Mrs. Keywood was always so surrounded by a throng of visitors that Philip had scarcely a chance of approaching her; and, at last, he despatched a note requesting a few minutes' private audience.

Widows have the especial prerogative of comprehending such things at a glance; and that day Mrs. Keywood was occupied in making some very singular preparations, and giving orders which servants not so well-trained as hers would have pronounced strange.

Philip pondered, as he went along, upon his singular trepidation in addressing Mrs. Keywood, when he had felt the very same emotion respecting Clara Ledsted; but there was the old house directly before him, and every circumstance connected with that well-remembered evening rose up distinctly.

He was conducted to a side room, and the passage seemed familiar. Through the open door the bright blaze of a wood fire—a kettle hung in the old place—and he stood in the well-remembered kitchen. He looked around for Clara; and the chair was well-filled by the more substantial figure of Mrs. Keywood.

She watched his face, as the firelight showed her its emotions, and oh! how she trembled as she sat there! But as an expression of pain crossed his features, and he turned as if to leave an unpleasant scene, she came forward and stood beside him.

"Philip Norham," said she, calling him by the old, familiar name, "I know why you came here to-night, and I have done this not to give you pain, but to see if you would remember one who was once dear to you. Twenty years, however, have done their work, and I am now a stranger in my father's house."

Tears dimmed her eyes; and Philip, bewildered yet hopeful, exclaimed,

"Clara Ledsted! Is this indeed possible?"

"Not 'Clara Ledsted,'" she replied, turning with a sigh from the face that was glowing with honest delight, "but Clara Keywood—and, as such, unworthy of the heart you would have offered her."

"That heart," said Philip, with his gentle smile, "is now offered to the *two* Claras—will they both refuse it?"

"I have no right," murmured the widow, as she allowed him to retain the hand he had taken, "I despised you when you were unknown, Philip, and *now* they will say that I married you for the honors you have gained."

"They will say quite as bad things of me," replied Philip, gaily, "for they will call me 'fortune-hunter,' at the very least."

Clara smiled as she reflected that she was now something more than an insignificant girl; and Philip added tenderly,

"Besides, Clara, you *have* 'a right.' You told me, *then*, that you refused me for my own good, and so it would seem to have turned out—it was at *your* instigation that I endeavored to become great—and if the harvest is worthy your acceptance, to you it belongs for having sown the seed."

So Clara really married an "honorable" after all!

## THE FLOWER AND BUTTERFLY.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

A FLOWER said to the Butterfly of Heaven,  
Depart no more!  
Ah! see what diverse fates to us are given—  
I stand; you soar.

"Yet we both love, and far from mortal dwelling  
Pass the bright hours;  
Like in ourselves, as poets fain are telling,  
We both are flowers.

"But ah! earth chains me—thou in air art flying—  
Stern destiny  
I would embalm thy flight with odorous sighing,  
Breathed through the sky.

"But no—thou wanderest far, 'mid countless flowers,  
On pinions fleet;  
I watch my shadow through the lonely hours  
Turn at my feet.

"Thou fliest, then returnest, still adorning  
Thy various spheres;  
Therefore, thou findest me each new-born morning  
Bathed in my tears.

"Oh! that our love may still be true and tender,  
My king divine—  
Take root as I, or give me wings of splendor  
Like unto thine."

## SWEET DEATH.

BY ELLEN ALLEYN.

THE sweet blossoms die.  
And so it was that, going day by day  
Unto the church to praise and pray,  
And crossing the green church-yard thoughtfully,  
I saw how on the graves the flowers  
Shed their fresh leaves in showers;  
And how their perfume rose up to the sky  
Before it passed away.

The youngest blossoms die.  
They die, and fall, and nourish the rich earth  
From which they lately had their birth.  
Sweet life: but sweeter death that passeth by,

And is as tho' it had not been.  
All colors turn to green:  
The bright hues vanish, and the odors fly;  
The grass has lasting worth.

And youth and beauty die.  
So be it, oh, my God, thou God of truth.  
Better than beauty and than youth  
Are saints and angels, a glad company;  
And Thou, oh, Lord, our Rest and Ease,  
Art better far than these.  
Why should we shrink from our full harvest? why  
Prefer to glean with Ruth?

## TREATMENT OF HOUSE PLANTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORICULTURE"

WATER, heat, air, and light, are the four essential stimulants to plants; water, heat, and air, to promote growth; and light to render that growth perfect.

Water, heat, and air, man can command at pleasure by artificial means; but over light, as an element of the perfect growth of plants, we have less control. To be beneficial to plants, light must come directly from the sun; and, therefore, the plants should be so placed, as that it may act upon them with as little as possible of that refraction and decomposition which it suffers when it passes obliquely through glass, or any other medium except the air. Plants grown in the open air, and with such free exposure to the light as their habits require, not only develop all their parts in their proper form, but their leaves, flowers, and fruits, have their natural colors, odors, and flavors. Plants excluded from light have not their natural color, odor, or flavor, they make little or no charcoal in the woody part, the leaves are not green, and if they do flower and fruit, which is rarely the case, the flowers are pale and scentless, and the fruit is insipid. This has been proved by many experiments, of which the blanching of celery and endive by earthing up, and that of a cabbage by the natural process of hearting, are familiar instances. A geranium placed in a dark room becomes first pale, then spotted, and ultimately white; and if brought to the light it again acquires its color.

If plants kept in the dark are exposed to the action of hydrogen gas, they retain their green color, though how this gas acts has not been ascertained. Some flowers, too, such as the crocus and tulip, are colored though grown in the dark.

Light seems to be fully as essential to plants as air or heat, and while it acts beneficially on the upper surface of the leaves, it appears to be injurious to the under surface, at least of some plants; for in whatever way a plant is placed, it contrives to turn the upper surface of its leaves to the light. Professor Lindley is, we believe, making some experiments on this subject.

Plants in rooms turn not only their leaves, but their branches to the window at which the light enters, and a plant may, by turning it at

intervals, be made to bend successively to all sides; but such bendings weaken the plant, and thus it is an excessive or unnatural action. This turning of the plant to the light is always of course in proportion to the brightness of that light as compared with the other sides of the plant. Flowers, too, open their petals to the light, and close them in the dark, or in some cases, as in that of the crocus, when a cloud passes over the sun. The same flower, and also some others, will open their petals to the light of a lamp or a candle, and close them again when that is withdrawn.

It follows, as a necessary consequence, that in rooms plants should be placed as near the window as possible, that the windows should have a south exposure, and that they should be as seldom as possible shaded with blinds or otherwise. If placed at a distance from the windows, plants should be frequently changed, and to place them permanently on tables or mantel-shelves is bad management.

Air is as necessary to the health of plants as light; but air can find its way where light cannot, and therefore it requires less care from the cultivator. If the air is too close, opening the door and windows produce a change, the warm air escaping at the top, and cold air coming in below; but on opening the windows of a warm room in cold weather, care must be taken not to chill the plants by leaving them in the cold current.

The heat of ordinary dwelling-houses is quite enough for such plants as we would recommend for general culture in rooms, only in very cold weather the plants should be removed a little further from the windows. The blinds and shutters are usually a sufficient protection during the night; and we may remark that plants in rooms are more frequently killed by too much heat than too much cold.

Spring and autumn are the times of the year at which window plants require the greatest attention. It is usual to have the plants outside the windows even during the night in the summer season, and kept in the house both night and day in the winter season. In the intermediate seasons of spring and autumn the plants are frequently placed in their summer situation during the day, and it is desirable that then they



should be placed in their winter situation during the night. Our climate is so variable at those seasons, that we not only have summer during the day, and winter during the night, but whole days of summer and winter alternating with each other. Sometimes we have warmer days in April than in May or June, and occasionally we have more severe frosts in the beginning of September than any which occur again till November is nearly over. Now, it is not the absolute heat or cold, but the rapidity of the transition from the one to the other which is injurious to plants; and therefore it is absolutely necessary for all such as would have their house plants in the perfection of beauty, to attend to those circumstances. This is more especially necessary in towns, where the people are much less interested in the changes of the weather, and therefore much less observant of them than they are in the country; and we have no doubt that more plants are destroyed from want of attention to those variable periods of the year than from any other cause. It is a safe rule to trust no plant less hardy than a common *geranium* outside the window all night, earlier than about the twentieth of June, or later than the first of September. No doubt there are many nights before the first of these times, and after the latter, during which the plants might remain in the open air without injury. There is, however, no knowing what a night may bring forth at those inconstant seasons, and therefore the safe plan is not to leave the plants to chance.

When, as often happens, plants get slightly injured by frost, cold water should be sprinkled on them before the sun reaches them, and this sprinkling ought to be continued as long as any appearance of frost remains on the foliage.

Water is often very injudiciously applied to plants in rooms, and the evil arises from falling into the opposite extremes of too much and too little. Fear of spoiling the carpet, forgetfulness, and sometimes a dread of injuring the plant, are the chief causes of an under supply of water. On the other hand, many have a notion that such plants should be watered every day, or at stated periods, without inquiring whether it be necessary or not. Saucers or pans are often placed under flower-flats to prevent the water, which escapes, from soiling the apartment; but in these cases the saucers should be partly filled with gravel, to prevent the roots from being soaked with water, or the water which lodges in the saucer should be removed.

Fanciful and elegant baskets of wire or wicker work, and plant-tables, are, perhaps, preferable to common stages. The baskets should have a pan of zinc, copper, or other metal, and over

this a bottom pierced with holes, or a grating of wire, on which the pots are to be placed. The pan is generally about an inch deep, and has a plug, or other contrivance, by which the surplus water may be drawn. Plant-tables can be constructed in the same manner, and admit of an endless variety of forms, according to the taste of the owner. In either of these the pots may be wholly concealed by green moss, or cut paper, so that nothing but the plants themselves may appear.

Water is as essential to the whole plant as it is to the roots, because they are liable to collect dirt, and thereby to be injured; they should, therefore, be frequently washed over with a syringe, having a nose to it; and, in order to perform this operation properly, the plants must generally be removed to some other apartment, where they should remain till they are dry. In winter this operation must be performed in mild weather only; it should be done in an apartment not colder than that in which the plants usually stand, and the water should be about milk-warm. When the plants are in baskets, or on tables, they can be removed and washed without deranging their order. Plants which have large and leathery leaves, such as oranges, pittosporums, camellias, and myrtles, may be washed with a sponge; or, if very foul, they may be washed with soap, and the soap carefully removed by pure water. Loose dust may be removed by a pair of bellows. Attention to cleanliness greatly increases the vigor of the plant.

House plants are greatly benefited by being placed out of doors in the summer months, especially during gentle showers; and such as have no other convenience may advantageously place them outside the windows. They may also be syringed and washed in this position; and if the owner is not in possession of one, a common watering-pot, held high, so that the water may fall on the plant with considerable force, is a tolerable substitute.

Plants respire by their leaves, as animals do by their breathing apparatus; and it is on this account that keeping the leaves clean is so very essential to the health of plants. Indeed, the dust which collects on them, and interrupts their respiration, is one of the greatest evils which can befall plants, especially in rooms and on balconies in towns. The respiring pores are generally large in proportion as the leaves are so; and this is one of the reasons why delicate-leaved plants are not so well adapted for house culture as those which have the leaves larger and firmer.

Light has also a considerable effect in pro-

moting the healthy action of leaves, and many plants fold up their leaves in the dark, or even when the sky is lowering. This, though it has no resemblance to sleep in animals, has been called the sleep of plants; and the curious reader may find an interesting notice of it in the "*Amoenitates Academicæ*" of Linnæus.

## WHAT IS A LETTER?

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

A LETTER? Let Love's answer tell!  
If love will deign reply;  
Revealing thoughts that fill the heart,  
And beam within the eye—  
A language made of hopes and fears,  
Of happiness and grief;  
Which speaketh oft in smiles and tears,  
And seeks in sighs, relief.

A letter? Let the absent tell!  
Far from their land of birth;  
And all they prize and hold most dear,  
Their homes and social hearth—  
What joys these swift-winged messengers  
Enfold within their leaves,  
And what fond spells of witchery  
Their golden language weaves.

A letter? Let the mourner tell!  
Bow'd low 'neath sorrow's cross,  
With bursting heart, and throbbing pulse  
Who broodeth o'er his loss—  
Which found him out when Hope rode high  
Within his manly breast,  
Of meeting soon the loved—but lost—  
With whom he should be blest.

A letter? 'Tis the messenger  
Of happiness or woe,  
Which giveth pain, or giveth joy  
To many a heart below.  
Then let them be more frequently  
Sweet messengers of peace,  
And many hearts from sorrowing  
Forevermore would cease.

For bitter words, none can recall,  
These missives oft enclose;  
Concealing many a cruel thorn  
Beneath a seeming rose;  
A single thoughtless word may fill  
A tender heart with pain;  
Oh! can we then too careful be  
From harsh words to refrain!

Let all the thoughts which we may breathe  
To those who cross our way,  
Be born in kindness—nursed by love,  
And shed a golden ray—  
As healing balm on wings of doves  
Let every word depart,  
To soothe the sorrow—heal the woe  
Of some life-weary heart.

## THE DYING CHILD.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping!  
Let me repose upon thy bosom sleek;  
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,  
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.  
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;  
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;  
I see the Angel-children smiling gladly,  
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

"Mother, one stands beside me now! and—listen!—  
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?  
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!  
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord.

Green, gold, and red are floating all around me,  
They are the flowers the Angel scattereth.  
Shall I have also wings whilst life hath bound me,  
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

"Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?  
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?  
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:  
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!  
Do not sigh thus—it marreth my reposing:  
And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!  
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;  
—Look, mother, look! the Angel kisseth me!"

## DORIA'S AFFAIRS.

### A SEQUEL TO "DR. WETHERGREEN'S PRACTICE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 215.

#### CHAPTER V.

DORIA did not at first proceed to write letters. She thought awhile, first, of Captain Brooks, of Mrs. Brooks coming, of the probable import of his yesterday's "if," and whether she should go out with the sailing party that afternoon. She thought that she would go. She would go, effectually taking care of herself. She would let Capt. Brooks and the rest see—why that she was a sort of waif, to be sure, but then as comfortable as if she were the best man's fixture. She would—but, indeed! she would think and plan no more about it. Her way was not so hedged and ditched that she must spend all her tactics and forces in getting forward. These should be held in reserve for less impotent services; for diffusing clearness and agreeable life, day by day, to one and another, on her right hand and on her left. And there the matter was to end, for that time. She would write some letters then; letters to her mother, to Mrs. Ambrose, and they would keep them near them for days, and be much the less lonely for having read them. So good-bye, Captain Brooks; and all the rest there at the lake; and the afternoon sail. *Au revoir.*

On the whole, poor Doria's affairs went badly at the sail. In the first place, she went tripping on the way to the boat, sometimes by Caddy and Dr. Joseph, sometimes by the Dows, sometimes by Ambrose and his little Mary; and, at all times, with a merry sort of self-willed air, that kept all the right arms and all the left arms that would be helping her, essentially at bay. True, she had this thought, now and then, (and it half stifled her too for the moment) that she would feel better having her place, as Caddy and Mary had therein; knowing it and walking composedly in it. She would like the *repose* of the thing. As she hadn't it, however, see! she would go tripping and doing mischief if she could find any to do. Good! Ambrose's handkerchief corner peeped out of his pocket, as if roguishly to see what she roguishly was doing. She would steal it, now that he looked away off the other way, over little Mary's head, and pointed out afar-off the "Lady of the Lake" to her.

She got it! Out of his side pocket too, directly under his nose. She liked that! So did Captain Brooks, cross Mr. Marsh, and the rest who saw it. And this brought them to the boat. She sprang into the boat, the first of all; and deliberately (talking about it all the while) made her choice of the best seat, and sat down in it to see how the matters of adjustment went on with the others.

Captain Brooks came to sit by her. Ambrose helped him over, just as Doria had her mouth open and her head forward to say to Mr. Marsh, who looked from one seat to another, "Come to this seat, Mr. Marsh. I want to talk politics with you." Doria thought it was too bad, that Captain Brooks had come. She was still and a little stiff, in drawing her skirts and shawl aside; insomuch that when she raised her eyes to his, she saw plainly the deprecating expression as if he were saying within himself, "Nay, be gracious toward me, Miss Phillips; for I have given you no reason why you should not be."

The glance somehow made it instantly quiet within her, as she had before this felt that all of his glances had the power to do. She frolicked and defied no more, therefore; but sat talking in a cheerful way of whatever came into her thoughts. Once, in the course of the sail, when she saw that Mr. Marsh, from his solitary end of the boat, looked away with a dark glance over the water, she felt her heart touched for him; and sent this word forward to him, giving it first to Dr. Joseph, who sat before her—"Tell Mr. Marsh I want him to look at that bright point out there where the sail-boat goes round. Ask him if it is not beautiful."

Yes, Mr. Marsh thought it beautiful, he said, after having watched it a moment with brightening features; and he sent grateful looks back to Doria. It was better with him after this. He talked across the Dows, with Ambrose, and liked it; Ambrose was so vigorous! liked it far better for having so pretty, and to a certain extent so appreciative a listener as little Mary. With the Dows he, for his part, had done trying to get along. Mr. Dow was like stone, she like ice to him. Mr. Dow talked politics, but knew little

about them, merely repeating what his newspaper said. Still, he tipped his head and blinked his eyes knowingly; and fancied that he knew *about* as much as any other man. Mrs. Dow was without dogmatism; but so also was she without tact, which was quite as annoying to their sensitive neighbor. He was thinking about it when Doria's words came to him, and wishing, in his logical way, that this world, in the concrete, were somewhat commensurate with this world in the abstract. They touched at an island and went ashore to look for fringed gentians. Hendrick, the artist, found one there the day before he left, and brought it and gave it to Doria.

Doria had trouble in landing. The rocks were not large; but there were many of them scattered along, and water was between them. Mr. Marsh sprang out and held the boat to the rocks by the chain. Mr. Dow followed with his wife, Ambrose with Mary, Dr. Joseph with his Caddy; the boatmen went forward scrambling; and then came Doria, "on her own responsibility," as Mr. Dow had it. But a boulder on which she set a foot, rolled, and she was falling, when Captain Brooks saved her. She sprained her ankle, though; and on that account she was obliged to trust as much to Captain Brooks' arm as to her own feet in getting forward. He looked as if he were concerned for the sprained ankle, of course. He could do no less, with his quick sympathies and kindness; but he did look very well satisfied, very happy. He watched every step she took, as if she were his helpless child. He staid by her when the others went to hunt for the gentians; she sitting on a mossy rock in the warm sunshine, he standing, mostly in silence, close by her side. She spoke now and then upon the sunshine, the lake, and upon gentians. He, however, was no help to her in getting along. When she perceived this, she gave up trying to talk. She merely sat and kept her eyes away on the lake.

He helped her back into the boat; to the shore again when they landed near the house; helped her to the house with slow steps; for her ankle grew lamer and more painful every moment; and, when they reached the house, no one knew so well as he what was to be done for her.

Doria thought that night, that she had done no very great things in the way of taking care of herself that time. She thought that she would try it no more. She would go out no more; her sprained ankle would be a sufficient plea for this. She would propose going home the next morning. If the rest were not ready, she would go. She wanted to be at home, in that dear place where her mother was; where she could

be quiet and have a chance to attend to herself; to her aching ankle and her confused thoughts. Yes; that was what she would do. She thanked God that there was such a beloved spot for her; such a sheltered spot; thanked him that to-morrow night her head would lie in it; and, as she gave thanks, she fell peacefully asleep.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, thanks to Dr. Wethergreen's arnica and Dr. Wethergreen's rhus, Doria's ankle was so far restored to soundness that she could make it no plea for hurrying home, or for keeping the house when the rest of the party went out. She talked, however, with Dr. Joseph when they were all in the parlor after breakfast, about their going, all of them, the next day; or, at the farthest, the next day but one. She wanted to be at home, she told him, with a grave face, a languid air. She wanted to be there with her mother where she could rest. And as he listened to her with his good, brotherly eyes on her face, it occurred to him that possibly, with Doria and with all those who are, in a way, alone in the world, there must often come fatigue and a want of rest, such as comes sometimes certainly, but far more rarely—in the very nature of their relative circumstances—to those who repose at all times in the strong one at their side, or in the thought of him if he is away. His eyes went from Doria to Captain Brooks, who sat near them at a window seat, with his chin on his hand and his eyes on the scene without. He said to him, "How much longer do you stay, Captain Brooks?"

Captain Brooks turned his head to say that he couldn't exactly tell. He thought it would not be long, not more than a day probably after she came—if he waited for Mrs. Brooks. He had just been thinking that, if she stayed much longer, he should not wait for her. He would like, for his part, to leave when they did, to go to M—— with them, and let Mrs. Brooks join him there. Dr. Joseph's face glowed at the plan. So did Ambrose's. Ambrose lay his hand on his shoulder, saying, "That's right, Captain Brooks! the very thing I've been thinking about this morning! For you see the winds will soon be rough up here," pointing to the dark clouds that lay in the west. "I shouldn't like to leave you here. At M—— is the place for us all now. Don't you say so, good Doria?"

Captain Brooks, as well as Ambrose, looked to hear what good Doria would say. He had in fact looked more to her than to Dr. Joseph all along. Little Mary Walton too came close

her, slipped her arm round her neck repeating Ambrose's question, "Won't it be good, Doria, dear, to be there again, all together? Captain Brooks and all? I didn't know that we would have him too there. Won't it be good?"

Doria said, "Yes, dear," and fondled her hand; but she didn't look up. She hadn't at all the appearance of discerning any great good in it. And Captain Brooks seemed to feel that she had not. He was again turning his head away to the window, when Ambrose said, starting impulsively, and taking his hand from his shoulder, "Come out here, Captain Brooks—we want to see Captain Walker before he goes out with his 'Lady,' you know," he added, on their way across the room. "He'll soon be too busy for us."

Dr. Joseph and the rest—or all but Doria—smiled to see him go; smiled to see the old, brisk air of "taking things in hand."

They were gone a long time. Nothing more was seen of them in the parlor until dinner time. Then Captain Brooks, with a face as grave as Doria's, walking by her side to the dining-room.

After dinner it was proposed that they all should go out for their last sail among the islands, from point to point, from light to shade, and from shade to light. Doria couldn't go, she said. And no persuasion could move her. She was cold; she was not really strong and well, she said. And, besides, she had already been out so many times! She would sit there in the warm parlor and read. She would enjoy that much better than going. Little Mary Walton called her "a naughty thing!" but kissed her as she said it; kissed her the last thing before going; and even ran back, when they were all ready in the door, to kiss her again, on each cheek and on her forehead. Ambrose came back and put himself into the parlor door, in part to see what Mary was about, in part to say to Doria, "You miss it, Doria, not going. To-morrow, likely as not, Mrs. Brooks will be here; and then what will you do for the captain's right arm?"

Mary hurried to him, interrupting him with rapid talk about being ready; waiting for him; and with her last "good-bye" to Doria.

The little thing longed to tell him that he mustn't say these things to Doria; that both she and Caddy believed that Doria missed Caddy, and inwardly mourned for her. But when she looked up to say it, he was so far above her and so calm, that her courage failed her. She felt, moreover, that one so noble and so kind as he was, must know at all times what it was good and right to say. So she looked up to him again,

thinking that of all the persons on the earth—not even excepting her father, of whom she held an exalted estimation—the "monstrous large" man at her side was the best, and, to her, the dearest. He seemed to understand that this was what she was thinking, for the glance of his eye and the tones of his voice were very tender, as he said softly to her, "You are a dear little Mary."

## CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, that queer fellow, Marsh, had something he wanted them to see down the lake a little way," Doria heard Mr. Dow say in the hall. She heard also several steps on the door stones and in the hall; heard Mr. Dow say farther, as the steps advanced, "Is the captain here, Miss Dow and I came away without them. We didn't——" Doria listened for no more; but leaving her chair with quick steps like a hart that flies, she made haste to get away to her chamber. But she met Captain Brooks at the door. (The Dows had gone directly to their chamber.) He stopped before her; both his imploring eyes and his lips saying, "One moment, Miss Phillips. I want to speak with you one moment."

She turned back with steps loth and slow. She neither looked up nor spoke, as she recrossed the room to her old seat. Captain Brooks, who observed her closely, seemed not at first to know how to begin what he had to say. But soon the faltering manner, the faltering tones were gone; and, in their stead, were the easy attitude, the clear open face and speech, as if he had been thinking, "I am a man in what I have to say; and let what will come of it, I can meet it and bear it like a man."

"Miss Phillips," he began, "our good friend Ambrose has been explaining to me to-day, that that you—in short, that you think me married; married to the Mrs. Brooks who is coming. Or who is *not* coming, as it appears; for I have just had a letter from my only brother, who is her husband, saying that he will be in Boston on the twentieth, and that he wants her to be there to meet him. He has been six months in Sacramento."

He paused here; but Doria did not speak. First with pale then with glowing cheeks, she sat motionless, listening.

"I have had a wife," he added, with softened tones, and drawing near Doria to lay his hand on her chair. "She has been dead two years. She had been two years my wife—two hard years they were for us both; for we were poor and my business was bad. I was an architect, or trying and waiting to be one, at M——."

"At M——?" asked Doria, looking up now with all the interest she could require in his face.

"Yes. My child died there; Dr. Wethergreen and Ambrose both came to me at the time."

Yes, Doria remembered. She remembered with tears in her eyes.

"I went to California soon after," he added, still with subdued tones, and with his hand lying lightly on Doria's head; for he had seen the tears in her eyes, and felt himself drawn to her by the sight. "I met Ambrose there. And from that hour my way has been easy. He took me in hand, to use his own expressive phrase," he continued, smiling, "and now I have a tolerable fortune, made upon the investment of a principal all his own, in fact."

"He is the best man I ever saw!" cried Doria, her emotion choking her.

"Who is? who is the best man you ever saw?" demanded Ambrose. He was within the room and had overheard the last words.

"Not you! not you!" said Doria, with something of the old lively mockery in her tones and face.

"He, then?" tossing his hand toward Captain Brooks. "Captain Brooks?"

"Yes, Captain Brooks." She did not think but that she would say this with the same tones, with the same lively manner. But there came at once thoughts of his hard life, thoughts that he loved her, that he would choose her to be his companion and comfort; thoughts of all she would be to him; of all he, with his great goodness and talent, would be to her. And one far less interested in her words, far less observant than Captain Brooks, would have felt what it meant, the slowly bowed head, the mellowed tones.

How much he felt it, no words of his, if he had essayed them, could have told. He took her hand in his and bowed his lips to it. He looked in her half-upturned face and said, "Miss Phillips!—beloved!" And that was all. That was their betrothal. He and she, loving God, trusting in God even in a deeper way than they loved and trusted in each other, could thenceforth have rest; in God and in each other, in this life and in the eternal.

Kind-hearted Ambrose, with laughter and yet tears in his eyes, said, "Good! Bravo!" adding after a slight pause, "this is what I meant and planned before we came from California, you see, Doria. After we came, I had him there several days at the City Hotel, at M——, trying to think how I could bring you together in such a manner that your 'folly' shouldn't take alarm and come

popping in to spoil things. I knew that, if I brought him in as a single gentleman, you would be seen, directly, trudging off toward one of the poles. Toward the south pole I supposed it would be, because that is farthest. It happened just right here. Good! I'm glad! I wonder if my little Mary down here isn't glad."

## CHAPTER VIII.

THERE was a fire at M——; in a night of stinging cold; for winter had come. It originated in Mrs. Phillips' house; and already, when it was first seen, had made such headway, that little could be done. Captain Brooks and Doria—his wife she was now—were away; were in New York where "the Sontag" was singing, where the Crystal Palace was building, and where so much went on. Mrs. Phillips could tell them—could tell Ambrose, for he was on the spot, seeing to her, seeing to everything—where the silver was, in what closet, and where money and valuable papers were. He went with another, a fireman, through the smoke and darkness, and brought them.

"Mary—I don't understand why we don't see Irish Mary," said Mrs. Phillips, with alarm gathering in her features.

Ambrose started from her and went with strained eyes through the crowd, searching and questioning. Then he was out of sight within the house where the flames darted and the smoke rolled.

"Oh, God!" prayed Mrs. Phillips, wringing her hands, giving up her basket of silver filled with silver, into the nearest hands. Into whose hands she neither knew nor cared. All the silver in the world was as dross to her in that terrible moment.

But he came out safely, as it seemed, with Irish Mary; bearing her in his arms as if she were dead. He took her into Mr. Walton's, whose house, although near, was safe because of brick, and because the sturdy firemen had determined to do their best with it.

Mary was soon restored. She had become insensible from terror and suffocation. And then it was seen that Ambrose was sitting ghastly pale and with his white handkerchief filled with blood.

Little Mary Walton, when she heard the exclamations, left Irish Mary and Mrs. Phillips and came with rushing affright, with a face as pale as Ambrose's. She sank down at his feet like a reed that is broken, clinging to his hand and weeping. (On her birthday, that was not far off, she was to be made his wife.) Others

came, pale and in tears; his poor mother and little Nan among the rest.

Dr. Wethergreen came. He came after that, several times in a day. Other physicians, physicians of experience and note came, and did their best for the suffering, the patient, the so widely, so dearly beloved. Prayers and love united themselves with skill to hold him back, "For his mother's sake; for poor little Mary's sake," people said, with tears streaming. "For my sake, blessed Lord Jesus!" Irish Mary said, lying awake to hold her beads, to say her prayers and weep; to wish out of the depths of her soul, that she could save him by her own death, by her own suffering here or hereafter. She would not care *what* came to her if he could be saved to his mother and his darl'n.

But he died on an early spring day when all the world was waking to renewed life, and the hammers and saws of the workmen were heard on the new house. He died in a blessed way; as the heroic, the self-forgetting martyr dies, with heaven in his eye and on his tongue.

So that his mother, little Mary and all were carried above their sorrow. They felt the world where love goes on, ever on, with its ties in no fear of being broken, very near to them, in that one so soon to enter there, spoke to them of its delights. They could sing with him the simple words that everybody knows, that, sang with him, had such thrilling significance—

"He delivered me when bound,  
And when bleeding, healed my wound;  
Sought me wand'ring, set me right,  
Turned my darkness into light."

He sang with a feeble voice, so that he could hardly be heard unless little Mary and Doria sang very softly; and his cheek lay on his hand like a babies; but a smile was about his lips, and they all saw that his face shone, as it were, "like the face of an angel."

It shone when he died. He died with a smile on his lips, murmuring,

"Sought me wand'ring—set me right—  
Turned my darkness into light."

#### CHAPTER IX.

In a lonely part of that lovely place of the dead, "The Valley," close by where the brook ripples and the hare-bells blossom in their time, sleeps the active brain; are folded the active hands. Little Mary Walton goes often with Doria, or Caddy, or some other who mourns for him tenderly, carrying a flower that she loves, that she has kissed, and on which her tears have fallen, to leave it there, when she comes away,

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in the soft grass above his head. She smiles at the same time that she weeps; for she says, "His life and his death were so—so sublime, as it seems to me! and then, you see, it makes me so thankful to know that he loved me as he did!"

His poor mother never goes there. The reason that she gives is that "she don't feel really able to go; that she don't feel so strong as she did a year ago." She says it with quivering muscles: sometimes even shaken with cold, in the midst of the summer heat. For the rest, she keeps herself very active about her house, seeing to Dr. Joseph's comfort as if he were her son, to Caddy's as if she were her daughter; keeping the lively Juliet Wethergreen (the doctor's ten-year's-old sister) there that little Nan's life may not be lonely; caring little for herself if she may be kept from murmuring, if she may follow the example of her blessed son in doing good, and at last be with him in the land where will be no more partings, no more death.

Irish Mary, Mary McGavin now, runs in often to see her. She told her one day, weeping as if she would lose her reason, that she prayed half of her time that the Lord Jesus would forgive her for being the cause (the *innocent* cause she was, as the Lord Jesus knew,) of the death of him as was so much fitter to live than she, poor Irish Mary. Mrs. Ambrose soothed and comforted her, that time. And, from that time, Irish Mary mentioned Ambrose no more; but kept as far as possible from everything that could bring him to her own mind, or to his mother's. She had tears in her eyes often; but she said and did the liveliest, most humorous things, so that no one of all who came essaying one and another means of consolation, left Mrs. Ambrose so tranquilized as did Irish Mary.

When Mrs. Phillips and her son-in-law, the architect, would build a new house on the site of the old, people looked "for something han'some," as they said; for gable windows and bay windows, and trellises and balconies, since it was known there at M—— that Captain Brooks had a hand in planning the charming little Grecian, Italian and Swiss villas, that, in the last six months, had been coming in among the plain, white dwellings, like beautiful gems, as it were, in the midst of the hard granite. But, partly on account of the perfect convenience of the internal construction, partly on account of the family love for the old, familiar rooms, the new house was made large and high, and in all respects like the old; only, without, it was of brick; and it had more delicate sashes, purer glass; had an iron yard, based upon granite, in place of the old white paling.

They were all pleased with the house; but in a peculiar way, his mantle had fallen on all solemn thoughts were mingled with the liking; in that house; that, in a peculiar way, it was for they did not forget Ambrose; hardly for an required of them to keep themselves pure and hour did they forget him. It seemed to them, to do good "while the day lasted."

Doria and her husband said to each other, that,

## THE IDIOT'S MOTHER.

SUGGESTED BY THE REPORT OF THE IDIOT'S AND IMBECILE ASYLUM.

BY A. ERCAM.

MOTHER poor, I pity thee,  
Gazing with such wistful eyes  
On the mute one at thy knee,  
Whom his fellows all despise.  
Day by day thy yearning heart,  
Sickening under hope forlorn,  
Felt at length the piercing dart,  
"Your baby is an idiot born."

"Born an idiot! Oh, my mind,  
Leave me not an idiot, too;  
Can I ever be resign'd  
My child a senseless thing to view?  
Is that fair proportion'd frame,  
With its roseate blush and breath,  
A human creature but in name,  
Destined to a living death?"

"Will those eyes no beauty know?  
Will no sounds delight his ears?  
Will his heart no fondness show  
For my care in coming years?  
Will he stare in vacancy,  
Or indulge in vague grimace?  
Treated as an outcast be,  
Cuff'd and push'd from place to place?"

"Oh, my child, it wrings my heart,  
Thinking this may be thy fate;  
Yet, by death with thee to part,  
Harmless one, were grief as great.  
Is there not some latent spark  
Smouldering in thy little breast?  
Still, methinks, not always dark  
Will be thy soul—I may be blest."

Weeping woman, dry thy tears,  
Strive with faith to God in prayer;  
Ev'n for idiots there appears  
Succor that forbids despair.  
Angels of benevolence  
Minister to souls abject,  
Give new tone to morbid sense,  
And loose the fetter'd intellect.

See, in many a brightening eye,  
Late obscured—minds erst inherit,  
Roused to curiosity,  
Hands in useful arts expert—  
How skill'd science, kindly care,  
Laboring and enduring love,  
Zeal sustain'd by patient prayer,  
May the idiot born improve.

## INSPIRATION.

BY MRS. SARAH A. COREY.

THERE is a fount where crystal waters gleaming,  
Burst from their silvery bands with glad some song;  
O'er Earth's domain with life and vigor teeming,  
Scattering profusion thus they glide along.  
Pure and unfailing is this liquid treasure,  
All Nature lives, rejoicing in its power;  
Quaffs the rich draught in free and fullest measure,  
The forest lordling, or the modest flower.

There is a Sun—a centre, bright and glorious,  
Spreading in glittering circle far and wide;  
Creation wakes—smiles the blue Heavens o'er us,  
As Night retires before the golden tide.  
We trace its touches in the rose-bud's blushes—  
The hues that to the rainbow's wreath belong;  
We mark its spirit in the glad some gushes,  
That mingle with the skylark's early song.

But glorious man, the crowning work of Nature,  
Receives the life, the essence of the whole;  
Formed in the image of his wise Creator,  
Endowed with human faculties—a soul.  
A soul approaching ever to perfection,  
E'en when unnumbered years their course have run.  
Expanding, glowing in the bright direction  
Of the inspiring Fount, the eternal Sun.

The spirit's shrine! guard the immortal treasure  
Enriched with gems of pure, unsullied worth,  
Dim not the links with vain and sordid pleasure  
Of this bright chain uniting Heaven and earth.  
Youth's glittering bastions our frail eyes beholding  
Reach us but faintly through the twilight ray;  
But soon the golden gates of Heaven unfolding,  
Will pour upon us the full blaze of day.



## HINTS TO HOUSE-HUNTERS.

BY A. L. OTIS.

WE were about to move to the country, and our handsome house on Logan Square was to be sold. Business called my husband from home for a week, and he charged me to be very attentive to those who might come to see the house, as it was our sole possession, and the proceeds of the sale were to be the source of our future fortunes. I feared it would not be the most agreeable thing in the world to conduct strangers through our home, yet I did not imagine half its unpleasantness.

I sit after breakfast, one cold, rainy morning, in the nursery bathing Charlie, his dear little jaws, where teeth have not yet made their appearance, chattering with the chill received in undressing, and his chubby limbs all goose-flesh. Abby comes to tell me that two gentlemen (!) wish to look at the house. I hesitate to leave my baby, for the first time, in the unpractised hands of his nurse, and tell Abby to show the gentlemen the premises. I hear them tramping and laughing all through the house, and at length they arrive at the nursery door, which Abby throws wide open. They come in with their eyes elevated to observe the height of the ceiling, and letting them gradually fall in a survey of the walls, they at length rest on me in a prolonged stare. A slight bow acknowledges their recognition of the lady of the house, and regardless of my being busy, they begin to ask innumerable questions, while I am in agony lest Charlie should get the croup from the proximity of their damp clothes. They frighten the child, and they raise their voices above his screams, to know whether there is a good coal-hole, and whether nine-tenths of the price cannot remain on mortgage. Then they proceed to open closet doors, look up the chimney and try the window-sash.

About eleven o'clock there is another visitor. Abby shows her into the parlor where I am sitting at leisure, a very modest-looking lady. She begins at once with a thousand apologies. I assure her I shall find it perfectly convenient to go over the house with her, but she gradually works herself to thinking it such a terrible trouble to me, that to relieve her mind I resume my seat, and say that Abby shall accompany her. But then she cannot think of occupying the time of my domestic. I began to think her a suspicious

person, who may wish to abstract my spoons. I insist upon accompanying her, and we commence our review. She informs me that having long ago taken a fancy to the house, she is pretty sure she shall buy it, or she would not have troubled me.

I instantly find her all that is honorable and agreeable. I think with scorn of my previous want of penetration. Yet trials await me. She tells me she has adopted an infant nephew, and I long to show her our nice nursery, with its convenient bath-room, its protected windows, and its cheerful, sunny aspect. But she is afraid she will disturb the baby, and nothing but force could make her enter. Neither will she glance into the large closets fitted up with drawers, the doors of which I held proudly open. She will not even go along the passage-way which leads to my husband's library, though I assure her he is miles away, and am much disappointed that she will not see that charming room. The kitchen also she avoids, and when I have prevailed upon her to enter, she refuses to look at the pantry and cupboard, as if she feared to humble me by finding them less tidy than they should be. I feel quite worn out by the time I have replied for the hundredth time to

"Oh, I am so sorry to trouble you!"

"I assure you, I consider it no trouble," and long to tell her that, but for that speech she would be endurable. After she has left me, having again assured me that the purchase would surely be made by her—I feel dissatisfied, and saw that she has no true idea of the house she means to buy. I cannot help thinking over all its defects, and feeling as if I were making a shrewd bargain with the simple old lady.

Next came Mr. and Mrs. K——. Mr. K—— evidently wants the house, and constantly talks at his wife, who is desirous of finding all the fault possible, if her discontented face speaks the truth.

"Capacious parlors," he cunningly observes, "large enough to hold a great number of people should we give a ball." He never yet consented to give even a sociable party, and his wife half sees through this bait.

"Fine kitchen," he continues, "no cook would ever give warning in such a perfect kitchen as that."

Mrs. K—— still discontented.

Poor Mr. K——, after going over the merits of the house on his fingers as if soliloquizing, turns doubtfully to his wife, and says,

"My dear, does it not strike you that this place is singularly eligible?"

"I don't like it at all," Mrs. K—— answers, sullenly.

"Why not, my dear?" despairingly. It was the tenth house he had gone over that day.

"I don't like it. I could never be happy in it."

"Oh, come, my love! Don't say that. What makes you feel so?"

After a whispered conference it appears her insurmountable objection is the wall-paper—and when her husband suggests that, that could possibly be renewed, her brow clears up, and she is enthusiastic in her desire to possess the house at once, without an hours' delay.

Again—just as baby has fallen asleep, I am called down stairs to see a bevy of school girls, one of whom says that Mrs. B—— asked her to stop on her way from school, and bring to her an exact description of the house. Then commences a general scattering and running hither and thither. I see one girl peeping into my jewel box, another at the cradle, another in the china closet, and on the stairs I hear a smothered giggling, which fills me with the fear of some practical joke. Their chatter wakes the baby—their dresses switch down some of my flower-pots from the low window-seat—they put the cook in an ill-humor, because "she can't stand it, and won't," to have her kitchen invaded by such "prying critters," and she gives me warning. As the children leave the front door I hear them say,

"Her china isn't half so handsome as Mrs. Brown's, and what a pug-nosed baby."

Next comes Mr. Betsey, a gentleman I had thought myself acquainted with for years. But I never read his character till now.

"Have you many mice? Do cockroaches and other vermin abound? Have you never found a

single one? Is it dusty here? Are the rooms well ventilated? Moths I suppose? Any mosquitos or flies? How much coal does the furnace burn? Do servants like the location? Pleasant neighbors? What price do you expect? What? Did I hear aright? Ah—you'll think better of that. Good-morning."

More instances would be tedious, so I will close my remarks by some advice.

When you go to look at a house for sale, be sure to let it be at the hour most inconvenient possible to the persons inhabiting it—just after breakfast, or at dinner-time, for instance.

Should you be so fortunate as to discover any family secret—any little concealed economy, or the like, never fail to retail it, and should a little embellishment make the story likely to raise a laugh, and obtain a wide circulation, by all means add it.

When you are taken up stairs, keep your eyes wide open, that you may take in a complete inventory of the furniture, also that you may spy any cobwebs or lint upon the floor.

Be sure to let the lady of the house see that you think the closets not fit to be seen, either by poking into them suspiciously with upturned nose, or positively refusing to look at them.

Be particular to disparage every advantage the house possesses, and be exceedingly surprised to find it so pleasant inside, it being so different from what you always expected from an outside view. It is as well not to let the owners think too well of their property.

Never omit asking all possible questions in a rather acute way, as if you were not to be taken in—and when any advantage is spoken of say, "Of course," with a sneering smile. For instance, if the person who shows you the house should say, "We have very pure water here," reply, "Oh, of course!"

More hints might be given, but these things are doubtless so generally understood as to render such quite unnecessary.

## THE PRESENT HOUR.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

THE present hour! Improve it well—  
Each passing moment tells its knell,

And marks its rapid flight;  
'Tis like a transitory ray  
Of light that quickly fades away,  
Forever from our sight.

The present hour! 'Twill soon be past!  
To us, perchance, 'twill be the last

By tender mercy given;  
Let such so spend it that it may  
But usher in an endless day  
Of light and joy in Heaven.

## FRED GRAYSON'S TWO PROPOSALS.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

### CHAPTER I.

"It won't do, my good uncle—that salt can't catch this bird; I'm confoundedly afraid that nothing but '*attic salt*' ever will," muttered Fred Grayson, with a half whimsical, half melancholy smile, as he gazed around his little office, to which he vainly endeavored to give a business-like appearance, and through the open door into a poorly furnished sleeping apartment beyond.

And Fred Grayson, as his chums familiarly called him, or "Frederic Grayson, Attorney at Law," as the little sign on his window shutter denoted him to be, set himself busily to work to overturn everything on his desk, not forgetting to place some bundles of papers, tied with red tape, in a most conspicuous place.

"I vow there isn't a good-looking girl left in the whole city," soliloquized Fred, when all this was done, going to the window which overlooked Independence Square—"even those demure little Quaker girls, with their sweet complexions and red lips, that used to troop past here to school, are off for their summer's holiday; and those plump, healthy-looking nursery-maids, who turned the rope for the children, in the Square, are no doubt flirting with some Adonis of a coachman or waiter at a fashionable watering-place. Everybody's off somewhere but these confounded flies, and they seem never to need summer recreation. Heigh-ho! well I guess I might as well answer the old gentleman's letter. Gad! I couldn't say a press of business prevented."

In a few moments the drowsy stillness of the room was interrupted, by the pen scratching quickly over the paper, and before the letter was concluded an impatient rap was heard at the door. Fred had not time to assume a business-like air, and call out, "come in," before the door was opened with a "how are you, old fellow? Back again all safe, you see," and the young lawyer's particular crony, Jack Templeton, threw himself into his friend's comfortable arm-chair.

"By Jove, Jack, I'm glad to see you; where did you drop from?"

"Not from the gallows yet, Fred, my boy; but I only got home last night from 'doing the tower of the lakes,' as a fashionable, 'fair fat' (but wasn't she fat?) 'and forty,' lady of New York told me she had done."

"But you surely don't intend to stay in town during the dog-days, do you?" asked Fred.

"Not I! I'm on the wing again directly, and it'll be Newport this time, so pack up your traps and come along. I'll be your banker till you get your first case."

"Thank you, Jack," said Frederic Grayson, warmly, whilst a fine glow spread over his face, "but there's no need of that. I always manage to live within my income, you know——"

"I'll be hanged if that isn't more than I do sometimes, rich as I am," broke in Jack.

"Indeed," continued Fred, without heeding the interruption, "business is looking up. Some poor fellow gave me twenty-five dollars the other day for 'an opinion;' it wasn't much of an opinion, to be sure; but he had more money than brains, so I pocketed it."

"Then you'll run down to Newport with me for a month?"

"I'll not promise for a month, till I see how my purse holds out, but I'm your man for two weeks, at any rate. When do we start?"

"To-morrow, if you are ready."

"Well, my friend, that will depend upon that respectable lady, Mrs. O'Flatherty, who kindly takes charge of the washable part of my wardrobe. In fact, so jealously does she guard it, that she only returns me a limited number of pieces at a time; and if she was not a woman, I should suspect that some of the articles were worn before they were sent back. Why, Jack, I could support a wife on what shirts, handkerchiefs and stockings cost me."

"Well, let's hunt up your friend O'Flatherty, and be off to-morrow."

"Just wait a few moments, old fellow, till I superscribe myself 'your most affectionate and dutiful nephew,' to the governor. I am not dutiful though, I'll be hanged if I am. The good man is as great a manoeuvrer in the matrimonial line as any snuff-taking, tea-drinking old woman could be. I got a letter from him this morning, urging me to hurry down to Beechhurst, as there was a great heiress staying with my cousin Lizzie. According to uncle Fred, she has all the beauties and virtues under the sun, her immense wealth being the principal one, I suppose."

"Who is she?" asked Mr. Templeton.

"I don't know. Some school girl acquaintance of Lizzie's, I suppose, but I never heard her speak of any one who is as rich as uncle represents this one to be. He is forever looking out for a wealthy wife for me, and I declare the next time he does it, I'll just tell him that if he teases me any more, I'll marry cousin Lizzie. I won't be poaching on your preserves, eh, Jack!"

"Go ahead, Fred, I have no fear; Lizzie Grayson wouldn't have you if your 'head was hung with diamonds,' as the old women say, much less with an income of only a thousand dollars a year, and with a practice not worth more than a hundred or two dollars, at the most."

"Well, it is a hard case. I have a great many good domestic qualities, and I certainly require a wife, with all my soft susceptibilities and lost shirt collars, but dame Fortune will not favor me. I never could marry a woman for her money, Jack; if I could make up my mind to try, I should be sure to tell her of it before I got her," and so saying, Frederic Grayson turned to his desk to finish his letter.

Presently he looked up with a gay laugh, exclaiming,

"I say, Jack! wouldn't it be comical for me to promise 'with all my worldly goods, I thee endow?' By Jove, I'm afraid that my wardrobe and library would be all I can conscientiously call my own, and in truth part of the wardrobe seems to belong to Mrs. O'Flatherty. Marrying on twelve hundred dollars a year and prospects! Whew!"

"Come," continued Fred, taking his hat, and putting the letter in his pocket, "let's post this; I have concluded it with the assurance that I am so poor that I never intend to marry, without I find a mermaid at Newport who will be charmed with me in my Greek bathing-dress. Imagine me, Jack, disappearing from your view in the arms of a syren with long green hair."

## CHAPTER II.

THE two friends arrived at Newport, just as the gay season was commencing, and were soon among the most popular young men there. Jack Templeton's finished manners and fine horses, and the magnified rumor of his wealth, made him courted everywhere; while Fred Grayson, if not quite so popular with papas and mammas, was even more so with the young ladies, for he danced, and sung, and flirted with a grace that could not be surpassed. Many a fair girl sighed, as mamma, in the chamber consultation, endeavored to force upon her silly little brain, the fact that Mr. Grayson was only a poor lawyer, and consequently quite ineligible; and she

began to question her own heart, whether ingrain carpets, mahogany and hair-cloth furniture, and a maid of all work would be so terrible after all, with a man like Fred Grayson. But mamma knew the world and came off victor, as mamma's who know the world always do; and the daughter would give a little sigh, and determine that she might without any risk waltz and flirt with the fascinating Fred Grayson, only she must not think any more of him when she was alone, but rather turn her attention in the direction of his friend, Jack Templeton, who drove a splendid pair of horses.

It was on one of those boiling days in August, that Frederic Grayson entered the hall of the Ocean House, and was met by his friend with the question, "Well, what luck, Fred? I don't believe that you caught a fish."

"Splendid luck," was the reply, "but I didn't know what to do with them, you know."

Templeton gave an incredulous laugh, and at last elicited the fact, that the lines had quietly lain beside Fred in the boat, and that he had stretched himself on a seat and gazed up into the blue sky, with a *dolce far niente* kind of feeling, and dreamed away the whole morning thus.

"Your face is burnt to a blister almost," said Jack.

"*N'importe!* Mrs. Burtle has discovered that I'm as poor as a church mouse, and has cautioned that pretty little doll of a daughter against me. But I'm monstrously hungry, so I must hurry and dress by the time the gong sounds," and whistling, as he ascended the stairs, two steps at a time, Fred disappeared.

Dinner was at last announced. The viands on the table seemed to send up a double amount of steam; old gentlemen puffed and wiped their bald heads till they shone again; and young gentlemen pulled up their limp collars, and settled their white vests, and observed to their fair neighbors that "it was a very exceedingly warm day." Matrons fanned and grew fretful with the heat, and in savage undertones requested their lords "for mercy sake to lift their chairs from their dresses, for it wasn't so easy getting them replaced, goodness only knew;" and young girls, conscious of their roses spreading over foreheads as well as cheeks, and of their being of a most unbecoming brightness, fanned away in sullen silence, with clouds on the brow and pouts on the lip.

Fred Grayson gazed down the long lines of tables with much amusement, but he was desperately hungry, so he soon addressed himself to his soup and fish. He was about raising a large (yes, we must admit that it was large) fork full

of fish to his mouth, when he suddenly put it down, exclaiming, "By Jove! Jack, look down there."

Templeton glanced in the direction indicated, when he saw an elderly lady and gentleman, accompanied by a younger lady advance up the room, and take the three vacant seats opposite to where they sat.

A party of this kind would have been nothing remarkable probably on any day but one like this, but it seemed refreshing now, just to look at that young girl. She came up the room without a flush on her calm face, and with her white muslin draperies floating in soft, cool folds about her.

"I feel as if a sea breeze had blown over me," said Fred, enthusiastically, after another long look. "She is as stately as a calla, and as cool and dewy as those water lilies which are drooping from her hair."

"I thought you were hungry," replied his more phlegmatic friend, with his mouth full.

Fred again commenced his dinner, but presently looked up to encounter the full light of a pair of the finest hazle eyes he had ever seen.

He lowered his head and whispered anxiously, "I say, Jack! do I look as red as a boiled lobster?"

The answer, in a key loud enough to be heard across the table, was,

"Yes, you look like the very deuce."

In spite of this unsatisfactory reply, Fred could not for the life of him help glancing over at his fair neighbor again. There was a merry light dancing in her eyes, which she soon veiled with their white lids and long fringes, but the smile kept dimpling and playing around her mouth in spite of her, and when soon after Fred again looked across and caught her eye, an unrestrained smile spread over both their faces.

The two friends lingered over their dessert till the party opposite rose to leave the table, and Grayson watched in vain to see if any of his numerous acquaintance recognized them, as they passed down the room. It was in vain also, that after this, Fred would pass over the oyster pates, lobster salad, or any other delicacy which might be near him, to the gentleman of the party, hoping eventually his politeness might lead to something more than a mere "thank you" from his neighbor, or a half comprehensive glance from the younger lady.

### CHAPTER III.

"HERE's a sop for Cerebus, Jaak," said Fred, one morning, as he hurried past with newspaper

in hand, "if the 'last news by the Baltic' don't fetch the old gentleman, nothing will."

Fred Grayson understood human nature. "The last news by the Baltic" did "fetch" Mr. Mason, and Fred assiduously cultivated the acquaintance, to be at last introduced to the old gentleman's niece, Miss Virginia Surrey. A mysterious sparkle flashed over the young lady's face as she curtsied, with mock gravity, and Grayson began to suspect that in a war of wits, he might come off vanquished.

"Mr. Grayson," murmured Miss Surrey, thoughtfully, "pray, are you any relation of my friend, Miss Lizzie Grayson, of Beechhurst?"

"Her own cousin," answered Fred, with sparkling eyes, delighted that the relationship would most probably put him on a more intimate footing with the beautiful girl before him.

There was a spice of coquetry in Virginia Surrey's nature. She had observed Fred's evident admiration of her fair self, but she had a slight score yet to wipe off with him.

"I passed two weeks most delightfully, at Beechhurst, this summer," continued Virginia, with a sly glance out of the corner of her eye, to see the effect of her announcement.

"You?" asked Grayson, incredulously, "I never heard Lizzie speak of any one of your name."

"Probably not. Of course *you* are not the cousin, who, when Lizzie and I were at St. Mary's school together, wrote to her and advised her to 'break off her intimacy with that hoyden Ginny Mason!'" and a crimson flush suffused Miss Surrey's face and neck as she spoke, lasting but a few moments, however, for she burst into a gay laugh as she glanced at Fred's appalled face.

"You will never make your fortune at the bar, Mr. Grayson, you are put out of countenance too easily for a lawyer," continued the young lady, mischievously.

"But I do not understand it yet," muttered Fred, with a somewhat bewildered air, and a feeling of vexation that he had thrown away such a chance of intimate acquaintanceship, as the two weeks at his uncle's would have afforded him.

"An uncle of my mother's died and left me some property, upon the condition of my taking the name with the money," answered Miss Surrey, indifferently.

Fred Grayson was still in a whirl. All his previous prejudices were being rapidly annihilated. He had exiled himself from Beechhurst, and come to Newport to fall more than half in love with an heiress, even before he was

introduced to her, and he felt ready to surrender unconditionally to the very Ginny Mason, who had been at the head of all the school girl mischief at "St. Mary's," and against whom he had cautioned his gentle, lady-like cousin Lizzie.

Virginia Surrey saw her advantage, and it was with difficulty that she could keep the smiles from rippling over her face, as she demurely continued,

"How Lizzie and I pitied you, being tied down to that odious Coke and Blackstone, and worried to death with clients," here a satirical light gleamed from her saucy brown eyes, "whilst we were strolling through the woods; singing duets, or scampering over the country on Firefly and Trampler."

"Did you ride Firefly?" asked Fred, in astonishment.

"Every day whilst I was at Beechhurst," replied Miss Surrey, nonchalantly.

Grayson forgot himself so far as to be on the point of giving a prolonged whistle, and *did* absolutely stare at the fair figure before him. There sat a young girl, coolly talking of riding a horse, so fiery that Fred flattered himself scarce a gentleman but himself could mount him, her white dress floating breezily around her, the tip of her tiny foot just displayed, and fluttering her fan with all the grace and coquetry of a Spanish belle.

The longer Fred conversed with her, the more recklessly in love did he become, although Virginia Surrey overturned nearly all his previously cherished notions of womanhood.

Frederic Grayson knew he was too poor to think seriously of matrimony, but he had had plenty of time to dream before his blazing grate fire, during the winter twilights, and he had often fancied to himself a comfortable home, presided over by a fair, graceful figure, who would look up to him with reverence; with no more intellect, perhaps, than would lead her to appreciate a fine piece of poetry, when read by his magical voice; and here he was really in love with a girl who glanced upon him like an *ignis fatuus*, who did not appear to care a fig for his opinions, was somewhat tinged with "strong-mindedness," whom he suspected had never read a line of poetry in her life, and who was, moreover, an heiress, a being whom he, in his Quixotism, had vowed never to marry.

"I know she rides like an Amazon," muttered Fred, "if she ever mounted Firefly, and I shouldn't be surprised if she swam like a duck, could trim a boat with the best sailor on Nantucket, or drove a four-in-hand better than the Russian whiskerando who flourishes here

so extensively. But then, by Jove! how she wears a scarf; it's the perfection of grace," and Fred promenaded the piazza in a reverie, unmindful of the many bright glances cast upon him.

The two weeks which Grayson had allotted to himself for his summer trip had already extended to nearly a month. Templeton was growing impatient to return home, but he saw no chance of tearing his friend away from Virginia Surrey. Fred had become her most devoted cavalier on all occasions; he rode with her; danced with her; sung with her; quoted poetry to her by moonlight; (she *did* like poetry after all) in short, did everything that showed he was desperately in love, except propose.

And yet the expression of Virginia's half veiled eyes, the warm smile of welcome, and the vivid blush was scarce to be mistaken.

"You are a fool if you don't offer yourself, Fred," said Jack. "Without meaning to impeach her modesty at all, one can see with half an eye that she is in love with you; and after your attentions to her, you are doing her a positive wrong, if she likes you and you do not propose. No true woman would think for an instant of the difference of fortune."

The night previous to that fixed upon for the friends departure had arrived. Dancing was in progress in the large saloon of the Ocean House. Virginia Surrey floated through the mazes of the waltz like a rose-colored cloud, as her light drapery fell in soft folds around her. Grayson had watched with some impatience, the zest with which she appeared to enter into the spirit of the scene, although he flattered himself that a sadder look than her bright face usually wore, occasionally shadowed it. It seemed too, as if the interminable German waltz would never end, and Fred's only consolation was that her partner was pretty little Fanny Butler, instead of some moustached foreigner. With the last strains of the music the girls slowly circled toward the door, and arm-in-arm passed out to the piazza.

"Your scarf, Miss Surrey, which your aunt requested me to bring," said Grayson, as he wrapped the soft folds of her camel's-hair around her, and offering an arm to each of the girls, he continued the promenade with them. But all Virginia's spirits seemed to have fled; her gaiety was forced; and the mercury in Fred's mental barometer rose higher in consequence, for he secretly believed that it was owing to her departure on the morrow. Miss Butler's partner for the next polka at last came to claim her hand, and Virginia withdrew her arm from Grayson's as if to follow.

"You are not engaged for this waltz too, are you?" asked Fred.

There was a moment's hesitation before she answered in the negative.

"It is very close in that crowded room, and there is no danger of your taking cold here, wrapped up as you are," said Grayson, as he turned for another promenade on the piazza. Still Virginia hesitated, and at last walked forward half reluctantly, and Fred grew more in love, if possible, than before, at this evidence of conscious love and maidenly modesty.

Half an hour had elapsed since the commencement of the promenade. Fred forgot that it was an heiress, whose white hand rested on his arm, and thought only of the woman who had so warmly loved. He poured an impassioned tale of doubts and hopes in her ear, and was not interrupted by a word or sigh. But had not his own excitement been so great, he might have felt the tumultuous beating of the heart which leaned next his arm.

"Yet I have nothing to offer you but willing industry and my great love, Virginia," concluded Grayson, as they emerged from the shadow into the full light of the bright September moon; but he did not see the workings of her averted face, nor the whiteness of the full lips as she murmured,

"I am already engaged."

For a moment he could not believe what he heard.

"Coquette," he hissed at last, as he flung her hand from him, and with a smothered curse turned away.

A quarter of an hour afterward Virginia Surrey was again floating through the mazes of the waltz, as calmly as usual, with no vestige of her late excitement, except a heightened color on her cheek; and as Fred passed the window, on his way to his room, and saw the nonchalante grace with which she received her fan from her partner, he vowed never again to put trust in woman.

#### CHAPTER IV.

FIVE years have elapsed since the commencement of our story. Frederic Grayson no longer lounges at his window on these bright summer mornings for the tripping school girls, nor gazes with a half absent air into the square for the coquettish nursery-maids. There is a less effort at show, and more reality of business than formerly; for "Grayson is a promising young lawyer, with a good deal more than ordinary talent, and he will be heard of yet, in the world," say the wise men, with a knowing shake of the head. And it is natural it should be so, for during those

winter twilights, the ruddy grate fire has conjured up no vision of woman's love and a quiet home, but through his half closed eyes, he has seen in the glowing embers triumphs in the Senate chamber, and his name written in proud characters beside the greatest of his land.

Grayson was sitting in his office one morning examining with a knitted brow some papers, when Jack Templeton walked in with all the ease of an *habitué*.

"You are busy, I see, Fred, and I haven't a minute to stay, but Lizzie is going to have a few friends this evening, and she says you *must* come. You are getting terribly uncousinly of late. Be sure you come, for——" but Jack hesitated, looked at Fred, and with a hasty nod left his sentence unfinished.

Fred was not the favorite in society he had formerly been. *Young* ladies and school girls thought him already old at thirty, and his sparkling wit, and gay repartee had become a myth in the drawing-room, to be expended with double force on his unlucky antagonist at the bar.

"Wait here a moment, Fred," said his cousin Lizzie, who had some years before become Mrs. John Templeton, laying a detaining hand on his arm, "I must hunt up a partner for Miss Lennox, and then I want you to come with me."

Fred had lately learned to regard himself a victim at parties, so he quietly awaited his cousin's return, thinking he had to entertain some dowager whilst her charge was dancing.

Mrs. Templeton returned in a short time, and taking Fred's arm, led him toward a table at the further end of the room. A tall, slender figure dressed in black, with her back toward them, was standing near looking at some engravings, and before Fred noticed whither he was going, Lizzie had said,

"Frederic, let me make you acquainted with my friend, Miss Surrey."

The half-constrained, half-expectant air with which the lady bowed, was answered by one as unconscious and indifferent as if they had never heard of each other before. Virginia Surrey had no cause now to taunt Fred with his unlawyer-like face, for it was as immovable as that of the sphinx. She could scarcely recognize the gay, dashing, rattling, Fred Grayson, in the grave, dignified man before her. The change was less striking in herself, there was more repose, to be sure, in the woman of twenty-three, than in the girl of eighteen; and any increased sedateness of manner could easily be accounted for by her black dress.

"You have been in Europe for some years, have you not, Miss Surrey?" queried her companion,

and unconsciously he kept repeating to himself, "Miss Surrey, Miss Surrey, I thought she was married."

But the conversation went on as calmly as if there was no under-current of feeling or surprise, and when after awhile others joined them at the table, Grayson arose and bowed as coolly as if she had only been the acquaintance of an hour.

"John told me that Virginia, and yourself had met at Newport," said Lizzie, half-deprecatingly, as she looked at Fred's impassible face.

"Yes," was the reply, "and she informed me then that she was engaged to be married. Was she jilted?" and the slight bitterness with which this was said, was the only betrayal of feeling.

"No," answered Lizzie, half-angrily. "Jilted! she was engaged to her cousin; a kind of family match, I believe, in order to keep her fortune among them, and she was very young and agreed to it; but the gentleman was very dissipated, so she broke the engagement, and I *did* hear that she payed all his debts. That was before she went to Europe. Her aunt and uncle have both died since then. She is in mourning yet for the latter, who died abroad."

Fred Grayson paced his room uneasily that night. Old sorrows, which he had thought dead and buried, arose from their graves. The old trouble was to be gone over again, for in no way could he excuse her coquetry with himself, even if she had not loved her cousin; and with a deeper sigh than he thought he could ever give to a woman again, Fred acknowledged that it would be with a hard struggle, that he should meet her at Templeton's, where she was to pass the winter with his cousin.

"Here, Fred, you are a lawyer, settle the difficulty," said Templeton, as Fred approached Lizzie's cozy centre-table one winter night, "Virginia has been defending coquetry; now I—"

"I do not see how she could do that," interrupted Fred, "except from practice."

Grayson had never told his friend of the *finale* of his visit to Newport, and when Jack heard from Lizzie of Virginia's engagement to her cousin, he congratulated himself that Fred had not taken his advice and proposed. It was, therefore, with some surprise that he heard the bitter tone in which his friend answered.

A troubled look and painful blush spread over Virginia's usually calm face, as she looked up hastily, and then answered, with her eyes cast down upon her work.

"I was not defending coquetry, Mr. Templeton, but I *do* think that many girls are thought-

lessly carried away by admiration, and are often *really* surprised when they find they were expected to be serious."

"But you were certainly defending Miss Lennox's flirtation with young Morgan, when she is engaged to Oliver," persisted Jack.

The smile and blush were both painful as Virginia answered, "I *was not* defending a flirtation, Mr. Templeton, but perhaps Miss Lennox loves Mr. Oliver. She is very young, and though it does not excuse her, I do not believe that she truly knows yet that she has got a heart—and—" here there was a waver in the voice, "the consciousness is sometimes a long while coming."

"Do you mean to say, Virginia, that a girl can be engaged to one man, and in love with another, and not know it?" asked Lizzie, who had never thought of loving any one but Jack Templeton, since she could remember.

There was a moment's hesitation. Grayson did not turn his head toward Miss Surrey, but he bent lower over the centre-table, and played unconsciously with his cousin's work.

The answer at last came huskily and painfully,

"Yes, Lizzie, I do think so. Of course it will be discovered, sooner or later, but an accident generally reveals it, and the shock is—must be terrible."

Grayson's breath came thick and fast at this answer, but he only twirled a thimble on the points of the scissors, then snipped off minute pieces of thread from the spools. Templeton gave a quick, curious glance at his friend and Virginia, and Lizzie, who felt there was something she could not quite understand, with all a woman's tact, quickly changed the conversation.

Fred sat but a short time longer, but both Miss Surrey and himself avoided looking at each other as he took his departure. With a disturbed brow he walked toward his lodgings. This revelation of woman's character was new to him, and sent his heart throbbing to joyous music, but the stern discipline of five years was too much for the hope, and he muttered between his set teeth, "a coquette still."

But the acquired serenity was broken up. Grayson watched Virginia's manner more closely than he had allowed himself to do, before that evening's conversation, and did not avoid his cousin's home circle as much as he had done, since Miss Surrey had become their guest.

The greatest snow that had been known for years was upon the ground. Fred sat gazing into his coal fire, dreaming as he was wont to do, when the merry jingle of bells, and the



sound of gay voices at his door, drew him to the window. Templeton was just emerging from piles of buffalo robes and Rob Roy shawls, as he espied his friend, and called out,

"Holloo, Fred, my boy, it's capital sleighing wrap up warmly and jump in; it's your last chance, for a thaw's coming."

The frosty air, the ringing bells, and champing horses exhilarated Fred in a moment, and wrapping a heavy cloak around him, he was soon seated by Jack's side.

The sunset clouds were throwing rosy hues over the white snow before Templeton ordered the coachman to return. As they approached the city, the wide avenue leading to it seemed crowded with sleighs. The greatest excitement prevailed everywhere. The sleek, fat horses that had dragged the family coach at a dozing pace for so many years, seemed suddenly to awake, and trot along as rapidly as their sense of dignity would permit; whilst the fast trotters, that drew the little cockle-shell things as if they were but a feather's weight, skimmed past like birds. Gay voices, jingling bells, and laughs that came on the cold air as if from very exuberance of spirits, made it the most exhilarating sight in the world.

For some time Jack had sat with his eye fixed on the coachman, and with a cautioning, "Not so fast, James," or "keep close to the right," he had satisfied himself. At last as he whispered to Fred, "the rascal is drunk, I believe. I shall take the lines myself," he prepared to reach over to the coachman's seat. But it was too late. The spirited horses had become maddened with excitement, and feeling a slacker rein than usual, they had it all their own way. Away they went down the long street, dashing past everything, at lightning speed, increasing their pace at every new shout which rang out after them, from the sleighs behind, but guided by Jack's dexterous hand, which was yet unable to stop them.

Miss Surrey had watched all this with an anxious, but quiet face, taking in the probability of their running against anything they passed, with a mathematical eye, but never thinking of the snow-drift in which she was so unexpectedly lodged.

Then there came an unconsciousness, from which she was awakened by strong arms encircling her, and a wild whispered exclamation of "Virginia! Virginia! she's dead!" The blush, as rosy as that which lay upon the snow, and the effort to rise, were probably satisfactory answers to Fred Grayson, for with a hand which now trembled as much as her own, he assisted her

into the sleigh, which, with the help of some bystanders, was again ready for use.

No one was injured, except Virginia who was but momentarily stunned, and Templeton, taking his coachman's place, drove the now thoroughly subdued horses rapidly home.

Never had a case in court puzzled Frederic Grayson as did his own now, as he sat opposite Virginia Surrey during the remainder of the ride and watched her averted face and downcast eyes. At last his verdict with regard to her was "Not proven guilty," and feeling that he, at any rate, was compromised after his frightened whisper, whilst he thought her unconscious, he accepted Lizzie's invitation to take tea with them.

Templeton of course would not trust his horses to a drunken coachman, and his wife flew up stairs to her nursery duties as soon as she entered the house. Virginia went to the parlor, and after turning on the gas, was about to go up stairs when Fred laid his hand on her arm. There was perhaps more suspicion and pride than love in his voice, as he said,

"Virginia, it is due to you, after what occurred this afternoon, to again offer you my hand. Yet did I not hope and almost believe that you love me, I should not place myself a second time in your power. I am a richer man in prospects, though not in hopes and energies than I was five years ago. Will you accept me now, Virginia?"

The last sentence had lost all coldness, and the proud Frederic Grayson bent his head to gaze into the downcast face, then raised the small hand which was placed in his and kissed it, as Virginia whispered, "Yes."

There was a long silence. Then with tears in her eyes, Virginia said,

"Oh, Frederic, how could you be so unjust as you were? I had been engaged to my cousin since I was a school girl, and when I met you at Newport, I never suspected I thought of you except as an acquaintance, till I heard your avowal. I then knew that I had loved you all the time, without being conscious of it. I did not mean to coquette, indeed I did not."

The tears disappeared from Virginia eyes after this, Fred knew best how.

"But your cousin?" said Grayson.

"He had always been dissipated," was the reply, "and by relinquishing a part of my fortune to pay his debts, uncle Mason, at my earnest wish, after meeting you, persuaded him to consent to break the engagement. He is since dead."

There was another long, contented silence,

most eloquently understood by the two on the sofa. A curly head was presently thrust into the doorway, and after gazing with extended eyes, pattering feet were heard on the staircase, as a lisping voice called out,

"Oh, ma, ma, couthin Fwed kithed Jenny ever tho many timths. I thaw him."

A loud peal of laughter from Templeton, who had entered the house through the yard, and a gentle, laughing reprimand from Lizzie to the incorrigible little Fred, made Virginia dart up

stairs, cloak and bonnet in hand, to be invisible till the tea bell rung.

From that time Fred Grayson was a popular man again. All his gaiety and wit returned, and although he thought no more about Senate chambers, we expect to hear of him there yet. As to Virginia, she was the same saucy, tantalizing piece she had formerly been, but vows that she would not have had a husband to this day, if Jack Templeton's coachman had not got intoxicated.

## THE FIRST SHOWER.

BY PHILA A. EARLE.

PURE, and fair as Heaven, was Paradise  
All bathed in floods of beauty and of light,  
The golden sunlight rested on all things  
With God-like radiance, holy, soft and bright;  
It fell like glory-beams from Heaven's throne,  
And ne'er in Eden darksome shadows fell,  
Shades never lingered in a light divine,  
Nor 'neath Jehovah's smile could sorrow dwell.

The fragrant zephyrs softly, gently came  
Like angel-whispers from the sky so blue,  
And kissed all tenderly, the meek-eyed flowers  
So kindly watered by the pearly dew;  
For mists uprose from the soft singing streams,  
That never sighed as glided they along;  
But music-gushes filled the dreamy air  
As trilled each silver wave its sweet glad song.

Upon a couch of roses Eve reclined,  
And from her angel-brow the golden hair  
Fell in soft sunny waves and innocence,  
Sweet dove-eyed seraph, lingered smiling there.  
A holy light fell o'er her sinless brow  
With kisses tremulous as Summer's breath;  
Her spirit thrilled with sweetest melody,  
Unbroken by the withering touch of death.

The tempter came; Eve saw the golden fruit,  
And gazed with yearning look and longing eye,  
With sweetest words the arch deceiver spoke,  
"Eat and be blessed, thou shalt not surely die."  
The tree waved gently, and the fair leaves drooped  
Until they softly brushed the cheek of Eve;  
Again low, winning words all musical,  
Around her spirit seemed a spell to weave.

Eve grasped the glorious, God-forbidden fruit,  
That hung all gleaming from the silvery boughs,  
And gave to Adam; but in gloom they rose  
With sorrow resting darkly on their brows;  
Amid the couch of roses thorns upsprung,  
The river's silver waves went moaning low  
In solemn, dirge-like murmurs, till the air  
Was laden heavily with grief and woe.

And wild, fierce winds came wailing from afar,  
Like homeless, troubled spirits that ne'er sleep,  
But roam in weary, restless agony—  
Or like the moanings of the sad-voiced deep.  
The glorious sunshine faded from the earth,  
Veiling its beams in darkness and in gloom;  
The pure-eyed snowy flowers drooped low their heads,  
And folded up their fragrance and their bloom.

The fleecy clouds put on their mourning robes,  
And bent all pityingly above the earth,  
And from them warmly fell a flood of tears,  
For then sorrow, and sin, and death had birth.  
O'er Eden sadly, tearfully they hung,  
'Twas well to weep o'er so much grief, to fall  
Darkly on unborn ages; for the curse  
Of that one sin rests dismally o'er all.

Thus, when o'er Eden darkling shadows hung,  
And earth grew dim, and saw its saddest hour,  
And Heaven's fair face was shrouded in deep gloom,  
Then softly fell the tears of earth's first shower.  
And they, the sinning ones, in pain and fear,  
With trembling footsteps passed from Eden-land;  
Eve with tears resting in her deep, blue eyes,  
And mutely o'er her breast sad-clasped her hands.

With shadows lying on her pale, young brow,  
And folded 'round her heart grief's dusky wings,  
With grieving lines around her quiv'ring lips,  
And weary spirit with sad, trembling strings.  
The smiles that once came trembling o'er her lips  
Like saintly dreams of cherubs fled away,  
Her voice, which took its tones from golden lyres,  
Grew plaintive as the wind at close of day.

Thus left they Paradise; the pearly gates  
Closed, folding all the light and glory in;  
No more they roamed through Eden's sunny bowers;  
But went away to mourn o'er their great sin.  
Then for their erring sister angels grieved,  
And wept o'er her from their fair home above,  
And pitying, sent to light her darkened heart,  
Three guardian spirits, Faith, and Hope, and Love.

## THE FAITHFUL AMBROSE.

BY H. J. VERNON.

MADAME DE VARONNE was one of those who followed James the Second into exile. During the life of her husband she was in comfortable circumstances; but having become a widow, and being left without any protection, she had not sufficient interest to obtain from the court any part of the pension which her husband had enjoyed; she, however, wrote to the ministers and sent several petitions, to which they replied, that she must place her demand before the king. Thus for two years she buoyed herself up with hope. At length, having renewed her demands, she received so formal and so positive a refusal, that it was no longer possible to blind herself to her fate. Her situation was deplorable; she had been compelled to part in succession with her jewelry and part of her furniture; and there now remained for her no visible means of subsistence.

Madame de Varonne, shortly after the death of her husband, had dismissed all her servants, with the exception of the cook, one other maid, and Ambrose, the principal of all, who had lived with her for twenty years. At length the time came when she found it necessary to part with even these three. One day in the winter, Ambrose came into the room, and was about to place some wood on the fire, when Madame de Varonne said to him,

"Ambrose, do you know how much I owe the cook?"

"You owe nothing, madame, either to her, to Marie, or me. You paid us our wages yesterday."

"Ah, so much the better—I had forgotten. Well, Ambrose, you must tell the cook and Marie that I no longer require their services; and you, Ambrose, must also seek another place."

"Another place? and why? No; I will die in your service. I will never leave you, madame, whatever may happen."

"Ambrose, you do not know how I am situated."

"Madame, you do not know Ambrose. If they refuse you your pension, so that you have not the means of paying your servants, send away the others, but *I* do not deserve to be treated in the same manner; I am not mercenary."

"But, Ambrose, I am ruined, totally ruined. I have sold nearly all that I possessed, and they withhold my pension."

"Well," cried Ambrose, in a broken voice, "you shall not suffer; I can work."

"Ambrose," said madame, interrupting him, "I have never doubted your attachment, but I will not abuse it. This is what I wish you to do for me. Go and hire for me a small room on the fifth story; I have still a little money which will last two or three months. I will spin, find me some customers in St. Germain; this is all you can do for me."

While his mistress was speaking, Ambrose looked at her in silence; and when she had ended, fell at her feet.

"Ah! my honored mistress," he cried, "allow me to serve you to the end of your days. For twenty years you have clothed, fed, and made me happy. I have too often abused your patience and kindness; but if you will pardon all the faults which my bad temper has caused me to commit, I will endeavor, by God's help, to correct them."

He then arose, bathed in tears, and rushed from the room.

In a few minutes Ambrose returned, and placing a little leathern bag on the mantelpiece, said,

"Thanks to God, to you, and to my late master, I have here thirty louis. You gave me this money, and it belongs to you."

"Oh, Ambrose, it is the fruit of your twenty years' saving!"

"When *you* had money, madame, you gave it to *me*; now *you* have none, *I* restore it to *you*. I know that this small sum cannot last long; but listen to my plan for the future. You may remember, madame, that I am the son of a brazier, and I have not forgotten my father's trade. Well, now, I will work seriously."

Madame de Varonne, incapable of expressing her gratitude in words, answered only by her tears.

The next day the two female servants were dismissed.

Ambrose then hired in St. Germain a small but clean and airy room on the third story, and placed in it the small remains of furniture which

his mistress yet retained. To this room he conducted Madame de Varonne; she found there a good bed, a large and comfortable sofa, and a small table, on which was an inkstand and paper, above which were ranged her books on a small stand against the wall; a large chest, which contained her wardrobe, a quantity of thread for spinning, a silver plate, (for Ambrose would not allow her to eat off pewter) and the purse which contained the thirty louis. In a corner of the room behind the curtain was hidden the small earthen vessel in which madame was to cook.

"See," said Ambrose, "this is all I have been able to procure for the money you gave me—there is only one room; but the servant can sleep on a mattress, which is rolled up behind the bed."

"The servant, did you say?" cried Madame de Varonne.

"Certainly, madame; how can you do without a servant to cook for you, to run errands, to dress you?"

"But, Ambrose, consider."

"Oh, but this servant will not cost you much; she is only thirteen years old. You will give her no wages, and there will be plenty for her to eat from what you leave. For myself, I have made my arrangements. Nicault, a brazier, who is a very rich and good man, and my countryman, will allow me to sleep and take my meals in his home, which is only a step from hence, and he will give me twenty sous a day. Living is now very cheap in St. Germain; and so much the better, that we have a little ready money. I did not wish to tell you all this before Susanne, your new servant; but now I will go and fetch her."

Ambrose then went out, and soon returned with a pretty little girl, whom he presented to Madame de Varonne, saying,

"Here is the little girl of whom I told you, madame; her father and mother are poor, but industrious, and they have six children; and you will be doing a kind action if you will take this one into your service."

After this introduction, Ambrose, in a grave tone, exhorted Susanne to conduct herself well. He then went away to his friend Nicault's.

From this day there was a perceptible change in the conduct and manner of Ambrose—he did not appear to be the same person. His sullen temper and rough address had vanished, and he now behaved with respect and delicacy; he seemed to feel by instinct that no one can be truly generous who humiliates or embarrasses the person whom he seeks to oblige.

The day after Madame de Varonne had taken possession of her new dwelling, Ambrose remained

steadily at his work; but in the evening he came in, and begging madame to send Susanne away, he drew from his pocket twenty sous wrapped in paper, and placed them on the table, saying, "This is my day's wages."

Then, without waiting for a reply, he recalled Susanne, and went away.

After such a day's work, how peaceful should he sleep, and how sweet the waking!

Ambrose, faithful to the duties which he had imposed on himself, came every day to see Madame de Varonne, and placed with her the produce of his labor, only reserving, at the end of every month, the necessary sum for paying his washer-woman, and a few bottles of beer for Sundays and holidays; he did not even take this small sum as a right, but he asked it from Madame de Varonne as a gift.

In vain was madame much distressed at accepting so much from the generous Ambrose; in vain she represented that she could support herself on less. He either appeared not to hear her, or listened with such apparent pain, that she was compelled to be silent on the subject.

In the hope of procuring little more ready money for Ambrose, Madame de Varonne worked without ceasing at her spinning. Susanne helped her, and sold the work for her; but when Madame de Varonne exaggerated to Ambrose the sum she had gained from this little trade, he simply replied, "So much the better," and turned the conversation.

Time brought no change in his conduct; and during four years he never failed in a single particular.

At length the moment came when Madame de Varonne was to experience the most bitter grief. One evening, when she was expecting Ambrose, as usual, Nicault's servant entered her room. He came to tell her that Ambrose was ill, and was in bed. On hearing this, Madame de Varonne desired the servant to take her to Nicault's house, and sent Susan for a doctor. When she arrived, Nicault (who had never seen her before) was much astonished. She told him that she wished to be shown into Ambrose's room.

"But, madame, that is impossible."

"Why so?"

"You will have to mount a ladder to reach the loft."

"Mount a ladder? Oh, poor Ambrose, I will go; lead the way."

"But listen, madame. You will not be able to stand upright when you are there; Ambrose sleeps in such a small room."

At these words, Madame de Varonne burst into tears, and entreated Nicault to guide her.

He led her to the foot of a small ladder, which she had great trouble in mounting. She found Ambrose stretched on a mattress in a corner of the wretched loft.

"Ah! Ambrose, you told me that your lodging was a good one."

Ambrose was unable to reply to his mistress; for upwards of an hour his senses had been wandering.

Susanne at length returned with a doctor. This latter was much surprised, on entering the garret, to see so well-dressed a lady standing by the mattress of a poor brazier, and who appeared overwhelmed with grief. He approached the sick man, and examining him attentively, said, "That his aid had been called in too late."

Imagine the state of madame on hearing the fatal words!

"It is his own fault," said Nicault; "more than a week ago he was ill, and I wished him to leave his work, but he persisted in going on. The fact is," Nicault continued, "Ambrose undertook more work than he could manage, and that has killed him."

Every word struck a dagger into the heart of Madame de Varonne. Approaching the doctor, bathed in tears, and with clasped hands, she implored him not to leave Ambrose.

The doctor was a humane man; besides which, the peculiar circumstances of the case excited his curiosity, so that he was easily persuaded to pass part of the night with the sick man.

Madame de Varonne sent to her own house for some bed-clothing, and assisted Susanne to make up a bed for Ambrose, into which the doctor and Nicault carefully lifted him.

Madame then threw herself on a wooden bench, and gave free vent to her tears.

About four o'clock in the morning the doctor departed, having bled his patient, promising to return at noon. You may suppose that Madame de Varonne never quitted Ambrose for a moment; she passed forty-eight hours at his bedside without receiving the smallest hope from the doctor. At length, on the third day, there was an apparent change, and in the evening he was pronounced out of danger.

I will not attempt to describe Madame de Varonne's joy on seeing Ambrose so far recovered. She wished to watch by him that night; but as he was now perfectly sensible, he would not consent to it; she, therefore, returned home, overwhelmed with fatigue. The doctor came to see her the next day, and she felt so grateful to him for the care and attention which he had bestowed on Ambrose, that she was determined to gratify his curiosity by relating her history.

Three days after this conference the good doctor, who did not usually reside at St. Germain, returned to Paris, leaving Madame de Varonne quite well, and Ambrose convalescent. The former now, however, found herself in almost as destitute a condition as before. In a few days she had expended the little ready money which she possessed, with the exception of a few sous.

One evening, when she was occupied with her sad thoughts, Susanne entered breathless with haste, and told her that a lady wished to see her.

"It must be a mistake," said Madame de Varonne.

"No," said Susanne, "for she asked me, 'Does Madame de Varonne live here, in the third story above the court?' She is come in a carriage with six horses, and I answered her, 'It is here that she lives.' She replied, 'Will you ask Madame de Varonne to allow me to have a few minutes' conversation with her?'"

Just as Susanne had ceased speaking, they heard a gentle tap at the door, and on opening it a lady advanced with a graceful air. As soon as Susanne was gone, the stranger said, "I am charmed, madame, to be able to announce to you that the king has at length been informed of your situation, and he wishes to repair the injustice with which you have been treated."

"Oh, Ambrose!" cried Madame de Varonne, raising her eyes to heaven, with the most heartfelt expression of joy and gratitude.

At this expression of feeling the stranger appeared deeply moved, and taking her hand, said, "Come, madame, let me take you to the new apartments prepared for you."

"Ah, lady! if I dared I would ask permission. I have a benefactor; allow me to acquaint him with this joyful news."

"I will leave you at liberty to do so," said the lady, "and I will only conduct you to your carriage, which awaits at the door to take you to your new home."

"My carriage?"

"Yes, madame; but do not lose more time; let us go."

As she said this, she gave her arm to Madame de Varonne, who could hardly stand, and led her down the stairs. When they reached the door, the stranger said to a footman who was in attendance, "Call Madame de Varonne's servants."

The astonishment of the latter increased every moment; it seemed like a dream. Some servants dressed in grey livery approached a simple but elegant carriage. The lady accompanied her to the door, made Madame de Varonne enter it, and then proceeded to her own equipage.

Madame de Varonne's new servant then asked her where he should drive her to?

"To the house of Nicault, the brazier."

The first person she saw, on entering the shop, was Ambrose himself, still weak, but trying to work at his trade.

"Ambrose," she cried, joyfully, "follow me. Leave off work: you have no longer occasion to do it."

Ambrose, much astonished, in vain demanded an explanation, and begged to be allowed to change his working dress.

Madame de Varonne was not in a condition either to listen or reply. She seized his arm, and led him into the carriage.

When the servant asked, "Will you be driven to your new house, madame?" she started, and looking at Ambrose, said, "Yes, drive us to *our* house."

During the drive, Madame de Varonne told Ambrose of the visit she had received. He listened with joy, mingled with doubt, for he could hardly believe in such good fortune. At length the carriage stopped at the entrance of a pretty little house in St. Germain. They alighted, and went into a room, where they found the stranger awaiting them. She advanced toward Madame de Varonne, and gave her a paper, saying,

"Here, madame, is what the king has been pleased to present you with—it is an order for ten thousand pounds, and you are at liberty to give the half of it to any person you may wish to favor."

"Oh, how gracious of his majesty!" cried Madame de Varonne. "Here, then, lady, is the grateful, virtuous man, who is truly worthy of your protection, and the favor of his sovereign."

At these words Ambrose, who until now had concealed himself behind his mistress, came forward a few steps, with an embarrassed air; and in spite of his great joy, he was painfully confused on hearing himself praised in this manner; and he was vexed to appear before the lady at

his first interview in so dirty a condition, and without his wig.

The lady approached him. "Stop, Ambrose; let me look at you."

"Indeed, madame," he replied, lowering his head, "there is nothing wonderful in what I have done; it was but natural."

Here Madame de Varonne interrupted him, to relate with much ardor all that she owed to Ambrose.

The stranger was much affected with this recital. "Adieu, madame," she said, at length. "This house and all that it contains, belongs to you, and you will soon receive the first quarter of your pension." On saying this she retreated toward the door.

Hardly was she gone when the door reopened, and the physician to whom Ambrose owed his life entered. They rightly suspected that it was this good man who had told everything to the king. After having gratefully thanked him for his great kindness, they questioned him about the lady, and he replied, "that she was the queen, and that she lived at Versailles. For ten years I have been her doctor; I knew how benevolent she was, and I knew she would feel interested in your history. In short, as soon as she was acquainted with it, she bought this little house, and obtained from the king your pension."

As he finished this recital, a servant entered, and said that supper was served.

Madame de Varonne kept the doctor to this meal; and leaning on the arm of Ambrose, walked into the dining-room, and made the latter sit by her side.

The next day, Ambrose, as you may imagine, was dressed as became his new position. His apartment was furnished and arranged with as much care as taste, and Madame de Varonne shared with him all her life what she possessed; finally, she never received, or saw any money, that she did not recall the day when Ambrose brought her his twenty sous, saying, "This is my day's wages."

## THE FASHIONABLE BONNET.

### AN "IMPROMPTU."

W<sup>H</sup>Y blame the fashion, and cry, "Out upon it?"  
I like my cousin Laura's tiny bonnet,  
(Though much condemned by grandmother and  
aunt)  
Because it is so pert, provoking, jaunty.

By it my pretty cousin seems to say—  
"Come, kiss me; there's no bonnet in the way."  
The more I look, the more I think upon it,  
The more I like that small, inviting bonnet!

## A STORY FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"To-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day!" said Mrs. Wilby, as she sat at breakfast with her husband and their only child. She spoke with an animation of look and tone that showed she felt a lively interest in the approaching festival; for this was the first time her native state had adopted the time-honored custom of New England, and it was no wonder that she shared in the general delight which the governor's proclamation had called forth. Little Frederic joyously repeated his mother's words, casting a bright glance to his father, who only replied moodily,

"I had forgotten it was so near—well, I suppose I'll have some trouble with the hands at the store; with several at least who seem inclined to nothing but folly and wasting their time."

"But, surely, you will suspend your business to-morrow?"

"Indeed I shall do no such thing," was the decided reply. "I have no idea of closing my store every time a governor chooses to proclaim a holiday."

"But this is the first time, Richard," said his wife, persuasively, "and one day in the year will not be a great loss."

"Not to those whose fortunes are made, and when my name is on their list perhaps I will be willing to observe Thanksgiving Day. At present, every dollar that goes into my pocket is gained only by toil of body or mind; very different is my situation from that of most of my neighbors, whose projects succeed almost before they are formed—to whom money seems to come almost as easily as the air they breathe. Thanksgiving is for *them*, not for poor toiling men like *me*."

"Oh, Richard, do not speak so!" said Mrs. Wilby, as she turned an appealing glance on her husband, and then on her child, a lovely boy with the bright glow of health on his cheeks, and the sparkle of intelligence in his dark eyes, "I know you strive very hard for every comfort we enjoy, but do not say or think, dear Richard, that we have no cause for Thanksgiving. If we had nothing else to call for our ceaseless gratitude, can we look at little Frederic and think of Mrs. Harper's child, just his age, gone from them forever. Surely we can never thank God as we

ought for having spared *our* dear one when sickness and death were all around us."

"A great deal depends on parents in this matter," replied Mr. Wilby, "if Mrs. Harper had been as careful of little Ella as you always are of Freddy, she need not now be mourning her death."

Mrs. Wilby did not think it proper to prolong the conversation, and in a few minutes after her husband repaired to his place of business, sternly resolved that no one in his employ should take part in the celebration of the morrow. In this mood he replied by a decisive "No, sir!" to the observation made by his head clerk, that he supposed the store would be closed during the next day. The young man looked surprised, but after a short silence said,

"Will it be requisite for me to come to-morrow, Mr. Wilby?"

"I shall be here as usual to attend to my business," was the reply, "and, of course, will expect all the hands to be at their work."

"At least, I hope you will not object to my attending Divine Service," said the clerk. "I had expected to have the entire day as a holiday, but if you deem it right for me to be here early in the morning and in the afternoon, of course I must come."

"No; if you absent yourself during any portion of the day, you can take the whole and every succeeding one. I can easily supply your place with one who will act as I wish."

John Eaton, although he had seen much of his employer's surly and ungenerous disposition, was yet surprised at this fresh instance of it. "Mr. Wilby," he began, but that gentleman angrily interrupted him.

"I tell you once for all, sir, that you or any one else in my employ who will not attend to business as usual, to-morrow, will be immediately discharged."

The clerk hazarded no farther remark.

Thanksgiving Day dawned brightly and beautifully. The whole population seemed resolved on a holiday, and with the merry chiming of church bells, and the gay and animated appearance of the crowded streets, it seemed that no heart unless deeply lacerated by affliction could resist the cheering influence of the glad scene.

But Mr. Wilby, the prosperous manufacturer, the man blessed beyond his deserts in every relation of life, walked moodily to and fro in his extensive establishment, where everything wore its usual aspect of bustling confusion, unmindful of the blessings showered upon his pathway, stubbornly refusing the small meed of public acknowledgment of gratitude to Him whose exhaustless mercies call for the adoring thankfulness of all His creatures, and especially of every one in our favored land.

Young Eaton had just been discharged. His employer had satisfied the promptings of a petty malice, and now he was tormented by the consciousness that he had acted most unwisely as regarded his own interest; for Eaton had been all that even his exacting nature could require in a clerk, and he had a misgiving that he would find it no easy matter to obtain one to fill the vacancy to his satisfaction.

And the young man as he walked slowly from the store, in which for five years he had been employed at a salary trifling indeed, yet of incalculable value to him, was oppressed with many gloomy forebodings. The dull season setting in—how unavailing would be the search for a place which he must now begin, and if he failed in getting a situation until the opening of spring, how were he and his widowed mother and young brother to live in the meantime, since it had taken his wages, and the trifle his mother could earn by needle-work, to maintain them in humble comfort hitherto? No wonder his cheek alternately flushed and faded as he thought of this; but he recalled the words of his truly Christian parent on the previous evening, when he informed her of Mr. Wilby's perverseness, which would prevent him from accompanying her to church as he had intended, adding, however, that as it could not be helped he must be satisfied, and there would be no harm in attending to his usual duties.

"There would be no evil in doing so indeed," said Mrs. Eaton, "but, my son, shall we do only that which the Lord positively enjoins, and which we cannot, therefore, neglect without detriment to our eternal interests? Ah, He has not dealt so with us! Has He not done all that Omnipotent love and wisdom could suggest for our benefit, and shall we refuse to make a little sacrifice, if need be, to prove our gratitude? Let us act generously toward our heavenly Father, John, and have no fear that he will forsake us."

A calm light shone in the widow's eye as she spoke, the light of *faith* in Him who had borne her safely through sorrows and trials; and as her son saw that trusting expression he cast from

him all doubt and disquietude, resolving to act as she desired. He recalled her words once more in the perturbation of feeling consequent on his discharge, and striving to banish his fear hurried on to his humble residence, where he found his mother and brother awaiting his return, and all three joined the throngs that were proceeding to the temples of religion. With sincere hearts all three paid their homage to one Lord of all, and when they next met around the dinner-table, on which Mrs. Eaton had placed a few little dainties that seemed luxuries in contrast with their accustomed fare, the mother and her sons conversed cheerfully together, and peace and joy dwelt in that lowly home.

How different was the scene at the amply-spread board of the Wilbys, to which the husband came with lowering brow, heedless of the innocent prattle of his child, while the wife tried, but in vain, to draw him into a pleasant conversation, till wearied at last, and hurt by his curt monosyllables or ill-natured remarks, she relapsed into silence. A shade rested on her fair brow too, for though she ought to have become accustomed to her husband's selfishness, so constantly was it displayed, still she was pained by every manifestation of it; and tears of wounded feeling had bedewed her cheeks that day as she took her place with little Frederic in the crowded church, where she saw many of his friends, all as much engaged in business as he; yet *they* had found time to join their families in the proper observation of the day. Thus, though she struggled against the hard thoughts that would arise, she could not at once regain her wonted cheerfulness, nor was the gloomy tenor of her feelings brightened by the information which Mr. Wilby gave her, toward the close of the repast, concerning John Eaton, for she foresaw that her husband would repent his angry haste; but to her gentle expostulation he replied that he could find plenty competent to fill the place of that obstinate fellow!

He did not find it so, however, for during the ensuing month three youths were successively engaged and discharged, the crowning offence of all being that they were unable to submit as patiently as he deemed proper to his exacting and tyrannical disposition. It was some satisfaction to him to know that during the same period young Eaton was vainly seeking a situation, and when they occasionally met in the street, though the vindictive man deigned not to notice his former assistant, he felt pleasure in observing his harassed and dispirited appearance.

"So much the better," he would say to himself,



"the next time he is well off he will not be so apt to act the fool."

Perhaps he hoped that, worn out and despairing, the young man would eventually apply to be received once more into *his* employment, but in this he was disappointed; for at the opening of the New Year he heard that a rival firm had engaged John Eaton at nearly double the salary he had deemed himself liberal in giving. This news was torture to Wilby, and his natural moroseness increased through the combined effects of his angry feelings, and the real annoyances and perplexities he was daily subject to from the incompetence or carelessness of his clerks.

Poor Mrs. Wilby had frequent cause to regret the discharge of Eaton, for her husband was not one of those men who try to banish the every day annoyances of business from their minds, that they and their families may enjoy the sweet pleasure of social intercourse around the table or fireside; his usual topic on returning home was the misfortune or trouble he experienced through the day, and his wife's patience was taxed to the utmost in listening to his invectives and endeavoring to soothe his irritation.

On one such occasion—it was early in the autumn, the very day that the governor's proclamation of another Thanksgiving had given fresh cause for his ill-judged resentment, Mr. Wilby's attention was attracted by a sudden exclamation from his wife, who had taken up the evening paper in the hope of seeing something to change the current of his thoughts.

"What is it?" he asked, as he glanced over the paper; but a fierce oath sprang at the instant to his lips, for as if by intuition, his eye fell on the notice of John Eaton having been taken as junior partner into the prosperous and extensive establishment, in which for some months he had been faithfully performing the duties of his clerkship. Apart from his causeless hatred to Eaton, Mr. Wilby had a real dread of the consequences of this new partnership on his own interest—some of his best customers, with whom the attentive and obliging clerk had been a favorite, had followed him to the rival establishment, and Mr. Wilby had no doubt that others would be led thither through their example and influence. Did no internal monitor whisper, that his own blind passion had led to the results he deplored?

Again, the inhabitants of — welcomed the bright dawning of Thanksgiving day. At an early hour two gentlemen, acquaintances of Mr. Wilby, were walking down the principal business street.

"Wilby's store is not open to-day, I see," remarked one.

"It is yet early," was replied.

"Yes; but last Thanksgiving day his store was opened long before this hour; earlier, in fact, than it ever was before."

While they were speaking, a girl, whom they recognized as Mrs. Wilby's domestic, came hurriedly and in apparent agitation up the street. She paused before the store, and the persons who were carelessly observing her movements, were struck with awe when they saw her attaching a long, black crape to the door-knob. Both gentlemen looked on in silent surprise till the girl, wiping away her fast falling tears, proceeded to fasten the sable streamer with the pure white ribbon that denoted the flight of a young, sinless spirit to its native land. Then drawing near, one inquired in a subdued tone, what had occurred.

"Little Freddy," sobbed the girl, "our darling Freddy, is dead!"

"It must have been very sudden, I heard nothing of his sickness though I conversed with Mr. Wilby yesterday."

"Yesterday the dear child was as well as ever," sadly replied the girl; "last night he was taken with the croup, and now—now he is gone, and his poor mother is almost distracted."

"It is no wonder, poor woman! her only child, and so sudden a bereavement, too," replied the gentleman, as he and his companion passed slowly along.

And so it was—the bright, beautiful child was numbered with the silent dead—naught remained to the eyes of yearning tenderness but the little pulseless form that must soon be borne away to repose in the dust from which it came. It was a sad blow to the bereaved mother, whose greatest earthly happiness was derived from the love and endearing ways of that little one; but after the first wild burst of agony, she turned with a Christian's meek confidence to Him who woundeth but in love—the bitterness of her trial passed away, and though she must still grieve for her beloved one, her grief was tempered with resignation and hope.

Not so with the stern father. As he stood gazing on the peaceful brow of "his dead," no sweet voice spoke consolation to his grief-stricken soul. All the love his selfish nature could feel had been lavished on his child—in him his hopes were centred—now all was gone—and the worldly heart, that in the enjoyment of every blessing had stubbornly refused homage, or gratitude, or supplication to One mighty to save or destroy—where could it look for comfort in this trying

hour?—how gather support and consolation from the teachings of faith which it had slighted and contemned?

Alas! for all such persons—for too many such

there are whose stubborn, wayward hearts can neither be ennobled by prosperity nor chastened by affliction!

## TO A BRIDE ON HER MARRIAGE DAY.

BY LUCINDA ELLIOTT.

THERE are flowers on thy path, lady!  
And the dim and solemn aisle,  
Is lit with dewy garland bright,  
As thy sweet sunny smile:  
While floating on the Summer breeze,  
Far over hill and dell,  
Rings out the silver melody  
Of the blithesome marriage-bell.

There is hope upon thy path, lady!  
While they greet thee as a bride,  
That kindred train of early friends  
Gathered by thy side;  
In thy father's fond and earnest gaze,  
Thy mother's clasping hand,  
And whisper'd words of tenderness  
Of thy gentle sister-band.

There are blessings on thy path, lady!  
The deep blessings of the poor:

How often as thy buoyant step  
Entered the cottage door!  
And may those lowly benisons  
Go with thee on thy way,  
And hallow thy far distant home  
In the stranger's land away.

There is sunshine on thy bridal path!  
Oh, may those glittering beams  
Be emblems of long future years,  
Fair as thy girlhood's dreams!  
And be—thy loved and chosen one,  
May he ever be thy guide,  
Thy guardian through the world's wide paths,  
Oh, beautiful young bride.

And while the shouts of joy arise,  
And the festal voices swell,  
And the flowers smile upon thy way,  
Lady! a long farewell!

## LOOK UP.

BY R. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

WHEN clouds are in the mental sky,  
And when the heart beneath  
A weight of care is bow'd, look up  
To Hope's bright flower-wreath.

When the evening zephyrs bending  
The modest butter-cup,  
Waft to thee perfumes of flowers,  
Then thro' thy tears look up!

And when the pale moon gleaming, ✓  
Casts o'er earth its ray—  
And tiny stars innumerable,  
Stud the bright milky way—

Gaze on the works of Nature's hand;  
And in each shrub and tree  
Read thou the sovereignty of God,  
And from thy doubts be free.

## TO MY SISTER MARY.

BY VIOLET VALE.

How sweet the rose when morning shower  
Has bowed its perfumed head,  
And o'er its breast a sparkling dower  
Of richest jewels shed.

As fair art thou with beauty glowing:  
Thou'dst weep for other's woe,  
And those bright tears so kindly flowing  
Round thee a halo throw.

## GENTLE WORDS.

BY L. WILLIAMS.

"Deal gently with the erring,  
For thou may'st lead them back  
By gentle words and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track."

A SAD look was that which rested on the fair face of Kitty Mason, usually so bright and joyous, and a tear glistened like a dew-drop in the sun among the silken lashes that shaded either eye. Her fair, white forehead, around which the glossy, dark hair was arranged with exquisite taste, rested wearily on a hand of faultless proportions, in one of the fingers of which flashed a costly diamond circlet as the sunlight danced in and out of the window, playing "bo-peep" among the leaves of the jasmynes that had crept in verdant net-work over it. Not long had Kitty been a bride. The cheek, usually tinged with the delicate hue of the rose, was flushed and hot, and the cherry lip quivered as with strong emotion.

She looked out at the open window, through the leafy screen, upon the fair face of nature, but its beauties had grown dim to her eyes, and pleased them not. The birds of spring chirped gaily in the branches of the maple, which shaded her cottage home, but their music fell like mockery on her soul. The bright sunshine spread its brightest folds on everything without, but a shadow, dark as the grave, had thrown its chilling mantle over her. The very hand of despair was toying with her heart-strings, and she felt the power of the soul-destroying god fast gaining the mastery of her being.

She pressed her hands on her aching brow, as if to still its throbbing, and walked the apartment with hurried steps.

"Oh, God!" burst in agony from her aching heart, "hast thou snatched the cup of happiness from my lips so soon, ere I had but tasted of its sweets, and given me one mixed with gall and wormwood? Oh, it is beyond my strength to bear Father in heaven, if thou wilt but let this cup pass from me; if thou wilt turn the heart of my idolized husband to me again, give any other trial and I will not repine. Oh, I have loved him to distraction, perhaps, too well, and this is a punishment for my idolatry!"

She seated herself again by the window. The

light zephyrs of spring entering fanned her brow with their wings, and gradually a holy calm fell on her troubled feelings. She wandered back in spirit to other days. A graceful form of girlhood arose before her. The face was rosy with the hues of health and happiness; the eyes were sparkling with vivacity and glee; smiles dimpled around the cherry lips, and the lithe limbs swayed with every motion like the pendant branches of the willow. Her step was light and bounding as that of the young gazelle—the ringing laugh and gleeful words swelled up from the pure fountains of a heart overflowing with happiness; and when by chance sadness laid its shadows on her spirits, kind parents folded her to their hearts—their hands smoothed the glossy ringlets around her fair forehead, and cheered her with words of love.

But the scene changed. She saw that maiden again, but the form had ripened into the perfect woman. She was not alone as of yore in her rambles, but a manly form was by her side, and the strong arm of a beloved one supported her. Eyes beaming with love and tenderness poured their heart-light upon her, penetrating her soul, and filling her with joy unutterable. Low whispered words fell on her ear, speaking of joy and hope in the future; the future bright and sunny with not a cloud to mar the serenity of the peaceful heavens.

Days passed and another picture of this life panorama met her spirit's eye. She beheld the maiden stand before the altar beside her young heart's choice, to throw around them the flower-wreathed golden chain which was to link their souls in one. Then the parting came; the parting with parents, friends, home, and the thousand endeared spots which her young feet had trod, to go forth with one who now called her his own; to be the light of his home—the sharer of his happiness and sorrows. She saw the happy bride and wife, and months passed by without a speck on the smiling face of their heavens—but clouds at length began to gather on the far-off horizon, and the day of sorrow began to dawn.

She saw the husband led by the tempter to the wine-cup and card-table—she heard the reproaches of the high-spirited wife, and a breach grew wide between them.

All this passed in vision before her, and oh, how truly was her own life pictured in this her waking dream. She saw all, and for the first time a doubt arose within her, whether she had done all her duty. A light seemed to break in upon her, and she asked herself, "Have I sought with the gentle hand of love to lead him back from the wanderings in the path of misery?" Her stricken conscience answered, "No." She made a new resolve, and bending there before high heaven, she supplicated the Power Divine for wisdom and for gentleness, to lead her erring husband back to the ways of peace and happiness.

Night had thrown her starry mantle o'er the one-half world, and nature slept. A holy calm pervaded that May evening; the zephyrs, fragrant as the breath of angels, rustled the young leaves of spring, and the night-bird tuned its sweetest lay, singing on the still air. Charles Mason arose from the tea-table, and put on his hat as if to go

out, which of late had become his nightly custom, when a soft hand was laid on his arm, and the sweetest, and tenderest of voices whispered in his ear, "Dear Charles, must you go out to-night?" and a pair of eyes beaming with love, were turned beseechingly upon him. Charles was taken by surprise. He had expected harsh words and reproaches, and the unwonted voice of love fell on his ear. He gazed a moment at the face of his young wife, then he said kindly, "No, love, I do not have to go; I promised, but they can do without me;" and taking the hand of his wife in his, he led her to the sofa, and seated himself beside her. On that evening of spring, they linked anew that golden chain of love and harmony which had been well nigh broken by harshness and neglect.

With Charles it was a severe struggle to break from what had become almost a fixed habit, but his better nature was touched, and aided by the kind words of his loving wife, he achieved the victory. Gentle words had exerted their legitimate influence over the heart of the wayward husband, and led him from the soul-destroying paths of sin.

## AT THE GRAVE OF MARY.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

Lust! I hear the night-winds blow,  
And the babbling brooklet flow,  
While the willow, drooping, weeps  
O'er the grave where Mary sleeps.

Mary Dane! how she appears,  
Through the vista of the years,  
As in all her pride she stood,  
By my side in maidenhood.

I was young then; she was fair,  
With her wealth of raven hair,  
And an eye that always spoke  
To the heart it soonest broke.

Sweetly, sadly, she did seem  
Half a shadow, half a dream;  
Seem'd to lift herself to God,  
And to bless the ground she trod.

How I loved her!—and one eve,  
Spake I words that made her grieve,  
As I said, "Sweet, will you be  
More than sister unto me?"

"More than sister"—in these bow'rs,  
Gath'ring now the Autumn flow'rs,  
Let our beating hearts be one,  
Like the bright earth and the sun."

"Nay," she said, the while tears fell,  
"There is one I lov'd too well;  
Be he false, or to me dead,  
It were sin in us to wed.

"It were sin, since now, alas!  
There are bounds we cannot pass;  
And, besides, I soon must go,  
Where no earthly love they know."

So we parted one bright morn,  
Walking through the golden corn;  
I my way went to the sea,  
While she turn'd back silently.

Yet I did not comprehend  
How our parting was to end,  
How the angels, reaching down,  
For her then had wove a crown.

Now I've come from climes afar,  
Where the tropic islands are,  
O'er the dark and restless wave,  
Once more to my Mary's grave.

Let the night-winds gently blow,  
And the babbling brooklet flow,  
While the drooping willow weeps—  
I will sit where Mary sleeps.

## THE STORY OF A LIFE.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE flax stood in full bloom; its flowers were of a delicate blue, soft as the wing of a moth, but far more beautiful! The sun shone upon the flax, and the summer rain descended on it; and this was good for the plant, even as it is for a little child to be bathed in pure water and then to receive its fond mother's kiss. The babe looks all the more lovely afterward, and thus it was also with the flax.

"People say that I am grown so tall and so beautiful," said the flax, "and that the finest and best linen may be woven out of me: now, am I not happy? Truly, I am the most fortunate of beings; for all is bright and well with me now, and hereafter I may hope also to be useful to others. How joyous is the sunshine, and how refreshing the rain? Oh, I am unspeakably happy, the very happiest of beings!"

"Yes, yes," replied a stout twig in the neighboring hedge, "you know nothing of the world; but we do, to our cost, when our knotted stems are cut down; so saying, he creaked out the following old rhyme:

"Schnipp-schnapp-scherner  
Basselerré,  
The song is o'er."

"Nay, it is not o'er," rejoined the flax; "in the morning the sun shines, or else the falling rain does me good. I feel that I am growing, and that my flowers are still in bloom. Oh, I am so happy, so very happy!"

But one day there came people, who, seizing the flax by its head, pulled it up by the roots; this was painful. Then it was laid in water that it might become soft; and then it was placed over a slow fire as if it was to be baked. Oh, it was sad work!

"One cannot expect to be always prosperous," said the flax; "one must suffer now and then, and thereby, perhaps, a little wisdom may be gained."

But matters seemed to grow worse and worse: after the flax had been soaked and baked it was beaten and hackled, neither could it guess the meaning of all that was inflicted. At length it was placed on the spinning-wheel—whizz, whizz, whizz! It was not easy to collect one's thoughts in this position.

"I have been extremely happy," thought the

patient flax amid all its sufferings; "one ought to be contented with the good things one has already enjoyed. Contentment, contentment, oh!—" The words were scarcely uttered when the well-spun thread was placed in the loom. The whole of the flax, even to the last fibre, was used in the manufacture of a single piece of fine linen.

"Well, this is really extraordinary; I never could have expected it! How favorable fortune is to me! The old thorn-stick was a sad croaker when he said,

"Schnipp-schnapp-scherner  
Basselerré  
The song is o'er."

For the song is by no means o'er, indeed, it seems only to be begun. It is really wonderful! What have I ever done to deserve so happy a fate? Oh, I am the most fortunate of beings! My web is so stout and so fine—so white and so smooth! This is quite another thing from being merely a plant, bearing flowers indeed, but untended by man, and watered only when the rain fell upon me from heaven. Now, I am waited on and cared for. Each morning does the neat-handed maiden turn me over; and in the evening I receive a rain-bath out of the bright green watering-pot; yes, and the pastor's lady herself has been talking of me, and says I am the best piece in the whole parish. I could not be happier than I am."

Now, was the piece of linen carried into the house; then, submitted to the scissors; oh, how unmerciful was it nicked and cut, and stitched with needles! That was by no means agreeable; but from this single piece was cut twelve linen garments of that sort which one does not gladly name, but which all men desire to possess. Of such garments, twelve were cut out and quickly made.

"Only see, now, I have at length become really useful; and this, surely, was my true destiny. Oh, what a blessing is this, that I am allowed to produce something that is needful to mankind! and one is permitted to do so, it is a source of the purest satisfaction. We are now become twelve pieces, and yet we are all one and the same. We are a dozen! What extraordinary good fortune is this!"

And years passed on—and the linen was now quite worn out.

"I shall very soon be laid aside," said each one of the garments; "I would gladly have lasted longer, but one must not desire impossibilities."

So they were torn into strips and shreds; and it seemed as if, now, all was over with the worn-out linen, for it was hacked and soaked and baked; and what more it scarcely knew until it became fine white paper.

"Well, this is a surprise—a delightful surprise!" said the paper. "Now am I still finer than before; and of course I shall be written upon. Yes! Who can tell what glorious thoughts may be inscribed upon my leaves? This is indeed an unlooked for happiness!"

And so it turned out, truly, that the most beautiful tales and poetry were written upon the paper; and some of it came into the hands of a worthy pastor—that was a peculiar happiness; for many people listened to the words he had noted down, and they were so wise and so good that they made men wiser and better than they were before. A blessing seemed to rest upon the words written on this paper.

"This is more than ever I ventured to dream of when I was a simple little blue flower growing in the field. How, indeed, could it have occurred to me that at a future time I should be the messenger of wisdom and of joy to mankind? It is almost inconceivable to me, and yet it is truly so. Our Lord God knoweth that I myself have done nothing, save after my feeble fashion, that which was needful to the very life of my being; yet He has led me on, in this wise, from one degree of happiness and honor to another. Each time, when I thought within myself, now, indeed, "the song is o'er," then did it speedily rise to a higher and better strain. Now, I shall doubtless go on my travels, and be sent throughout the world that all men may become acquainted with my contents. This seems most likely; how, indeed, could it be otherwise, seeing that I have now so many precious thoughts to impart, even as many as were the little blue flowers which I bore in my earlier days? Ah, I am so happy—the very happiest of beings!"

But the paper was not destined to set out on its travels, for it was sent to the printing-press; and there all its writing was printed in a book, or rather in many hundred books, so that an infinitely larger share of knowledge and amusement resulted from its circulation than if the written paper had been sent travelling round the world, when it would have been worn out before half its journey was accomplished.

"Well, this is truly a most sensible arrangement," thought the written paper; "never could such an idea have entered my imagination. Now am I left at home, and honored almost like an aged grandfather, which in fact I am, of all those new books, and they will do so much more good in the world: therefore was it that I could not be permitted to set out on my travels. I have, indeed, been kindly cared for by him who wrote the whole: and every word which flowed out of his pen has entered into my substance and became part of my very self. I am surely the very happiest of beings."

Then was the paper gathered in a bundle, and thrown into a barrel which stood in the wash-house.

"After the completion of a work it is good to repose awhile," said the paper, "it is well to collect one's thoughts now and then, and to meditate on that which dwells within. For the first time in my life I now begin to understand aright what I was intended for; and to know oneself is the truest progress. What may be about to befall me now I cannot tell, but hitherto each change has been an onward step. Onward, ever onward, is my destiny. This have I learned by past experience."

And so it happened one day that the whole bundle of paper was taken out of the barrel and laid upon the hearth in order that it might be burned there, for it was thought a pity to sell it to the huckster for the purpose of wrapping up sugar and butter in its leaves. All the children in the house stood round about, because they wished to see the paper burning; it flamed up magnificently, and afterward were seen countless red sparks darting hither and thither, and one after the other going out so swiftly—so swiftly. Then cried out one of the little ones, "Come and see the children out of school!" and the last spark was the schoolmaster. It often seemed as if the last one was extinguished, but instantly another spark would gleam out, and then came the cry, "There goes the schoolmaster again." Yes, they were quite well acquainted with him; they only wished to know whither he went! We shall come to know it, but they knew it not. All the old paper, the whole bundle was laid upon the fire, and quickly did it kindle. "Uh, uh!" said the burning paper, and flickered up into clear bright flames. "Uh, uh!" It was by no means pleasant thus to consume away; but when the whole mass was lighted into one vast glowing flame it rose up so high into the air, higher far than the tiny blue flower ever could have aspired to do, and shone as the fine white linen never could have

pretended to do in its most glossy days. All the written letters became of a scarlet hue, and the words and thoughts rose upward amid the flames. Now am I ascending toward the sun itself!" so thought the burning paper, and it seemed as though the words were repeated by a thousand voices in unison, while the roaring flame rushed through the chimney and soared upward into the blue vault of heaven; and, more beautiful than the flame, although invisible to human eyes, floated millions of airy atoms, countless as had been once the blue flax flowers in the field. They were far lighter than the flame which had given them birth, and as this became extinct, and nothing remained of the white paper save the dull black ashes, then these fiery atoms danced fairy-like above them, and wherever they rested a moment, there did the red sparks

gleam out brightly again, and then was the cry repeated, "Here are the children out of school, and there is the schoolmaster last of all!" That was fun indeed; and the children sang beside the dark dead ashes the old-fashioned rhyme—

"Schnipp-schnapp-schernerre  
Basselerre,  
The song is o'er;"

but the little airy invisible beings spoke in another strain, saying, "The song is by no means o'er, its sweetest part but just begins."

"I know it, and am, therefore, still the happiest of beings."

The children, however, could neither hear nor understand that: neither was it to be expected of them, for children are not intended to know everything.

## TO A FRIEND.

BY M. F. CARTER.

Thy presence is a soothing balm,  
Foreshadowing with its sweet revealing,  
An hour of gladness, and a calm  
Unruffled by a gloomy feeling,  
And oh, how many blissful hours,  
When birds and Summer bees were humming,  
Have I been busy weaving flowers  
To bless thine ever kindly coming.

And then what joy has filled my soul,  
While we have sat and talked together,  
Hope brightening with a sweet control,  
And making all glad Summer weather;

No shadow ever dimming skies,  
By Love's congenial spirits lighted,  
But gemmed with stars, as angel's eyes,  
They tell of myriad joys united!

And so I would it e'er might be,  
No evil spirit ever bringing  
Darkness to robe in gloom life's sea,  
And blight the flowers about us springing.  
So shalt thou ever prove a star  
On every dreary shadow shining,  
To light me to that bourne afar,  
Where flowers the Tree of Life are twining.

## TO ONE DECEASED.

BY REV. W. CALVERT.

A WEARY weight my bosom bears,  
Throughout the lonely day;  
My heart, amidst its household cares,  
Still feels thou art away;  
I miss the glance of those dear eyes,  
The merry passing word,  
The kind reproof, the mild advice,  
Midst lighter converse heard.

Each cheerless meal, each silent walk,  
Is full of thoughts of thee;  
I seem to hear when others talk,  
To see what others see;

While my rapt fancy loves to roam  
To thy far distant side,  
And longs to bid thee welcome home,  
At quiet even-tide.

Still, at this holy trusting hour,  
Do our fond spirits meet,  
When I, my heart-petitions pour  
Before the mercy-seat—  
Oh! would that thou wert really near,  
That those loved lips of thine  
Might kiss away this anxious tear,  
And blend thy prayer with mine.

## W A I T.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

THE student toils in the lonely attic, wearing his life away with the midnight oil, poring over the books that

"Turn back the tide of ages to its head,  
And hoard the wisdom of the honored dead,"

hoping with the magic power of eloquence, the witchery of song, the vagaries of philosophy, or the voluminous flow of imagination, all as yet unsyllabled, undreamt of and unsung, to startle the world.

*Wait*—whispers the heart. He waits—unhonored and unnoticed. He labors, and toils, and despairs, and sinks to rest on the right arm of his strength, while an Alexander Smith, far less of a giant in intellect, fills all the heavens with his meteoric blaze.

The sculptor chisels at the uncouth stone—destroying and reproducing—encouraged and disheartened—cursing the visions of beauty that haunt his midnight hours, and which he would give the world to catch. The artist plies the pencil in his studio—blending the yielding colors—increasing and subduing the light—now a Titian in prospect—anon a Tilconner in abject despair. The adventurer treads the mazes of the forest—parts the long prairie grass—gazes on the heretofore undiscovered river that stretches out its cool arm to the sleeping sea.

*Wait*—whispers hope and ambition. They wait. A Powers startles the world—a modern Tasso fills out his short cycle—and a De Soto, with his Eldorado dreams unrealized, while the torch-light flash upon the wavelets here and there, is lowered into the Mississippi.

*Wait*—says Love, as she toys with a deep, trusting heart. The early flowers open to the sweet May sun—the autumn nuts patter on the brown leaves—the holiday gayeties set in—the brooklets again burst their icy chains. Mist and shadow thicken as the seasons roll on—and a broken heart lies in the grave!

*Wait*—murmurs Faith to the dying Christian. His dark eye loses its lustre—his lips quiver—white-winged angels people the room—delicious strains float upon the ambient air—the silver spray from the fountain before the great, white throne, seems to fall upon his fevered brow—a short struggle and he is gone. He waited—long, and anxiously, and patiently. He suffered and was strong. His soul was refined by trial and tribulation—and while the rest who waited, and played like children with the sea-shells upon the beach of eternity, were swept away, one by one—lost upon the confines of a dim and hazy shore—he was at rest in that glory which was at times so dimly visioned to him, when he knelt in the quiet twilight in prayer!

## P A T C H - W O R K.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

THE materials for this design may either be pieces of silk, or beads worked on canvass; but in both cases, to give the proper effect, two shades of each of two colors, one other color and black will be required.

A reference to the engraving will show that in the stars one-half of each section is lighter and the other darker. This part should be worked in two shades of some rich color. The black part may be done by laying black velvet or narrow satin ribbon on, after the work is otherwise completed; and in this case, as a matter of

course, the pieces which they edge must be proportionally larger. Each quarter of the square is also done in two shades, those with the horizontal lines being the darkest. A third color is to be used for the small diamonds. As every shade of color can be obtained in silks, the following combinations will be found pretty:—two violets for the star, two ambers for the square, and a rich emerald green for the diamonds; or these latter colors may be reversed. Rich blue and brown, or blue and cerise, with amber diamonds, would also look well. The various



sections may be enlarged to any required dimensions; doubled or even trebled; and the squares may be worked in different colors, if a very gay effect is desired.

If beads be employed, they must be worked by the thread on canvass, which must be selected for the squareness of the meshes. Begin in the centre of a square; put on eight stitches in a straight perpendicular line; let the left row have eight also, but begin a stitch higher, and, therefore, slanting a little at the top; suppose five rows are done so; then make every row one

shorter at the beginning but even at the top, until one bead completes the point. This is one section of the square, and if all are worked like it, according to the figure, the space for diamonds will be clearly seen. The black lines will occupy the depth of two beads. As bead-work is so fashionable, this design, suitable for a mat, table-cover, or many other purposes, will be found very useful. Care must be taken that the canvass is of such a size that the beads quite cover two threads each way.

## PATTERNS FOR COLLARS.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

MATERIALS.—French working cotton, No. 120. Work in button-hole stitch, or in raised satin stitch, sewing over the lines. These are patterns of very great beauty.

## AGNES.

BY L. N. BURDICK.

Oh, I do love thee as but few can love,  
My every hope is centered upon thee—  
Nay, I do worship, next to God above,  
Thy image, which is more than life to me;  
And to my vision thou dost e'en appear  
Of more than earth—a seraph from above,  
Descended from thy bright and Heavenly sphere  
To bless me with an angel's matchless love!

When thou art near, my life, like some pure stream,  
Flows calmy on—undimmed as Summer skies,  
And then existence is a blessed dream,  
So blissful that earth seems a Paradise:

But when thou'rt absent time drags slowly by,  
And o'er my soul a shadow dark is drawn,  
And in that night of life my heart would fly  
To thy bright presence, eager for the dawn.

When weary cares oppress the clouded mind,  
And all seems dreary as a desert lone,  
My thoughts I turn to thee, and ever find  
A quiet, peaceful charm around me thrown;  
Ah! wealth and honor—all were little worth,  
Without thy love—so priceless and so fond—  
To cheer me on my pilgrimage through life,  
And guide the soul to endless life beyond!

## TO MY LITTLE SISTER.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

My little darling sister,  
Methinks I see you now;  
With that wealth of sunny ringlets  
Around your fairy brow.  
Your bright blue eyes still follow me,  
As o'er life's path I roam;  
They remind me of my treasure,  
And of my own loved home.

Thy spirit-form is near me,  
Is ever by my side:  
Oh! I shall ne'er forget thee,  
Whatever may betide.  
And should we meet no more, love,  
This side the Heavenly shore;  
Around that great white throne  
We'll praise forevermore.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**ACTING CHARADES.**—The French have made themselves singularly famous by their "*petits jeux*," as they call them. Their inability to sit still for more than half an hour has forced them to invent a long list of amusing excuses for locomotion. They have their "*Pigeon Vole*," and "*Main Chaude*" or "*Berlingue*" and "*Chiquette*," and a thousand other receipts for making a long evening short. But the most celebrated of all these *petits jeux*, are their "*Charades en Action*." *Pigeon Vole*, and all the rest, have given way to these Acting Charades. No birth-day is allowed to pass without playing at them. The young and the old both delight in the game; and invariably choose it. The old people lay aside their dignity with a look of jovial martyrdom, and laugh more than any one else; whilst—as if to apologize for their apparently unbecoming levity—they tell you "they do like to see young people enjoying themselves."

Lately, the game has been introduced into Philadelphia and New York. Its success has been great. We have seen it played among literary circles with unbounded mirth. We have seen philosophers and poets either acting their parts with all the enthusiasm of school boys, or puzzling their brains to find out how they could dress as Henry VIII., with only a great coat and a "gibus." /

This game is, as its name expresses it, a Charade, acted instead of spoken. The two most celebrated performers of the party choose "their sides," and, whilst the one group enacts the Charade, the other plays the part of audience. A word is then fixed upon by the *corps dramatique*; and "my first, my second, and my whole" is gone through as puzzlingly as possible in dumb show, each division, making a separate and entire act. At the conclusion of the drama, the guessing begins on the part of the audience. If they are successful, they in their turn perform; if not, they still remain as audience.

The great rule to be observed in Acting Charades, is—silence. Nothing more than an exclamation is allowed. All the rest must be done in the purest pantomime. If in the working out of the plot, there should be some sentence that it is impossible to express in dumb show, and yet must be made clear to the audience, then, placards may be used. As Hamlet says, they must "speak by the card." This license may also be taken advantage of in the scenic department. For instance, it would be utterly impossible for the audience to know that the drawing-room wall before them is meant to represent a "magnificent view on the Rhine," or the "wood of Ardennes by moonlight," unless some slight hint to that effect is dropped beforehand. In this case it is

better to follow the plan so much in vogue about Queen Elizabeth's time, and which, for simplicity and cheapness, has never been surpassed. At the commencement of each act, hang against the wall a placard stating the scene that ought to be represented. The audiences now-a-days are no doubt quite as accommodating as in the sixteenth century. Then, the same curtain that had served for "Ye pavelyon of Kinge Richarde," could, in the waving of a placard, be changed into "Ye feildes of Bosworth;" and, there is no doubt but that in these days, a fashionable drawing-room assembly would believe anything you could tell them. By this simple method, the most expensive scenery can be commanded at any time. The palaces can be golden without any additional cost, and lakes can be fairy-like at a moment's notice. There is also this advantage—as each spectator will be his own scene-painter, the views are sure of giving general satisfaction.

Another very important point with Acting Charades is the proper delivery of the gestures in the pantomimic readings of the parts. Every actor ought to study the different expressions and suitable actions of the passions. So much depends upon this, that, under these circumstances, perhaps it would be better to draw up a kind of code of expressions, or laws for the better regulation of frowns, smiles, and gestures.

LOVE, one would think, is too well known to require many directions. The pressing of the left side of the waistcoat or the book muslin, the tender look at the ceiling, and the gentle and elegant swinging of the body, have, since the days of Vestris, always accompanied the declaration of a true devotion in the upright and dumb individual. The flame may, perhaps, be made a little more devouring by the kissing of a miniature, or the embracing of a well-oiled ringlet or figure-of-six curl.

RAGE, like a mean husband, can only be managed by fits and starts. It may be pictured to an almost maddening amount by the frequent stamping of the foot, and the shaking of the fist. Frowning, and grinding of teeth, should be accompanied by opening the eyes to their greatest possible size; and, if a great effect is desired to be produced, the room may be paced, provided the legs of the performer are of a sufficient length to enable him to take the entire length of the apartment in three or four strides.

IN DESPAIR the action is slightly altered; there, the limbs must almost seem to have lost their power. The actor must sink into a chair, pass his hand through his hair, with his five fingers spread open, like a bunch of carrots, or else, letting his arms fall down by his side, remain perfectly still—like a little boy on a frosty day—either gazing at his boots or the ceiling. Despair is made more tragic by a slight laugh, but this must only be attempted by the very

best tragedians, on the principle that laughter, like the measles, is very catching.

HOPE is difficult. Here there must be no violent gestures—everything must be soft and pleasant. The finger must be occasionally raised to the ear, and the performer's countenance wear a bright smile and a look of deep intensity, as if listening to the soft still voice within. The ceiling may be looked at frequently, and the bosom pressed; but, if great care is not taken, and the hands are not frequently clasped at arm's length, the audience will be imagining you are in love—and in a state of love of course one is quite hopeless.

DISDAIN is perhaps the easiest passion to be expressed. The dignified waiving of the hand, and the scornful look, gradually descending from top to toe, are well known to all who have been mistaken for waiters at evening parties. The eyes should be partly closed, the nose, if possible, turned up, the lips curved, and the countenance gently raised to the ceiling.

The great difficulty to be overcome in Acting Charades is the absence of a proper wardrobe. Very often it is necessary to dress as a Roman, a Persian, or a Turk. Sometimes an ancient knight is wanted in full armor. We have known Louis XIV. called for in a full court dress, and only five minutes allowed for the toilet. In all these trials the mind must be exerted with high-pressure ingenuity. The most prominent characteristic of the costume must be seized and represented. In the Roman, a sheet will do for a toga; in the knight, the coal-scuttle for helmet, and the dish-cover for breast-plate, make capital armor; and in Louis XIV., the ermine victorine wig, for well-powdered peruke, and the dressing-gown for embroidered coat, would express pretty well, the desired costume. Great coats, veils, whips, walking-sticks, aprons, caps, and gowns, must be seized upon and used in the dressing up of the characters.

We begin, this month, the first of a series of illustrated "Acting Charades." Every number, during next year, will contain one or more. Social parties can act our Charades, or invent others for themselves, so that this feature, we promise ourselves, will prove quite an attraction for 1855.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.—We claim that this Magazine is not only the cheapest, but the best at any price. In support of this we could quote hundreds of letters and notices of the press, like the following, from the Glen's Falls (N. Y.) Republican:—"Peterson for October goes beyond our most sanguine expectations. Peterson publishes better American stories than any other Magazine extant. Peterson 'beats 'em all' on engravings. Peterson's fashion-plates are the handsomest published, and are always reliable. Peterson is only two dollars a year. Peterson gives more, for the money, than any of its cotemporaries." The Piedmont (Va.) Whig says:—"We really cannot see that this is in any way inferior to the three dollar magazines."

The Taunton (Mass.) Democrat says:—"This Magazine, at two dollars a year, is as good, for aught we can perceive, as the three dollar publications. Its stories are better." The State (Del.) Republican says:—"As usual, its pages are filled with choice original contributions, superb fashion-plates, and exquisite mezzotint engravings, altogether rendering it at least equal if not superior to many of its more aged cotemporaries." The Portsmouth (Va.) Transcript says:—"Our good lady says she prefers Peterson's to any other Magazine. Being an excellent judge her opinion may be relied upon." The Clinton (Pa.) Democrat says:—"Peterson always contains the best original stories." We ask our friends to tell these things to their neighbors, who may contemplate subscribing for a periodical next year.

BEGIN EARLY WITH CLUBS.—Now is the time to begin to make up clubs for 1855. By the time the December number reaches you, you should have your clubs ready to forward, so that not a moment is to be lost. Next year, our Magazine will be as much superior to what it has been this, as it was this year to preceding ones. We have doubled our edition within twelve months, and fully expect to double it again in the next twelve. In order to do this, however, we must have the services of our friends. In many post-tons we have but a single subscriber. Cannot each one of these send us a club of three or more? Rely upon it, "Peterson" for 1855 will be more interesting, more useful, more elegantly embellished, and more reliable in its fashion department than any three dollar Magazine whatever: while the price will be one dollar less to single subscribers, and proportionably to clubs.

PORTRAIT OF W. M. SWAIN, Esq.—We have been favored with a life-like portrait, mezzotinted by Sartain, of our enterprising fellow citizen, William M. Swain, Esq., one of the proprietors and editors of the Public Ledger of this city. By his and his partners' comprehensive views and rigid independence, that journal has attained to the largest circulation of any daily in the world. In our estimate of things, to state this fact, is to pay him the highest of compliments.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Poems and Ballads.* By Gerald Massey. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We welcome this republication of Massey's poems with real pleasure. Several months ago, we called the attention of our readers to this new poet, in an article published in the body of the Magazine, so that further praise of him would be superfluous in "Peterson." We may say, however, that the conviction left on our mind, by reading the more numerous collection of his poems now before us, is that he succeeds even better in pieces connected with the domestic affections, than in those relating to social and

political wrongs. The longest composition in this volume is the "Ballad of Babe Christobel," a monument raised to the memory of a dead child, and full of exquisite bits of poetry. "When I Come Home," is also very beautiful. There is evidence, all through the book, that Massey has no common partner in a wife; for most of the best poems seem to have been inspired by her. We commend the volume to ladies as one of the choicest of the season. It is eminently worthy, in all respects, of a place upon the centretable, being also beautifully printed, and tastefully bound.

*The Captains of the Roman Republic, as Compared with the Great Modern Strategists.* By Henry W. Herbert. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—In subjects of this character Mr. Herbert is unusually felicitous. He has consequently produced a book, which, while it is accurate as to facts, has all the stir, bustle and engrossing interest of the best historical fictions. Beginning with Scipio Africanus, he sketches the military exploits of all the great Roman generals down to Julius Cæsar inclusive, contrasting their campaigns with those most similar in modern times, and lucidly criticising their character and conduct. It has always been our opinion, that ably-written works of this class do more to make men comprehend ancient times, than whole libraries of mere dull chronicle. We learn to know Sylla, Marius, Scipio and Cæsar thoroughly, and knowing them, to understand the generations of which they were the exemplars and masters alike. Mr. Scribner has published the volume in excellent style.

*Literary Recreations and Miscellanies.* By John G. Whittier. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A collection of various prose-writings, from the pen of the poet Whittier, selections, culled by himself, from his fugitive contributions to newspapers and periodicals. We do not think Whittier succeeds near as well in prose as in poetry; nevertheless most of the articles have very considerable merit: and nobody will misspend his, or her money, who purchases the book. Among the essays are some bearing on social and political questions, of which Whittier says, in a preface, that their omission "would have done injustice to the author's convictions and been a poor compliment to the reader's liberality." The volume is published with the characteristic neatness which distinguishes all of Ticknor's books.

*Synonyms of the New Testament.* By R. C. French. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A work of almost priceless value to the ordinary reader, for it guides him or her to a critical knowledge of difficult passages in the New Testament. Mr. French has embodied the results of whole libraries, and of long lives of severest study, in this little volume.

*Hermi's Dell.* From the Diary of Penciller. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby.—A charming picture of country life, the scene being in Berkshire county, Massachusetts. One really seems, in reading it, to hear the leaves rustle, and the waters murmur. Two elegant illustrations adorn the volume.

*Memorable Women. The Story of their Lives.* By Mrs. Newton Croeland. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a book which every lady should have. The lives of Lady Russell, Mrs. Piossi, Lady Fanshawe, Margaret Fuller, and other memorable women are told with a grace and charm of language, which increasing the intrinsic interest of the several themes, renders the volume one of the most attractive lately issued from the press. Several elegant illustrations embellish the pages. In every respect, indeed, the book is worthy of the high reputation of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields.

*Poems.* By Thomas W. Parsons. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Mr. Parsons is favorably known to the public by the first portion of a translation of Dante, begun many years ago, but never finished. He is a poet of the old school, so that those who admire Pope will like our author, while others who adore Tennyson will concede but comparatively small merit to him. We are orthodox enough to find genius in both schools. We note many excellent things in this elegant little volume: and particularly praise the careful finish which Mr. Parsons bestows on all his poems.

*The Better Land.* By Rev. Augustus C. Thompson. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A volume eminently adapted to increase heavenly-mindedness, and generally to conduce to a higher spiritual development. It is written with good taste; often rises to eloquence; and teems with illustrations that go directly to the heart. Mr. Thompson's pictures of a future state have Biblical warrant, and are not mere visionary speculations: they cannot but do much good, and will certainly solace many a world-weary heart.

*The Home in The Valley.* By Emilia F. Carlen. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—There is a large, and increasing class of persons, who prefer this Swedish novelist to Miss Bremer. Mr. Scribner has published several of Mrs. Carlen's best fictions, having had them translated from the original expressly for the American public. The present is the last of these pleasant contributions to the general mass of commendable light literature.

*The Scout; or, The Black Riders of the Congaree.* By W. Gilmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This is a new and revised edition of one of the best romances of the Sir Walter Scott of Carolina. Two graphic embellishments add greatly to the elegance of the book. No person, pretending to a library, in which the authors of America are represented, should be without the entire series of Simms' novels as published by Redfield.

*The Divine Origin and Authority of the Christian Religion.* By William Neill, D. D. 1 vol. Philada: W. S. Young, No. 50 North Sixth street.—We cheerfully commend this volume, and hope that every family, without distinction of sect, will possess themselves of it. It is small, and may be had for a low price; but it is worth almost its weight in gold.

*Firmilian. A "Spanish Tragedy."* By T. Percy Jones. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This is a clever satire on the "high-pressure" poetry of some of our younger writers. Alexander Smith, whose occasional extravagance lays him open to sarcasm, comes in for a large share. The writer is understood to be Professor Aytoun, editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," and the principal perpetrator of the famous "Bon Gaultier" ballads. We fully endorse the assertion of the American publisher, that in "Firmilian" the versification is as good as the wit, and that both are exquisite.

*A Tennessean Abroad.* By R. W. MacGavock. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—The author of this agreeable volume is a member of the Nashville Bar, who, in 1851 and 52, travelled through Europe, and parts of Asia and Africa. His narrative is delightful reading. He gracefully says, in his preface, that "if aught of genial feeling or poetic fervor" breathes through his book, he owes it "to the companionship that shed continual sunshine over the weariness of travel, and to the gentle hands that were gathering flowers by his side, for this bouquet of a Tennessean abroad."

*Progress and Prejudice.* By Mrs. Gore. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—Mrs. Gore excels all cotemporary writers of her sex in depicting the conventional life of the higher English middle class. Her style is always brilliant, her incidents full of interest, and her characters generally drawn with skill. The present fiction will form an agreeable companion for a dull hour. Without ever rising to absorbing power, it keeps curiosity alive, and passes in sparkling procession successively "dissolving views" of polite society abroad.

*The Goblin Snob. Designed and Illustrated by Henry L. Stephens.* 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—A series of witty engravings, with accompanying letter-press, which would "wake laughter under the ribs of death." Mr. Stephens is the Cruikshank of America, with all the humor of the English designer, and in addition an originality which is all his own. The publishers have issued the book in capital style.

*Kansas and Nebraska.* By Edward E. Hale. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: C. G. Henderson & Co.—At the present time this volume comes quite *apropos*, it being a historical, geographical, and physical description of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. It contains also directions to emigrants. A trustworthy map accompanies the book, compiled from the latest authorities.

*Memories of A Grandmother.* By a Lady of Massachusetts. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A pleasant, interesting and instructive autobiography of real life, neatly printed and tastefully bound.

*Woodcraft.* By W. Gilmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—Another of Mr. Simms' stories of Southern life during the War of Independence. It is finely illustrated and beautifully printed.

## FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF ABOUT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—Crimson velvet paletot, edged with a band of plush of the same color, but of a darker tint. Frock of grey merino. The corsage (not seen in our engraving) is high to the throat; the sleeves are demi-long and loose at the ends, showing under-sleeves of white muslin. Drawn bonnet of white silk, with under-trimming of blonde and flowers. White cambric short trousers, trimmed at the ends with open needlework. Boots of grey cashmere, tipped with glazed leather.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY BETWEEN SIX AND SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.—Paletot of drab-colored cashmere, edged round by a bordering worked in soutache of the same color as the cashmere. Tunic of black velvet, and short trousers edged with open needlework. Gaiters of drab-colored cloth. Hat of black velvet, with a plume of feathers.

FIG. III.—LADY'S DINNER DRESS.—Robe of purple silk; the skirt with four broad flounces, each trimmed with a ruche of the same. The corsage, which is made open in front, and with a basque at the waist, in the jacket style, is trimmed down the fronts with a double ruche. The lower part of the corsage, from the opening to the point at the waist, is ornamented with bows of ribbon. The sleeves are loose at the ends, and edged with a double row of ruche, one row of which is carried up, on the outside of the arm, from the end of the sleeve to the shoulder. Under-sleeves of muslin, drawn at the wrists on bands of needlework. Chemisette of worked muslin, and round the throat a band of narrow black velvet, fastened by a small gold brooch. Cap of Honiton lace, trimmed with blue ribbon. Gloves of pale yellow kid.

FIG. IV.—CLOAK OF BLACK SATIN, trimmed with broad ribbon of figured velvet. The large cape, as well as the yoke, are also ornamented with this ribbon, as well as a trimming of rich black lace.

FIG. V.—BERTHE.—This berthe is composed of three rows of scalloped lace; each row surmounted by a puffing of tulle, within which is inserted a running of fibbon of any bright color suitable for evening dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dress-stuffs never appeared in richer colors, or of more elegant designs than they have done this autumn. The cashmeres and *de lains* are either striped in bright colors, alternating with gay stripes of leaves or flowers as we mentioned in our last number, or they are of immense plaids, sometimes shaded, sometimes with bouquets or wreaths running over them. Oriental patterns seem to be much in favor. If this rage continues, we shall expect to see ere long the graceful palm-leaves and pleturesque pagodas superseded by elephants, tigers, and jungle scenes.

In SILKS, we have the rich quadrilled taffetas, plaided poplins, shaded silks, or silks in stripes alternating with broad stripes of satin, or moire antique. These broad stripes are of such dimen-

sions, that they have suggested to the Parisian dressmakers the idea of making dresses of widths of silk of different colors. We will describe one of these dresses, of which we have heard a description, not that we expect or *wish* it to be copied, but for the amusement of our readers. It was for a French princess, a dinner costume at one of the German watering-places.

The dress has two skirts: each of these skirts has nine widths of silk of three alternating colors, pink, green, and white. Of course these widths are not the full width of the silk, as that would make the skirt far too full. A slip is taken off the side of each width, and the piece thus obtained is used in the body and trimmings. At the bottom of each skirt are lozenges of chicoreses in silk of three colors like the dress: in the top and bottom corners of each lozenge is a rosette of lace with a little tuft of three colored ribbons in its centre. The body, very low, is plain, and of the same three colors used in the skirt; it has no ornament, and is covered by a handsome Honiton lace which crosses on the breast, and is tied behind in the Marie Antoinette style of fichu. It should be fastened by means of a single pin with a precious stone or pearl head. The sleeve is tight and barely reaches the elbow; it presents three puffs of different colors, almost plain, and plaited in contrary directions. It is terminated by a double *engageante* of Honiton lace, raised at the bend of the arm by a bow of ribbons.

Dresses of plain silk, have almost invariably the skirts trimmed, and flouncings of two different colors, are the newest fashion, but from the extreme novelty are not as yet generally adopted. The prettiest dress of this kind which we have seen has four flounces alternately black and blue on jasper blue. Body high and plain, entirely covered with puffings of black and blue ribbon. The sleeves, which widen as they approach the armhole, are also covered with puffings of ribbon arranged lengthwise and interspersed with flat bows. A black silk dress, with alternate flounces of black and purple, or black and violet, is also very beautiful.

FRINGE is also becoming popular as a trimming for the skirts of dresses. The fringe employed for this purpose is made of sewing silk; it is between three and four inches in depth, and is surmounted by an open net heading of about two inches in breadth. The fringe is made of silk of the two colors which form the shades in the dress, and it is put on the skirt in three double rows. The corsage of the dress is tight to the figure, and with a basque at the waist; the basque edged with one row of the same fringe as that on the skirt. For silks of one color, of course but one shade must be used in the fringe.

BASQUES or lappets are still in favor.

BRETTELES or braces formed of ribbon, reaching from the waist in front, across the shoulder to the back, such as will be seen in our beautiful July fashion-plate, are becoming very popular, and will certainly continue through the winter. Corsages

still continue open, and are likely to do so, as long as such beautiful laces are manufactured. One of the newest and prettiest styles of corsage which we have seen, is made high, and opens straight in front from the top to the bottom. This of course cannot be worn with a chemisette, as it is only open about three inches, but two frills of Valenciennes lace trimmed it around the neck and down the front, where it was confined by bows of ribbon placed at regular distances. The basque of this dress was left open at the bottom of each seam, giving it a kind of slashed appearance. The corsage on each side, and around the neck, the sleeves and the bottom as well as the slashes of the basque, were all trimmed with a puffing of ribbon.

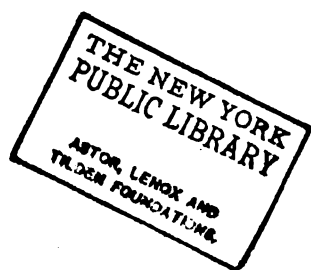
SLEEVES are either puffed all the way down the arm, (which we do not think graceful, but mention it as a fashion) are in the pagoda style or trimmed with three flounces. For a more elaborate style of dress, the sleeves are frequently made reaching only to the elbow where they are flounced, and have a rich fall of lace. When dresses are flounced with silk of two different colors, the sleeves are made half short, and are composed of four flounces, commencing at the elbow, the dark and lighter shades of silk being arranged alternately.

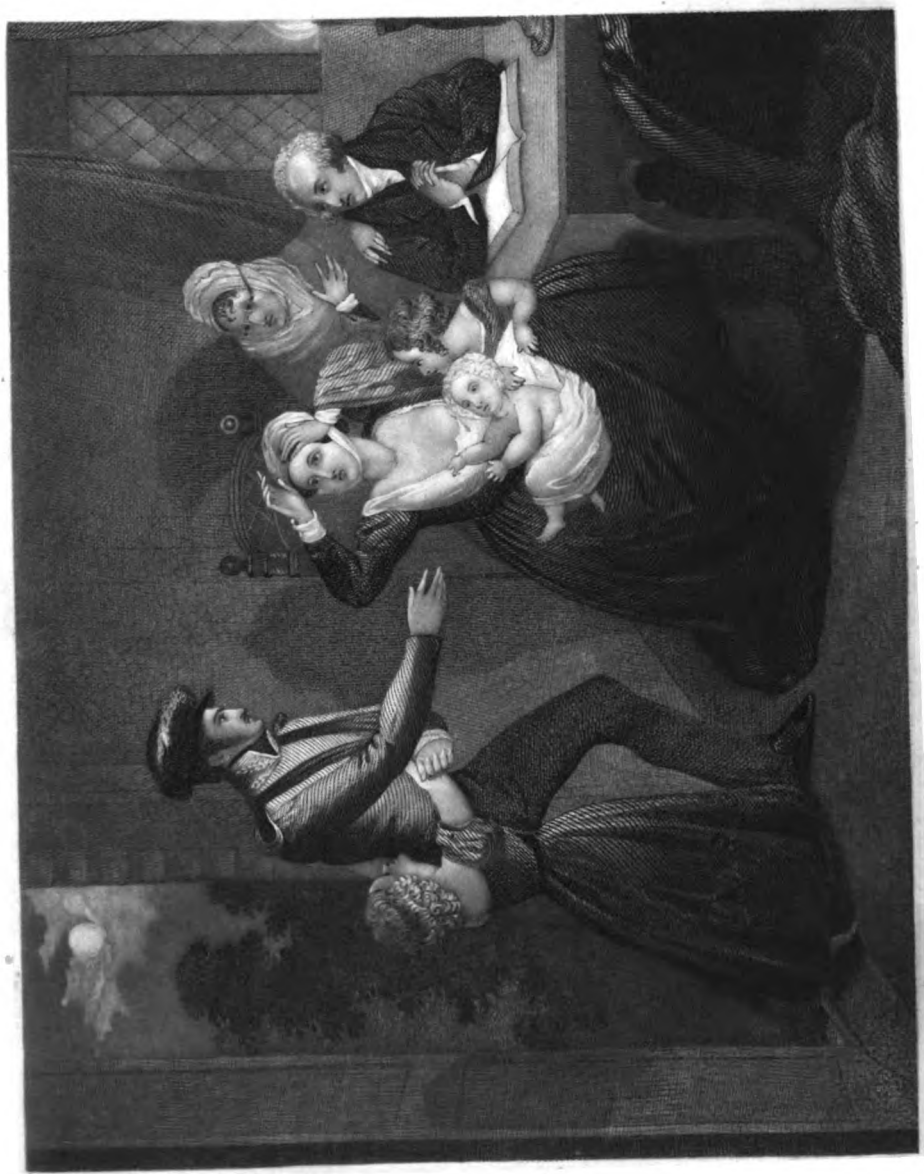
RIBBONS, gimps, fringes, passementerie and laces, are all profusely used in trimmings.

MANTILLAS are still made full, or in the style of Fig. IV., in the present number. A very small cape partially covers the shoulders, and then descends in the pelerine style in front. Sleeves are added to the mantillas and cloaks this autumn. Some few of the cloaks are made in the sacque shape, with huge drooping sleeves, but they are not much worn. Cloth, velvet, watered silk, and satin are all much in favor. The trimmings consist of bands of velvet plush, heavy ribbons, black lace, fringe, and figured velvet ribbons.

BONNETS are made deeper in front than they have been. The various colored trimmings employed in ornamenting them are now very frequently combined with some material in black. Among the new bonnets of this kind which have just appeared, may be mentioned one composed of puffings of lemon-color silk, separated one from the other by a frill of black lace. A flower of a novel and peculiar kind has been selected to ornament this bonnet, viz: a black rose with a yellow centre. The black part of the rose is composed of taffety, and the centre of yellow. Another bonnet, partially trimmed with black, and more *distingue* than the one just described, consists of puffings of pink velvet; between the puffings there is a narrow row or cordon of pink and black feather fringes. A cordon of the same borders the edge of the brim in the inside and the edge of the cape. On each side is a bouquet of carnations in black and white, composed of feather, accompanied by drooping foliage in black lace. The under-trimming consists, in addition to the feather cordon at the edge, of white blonde, black lace foliage, and loops of pink ribbon.

*Dec 1*



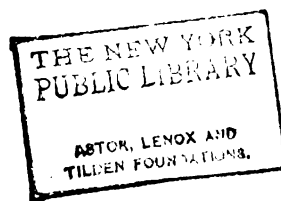
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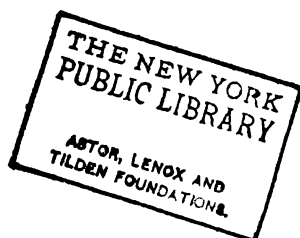
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THE FASHION OF THE DAY







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GOING TO THE PANTOMIME IN CHRISTMAS WEEK.



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**NAMES FOR MARKING.**



**INFANT'S BOOT FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT.**





**UNDER-SLEEVE.**



**FALL BONNET.**



**LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.**

*Trim*

NAME FOR MARKING.



CHILDREN'S FALL FASHIONS.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1854.

No. 6.

## S W E E P S T A K E S .

### A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

#### ACT I.—S W E E P —

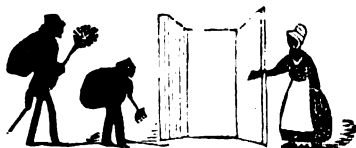
*Dramatis Personæ.*—LITTLE SWEEP.—OLD SWEEP.—OLD LADY.—SERVANT.

SCENE 1.—*Interior of Servant's Kitchen, with the screen arranged as the fire-place.*

LITTLE Sweep, crying (outside,) "Sweep, sweep, sweep!"

Enter SERVANT hastily, rubbing his eyes and yawning. She rushes to the door and beckons, when

Enter LITTLE SWEEP and OLD SWEEP, dressed



in black, and carrying brooms, and dirty clothes soot-bag. Their faces are also covered with soot.\*

The Servant desires them to sweep the chimney, and gives the Old Man money. Little Boy draws a night-cap over his eyes, and, taking his broom, plunges into the fire-place, his master holding a cloth before the opening. The entrance is too small and he cannot ascend. Old Sweep is enraged, and lights a fire with some straw he has brought with him, to make the boy ascend.

*Exeunt* Old Sweep and Servant, to see whether Little Sweep has got to the top of the chimney.

SCENE 2.—*The Bed-room of Old Lady. Against the wall a painting of a Young Woman. In the window curtains the Old Lady discovered sleeping. She snores.*

Enter LITTLE SWEEP from down the chimney. He lifts the cap from his eyes and wipes them



several times to remove the soot. On looking about him he is astonished

to find that he has mistaken his chimney, and

got into the wrong room. He is alarmed, and wrings his hands in terror. He gazes wildly about the room, and by his innocent actions intimates that he will be taken up and perhaps hung.

He feels much calmer and admires the apartment. His eye rests on the picture against the wall, and he is visibly moved. He, in affecting pantomime, confesses that he has never known a mother's love, and weeps.\*

Suddenly he hears the snoring of Old Lady. He is alarmed, and runs about wildly. Then, advancing on tip-toe to the bed, he withdraws the curtain and gazes on Old Lady. He intimates that there is a striking resemblance between the picture and the Old Lady, and betrays a strong wish to embrace her. He gently lifts her hand and kisses it. The Old Lady wakes.

On seeing Little Sweep she screams, and hastily draws to the curtain. Little Sweep kneels at the bedside imploring forgiveness. He relates his mistake about the chimneys, and stating that he has never known a mother's love, appeals to her feelings.

Old Lady is about to drive him away, when her eyes rest upon a locket hanging to his neck. She hastily examines it, presses her forehead, seizes the boy's head, and looks intently into his affrighted eyes. Then clasping him to her bosom she declares herself to be his mother.†



\* None but a first rate *artiste* should undertake the part of the little sweep. The whole piece depends upon the audience being convinced that he has never known a mother's love.

† The interest and pathos may be greatly increased by the mother searching for the strawberry her son was marked with on the left arm. At the embrace, a splendid effect—always sure of success—can be had, by the sweep blacking his mother's gown. This is done by cunningly placing a black silk handkerchief on the white skirt during the embrace.

Enter SERVANT and OLD SWEEP in search of Young Sweep. The Old Lady horrified at being discovered in *dishabille*, rushes behind the bed-



GRAND TABLEAU.

## ACT. II.—STAKES (STEAKS.)

*Dramatis Personæ.*—STRUGGLING CLERK.—WAITRESS.—BUTCHER.—LANDLORD.

SCENE 1.—*Outside of Butcher's Shop. On one side a table covered with plates of imitation chops and steaks.*

ENTER BUTCHER with housemaid's blue apron on, and the knife-steel hanging from his waist. In his hand he carries the carving-knife, which he sharpens, at the same time inviting passers by to patronize him.

Enter STRUGGLING CLERK with blue bag in his hand. His eye rests on the meat, and he stands for a moment gazing at it. Butcher advances to him and tempts him with his low prices. Clerk yields, and approaching the table examines the different lots. He purchases a steak, which he wraps up in his pocket handkerchief, and gives money to the Butcher.

*Exeunt Butcher and Clerk dancing.*

SCENE 2.—*Coffee-room at a restaurant, with table and chairs in centre.*

Enter STRUGGLING CLERK, who rings the bell, when

Enter LANDLORD. Clerk tells him that he wishes for something to drink, and taking the steak from his bag, desires him to cook it, by

making a hissing noise, and going through the pantomime process of frying.

The Landlord is delighted, and exit with steak.

Enter WAITRESS with a jug and a glass.

Clerk is smitten with her charms, and invites her to drink. She indignantly refuses, beckoning him back with her hand. He pleads, but in vain.

Exit Waitress, haughtily.

Enter Landlord with tray. He places it before Clerk, who devours the steak, raising his eyes to the ceiling and pressing his bosom to tell of its tenderness.

The Landlord is affected to tears, and, by shaking his head, expresses his fears that poor Clerk does not often have a steak for dinner.

When he has eaten enough, Clerk places the remainder of the steak in an old newspaper. He tells Landlord by gestures that it is for his wife and children, who are very dear to him.

He pays Landlord, who weeps.

*Exeunt Clerk and Landlord.*



## ACT III.—SWEEPSTAKES.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—VILLAGERS.—DONKEYS.—MERCHANTS.—BEADLE.—POOR MOTHER.—BOYS.

SCENE—*A country fair. Booths and tables laden with merchandize in all directions.*

ENTER MERCHANTS, who shake hands with each other and proceed to their tables and arrange their wares. Other merchants stand

with trays of cakes and boxes of cigars awaiting their visitors.

Enter VILLAGERS dressed in holiday costume,

laughing and smiling. They advance to the different tables and purchase goods. Some buy silks and other necklaces. The Gentlemen deal

largely with the cigar Merchants, obtaining a cheroot and a light for the false sixpence they hand him.



The Merchant with cakes is next visited, and his whole tray soon emptied. The pickle jar full of marbles for small onion balls is quickly discussed.

*Exeunt* the different Dealers with empty trays, highly satisfied.

Enter the BEADLE in full uniform. He informs the Villagers, by riding an imaginary horse, that there is to be a race for a Sweepstakes, and he beseeches them to give him money. They are delighted with the idea, and hand him some.

He bids them arrange themselves into a line, so as to form a race-course, and then exit Beadle ringing a bell violently.



Enter Two Boys, adorned with ribbons, and mounted on DONKEYS, which they urge on with sticks. The Villagers are delighted, and laugh stamping on the floor. The Beadle stands at the end of the room holding in his hand the sweepstakes. The excitement of the race grows immense; the spectators waving their handkerchiefs and cheering on the Boys who cannot make their Donkeys move.

Enter POOR MOTHER with a long pole, having a bunch of cabbages tied to the end of it. She hands it to her Son. The Boy holds it before



his Donkey who immediately gallops after it. The People cheer, and the Beadle hands the purse to the fortunate winner.

The Boy advances to his Poor Mother, and kneeling, presents the money to her with it. Beadle and Villagers weep.

# I WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

I WOULD I were a child again,  
A merry, thoughtless child,  
With blithesome heart and bounding step,  
And fancy free and wild.

I love to look on childhood's sports,  
To hear the silvery tone  
Of laughter gushing up from hearts  
That ne'er have sorrow known!

I love to hear the merry shout,  
To mark the eager eye  
That changes with each passing thought  
Of careless gaiety.

I love to witness children's joy,  
And yet it makes me sad—

It brings back memories of days  
When I, like them, was glad.

When life seemed all a fairy scene  
Of light and loveliness;  
When every swift-winged hour but brought  
New scenes of happiness.

Alas! too well I know that all  
My fond desires are vain;  
Too well I know those happy days  
Can ne'er be mine again.

Yet when I witness children's mirth,  
Their joy so free and wild,  
I long to be again like them—  
A merry, heedless child.

## HOW THE DOCTOR WON HIS SUIT.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

STRANGE that the rich, June sun, which gilds the freshest and most beautiful of scenes, should also rise upon petty troubles and small afflictions—troubles which the tragedian passes by with as much contempt as men of war would regard an army of mosquitoes; and yet, in their small, stinging way, they are quite as annoying.

The sun, on this particular June morning, shone on the noble trees and extensive building of Peach Vale—which name always rightly suggested delicious loads of blushing fruit; but, alas! it was now without the useful machinery of servants, every one, except the coachman, having taken it into their heads to depart—and go they did, leaving the two ladies in a dilemma from which extrication seemed impossible. "The two ladies" in question were the sisters of Mr. Edward Markwald, the owner of Peach Vale, and both very charming in their different styles.

Mrs. Clenholme, the eldest, was very fair and languid-looking, with a die-away expression in her drooping eyes that had been pronounced "very taking;" any exertion beyond that of turning her diamonds to the light, and arranging the numerous bracelets on those statuary-looking arms of hers, always "completely unnerved her;" so, she threw handsome shawls over her shoulders, and played picture—looking with immense disdain on those unfortunates whose lack of charms obliged them to resort to *animation*. Mr. Clenholme was a person with no particular characteristic save that of wealth; and, as he was quite overshadowed by his splendid wife, people often mentioned them as "*Mrs.* and *Mr.* Clenholme."

Susan Markwald was a pretty brunette, with sufficient animation in her dark eyes to contradict her usual expression of indolence. She had always been petted, ever since she could remember; and the grave, elderly brother, for whom she performed the nominal office of housekeeper, was quite disposed to indulge her to the fullest extent. Susan was extremely independent, and received a great deal of admiration without troubling herself in the least about it; her brother's well known wealth, of which it was supposed that she would, eventually, become possessor, and her own charms were quite sufficient.

But all the relations were as much troubled that Susan should have reached the age of twenty

in a state of single blessedness as though there had been something highly improper in it. Grandma had almost ceased to reiterate the fact that "*she* was married at seventeen"—mournfully reflecting that it was out of Susan's power to emulate so bright an example; aunts and uncles wondered when Susan *would* settle; and the elegant Clarice, the languid proprietress of Paul Clenholme and his money-bags, read her lectures innumerable upon the subject.

But every candidate who seemed at all in earnest for the honor of Susan's hand, was treated by them all much as his attendants treated the dishes served up to the Governor of Barataria—there was always some excellent reason why she should not take any; and Mrs. Clarice had set her heart upon so splendid a match, that it seemed more than doubtful if any one ever appeared whom she would consider worthy of her approval.

So matters stood on the morning in question; when the fragrant June air, that breathed around the precincts of Peach Vale, was rudely disturbed by the indignant tones of Biddy, the cook, who tramped down the avenue, calling loudly for "the perlice," and vowing vengeance on Susan, who had declined paying the lady a month's wages, which she had not earned.

But Biddy, whose perceptions were not remarkably clear, evidently considered herself entitled to a reward for going off without any warning; and she informed the birds of her numerous wrongs in a voice which sent the frightened warblers back to their nests. The great gate closed with a bang—a red shawl fluttering in the breeze, like a signal of distress, was the last sign of Biddy—and Peach Vale was cookless, chambermaidless and waiterless. Their only hope was Thomas, and his ideas were closed to every subject but horses.

Here was a situation for the mistress of Peach Vale! A place that had an undisputed right to hang out a sign of "Free Entertainment for Man and Beast;" for not a day passed but that the hospitable owner brought home several friends to admire his retreat.

Mrs. Clenholme sank into despair, which she probably imagined somewhere in the depths of a well-cushioned sofa; and Susan laughed.

"Only to think!" exclaimed Clarice, drawing

forth her richly ornamented vinaigrette, "there is that splendid fellow, Eustace Radworth, coming to-day, and what *are* we to do for dinner?"

"Give him a rural feast of strawberries and cream," observed Susan. "We could spread it under the trees, garnish it with flowers, and call it a *fete champetre*. As he is such an experienced traveller, he will appreciate originality."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her sister, angrily. "I do *wish* you would have a little sense, Susan! You seem to forget that this man is one of the most splendid matches in the United States."

"I don't care whether he is or not," rejoined Susan. "I don't see any reason why I should take the trouble to cook him up a dinner. What we *are* to do, though," she added, laughing, "is more than I can imagine. *Of course*, Thomas must pitch upon to-day to march off several miles about that mysterious hay business. I find that he had commenced his journey when the revolt in the kitchen took place—we shall not see *him* again until nightfall. Biddy has taken good care to leave no water, no wood, no anything at all—*dirt* being the only article in which she has manifested any degree of generosity. There is no help for it, Clarice—Marie Antoinette and her court played at shepherdesses and villagers, and we shall have to play cook and waiter."

"Don't speak of it!" exclaimed her sister, nestling down among the cushions with the expression of a tragic-queen.

Susan laughed at the unaffected start of horror extorted at the idea of *work*, and saw that she need expect no help in *that* quarter; while Mrs. Clenholme closed her eyes, and wished in vain for the wings of a dove that she might fly away to Newport. This visiting one's relations in the country had its disadvantages.

"Now," exclaimed Susan, who had been quiet for a remarkable length of time, "as it is decidedly disagreeable to find oneself, in the kitchen, monarch of all one surveys, I intend to extract from the day's misfortune as much amusement as possible—and all that I ask of you, lady-sister mine, is that you will not expose my acting. I intend to have a little comedy, and try the various beaux who make their appearance."

"I do not approve of such plots," said Mrs. Clenholme, grandly, "they are decidedly vulgar."

"Vulgar, or not vulgar," rejoined Susan, "I do not intend to be won by a man who is capable of being dazzled by wealth—and as you are all so anxious to get rid of me, it is but fair that I should have some co-operation in my scheme for going off."

After a short absence, Susan returned to her sister; but, instead of being armed with a receipt-book, and a nice, white apron, suitable for kitchen work, she carried two novels, one of which she handed Clarice, saying:

"I intend to make the visitors do the work."

Mrs. Clenholme opened very widely a pair of charming eyes; but as she considered it decidedly Yankee-ish to ask questions, she was soon deep in the pages of "Shirley."

The morning hours sped swiftly on—the locusts hummed in the trees around Peach Vale—and undisturbed quiet reigned within.

The first visitor was Doctor Cleftwood, who always came early.

The doctor was a tall, fine-looking man, an excellent physician, with an extensive practice in a neighboring town; but very young ladies were impertinent enough to term him "elderly," and bolder men were very apt to push him in the background. He was rather shy of ladies' society; but he had followed our pretty friend, Susan, with a hopeful perseverance that was certainly deserving of success; and when she gave him a gentle refusal, he mournfully requested to be still regarded as a friend.

Susan had thought considerably on the subject *since*, and wondered why she could not like him better; but her brother declared that the doctor was too old and grave for her—Mrs. Clenholme scorned the idea of Susan's making such a hum-drum match—and the other relations, having frowned upon so many, had now quite got in the way of it, and considered it their duty to frighten away all candidates.

So, the doctor came the same as ever, and, as he stood there, fastening his horse to a tree, his hand shook nervously at the idea of seeing her whose face was mingled with all his thoughts—whose words at their last meeting could have been accurately repeated at the next.

A brighter color came into Susan's cheek, as the doctor walked hesitatingly up the avenue, with the air of a man half doubtful of his reception; and she glanced at the folds of her white dress, and at the white rose on her bosom, as though anxious that all should be right; and then she rose, half-trembling, to receive the visitor.

Mrs. Clenholme's salutation was as though she had concluded to rise from the sofa and then thought better of it, and attempted to bow and thought better of *that*; for, having done neither one nor the other, she sank languidly back again.

"Doctor," said Susan, with a merry laugh, "do you not pity us? we have no servant."

"*No servant!*" he repeated, in a tone of the utmost concern. "Is it possible! Is there no way in which I can serve you? Do let me go to town and look for some."

"No, I thank you," replied Susan, with an attempt at embarrassment, "my brother will arrange these things to suit himself. We have been rather unfortunate, lately—but I will explain nothing, *now*," she added, "and if you will come into the kitchen and shell some peas, you will really do me a very great favor."

"With the utmost pleasure, my dear Miss Susan!" exclaimed the doctor, seeming to put his whole heart into what he said; and, springing from his seat with the greatest alacrity, he followed his fair taskmistress into the kitchen.

Mrs. Clenholme was surprised beyond expression, but her look of inquiry was only answered by the archest of smiles from Susan; and, having established Doctor Cleftwood on one side of a wooden table, with a tin pan and a pile of peas before him, the young lady seated herself demurely on the other with a corresponding pile.

For some time no sound was heard save the rattling of the peas; but, at length, the eyes of the workers met, and both laughed.

"Why, Miss Susan," observed the doctor, "you shell as dexterously as though you had always been used to it!"

"It is well to adapt oneself so soon to circumstances," replied Susan, gravely, "I may have harder work than this."

At the mention of hard work, the doctor glanced at the small, beautifully moulded hands that gleamed so whitely among the pea-pods, and his eyes repeated the offer he had made before; but Susan would see nothing of the kind as she shelled away with renewed vigor.

At length, the peas were ready for the pot; but there was no water for the peas, and no fire to heat the water—so, the doctor was despatched in quest of both. He looked supremely happy to be employed under Susan's direction; and the culinary department was progressing finely, when another "help" arrived,

This was a pretty-looking young man, who giggled as decidedly as any girl, and who indulged in a stream of small talk as monotonous as the roaring of the surf. "Mr. William Patterson," he called himself—"Billy" was the undignified soubriquet bestowed upon him by society in general.

Having once established himself in any house, as a visitor, he seemed to take firm root there, and to defy all attempts at expulsion; but those upon whom he thus fastened himself took good care to make him as useful as possible. Young

ladies thought nothing of sending him out on commissions to buy sewing-silk, and all sorts of small wares; but, after being allowed to dance attendance upon them for an indefinite period, had Billy asked any of them "what their intentions were," they would have been extremely astonished. As to Billy's having any intentions of his own, the idea never entered their heads.

Notwithstanding the unflattering light in which he was received, the young gentleman was quite apt to boast of his conquests; but as he was useful and good-natured, people were willing to put up with him, and only alluded to these revelations as "some of Billy's stories."

Mr. Patterson affected great fastidiousness in the choice of a wife; but, at Susan's feet, he struck his colors in surrender, and, having considered her various advantages, decided that she was in every way worthy of him. Susan had, to be sure, pronounced a very emphatic "no" to his presumptuous offer; but, as he intended to make several more, this troubled him very little.

On excellent terms with himself, and the world generally, he now arrived upon the scene of action; and Susan, without the least feeling of remorse, immediately gave him the cloth to lay for dinner.

Billy was rather staggered, at first, by the lady's implied poverty; but Susan looked so pretty and animated, as she issued her orders, and the doctor's undisguised admiration so excited his jealousy, that he magnanimously resolved to waive that consideration, and try again for the prize.

The doctor and Billy were both industriously at work, when a superb-looking individual came sauntering up the avenue, as if impressed with the conviction that it required a great many improvements to be good enough for him to walk in. This was Eustace Radworth, Esq.—the brilliant drawing-room illumination before whom all other lights paled—the man who had travelled in all quarters of the globe—and whose chief recreation seemed to be that of despising everything he saw!

A pair of intensely black eyes gleamed out from a mass of black hair, like those of a cat in the dark; and a mysterious aperture, as much concealed as those hidden entrances in the Arabian Nights, now and then opened to display interminable quantities of splendid teeth, through which issued a voice self-opinionated in the extreme.

Mrs. Clenholme was nervously agitated at the state of affairs, when she beheld the pompous Mr. Radworth; and that gentleman evidently



considered that he was condescending when he seated himself at her request.

Susan returned his greeting with perfect composure; and, inwardly pronouncing him "detestable," went back to her assistants.

Dr. Cleftwood had very moderate ideas of happiness, for he felt very sorry to think that the dinner would, at some period of the day, be finished; and Susan flitted around with a brighter face than usual.

Last of all, "brother Edward" made his appearance; and, having shaken her head at her sister, and made a great many Masonic signs, Susan beguiled the gentleman of the house into a retired spot, and so seduced him with her eloquence, that he promised to swear to all she might choose to tell.

Dinner was soon announced; and Mr. Radworth felt considerable contempt for his entertainer's cuisine when he beheld the simple shoulder of lamb, and green peas, with which the table was set forth.

"Our servants left us very suddenly," said Mrs. Clenholme, apologetically, "and, in the country, it is not easy to supply their place."

Mr. Radworth made no answering remark, but treated the company to a Barmecide feast, in which he warmed up the soups and fricacees of Paris with so much enthusiasm, that Susan felt not at all concerned at his want of appetite for the dinner before him. Such a mind was a continual feast.

Mr. Patterson, having discovered a white apron belonging to the last waiter, had chosen to discard his coat and adorn himself with it—fully confident that he possessed *l'air distingué* which could not be mistaken, even in a servant's garb; but Mr. Radworth, whether purposely or not Susan had her suspicions, ordered him about as though he had been the genuine article, and invariably misunderstood all explanations. Poor Billy found his office no sinecure; and was placed in so ridiculous a position that the company could scarcely restrain their laughter.

After dinner, those who were inclined strolled through the grounds; and Susan most unwillingly found herself paired with Mr. Radworth.

"This must be excessively unpleasant," observed the travelled man, referring to the departure of the servants; "now, in *Paris*, one is not subject to anything of *that sort*."

"Paris and America are different places," replied Susan, with a smile; "but in *any* place, servants expect to be *paid*—and, if my brother is not able to support so expensive an establishment, I am perfectly willing to reduce it."

Mr. Radworth looked at the speaker in sur-

prise. Mr. Markwald's wealth had been his chief inducement for the trouble of paying a visit to Peach Vale; and, if this had taken to itself wings and flown away, the sooner that he followed suit the better. He entertained a perfect horror of an active, enterprising American girl; Mrs. Clenholme suited his fancies much better; and wishing that she were single, with an income of twenty thousand, Mr. Radworth took his departure.

Her sister was seriously angry, and upbraided her in no measured terms; but her brother declared that she was perfectly in the right of it, and he was glad that the fellow had been dismissed; and Susan turned to the doctor with a light in her eye that almost put hope in *his* timid nature.

Mr. Patterson had also taken his departure—his dignity had been seriously ruffled; but Dr. Cleftwood stayed to get tea. He and Susan had a charming moonlight ramble down the old avenue of elms; and, when they returned, the rose that had bloomed on Susan's bosom was transferred to the button-hole of her companion.

"He could not help it—he had not meant," he said, "to tire her with his unwelcome suit again—but, perhaps, her brother's misfortunes might have troubled *her*—and, so——"

But Susan looked up at him with a smile that thrilled through his heart; and, leaning her hand on his shoulder, as though it were a most natural resting-place, she laughed, as she told that their only "misfortune" was the faithlessness of their servants.

And the two walked on, as though they feared it was all a dream which a return to the house might break; but "brother Edward" came quite unexpectedly upon them, to the embarrassment of both parties; when, finding that he could not pretend not to see it, he wrung the doctor's hand, and declared that he was the only one who really deserved Susan.

Mrs. Clenholme was inconsolate, and bewailed Susan's fate as though she had been bewitched by some Othello; but her sister would laughingly tell her that, with such a husband, servants might act as they pleased—she would never be obliged to get dinner.

The relations said "they had always prophesied that Susan would go through the field, and pick up a crooked stick at last; and they were very certain that, if she had taken *their* advice, she might have done better."

Mr. Radworth, having repented his haste when too late, kept up his search for a fortune until he found himself linked to a wife with an income

of twenty thousand a year, whom he was ashamed to introduce anywhere. He often passed the doctor, looking so proud and contented, with Susan beside him; and wished in vain that he had possessed that gentleman's talent for shelling peas.

## THE DYING CHILD.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

THROW open the Western casement, mother,  
That I may see the flowers,  
I used to love to gather, mother,  
In Autumn's sunny hours.

That I may trace the winding path, mother,  
Down to the shady spring;  
On whose mossy banks I've lain, mother,  
And heard the wild birds sing.

A cool shady nook is there, mother,  
Where you'll lay your darling child;  
And the silver waters will sing, mother,  
A requiem sad and wild.

And the moss will weave a spread, mother,  
O'er my lonely little bed;  
And angels bright will come, mother,  
With a soft and downy tread.

And weep above the grassy mound, mother,  
Which looks so lone and new;  
And you will come in the morning, mother,  
And call those tear-drops dew.

But the golden sun is sinking, mother,  
Behind the Western trees;

And the air grows damp and chilly, mother,  
Is it the evening breeze?

Clasp me close in your arms, dear mother,  
I cannot see your face;  
I know that this is death, mother,  
I feel his cold embrace.

His icy hand is on my heart, mother,  
And his breath upon my brow;  
Oh! sing my favorite hymn, mother,  
I feel I'm going now.

Kiss me before I go, mother,  
And do not weep for me;  
Remember I'm going home, mother,  
An angel bright to be.

Sing louder—louder, gentle mother,  
I cannot hear your voice;  
And remember where to make my bed, mother,  
It is your darling's choice.

And take me to the window, mother,  
I love the violets' smell—  
But my breath grows shorter, feebler, mother,  
Oh! yes, I die—Farewell.

## CHRISTABEL BLANE.

BY A. T. KRYDER, M. D.

CHRISTABEL BLANE and I,  
Dwelt on an isle by the sea;  
She was fairer than the stars of the sky,  
And dearer was she than all else to me.

Our love was as deep as the ocean anear,  
And pure as the spray on its wind-driven waves;  
And we dreamed not of care, nor felt a fear,  
As we listened to its song, by the hollow-sounding  
caves;

Our love was our life, and we lived but to love,  
Our home was like Heav'n, yes! Heav'n above.

But she died to them—doubly died to me;  
And my heart was wrung for Christabel Blane;  
Deep was her grave by the shore of the sea,  
Where I saw her buried, in tears and pain;  
For I thought that Christabel Blane and I  
Together would live, together must die.

As the storm comes down on the sea,  
Dismasting or wrecking the proud ships all—  
So her death came, withering hope in me,  
And shrouding it deep in ruin's dark pall:  
For I sorrow in soul, and never again  
Shall smile, since I'm parted from Christabel Blane.

## ORPHAN MARGY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"I wish you was with your mother."

Such was the exclamation of a cross, tired-looking woman, as she snatched a bit of choice work from a little hand, and then rudely pushing the child from her side, she left the room.

It was not a beautiful creature, that little wan child, with golden ringlets and soft, deep blue eyes. Neither was her complexion dazzling, nor her cheeks round and flushed with rich bloom. She was only a poor, plain, common-looking child, whom nobody ever called sweet names and gave loving kisses to, save the sainted mother over whose ashes the mould gathered now.

Quietly the little one moved away—but great, gasping sobs swelled her bosom, and she breathed hard as if it were a misery and weariness to breathe at all.

"I wish I was with my mother—oh! don't I wish I was with my mother?" she said again and again, holding her little hands tightly clenched upon her breast. "If I was only up there," she sobbed, pitifully, "my head wouldn't beat so, and my eyes be so red and aching. Oh! God, take me—take up there with my mother."

Never was uttered a more fervent prayer, and—it was answered.

"Mother says if you're sick and can't do nothing, you'd better go to bed. She says you mustn't eat no supper, because sick folks ought not to eat nothing. She says it's light enough to see without a candle."

Upon receiving this message, orphan Margy groped her way through the long dark passage, and entering a small and poor room, threw herself on the bed.

Her strength was exhausted by the heavy tasks that had been imposed on her during the day; and her head ached so violently that it seemed to her it shook with the pain.

She had almost sobbed herself to sleep when a little figure stole in, holding in one hand a slice of nicely buttered bread, and in the other a feeble light.

"Margy," it said, "Margy, Ann told me that you had to go to bed sick, without any supper. Ain't you hungry? Here's something for you to eat."

Margy sprang wildly up, her eyes glittering and a crimson circle on each cheek. Fever was

coursing through all her veins; she was, for the moment, bewildered, and gazed round her so strangely that the little figure shrank back further in the gloom.

"Oh! I wish my mother was alive," she exclaimed, solemnly. "Elly, you don't know how I feel. I couldn't eat it," she added, as the child stretched out its little offering; "I feel as if I never should eat anything again—something going round and round inside my heart as if I was flying."

"There! I feel better now," she said, after a few heavy gasps; "but oh, Ella, do you know I think I am going to die?"

"What makes you?" asked the little girl, coming nearer and laying her hand upon Margy's, "how queer and white you look!"

"Aunt told me to-night," said the sick child, "that she wished I was with my mother—and then I prayed to God that he would take me to heaven—and—I think he will; to-night maybe."

"Oh! Margy!" exclaimed Ella, bursting into tears, and sobbing as if her heart would break, "I'm really sorry I struck you yesterday, and we've all been cross to you. I heard mother say it, and I saw her push you, and it made me feel bad; oh! Margy, don't say you're going to die, and we'll all be good to you; don't die, Margy. Do eat this bit of bread."

The child shook her head. "Aunt didn't mean to be cross, I guess, or say what made me feel so bad," said Margy, in a weak voice; "I don't feel a bit bad about it now, though I think my heart almost broke then. And you was so kind to think of me, too, dear. I'll tell of it, be sure, in heaven, and God will bless you, I know he will. And now you're cold and shivering, while I'm, oh!—all burning up. You must go to the fire again, only help me undress, because maybe aunt won't like it if I sleep in these clothes. Good night—stop, kiss me, Elly, maybe I'll never kiss you again."

Elly stooped down and impulsively flung her arm about Margy's neck. It felt burning hot—so did her lips and her breath; but when the child told in the warm kitchen that Margy thought she should die that night, her mother laughed derisively, saying, "the child must be broken of such nervous notions. If she had come to her sooner, she would have made some—"

thing of her—but sister with her refined notions had utterly ruined her, adding, “I rather think she’ll come in to breakfast in the morning; we shan’t save any on her dying this year.”

Slowly the sad hours crept along, and twelve had long ago struck from the old clock in the corner, when little Margy sprang again from a troubled sleep. The moon shone in full and white; its light struck out all the little objects of interest from the dark wall—her mother’s furniture—a dingy portrait, and a high-backed chair with a white sheet thrown over it. She was now in a raging fever, and on the very verge of delirium. She threw aside the coverlid that almost scorched her, and the keen night air seemed grateful to her.

She had waked from a dream—a glorious dream of heaven, the angels and her mother. She had heard silvery accents, sweetly singing out from some beautiful golden arch, “Come, little Margy, come where your mother is.”

“And where is my mother?” she thought, closing her eyes for a moment; “she called me. I surely heard her—I saw her. Where shall I go? to the cold church-yard? Where shall I go to find my mother? tell me, dear Jesus.”

Another moment; she had flung her long hair back from her eyes—sought the door, and was gone. None saw her in her flight, save the kindly moon that looked down pityingly. The frost glittered on the hedges, the bare trees shook their lifeless branches above her head. Many a watcher sat in the pleasant cottages—some of joy, some of grief; but they knew not that the motherless child fled almost on the wings of the wind, past their joy and sorrow—past warm and pleasant homes, past groups of little children snugly sleeping, with their arms twined round each other’s necks—past loving, living parents—that poor motherless child, flying to the cold bed in the church-yard.

Her feet left prints in the frozen dew—she felt not the chill, but with her wildly bright eyes measured the shining stars that glittered between her and the heaven she sought. The church-yard wall gained, she glided by, found the little cross-bars at the entrance, and passed them. In her night robes, gliding among the grey headstones, she looked like a spectre, wan and white.

At length she found the sad spot where last

she had seen the brow of her gentle mother upturned to the pale sunlight.

There she sank down as she shouted, “I have come, mother; I have come, mother;” and then she would gaze and listen, while the crimson fever spots faded into white on her cheeks. Presently she fancied that she was again in her childhood’s home, and sweetly and lovingly she talked with her mother, twining her arms as if about her neck, imploring in plaintive accents that she would not leave her.

The lightest breeze made her frame tremble now, for the fever of her delirium was passing away, though not the fancy that she was in her own dear home. Still she babbled of little childish things, and feeling weary, murmured that she would go to bed.

Oh! it would, it would have been a touching sight, even to the heartless, to see that motherless child stretch out her little limbs on the cold grave. To hear her murmur as her parched lips parted so faintly and slightly, “Good night, mother! I’m going to sleep, now, and if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

All was confusion in the family where orphan Margy had suffered so much and so bravely. The children went about weeping—the father had gone to the crier’s, but meanwhile, two men came to the cottage, bearing the body of the dead child.

Horror-stricken the conscious woman who had treated her tender charge thus harshly, moved hurriedly away from the little body, muttering vaguely, “found—found—found in the death sleep. Found with her little hands clasped—her limbs stiff—her lips bloodless—her heart still. Found, and—dead.”

The children pressed about the little white form with bitter grief—but the parents stood aloof, henceforth never to know peace.

“I wish you was with your mother!” Oh! how those thrilling words rang through her brain. Dear lamb! she was with her mother—no more to bear wrong and insult. From the church-yard her patient spirit went up; and it was an angel warning, that pressed from her heart the prophetic words—

“Oh! Ella, do you know I think I am going to die?”

## A SIMILE.

I saw a beauteous cloud at dawn  
Float lightly o’er the coming day,  
I watched it in the rising morn,  
And saw it gently fade away.

This cloud, thought I, resembles life,  
Its morning tints so gaily bright;  
Soon ushered in the world of strife,  
Its beauties fade long ere ’tis night. s. r.

A ROMANCE  
FROM THE LIFE OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I WAS yet very young when the United States man-of-war *Scorpion* (on board of which I held the rank of past midshipman) anchored off Havana.

Not that I knew much about it, for a sicker man than I was at that time, was never tossed about on the restless ocean waters. A raging fever was upon me, and in my delirium, each motion of the vessel roused new and frightful fancies. I should not like to have to recall, or recount all the wild dreams which then racked my troubled brain. Enough that my life was despaired of, and I should doubtless have lost it but for the generous hospitality of a noble Cuban gentleman who befriended me.

General de Castro, a Spanish nobleman by birth, was possessed of immense wealth, and lived in a style commensurate with his fortune. His house, in the neighborhood of Havana, was a palace; his grounds regal.

Agreeably to the customs of the South, he delighted in a boundless hospitality.

Having heard of my illness through my brother officers, he immediately caused me to be conveyed to his residence; physicians were sent for, and no care or expense spared to ensure my recovery.

His assiduities saved me.

A few days after my advent to his friendly mansion consciousness returned; and no poor rascal in the fairy tales, lying down in misery and waking in some palace of bliss, was ever more bewildered than I, when I began to notice my surroundings.

Instead of my comfortless berth, and the dark, narrow quarters of ship-board, I found myself on an ample bed of softest down, round which curtains of silken net were wreathed. Through the delicate drapery I could discern vases of rare flowers decking the spacious apartment. The light, but rich furniture—the pictures and statues, the gleaming mirrors, made it like some scene in the Arabian Nights.

I raised myself on my elbow to convince myself it was no dream; and the better to gaze around, I put forth my arm to push aside the curtain. As I did so, I felt my hand taken within one, whose soft touch thrilled while it startled me. At the same moment a young and handsome

woman bent over me, and chiding me for exerting myself, pressed me back with gentle force upon my pillows.

I gazed a moment in some bewilderment upon the face of my beautiful nurse, and then, overcome by a heavy languor, sunk back again to my half delirious dreams.

I dreamt that I was upon the sea-shore, and lay bound hand and foot to a rock, where the merciless waves dashed over me at every surge, and fishes and slimy creatures from the deep came and gnawed me. I writhed and groaned, but could in no way help myself.

At last there appeared above the water, at no great distance, the form of a woman of surpassing loveliness. Hearing my complaints she approached, and bending over me, cast upon me her piercing black eyes—lustrous and beautiful, yet fearful to look upon in their superhuman brightness. Like one spell-bound, I could not withdraw my gaze from her unearthly beauty. Her keen, unflinching eyes, her floating hair—her flashing white teeth, and voluptuous form riveted my whole attention.

Suddenly she spread her arms and clasped me within them. My hands snapped like pack-thread, and I thought myself free. But no; the embrace of the mermaid grew ever closer; it stifled me—I felt a serpent-like form gathering my limbs in its folds, and drawing me below the water. I now perceived with horror, that instead of being in a beautiful woman's arms, a hideous serpent had me in its coils. Yet still, in the monster's countenance I recognized those same piercing black eyes, and, strange to say, the same flashing, white, human teeth.

One moment I noticed these things as one can even at such times—the next I felt the waves whelming over my head, and as I was torn downward, I felt those sharp teeth sinking into my very heart. I uttered a fearful cry of pain and horror, and woke to find my tender nurse bending over me, and seeking to rouse me from my frightful dream.

Her hand was still within mine, for so I had fallen asleep, and doubtless she had feared to disturb me by removing it.

As I encountered, in waking, the dark, lustrous

eyes which were bent upon me, I perceived it was of them I had been dreaming, and I blushed at my ingratitude in having thus, even in my dreams, associated my benefactress with so frightful a monster.

A few days later found me so far restored to health, as to be able to sit in an easy-chair by the open verandah, listening to the conversation of my handsome and entertaining nurse.

I learned from her how I came to be where I found myself, and something too of the family whose generous hospitality had saved my life. With my host I had also become personally acquainted, for he made very frequent visits to my sick room. Always refined, cordial, and cheerful, I found him a most delightful companion, and I soon learned to entertain love as well as gratitude for him. Once or twice I heard casual mention of the general's daughter, but I saw nothing of her. I was most interested in the history of my nurse. She was a younger sister of the general's and already a widow.

The many hours of unrestrained intercourse which the room of a convalescent allows, are extremely conducive to the speedy formation of an intimacy, and, therefore, I thought it not strange to find myself ere long becoming the confidant of Signora Marie's former domestic sorrows. She told me how, wedded to a man of a base and cruel nature, she had been subjected to the most humiliating insults and brutality. She hung her head and blushed, but to recount the indignities she had suffered.

I was deeply interested in her sad story; what man of any feeling would have been otherwise? Every fortuitous circumstance, at this time, seemed favoring to the formation of an attachment between Donna Marie and myself. I was constantly in her society—I found her handsome, fascinating, and unhappy; nor could I forget that I owed her a heavy debt of gratitude, for the care she had bestowed on me. But what was far more, her every look, tone, and action, tended to reveal to me that high-born and beautiful as she was, she was not indifferent to the poor youth whose life she had saved.

A man is ever flattered by thinking a woman loves him—a young man is *especially* flattered by having won the regard of a woman older than himself, and Marie was by about two years my senior; yet, notwithstanding so many propitious circumstances, strange to say, my wayward heart refused to respond to the passion I could not but perceive I had awakened. Perhaps for this very reason, I sought all the more zealously to express to my benefactress my devotion and gratitude.

My health rapidly improving, I began to grow impatient of the restraints of confinement, and more than once essayed to free myself. But Marie so pleadingly besought me to be her captive yet a little longer, that I yielded once and again to her flattering prayer.

She had left me alone one afternoon, and I was sitting by the open casement musing, when there rose on the air a strain of music so wildly sweet and beautiful, that the thrilling vibrations seemed to reach my very heart. Never had I heard such sounds before.

I listened breathless with rapture, and as the magnet draws the steel, I felt myself lured, attracted, toward those heavenly harmonies. Unpremeditatedly I wandered, on and on—down the stairs—along the wide hall, and through spacious saloons, till I stood in the presence of the inspired musician.

Oh, my beauteous Clara, adored, seraphic minstrel, how vividly my memory recalls thy lovely presence, as I then, for the first time, beheld it!

I had looked admiringly upon beautiful women before, and thought myself something of a judge of female loveliness, but no dream of my fancy even began to approach the radiant being my eyes rested on. She was seated at the harp, whose exquisite tones had ravished me, and grace, beauty, and harmony seemed blended in one perfect whole.

Unperceived I stood in motionless and breathless silence and listened, and gazed.

The tender, youthful form, the graceful head with its rich braids and soft curls of light brown, the outline of the rounded cheek—the smooth eyebrow and drooping lashes, the stately, delicate neck, even the dainty foot which now and then emerged from under her flowing robes, to regulate the pedals of the instrument—these were charms enough to craze a less imaginative man than I. For me, I was from that hour a new creature. It was the beginning of a bright, beautiful dream. The first glimpse in the heaven which was opening to me.

It would be but a bitter mockery for me now, to recount the history of my hearts' emotions during the period which followed.

I did not tell Clara of the love for her which sprung spontaneously, as it were, to life in my bosom. On the contrary I repressed every outward token of it. I allowed no word, or look to betray my feelings. Such I deemed my only honorable course under the circumstances. Gratitude and honor to my generous host forbade me to take advantage of my position under his roof, to win the affections of his only child and heiress. I was reserved and guarded; nor

did Clara in any perceptible way betray any inclination for me; and yet, so strong was the sympathy, or rather elective affinity which drew us together, that each, as I am convinced, reposed in the tranquil certainty of being entirely understood and beloved by the other.

One cloud only darkened our serene horizon. It was the fearful jealousy of Donna Marie, who seemed instinctively to feel how it would, and *must* be with us.

Often when, after my eyes had been resting on Clara's bright, spiritual face, I chanced to encounter the gleam of Marie's pale countenance, livid with an expression of concentrated rage and hate, I started at the virulent glance of those piercing eyes, and the remembrance of the frightful dream I had once associated with them, returned to me with a shudder.

My health soon became so far restored, that no excuse was offered for longer encroaching on General de Castro's hospitality; yet ere leaving his roof I deemed it incumbent on me to acquaint him with the state of my affections.

I had no hopes that he would favor my suit; I knew he had a right to look for a far more brilliant lot for his gifted daughter than any I could offer her. Perhaps I nourished a bright dream of winning fame and happiness in the future, but for the present, I had no hope. Still I judged it my hosts' right to *know* of my passion, and *mine* to assure him it had never been revealed to its object.

What was my surprise and gratitude then, to find that the general was far from treating my suit with the coldness I expected. On the contrary, he assured me he looked, in his daughter's husband, less for extrinsic advantages, of which she had plenty, than for an upright and honorable soul. Such, he was pleased to say, he had found mine, and he ended by giving me free permission to win his daughter if I could.

I could scarcely believe I heard aright. A rapture seized me, so great as to deprive me of even the power to thank my benefactor. With an overflowing heart I turned and left the room without having had the power to utter a single word. Yet surely he must have guessed what I felt.

As the door closed behind me, and I stood in the hall, then darkening in the twilight of evening, I felt my arm grasped by a hand of iron, and a suppressed voice hissed in my ear,

"Beware! *That* I will never permit—never!"

"Is it you, Marie?" I replied. "Have you then overheard my conversation with the general?"

"Yes; and I forbid you to avail yourself of

the permission he gave you. I warn you not to dare to do it!"

"Pardon me, Marie," I returned gravely, and somewhat severely, "you must know that you have no *right* to attempt to bar my happiness thus."

"No," she answered, passionately, "I have no right, perhaps, but there *is* suffering too great for mortal heart to bear. Right or wrong, *this* I will not hear; therefore I warn you!"

I regarded her wild words as merely the ravings of a jealous heart. I said to myself, "Who shall excuse a woman's jealousy, if not he for whose sake she suffers its torments?" I therefore said gently, "Forgive me, dear Marie, the pain I most ungratefully and unwillingly cause you," and unclasping the little fingers which still grasped my arm, I kissed her hand tenderly and respectfully, and left her.

Feeling that this unlucky rencontre had already too long delayed my happiness, I flew to find my Clara.

I led her through the orange grove to a favorite bower of hers, which was formed of young orange trees closely twined and braided together, till it looked like some hermit's shady cell. It was a spot she greatly loved. The night air was heavy with the perfume of the orange flowers, and as we walked beneath the trees, my yet unrevealed secret leaped within my heart, and bounded to be free.

In the dim moonlight, beneath the darkening leaves of the bower, I told Clara all, and for answer she threw her arms about my neck. Bliss too great for words swelled my bosom as I folded her to my heart.

The raptured silence which fell upon us, was suddenly broken by a wild, agonized shriek in my very ear, as of some one in mortal pain.

Startled by the fearful sound, though I knew not whence it came, I sprang to my feet; but in the surrounding darkness could discern nothing. Clara had meanwhile fallen to the ground, fainting, as I supposed, from fright. I stooped to raise her. As I did so a warm gushing tide met my hand.

The frightful truth burst upon me. It was *Clara's* cry which I had heard—Clara's life-blood that was dyeing my hands. "My God! what devil hath done this?" I exclaimed.

A low, exulting laugh struck my ear, and looking behind me, I discerned a dark form close by, and a pair of burning eyes shining in the darkness like coals of fire.

Horror seized me. The nightmare which had tormented my delirium, returned to my reeling brain. Again I fancied myself in the power of

monster-woman, who crushed me in her embrace, and tore me beneath the dark waters. Again I saw those fearful, burning eyes—again I felt those white, glittering, human teeth sink into my heart; but oh, the pain was worse now, and I *knew* that the eyes were those of Donna Marie. Reason had, for the time, mercifully deserted me.

Years have passed since this fearful romance of my youth, yet even now the most distant allusion to it causes my cheek to blanch, and my heart to stop beating.

Neither have I ever had courage to inquire respecting the after fate of Marie or the general.

When consciousness returned to me after that dreadful tragedy, I found myself on ship-board, homeward bound. It was a relief to feel myself leaving further and further behind me the scenes of so much joy and grief. Alas! I soon found I left but the joy, and was to bear the grief about with me forever.

Within my yearning, lonely heart one mournful cry is ever sounding—

“Dead is dead—gone is gone.”

## THE DYING ROSE-BUD.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

I WANDERED in a garden fair,  
One golden Summer hour,  
And marked the beauty lingering there,  
On every leaf and flower,  
And heard the zephyr's music tone,  
As it softly swept me by,  
From its sunny isles, its fairy home,  
With its low, sweet murmuring sigh,  
And Eden's brightness seemed to lay,  
Upon the scene that Summer day.

I wandered to a fairy bower,  
Where the grape-vine's clusters hung,  
Where beauty had her brightest dower,  
Upon its lattice flung,  
And sat me down on a rustic seat.  
A carpet of bright green  
Lay softly spread beneath my feet,  
And all was pure—serene,  
I thought though death is all around,  
He cannot in their shades be found.

But a low, sweet voice of fairy tone  
Arose upon mine ear,  
A gentle, sweet, but dying moan,  
Whose murmur sad to hear,  
Crept like a gush of song the last  
The wild-wood bird will sing,  
When death came in the rushing blast,  
And met him on the wing,  
And from the fields he loved the best,  
His form fell on the green earth's breast.

A rose-bush white with lovely flowers,  
Its fragrant perfume breathed  
Beside the lattice of the bower,  
And a crown of brightness wreathed,  
For the queen of the sunny Summer day,  
And from it came a tone  
Of sadness and the murmuring lay,  
Life's parting trembling moan,  
A bud from 'midst that crown of whiteness  
Was dying in its youthful brightness.

And murmured low that silver voice,

“And must I die so soon,  
Ere I can with the day rejoice  
In life's meridian bloom?  
And must the sunlight and the shower,  
That I have loved to see,  
Be in my first, my dawning hour,  
Forever lost to me?  
Oh, stay thy hand—let not thy dart,  
Oh, Death, strike low my fearful heart.

“The soft South wind that called me up  
Into bright being's day,  
Has gently kissed my opening leaves,  
And breathed a low love lay;  
And softly hath the Summer sun  
Lain on my cheek of white.  
And the crescent moon a silver ray  
Flung on my leaves at night,  
Oh, must I pass from these away  
Into Death's fearful darkened day?

“And sister flowers I have loved  
To watch with all their brightness,  
As soft low winds have hither roved  
To kiss their leaves of whiteness;  
Ah, must I leave them all, and turn  
From these bright things away,  
Where Summer sun may never burn  
With its golden morning ray,  
And zephyr's breath, with music tone,  
Ne'er sigh around my dark home lone?”

The silver voice now died away,  
I heard no more its moan,  
The bud had passed from life away  
Into its last long home,  
And wreathed with leaves of brightest gem  
In a shroud of spotless white;  
The dead rose-bud lay sadly now,  
Nor heeded Summer's light,  
And a voice breathed low within mine ear,  
“Oh, Death and thou art everywhere.”



## MAY LATIMER'S CHOICE.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"WHAT a bore to have to vegetate here all the vacation with old Latimer, because he is a friend of my father's, forsooth, instead of having a glorious time with the rest of the fellows, making love to the pretty girls, or indulging in any other harmless pastime," and Frank Thurlow's good-humored face wore as discontented an expression as it was possible for it to assume. "If that May was not such a Medusa, I'd even flirt with her, child as she is," and the young man of twenty who tried to think he was *blase* already, sauntered down the lawn, whistling the last new opera air. The fence which divided the green from the fine old apple orchard was soon scaled, and a gay laugh drew his attention to a little stream which run at the foot of the orchard. A huge Newfoundland dog, dripping from his recent aquatic excursion, came bounding up the slope, frisking about in high spirits, and after him, laughing, and almost breathless, was May Latimer, with her light blue gingham bearing evident marks of the dog's proximity.

"Just look what Sancho's done, Mr. Thurlow," said the young girl, holding out her dress, as if half ashamed of being caught in that plight. "I was sitting under the tree, reading, and the first thing I knew, he was taking a comfortable turn on the skirt of my dress."

Frank Thurlow scrutinized the child more closely than he had ever done before. The playful chase after Sancho had brought a light color to her usually sallow cheek; her large grey eyes, the only handsome thing about her face, were almost black with merriment; her brown waving hair, which was never smoothe, looked, as she stood in the sunshine, as if it rippled over gold sands, and her long, thin, overgrown limbs assumed an attitude of unconscious grace, that made her companion think she was not *so very ugly* after all.

"You must have been very much interested in your book, May, not to have seen Sancho," said Frank, thinking he might as well amuse himself with her, as in any other way.

"Oh, yes, I always like it. I have read it over *ever* so many times," was the enthusiastic reply.

"Read *what*?" queried Frank, laughing.

"Why, the Arabian Nights, to be sure," answered May.

"Hem! I thought it was something about as useful. I heard that starched up old governess of yours, tell you the other day that you would surely be a dunce," said Thurlow, gravely.

The light faded from May Latimer's face in a moment, and she was nothing now but a sallow, awkward-looking hoyden.

"Well, I don't care," was the sullen, defiant answer, "I *do* hate your algebra, and your chemistry, and natural philosophy, and your botany, that pulls all the beautiful flowers to pieces."

"What do you like?" asked Frank, as he seated himself on the gnarled root of an old tree, and leaned back against the trunk, skying a green apple which he picked up, now and then into the stream.

"Nothing," was the sturdy reply, "but to hunt flowers and play with little Katie, and run in the fields with Sancho. Good bye, Mr. Thurlow, I'm going," and taking up her book, May was off, calling to Sancho, who in a few moments was seen again racing with his mistress.

Thurlow gazed after her for a few moments with raised eye-brows, but soon forgetting this little episode, he passed the remainder of the morning stretched at full length on the grass, frightening the birds from the tree, by a shrill whistle, or imprisoning now and then a handful of grasshoppers.

May appeared at the dinner-table with pouting lips and swollen eyes; the governess, too, looked more than usually prim, and threw a double quantity of sternness in her voice, when she addressed either of the children.

"What's the matter, butter-cup?" asked Frank, pulling May's ear, as she seated herself on the step of the piazza, after dinner.

"I'll never write another 'composition' again, I will not; and I told Mrs. Bailey so," said the child, passionately, "she does nothing but pull all my essays to pieces, and make fun of them," and a burst of tears followed the confession.

Frank's good nature prompted him to assist May out of the difficulty.

"Come," replied he, soothingly, "show me what it is. I'll help you in spite of vinegar face,"

and taking her by the hand when he saw that she hesitated, he led her into a small room which he knew had been appropriated to her special use. May's "den," as he called it, was a good type of her unregulated mind. Sancho had evidently not wiped his feet, before marching across the white straw matting; Dick, the canary, had cracked his seeds and scattered the chaff over the writing-table, which was littered with worn out pens, blotted scraps of paper, pieces of pencil and a broken pen-knife or two; a bouquet of freshly gathered flowers stood in close proximity to a withered one; whilst the book shelves revealed a plethora volume of fairy tales; the "Lady of the Lake," *Marmion*, nearly all the Waverly novels, an odd volume of Sir Charles Grandison, and a half destroyed copy of *Evelina*.

"Why, May, you are fourteen, ain't you? You don't read fairy tales?" asked Frank, as he picked up the volume.

"Yes, I do, and like them, too; and if you don't choose to help me with my composition, you may leave the room," was the dogged reply.

Frank turned an amused look on the young girl, who was becoming a study to him, then seating himself beside her at the table, he proceeded with the essay. When it was finished, he turned around and was going to ask her for a kiss, as his reward, but, truth to say, she had a large mouth which was only redeemed from positive ugliness by a splendid set of teeth, and he concluded to waive his claim.

And so it came about, that Frank Thurlow was May Latimer's companion during all this pleasant weather; assisting her with her lessons; talking of his bright Southern home and his half brother, Paul Thurlow; or reading to her stirring poetry, beneath the old apple tree, till he felt the child's warm tears on his forehead, as he laid with his head in her lap, whilst she arranged bouquets and weaved wreaths of flowers.

May Latimer was never so happy. Eight long years before, her mother had died, when Katie was but a little baby, and May had treasured her memory as something too sacred to be spoken of, and, with childish enthusiasm, had devoted herself to her little sister. Mr. Latimer provided a governess for the children, one on whose intelligence and propriety he knew he could rely, and liberally supplied them with money; but with this he was satisfied. He never thought that they needed more demonstrative tokens of his love, and the indolent man shut himself up with his books, or attended to his estate, little heeding the affections he had thrown away.

Katie was still a very child, setting the whole house at naught in her wilfulness; but already

with May, the girl was rapidly merging into the woman from long years of solitary musing. Not that by any means she had entirely "put away childish things," but her sudden bursts of intellect or passion occasionally, would make even the impassible Mrs. Bailey raise her hands and eyes in horror.

But as we said, May Latimer was never so happy before. If she loved Sancho as much, she fondled him more quietly, and raced with him less than formerly, and little Katie was hired now to sit still by her side whilst Frank Thurlow read, by promises of chaplets of flowers or new dresses for her doll. Under Frank's teachings, the intellect, which had become torpid beneath Mrs. Bailey's cold reign, was suddenly awakened into life, and, with girlish bursts of song, May now went about the house.

The day of Frank's departure at last came. For a week May had felt a heavy, leaden oppression about the heart, only lightened by Frank's cordial good-bye and his parting words, "I'll write to you, lady bird, if you will promise to answer my letters."

After Thurlow's departure, May went to her room, threw herself on her bed and cried herself to sleep, but from that day forth she never mentioned his name, even to little Katie. The child sometimes would chatter about "that nice Mr. Thurlow," but her sister only answered in monosyllables, and applied herself with renewed vigor to her book.

Day after day May eagerly scanned the letters which were brought in from the post-office, but it was several months before her waiting was rewarded. At last it came.

"Miss May Latimer," said Mr. Latimer, looking at the superscription, "why, child, I didn't know you had an acquaintance off the estate," said her father, calmly, whilst his daughter was tapping her foot impatiently, and it required all her self-command to keep her from snatching the letter.

"Who is it from, May?" asked her father, looking over his spectacles.

"Please give it to me, papa," answered the young girl, with a flushed face, "Mr. Thurlow said he would write to me, you know; and this is the first letter I ever got," and May took up her precious epistle hurriedly, and escaped from the room.

It was an ordinary letter enough, containing reminiscences of Frank's pleasant summer visit; recording one or two innocent college pranks; advising May as to her reading, and giving her a list of books which she should study; and this was all; but the child slept with it under her

pillow at night, and carried it in her bosom by day.

Her answer was characteristic. From the "dear Mr. Thurlow" at the beginning, to "your sincere friend, May Latimer," at the conclusion, there had been no hesitation. It was a half girlish, half womanish outpouring of her heart. Home affairs were lightly touched upon. Katie, Sancho, her birds and flowers, were all mentioned. Then came critiques on books which she had read since his departure, thoughtful beyond her years, with an occasional appealing, "do not you think so, Mr. Thurlow?" But there was not a blot disfiguring the white paper. True, Mrs. Bailey had never been able to make the impetuous May Latimer write a fair, round, Italian hand, but notwithstanding the chiography, it looked neatly, and now no longer bore the untidy look it had formerly.

In vain the child looked for an answer to her letter; and at last the summer brought Frank Thurlow again. To the young collegian's eyes May was less hoydenish, but quite as awkward and homely as she had been the preceding year, yet she was his chief source of amusement, and her quick mind interested him, so he became her companion as he had been before. She was not sufficiently beautiful to fondle, though once or twice he imprinted a careless kiss on her forehead, which, she knew not why, sent the crimson tide flooding over neck and face.

With much the same outward bearing as formerly, with perhaps an increased gravity, May Latimer's character was rapidly maturing, and when Frank Thurlow bid her adieu at the end of that vacation, it was with a less passionate burst of tears, but a heavier weight at her heart that she now sought her room.

No letter came the succeeding winter to May, anxiously as she looked for it, but the next summer, which was to be his last at the North, again brought Frank Thurlow.

The May Latimer of the preceding years, though, was scarcely recognizable in the young girl who now received him. The awkward limbs had become beautifully rounded, the once sallow cheek, now mantled with the clear, bright hue of health; the mouth, somewhat large though it was, was beautifully formed, and very expressive; and the large, grey eyes, whether brightened by intellect or soft as the "brooding doves'" with feeling, had an irresistible charm for Frank Thurlow.

There was a shade of respect now in Frank's manner to the young girl, which made it all the more dangerous for her, and if he did occasionally endeavor to pass his arm around her waist,

during their walks, at the slightest sign of displeasure from her he would apologize, and call her his "cousin May."

This summer was passing much more pleasantly to him than the others had done, for the secluded girl of sixteen was fully a companion for the young collegian of twenty-two. A slight indisposition detained Frank at Mr. Latimer's till the autumn, and May was now looking forward with an undefined dread to the day of his departure, for the South.

It was a beautiful September day, and Frank Thurlow was reclining at full length on the sofa, turning over the leaves of a book which he held in his hand.

"Oh, say, May, come here," exclaimed he, "I want to read you this 'Looksley Hall,' of Tennyson's, and the speaker threw himself back on the sofa, passed his fingers through the bright curls which clustered in rings around his white forehead, and settled his elbows comfortably in the sofa cushion.

"In a moment," was the reply, "I must finish this game of battle-dove with Katie."

"What a baby Katie is," said the gentleman, pettishly, "the idea of two girls knocking a bunch of feathers backward and forward, as if their lives depended upon it. Serves you right for playing with her," continued he, as Katie, with a mischievous laugh, aimed her shuttlecock at May's face.

"Poor Mr. Methuselah," said the saucy Katie, mockingly. "'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man' of twenty-two," and going to the hearth-rug, she picked up a kitten which lay curled up comfortably, purring before the fire, and tossing it at Frank, left the room with a gay laugh.

With a grave smile May disengaged the kitten from Frank's shoulder, took a piece of sewing in her hand, and seated herself on a low footstool by the sofa. As the reading proceeded, the work gradually fell from her fingers, the various emotions called up by the finely modulated voice of the reader, chased each other rapidly over her face, and when Frank Thurlow had finished, he put his hand under her chin, and turning her face toward him, he saw her eyes were full of tears.

"A sad story, isn't it, May?" said he, as he stroked the heavy bands of her brown hair, but May, with her back still toward him, did not answer.

"It shan't be a 'twice told tale,' shall it, my little cousin?" whispered the young man. "You know you must be my wife some of these days," and, as with a half smile, he imprinted a careless kiss on the forehead which he drew back toward

him, he was somewhat startled to see the new light which was flashing up in May Latimer's eyes. Still she did not answer, but with a slow step, as one in a dream, she left the room.

"I vow, I believe May *does* love me. Well, I have only been amusing myself with her, without intending any harm, but if I stay much longer I shall be caught in my own trap. She has grown to be a splendid looking girl—and what a woman she'll make. I wonder what Tyson and Benton, and the rest of the fellows would say to her;" and he stopped stroking the light moustache which encircled his well-formed mouth, and throwing his arms above his head, he settled himself comfortably, full length on the sofa, and fell into a reverie.

May Latimer in the meanwhile had sank into a large chair in the room above him. She scarcely stirred as she sat wrapped in her own thoughts gazing into vacancy. The vague dreams of the last two years seemed about to take a tangible shape, and occasionally half rising and pressing her hand against her heart, as if to still the voices of happy feelings there, like clamorous little birds in their nest, she would fall back again in her chair to dream on.

An hour or two passed thus. At last she descended the stairs to join Katie, who was out on the lawn, avoiding the parlor where she had left Frank with true womanly instinct, and enveloped, as it were, body and soul in the purple and golden haze of that glorious autumn afternoon.

The time was passing too rapidly now for May Latimer. Without a word more of love Frank's devotion was such as to satisfy the most exacting demands of a girl of sixteen. He was totally changed from the good-natured, indolent fellow he had been, and seemed, for the first time in his life, to be in earnest. The girl was too happy to care for words, when the sunlight of her own gladness was gilding every action of his, and so, for a time, she went on enveloped in her dream.

But this could not last. She began to *feel rather than think* that his light character gave back but the far-off echo of her own deeper nature, and with "the ache and hunger of love," her ear now craved something wherewith to satisfy her heart.

May was bending over her work one morning in the parlor, whilst Frank Thurlow was busy at his writing-desk. She had glanced up once or twice, and saw him smiling as he wrote, and presently he said,

"Oh, May, here's something about yourself, don't you feel flattered?"

"What is it?" asked the young girl, as a dark flush rose to her face.

"I've been writing to Burton. Here it is"—and stretching out his feet and throwing himself back in his chair, he commenced reading—"you ask if time does not hang heavily on my hands here—not a bit of it, my old fellow. Mr. Latimer's place, you know, is but a few miles from Philadelphia, if I get dull at any time, but there is no fear of that with such a girl as May Latimer. She is a little beauty, Bob, and has tended me through all my sickness with the *tenderest* assiduity. I shall certainly marry her some day, but do not hint such a thing to Miss Grant, I beg of you."

At this last sentence, Frank looked up with a gay smile of confidence. He was about resuming the reading, when May stepped up to the table, placed her hand on the open letter, and said in a low, passionate voice,

"You need read no more, Mr. Thurlow. Put that letter directly in the fire, or *I* will."

"Why, cousin May, what's the matter?" asked Frank, astonished at her manner.

"Nothing at all, except that I do not choose to have my name laughed over and commented on by your college friends."

"But——" commenced Frank.

"Francis Thurlow, if I ever suspect there to be a repetition of this, I solemnly declare, our guest though you be, that I never speak to you again. Will you burn this?" and she pointed to the letter as she spoke.

"Why, May, don't be so unreasonable;" but May gave him no time to finish the sentence, for she said,

"Then, *I* will;" and taking up the closely written sheet of paper she crumpled it in her hand, then tossed it in the grate.

With tightly compressed lips, and flashing eyes, she leaned her head on the hand which held by the mantle shelf, and watched the paper till the blackened cinders with their crimson edges, turned into dusky white ashes.

With an embarrassed laugh, Frank said, as she turned away toward the window,

"Well, I hope you are satisfied, May, with that holocaust. What a little terment you are, to be sure. If you don't improve, I don't think that I can marry you——"

"I do not think that you ever will," interrupted May, in a quiet voice.

From that time, till he left, Frank Thurlow could neither pique nor coax May into her old manner toward himself; she felt her love outraged, and she began to look upon him with a kind of contempt, and herself with pity, for having been enthralled so long.

During the three succeeding years, May Lati-

mer mingled much in society, but her one great mistake made her look with coldness and suspicion upon all who proffered their love.

Sometimes it was with a throb of fear, that she thought perhaps she was not entirely disenchanted yet, for in spite of her contempt for him, she had never met one since whom she thought Frank Thurlow's equal.

"May," called Mr. Latimer, one morning, as she was descending the steps of the piazza, garden gloves and scissors in hand.

"May, I've just received a letter from Frank Thurlow. He says that his brother and himself are coming North to spend the summer, and that they will pay us a visit the first thing. We may look for them in a few days, now. I wonder if Paul is as agreeable as Frank?"

"I don't know, sir," said May, absently, and she sat down on the piazza steps to still the beatings of her heart. She was frightened at the effect this communication had upon her. Her mind wandered back to the first day Frank ever noticed her, under the old apple tree in the orchard, and to his good-natured kindness in helping her with her lesson, and to the rambles, and readings, and all the thousand little things which had made the solitary child love him so, and it was with real anguish that she feared the spell again he had put upon her before.

The next day brought the brothers. With a calmness that astonished herself, after her late fears, May met Frank Thurlow. There was not a shade more color on her fair cheek, nor a tremor more in her voice, than if she had greeted the veriest stranger. The surprise, almost agitation, were all on Frank's side. He could scarcely realize that the ugly, awkward child of fourteen, or even the beautiful girl of sixteen, had grown into such a glorious woman. The three years in society had made May fully acquainted with the value of her beauty, and with a smile of almost satisfied revenge, she saw its effects on Frank Thurlow.

"May," said Frank, although it was with an effort that he now called her by her old familiar name,

"May, my brother Paul is a very clever fellow," said he, in his old gay manner, "but as you haven't found that out yet, I shall expect you to like him for my sake."

"I should be much more probable to like him for his own," was the quiet answer, with a bow to Paul.

Paul Thurlow cast a quick glance both at the speaker and his brother, and Frank turned away with an embarrassed laugh, for this was the lady who took matters so coolly, of whom he had

boasted to Paul, that she was terribly in love with him, and that he was coming North to propose to her.

But there soon grew to be for May Latimer a more dangerous fascination than Frank Thurlow's presence had ever caused. Day after day she found herself turning wearily from his exuberant, careless spirits, to his grave, dignified brother, for companionship. At night every word of Paul Thurlow's would be recalled, and with a thrill and a blush she would sometimes remember the expression of his dark eyes, or the gentle deference with which he bent over her at the piano, or assisted her in her walks.

The reveries of the woman were more dangerous than the girl's, for now the understanding as well as the feelings were enlisted, and it was with a scornful smile at herself that she blushed at her former infatuation.

As for Paul Thurlow, he was fascinated. It was impossible for a man of his temperament to live in such intimate companionship, as he had done, with a girl like May Latimer, and not to love her.

As for Frank, his demeanor toward his fair hostess, in the meanwhile, had gradually changed. He was losing his old careless, satisfied bearing, and becoming more anxious and deferential than he had been. He at last loved May as wildly as would have satisfied even her revenge, of which in her wounded pride she used to dream, but to which the true, deep love that was growing up in her heart for Paul Thurlow, made her now entirely indifferent.

"May," said Frank, one morning as they stood on the lawn together, "let us take one of our old strolls through the orchard, and down by the stream, where Sancho made a mat of your dress, you remember, years ago," added he, endeavoring to win his way, by the power of old associations.

May laughed, and turned in the direction of the orchard.

"How we have changed since then," continued her companion; but May did not reply, for she was wondering why Paul, whom she had seen standing at the parlor window, did not join them.

"I believe," said Frank, after a moment's silence, "that you go 'wool-gathering' just as much as you did in Mrs. Bailey's time. A very entertaining companion you seem likely to prove."

This recalled May to herself, and she endeavored to enter into conversation, but soon Frank fell into the reverie from which he had roused her. The two walked on in silence for some time, May stooping now and then to gather a

flower, while her companion switched off the head of a thistle, or a bunch of leaves with his cane.

At last he said, bending down his bright, eager face, and endeavoring to pass his hand around her waist,

"May, I love you, how much you can never know. Cousin May, is it in vain?"

"May's eyes filled with tears, for his voice had become so mournful, but she released herself from the arm which was encircling her waist, as she said,

"It is too late now, Frank; it is in vain."

"May, May, you will be my wife. This pique is childish. You have always loved me," and Frank bent forward to catch a glimpse of her face, as he spoke.

They had reached the old apple tree, by this time, and May seated herself on its gnarled root. Those unlucky words were closing her heart against him, by their reminiscences.

The flush which had spread over the girl's neck and face, settled into a crimson spot on each cheek, as she answered, with flashing eyes,

"Mr. Thurlow, you forget yourself. No power under Heaven would induce me to become the wife of so fickle a trifler as I consider you. You are mistaken, I never loved you. My childish infatuation, of which you are ungentlemanly enough to taunt me, died out the moment I was old enough to appreciate your true character. I soon discovered that you were far beneath me. I do not love you. You have my answer," and she attempted to rise from the seat as she spoke.

But Frank took her hand, and drew her down again, and said,

"May, you must love me. Till now, I did not know how long I had loved you. All those years"—but the indignant flush which was dying away from May's face, came back again, and her lips curled so scornfully, that Frank found all allusions to the past were worse than vain, so he took her hand, as he continued,

"May, will no probation, no years of effort to render myself worthy of you, change your feelings toward me? I swear to you, May Latimer, that I love you as never woman was loved before. Dear May, will you not give me the trial? Oh, May, will you not love me?"

With a voice as sad as his own, his companion answered,

"It is too late, now. I could not, if I would."

In a moment, without being able to extricate herself, his arm again encircled her waist, she was drawn closely to his bosom, two or three passionate kisses pressed upon her lips and brow, and with a "God bless you forever, May," Frank

Thurlow sprang up, crossed the stream by jumping from tussock to tussock of grass which grew in tufts in it, and disappeared in the woods on the opposite side.

For an hour May Latimer sat where Frank had left her, her head bowed in her arms, which rested on her lap, then she slowly arose and walked toward the house.

Paul Thurlow was standing by the window which commanded a view of the upper part of the orchard, but as soon as he saw May approach, he quickly left it, and, taking up a book, he seemed to be engrossed by it when she entered.

With all the egotism of love, and of his character, Frank Thurlow, entirely ignoring the possibility of his brother being at all interested in May, had confided his hopes to Paul, and had declared that that day should decide his fate.

With terrible anxiety, therefore, had the elder brother waited for the return of the two from the orchard, and with a heart bounding with joy, notwithstanding that his noble nature felt guilty of treachery to Frank, Paul saw May approach alone, pale and sorrowful.

It was in vain that the young girl endeavored to interest herself in her usual occupations, she could not sew, she could not read; and Paul, fearful of betraying his feelings, kept his eyes resolutely on his book. Of this, however, she was glad, for she felt it impossible to converse on indifferent topics just then, when she was sorrowing so much for Frank's disappointment, for to her the retribution seemed to be disproportioned to the fault; she thought she had suffered so little in comparison to what he did now.

Frank appeared at the dinner-table, but so different from the usually gay Frank Thurlow, that even the obtuse Mr. Latimer observed it, and asked if he was ill.

It was no surprise either to Mary or his brother, when Frank announced his intended departure on the next day. To his host he said that he was unexpectedly obliged to meet some friends in New York without delay, but to Paul, whom he sincerely loved and respected, he felt that another explanation was necessary.

That night whilst tumbling his things into his trunk, without looking up, he said with a sigh,

"I suppose you suspect why I am leaving, Paul?"

"Yes, Frank," was the reply.

"Paul," said Frank, rising from his stooping posture and looking at his brother, "I've been the greatest fool, the most conceited ass that ever breathed. I have trifled away the love of a woman who I verily believe has not her equal in the world, and I know too, that but for my

own egregious folly it might have been mine. She said I was not worthy of her, and I believe it was true. No one that I know is, but yourself, Paul. Why have you never fallen in love with her?"

For a moment Paul Thurlow felt as if he could not tell his brother what hopes were springing up from the ashes of his own love, but at last he said with an effort,

"I do love her, Frank, but I knew you had a prior claim to her, if she loved you. In no way have I been treacherous to you, my brother."

"It will be very hard, Paul, but you are worthy of her, I believe. I hope your suit may

be happier than mine has been," and he closed the conversation by beginning again to pack his trunk.

The next day Frank departed alone. May bid him farewell kindly, even affectionately, but that evening the moonlight rested on two figures in Mr. Latimer's parlor, and Paul Thurlow's arm quietly encircled the waist, from which Frank's had been so firmly dislodged the day before. With burning cheeks the young girl was frankly telling her lover of her girlish weakness, and how it was overcome, was shown by MAY LATIMER'S CHOICE.

## A DREAM.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

ONCE I rambled, light and gentle,  
 'Neath a spreading Elm tree;  
 Earth was then a flower garden—  
 Life seemed but a dream to me.  
 Sunbeams showered all around me,  
 And I knew not how to weep;  
 Gentle zephyr's in their wooing,  
 Lulled my boyish heart to sleep.  
 Ah! that sleep, so pure, so guileless,  
 Oh, that I might slumber o'er!  
 But 'tis past, that dream of Nectar's  
 Vanished, like the bliss it bore!  
 Yes, there came an angel being  
 Softly to my rude bedside—  
 And in sweetness gently whispered,  
 E'er through life to be my guide.  
 "Whether with life's pleasures weary,  
 I will make thy downy bed—  
 Where the rose blooms with the lily,  
 There shall rest thy cherished head.  
 "And I'll watch all night around thee,  
 And I'll wish thee hours long—  
 And I'll breathe to thee sweet music,  
 Sweeter than Euterpe's song."  
 Was it then my "guardian angel?"  
 Was it Love—or something more?  
 Had I worlds, I'd freely give them,  
 Could I but have slumbered o'er.  
 Years have fled, and so has boyhood;  
 Manhood's mark is o'er my brow:  
 Time hath blighted many a flower,  
 Yet that vision haunts me now.  
 Ten long years of bliss alternate,  
 Hath Life's pilgrim calmly bore;

Lapse of years, then, only finds him  
 Loving still his idol more.  
 He hath roved the wide world over—  
 Idly gazed on Beauty's charms;  
 Touched the harp—but its soft numbers  
 Roused his heart to fresh alarms.  
 Friendship wove a garland for him,  
 Placed it o'er his manly brow;  
 Fortune breathed her smile upon him,  
 Fame, too, only bids him bow.  
 Yet his heart in secret scorns them;  
 List! his moan comes o'er the lea—  
 "Wealth and Fame, I disregard them,  
 LOVE—thou'rt all the world to me!"  
 Dreams we have, that are not all dreams;  
 Such the minstrels proved to be:  
 She that sought him in his childhood,  
 Blooms in sweet reality.  
 And she seeks him in his slumber,  
 As was wont in days of yore;  
 But her accents are far sweeter,  
 Richer, riper than before.  
 "Earth is sweet, fresh flowers blooming,  
 Haste thee to that Elm tree—  
 Whilst yon orb in Heaven is shining,  
 And thy love is waiting thee.  
 "She hath counted worlds of sorrow  
 Since her heart awoke to thee;  
 Haste, oh! haste then to her bower,  
 And from bondage set her free.  
 "Yes, my heart of love confides thee,  
 Thou can'st do what mortal can!  
 Sleep—but when morn breaks thy slumber,  
 Wake and find thyself a MAN!"

## MRS. BOSTWICK'S ECONOMY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"DEAR me," exclaimed Mrs. Bostwick, "did you ever see things so cheap as they are this fall? I was in at Jones', the other day, and actually saw beautiful French handkerchiefs at fifty cents, that were worth a dollar, and black silks at a dollar a yard that were never before sold for less than a dollar and a half. The store was full of bargains. People were buying so fast that they could hardly get waited on. Such fancy silks as there were also; the most beautiful patterns you ever saw; and sold for literally nothing, yes! literally nothing."

Mrs. Bostwick was making a morning call on Mrs. Freehold, one of her acquaintances, when she broke forth into this eulogy on cheap goods. Her friend replied,

"Mr. Freehold says that a great many goods have been sacrificed at auction this year, which is the reason for their cheapness. Too much foreign merchandise was imported, and as many persons couldn't hold over their stocks till spring, they were compelled to sell them for whatever they would fetch. In one sense it is a great blessing, for if marketing continues to keep so high, I don't know what poor folks would do, were it not that all articles of clothing are so very low."

"Yes! dear me," replied Mrs. Bostwick, "only to think how small the loaves of the bakers are. Potatoes, too, at a dollar a bushel, when I bought them, last year, for sixty cents, and often used to get them for forty. Coal at six dollars a ton, and but two thousand pounds at that, as Mr. Bostwick says, instead of twenty-two hundred. It's perfectly frightful. I don't know what the poor *will* do this winter. It's a time when everybody ought to economize. I said so to our minister, when he took tea with us the other night. 'It's awful,' says I; and says he, 'it is, indeed, Mrs. Bostwick;' and says I, 'they do say ten thousand people will be out of employment in this city, alone, this winter;' and says he, 'the Lord help them;' and I said, says I, 'we ought all to be as economical as we can, so as to give alms;' and he said at once, beautifully, says he, 'you know, Mrs. Bostwick, whose giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.' You've heard him preach, haven't you? He's such a sweet speaker."

"A most excellent man," answered Mrs. Freehold, gravely, though secretly amused at her

friend's way of telling her story, "I know no one, whose ministry I would sooner sit under, if our own dear pastor was to leave us."

"So I've been practising economy ever since," resumed Mrs. Bostwick. "I haven't bought a thing anywhere else than at Jones'; and don't intend to, the whole season. I bought some lovely cassimere for the boys, the other day; and some merino, oh! you don't know how cheap. But they're expensive things as well as common ones, and all for little more than half of what they're worth. I must show you my handkerchief," she continued, tendering an elegantly embroidered one to Mrs. Freehold; "it came from Jones'. Last winter, a year ago, Mrs. Rogers bought one there, not a bit better, for ten dollars: and for this I gave only six. See how beautifully the work is done in those corners."

"It is certainly very handsome," replied her hostess, having examined it, "and quite cheap."

"Yes, that's why I bought it. I didn't need it at all, but I couldn't let it slip; for I knew, if I did, Mrs. Rogers would take it directly. The Rogerses will live, you know; the wonder is how they stand it: but they do say that Mr. Rogers came near breaking, this fall, and only got through by paying two per cent for his money."

"Mrs. Rogers seems like an amiable woman," answered the charitable Mrs. Freehold, "and I'm sorry to hear it: let us hope it is not true." And being averse to idle gossiping, she made a remark on the State Fair, which had then just taken place, hoping to change the conversation.

But Mrs. Bostwick was not to be balked. She insisted it was all true, "every word of it," and that she had no doubt "there'll be a grand smash up there some day;" and having discharged, in this way, her secret envy at Mrs. Rogers, she returned again to the question of cheap goods.

"I don't know but what it would be a good plan," she said, "to buy everything one wants next spring now, I mean everything that would be seasonable. I never saw goods so cheap, and I suppose they'll not be so again, very soon. Your husband is an importer, Mrs. Freehold. What does he think?"

"He says it's impossible to tell how they'll be next spring. I believe, however, he inclines to look on this fall in prices as apt to last over next



season; that is for many descriptions of goods. He says immense quantities of goods are bonded, as he calls it: that is already imported, but locked up in the custom-house warehouses till next spring. If he is correct in his idea, there will be as many goods sold at auction six months hence as now, and consequently prices will be just as low."

"Well, it may be so," answered Mrs. Bostwick, but evidently inclined to think differently. "Yet, as I say to Mr. Bostwick, says I, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;' and if things are going to be higher in the spring, it would be ridiculous not to buy plenty now. Only suppose one had known, two years ago, when coal could be bought for four dollars a ton, that it was going to be so high now:—why it would have paid to have bought enough to last for four or five years, or, if one hadn't room to keep so much, one might have sold it again at a profit. There's nothing like economy, Mrs. Freehold. As I say to my husband, 'it's not what a man makes, but what a wife saves, that leads to riches,' and I always try accordingly to be as economical as I can."

At this point another visitor came in, when Mrs. Bostwick's voluble tongue necessarily stopped for awhile; and before she could resume, her leisure was up; for suddenly hearing the clock strike, she started up, declaring that she had just time to get home to dinner, and so bustled out of the room, rustling her flashy brocade as she went.

A week or two afterward, Mrs. Freehold, having occasion to collect some money for a benevolent society to which she belonged, and which took it upon itself to seek deserving objects of charity, and to supply them with food and clothing in winter, bethought her of Mrs. Bostwick, as one who had emphatically expressed sympathy for the destitute, and declared her intention to economize in order to be able to give freely. It was not without some misgivings, however, that she departed on her errand, for she knew her acquaintance better than most people did: in fact, Mrs. Freehold was a superior woman in all respects, but especially acute in reading character quickly.

Mrs. Bostwick came down to receive her in an elegant parlor, in one of the fashionable streets of the city. The room was furnished as ninety-nine parlors in every hundred are; with mirrors, curtains, sofas, a piano, and the orthodox number of chairs; all arranged as exactly as they were in the nine and ninety other parlors. Upholstery reigned supreme in that flashy room. There were neither pictures, nor statuettes, nor even engravings or books. Half the money, which had

been expended on the brocatelle and rosewood furniture, if had been spent on a choice painting or two, would have thrown around the apartment an air of refined taste, as well as given it a character; for where the upholsterer directs everything, while the owner selects nothing, individuality, which ought to be the charm of every house, is utterly wanting. But we digress.

"I have come," said Mrs. Freehold, after the usual common-place civilities were exchanged, "to solicit your aid in behalf of our Benevolent Society. We find a good deal of distress, with the prospect of more as winter approaches, so that we shall be compelled to solicit assistance in every possible quarter. You spoke so feelingly of the destitute, when I last saw you, and expressed your resolution to be economical in order to have more money to spare in charity, that I have ventured to call on you among the first."

Mrs. Bostwick's countenance fell at the words which proclaimed her visitor's errand. When Mrs. Freehold had finished, she replied, with much embarrassment,

"Dear me, what a pity, for I'm as poor as a church mouse. Instead of having more money than usual to give away, I haven't a cent, positively not a cent."

Mrs. Freehold looked surprised.

"It's a fact," continued Mrs. Bostwick, coloring. "To tell the truth," she said, "my economy has proved no economy."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, I thought I'd buy a good many things, which we'd want after awhile; and then, as they were so very cheap, I bought some that we didn't want at all. Between the two, I found, when my bill came in, that I'd spent, not only as much as I did last fall, but half as much again."

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Freehold, gravely. "After what you said, I almost depended on you."

"Well, to be sure," answered Mrs. Bostwick, "I did expect to help the poor, this winter. But Mr. Bostwick says I've spent so much at Jones', that it will be impossible for him to give me a cent for charity. But really, Mrs. Freehold," she continued, apologetically, "what could I do? There were such beautiful plaid silks, which are all the rage, you know, for seventy-five cents a yard; and said the clerk, says he, 'they cost, ma'am, every cent of a dollar and ten cents to import.' Then there were ribbons at thirty-seven and a-half cents, which were worth, a year ago, sixty-two. They had gloves, too, for forty-four cents, such as I used to pay eighty-seven

for; and the clerk said, says he, 'you'd better take a dozen, Mrs. Bostwick, they fit you beautifully, and you'll never get such another chance.' It was a temptation, especially when I saw them going off faster almost than they could be paid for; and such crowds as there were! you had to wait for your turn to get attended to; half a dozen carriages at the door all the time. Though, of course, if I'd dreamed my bill was running up so high I would not have bought so many things. Mr. Bostwick was quite out of patience when it came, and said, says he, 'why, Ann, you'll never wear one-half these things, they'll be out of fashion before you can use them,' which, to be sure, is true enough, though I hadn't thought of that."

Mrs. Freehold, at this pause, rose to go, fear-

ing that if she waited for her hostess to recover breath, the voluble tongue of the good lady would not allow her to escape for an hour or more.

"So much for the economy of buying what one does not want," said Mrs. Freehold, as she left the house, "or even buying more than one wants, under the temptation of low prices. I really believe that more money is spent, when things are cheap, than at other times; there are so many Mrs. Bostwicks in the world."

In which opinion, dear reader, we coincide, and so will you, we believe, when you have reflected a little.

We have a score of acquaintances at least, who pique themselves on being prudent shoppers, yet who have been, all this fall, practising Mrs. BOSTWICK'S ECONOMY.

## MY LITTLE PRIZE.

BY N. F. CARTER.

I've a little prize  
Which no eye can see,  
Brightening Summer skies,  
And alone for me.  
'Tis a richer gem,  
In its casket fair,  
Than the diadem  
Monarchs love to wear!  
When I'm thronged with cares  
On the road of life,  
And beset with snares  
In its earnest strife,  
Then this little prize  
Smoothes my care-worn brow,  
Till in heart there rise  
Joys unknown till now!

Every heart-throb felt,  
Finds an answering beat,  
When my heart has knelt  
In its presence sweet!  
Every falling tear,  
Every sorrow known,  
Finds a comfort near,  
By its spirit throne.  
Shadows ne'er alarm,  
Darkening on the sight,  
When its radiant charm  
Yields its living light!  
Would you know that prize,  
Sent me from above,  
Gladdening heart and eyes?  
'Tis true woman's love!

## TO THE FIRST SNOW.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

FAIRY-LIKE, fleeting, thou fall'st from above,  
Emblem of innocence, beauty and love,  
Riding the winds in all thy wild mirth,  
Madly careering above the cold earth.

Crystal and dew-drop come hurrying past,  
Driven along by the dark mountain blast,  
Gracefully eddying, whirling around,  
Falling so gently all over the ground.

Strange are the thoughts that our bosoms now fill,  
Watching the storm-king pass by at his will,  
Robbing the valley and decking the heath,  
Crowning the trees with a bright snowy wreath.

Beautiful snow-flake! in all thy wild mirth,  
Emblem of innocence, purity, worth,  
Why hast thou come from the place of thy birth,  
To tarnish thy beauty by contact with earth?

## CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY E. K. SMITH.

CHRISTMAS in the Olden Time! At the very name, what visions are called up to the mind's eye of gay parties bringing in the Yule-log; of the rousing wassail-bowl; of Mumming and Masking; of the Boar's-head decked with holly; and of the arrival of the Christmas guest at the old Manor House, in an old-fashioned snow-storm, with servitors lighting him with torches to the door, where the squire, in spite of the tempest, stands ready to receive him.

Most of these old customs have been long disused even in England, while few of them ever existed at all in America. As the pastimes of our ancestors, however, they have an interest to us, which the frequent allusions of the poets have increased. We will consecrate a page or two, therefore, to an account of the ancient games, customs, and observances of Christmas-time, so graphically alluded to in the well known lines of Scott.

"The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney side,  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scraped till it shone the day of grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought on the lusty brawn  
By old blue-coated serving-man.  
Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on high,  
Deck'd out with bays and rosemary.  
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell  
How, when, and where the monster fell;  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting of the boar;  
While round the merry wassail-bowl,  
Garnish'd with ribbon, blythe did trowl."

The custom of adorning houses, churches, &c., with branches of MISTLETOE, HOLLY, and other winter shrubs and trees, is perhaps of older date than any other Christmas observance. It had its origin in England with the Druids, who were the priests of the ancient Britons long previous to the invasion of this country by the Romans, under Julius Cæsar. It was their wont, at a certain period of the year, to resort to the forests in which grew the largest oak trees, followed by a great concourse of people of all degrees. There, with many ceremonies, they proceeded to cut down a quantity of the branches of the mistletoe growing on the oaks, which, having divided into small pieces, they distributed amongst the religious students and votaries who had accompanied

them, and who, considering these branches as so many emblems of good fortune, adorned their dwellings with them. There was a sacredness attached to the custom which preserved its practice for a long period, and we find it mentioned in many of the old records. A peculiar sanctity was attached to the Mistletoe.

"Christmas, the joyous period of the year!  
Now bright with Holly all the temples strew,  
With Laurel green, and sacred Mistletoe."

This Druidical custom appears to have survived the shock attending the incursions of foreign races, and the overthrow of the old established religion; and Christianity, loth to wage war with every ancient usage, consented to retain this one as the most innocent of them all. Indeed, green boughs seem to have been almost universally looked upon as emblems of purity. Stowe, the old English chronicler, relates that not only the parish church, public offices, and houses were adorned with holme, ivy, hays, and other greens of the season, but that conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished.

The custom of burning the Yule-Log was, it appears, of Anglo-Saxon origin. That race of people were in the habit of celebrating a feast at the winter solstice, which they called the Juul, or Yule, and on this occasion they were wont to burn a large log of wood, as an emblem of returning light and heat, the sun being then at its furthest point from them. From that feast the burning of the log became transferred to the eve of Christmas Day; and, as such, was never omitted up to the early part of the present century. It is now rarely met with, and then only in very remote rural districts.

The YULE-LOG was the stem of one of the largest trees that could be found on the estate of the proprietor in whose halls it was to raise its cheerful flame. It was hewn down on the Candlemas Day, in the month of February of the same year; then kindled where it fell, and suffered to burn until sunset, when the fire was extinguished, and the log laid in a proper place until it was required at Christmas. At the appointed time it was carried into the mansion hall by a number of domestics, amidst much rejoicing, and kindled on the hearth with no little mirth and merry-making. It was generally large enough to

last during that night and the whole of the following day.

The WASSAIL-BOWL, like the Yule-Log, had its origin amongst our Saxon forefathers. In the old legend of Vortigern and Rowena, we find the first mention of the custom of *Wassailing*. At a feast given by Hengist, the Saxon chief, to Vortigern, the British King, the royal guest was bewitched with the charms of the young and beautiful daughter of his entertainer. While on her knee, the fair Saxon damsel presented the wine cup to the British monarch, exclaiming—“Liever Kyning Wass-hael!” or, as we should express, “Your health, lord king!” Vortigern, not understanding the custom, had it explained to him by one of his suite, who tells him, according to the poetical legend, that it was a compliment paid him by the fair maid:—

“Ik man that love where him think,  
Shall say, ‘Waashail!’ and to him drink.  
He that drinks shall say Waashail:  
And t’other shall say again, Drinkhail!  
That says Waashail, drinks of the cup;  
Kissing his fellow, he drinks it up.”

The Saxons were never without handing round a drinking or pledge-cup, or Wassail-bowl, at all their feasts; and, in course of time, this practice became transferred to the Christmas festivities, now only recognized in the custom of drinking healths or toasts.

The WAITS, or Christmas Bards, are a remnant of the old minstrels attached to courts and cities, and who added to their musical offices the more important, though less pleasant, duty of watching and guarding the streets. They perambulated the principal thoroughfares in small parties, crying the hour at each corner, or street, or lane; and inasmuch as in those remote days—during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—our cities were not lit up at night by anything like lamps, these Waits carried beacons, or large fires, supported upon high poles. Their office appears to have fallen into disuse during the reign of Henry VIII.; and subsequently, the watchmen established on a better footing, exercised their

musical powers only at Christmas-time; and hence, the practice of bands of nocturnal musicians in England, still perambulating streets at this season, in “the witching hour of night.”

MUMMERS, or Masked Players, seem to have derived their name from the Danish *Mumme*, or the Dutch *Momme*, to mask; and there is reason to believe that this custom of dressing and masking had its origin in the practice of exchanging clothes between men and women, at the *Saturnalia*, a feast of the Romans. The Mummings of the early ages appear to have been of both sexes; and, being dressed in strange costume and masked, went about at feast-times, from house to house, reciting verses and singing songs.

MASQUES were a species of play, formerly exhibited in the Inns of Court. One of these entertainments was exhibited in the Inner Temple, in the fourth year of the reign of Elizabeth, in which the celebrated Leicester, then Lord Robert Dudley, was the principal actor. During the Christmas of 1601, we read that the Twelfth-Night of Shakspeare was performed in the hall of the Middle Temple. In the reign of Elizabeth and James I., these Masques were most popular, and oftentimes got up at great expense. During the latter reign, Masques were performed at Whitehall, by the principal nobles of the court.

The LORD OF MISRULE was an officer appointed in all large establishments, to superintend the arrangements for the Christmas revels. In Scotland, he was called the *Abbot of Unreason*: whilst, at the Universities, where festivities at Christmas were always rife, he took the title of *Imperator*. The authority of this dignitary began upon All-Hallows Eve, and terminated at the end of the twelve days of Christmas.

BEAR-BAITING, or worrying of bears by dogs, formed another pastime, which, although indulged in by all ranks at other times of the year, was nevertheless one of the sports which constituted the Christmas festivities of the times of Elizabeth.

## GLORIA TIBI!

BY RICHARD COE.

God of the earliest streaks of dawn  
That tint the orient skies of day;  
God of the bright and beauteous morn;  
God of the noontide's gladsome ray;  
God of the evening's twilight grey;  
God of the midnight's solemn hour;

God of the Everlasting Day;  
God of all grace, and love, and power;  
Unto Thee my soul would raise  
Grateful hymns of solemn praise;  
Help me worthily to sing  
Great Creator God and King!

## THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

THREE young ladies were sitting together, busily engaged in plying their crochet needles, and remarking upon a visitor who had just left them.

"Oh, did you notice," said the eldest of the group, "how she colored and looked down when I *chanced* to allude to the report concerning the handsome widower who has been honoring our city with a visit?"

"Did we notice it? Why, of course, we did. And how cleverly you managed it, too;" and all three laughed heartily at the recollection. "Ah, Bessie, you are a sly one. No one would dream by your manner that you were perfectly aware not only that the rumor of Mr. Clinton's new engagement is true, but that the very person to whom you were so energetically expressing yourself against second marriages is the bride-elect—the second Mrs. Clinton soon to be."

"Yes, it is too bad," said Fanny, "to think that Bessie can look so innocent and unconscious, and she plotting mischief as fast as she can; while you and I, Kate, can scarce maintain an appearance of gravity. I am sure if Miss Rivers had but looked at us she would have suspected that we were all in a plot against her."

"There was no danger of her looking at any one," returned Bessie, "it was as much as she could think of to try to hide her confusion. I am so glad that I had an opportunity of telling her my views of the matter; I do so despise a girl that marries a *widower*."

As the gay girl looked up she perceived that another person had entered the room, a tall, elegant-looking lady dressed in a walking costume, and holding her bonnet carelessly in her hand, while she stood regarding the trio with a quiet smile. All three gave a start of surprise.

"Why, cousin Florence, where on earth did you come from?"

"Only from a short walk with your mamma. But don't let me interrupt your conversation, I had no idea, when I stole in to give you a little surprise, that I should find you so pleasantly and profitably employed."

The two younger girls blushed a little at the slight reproach, but Bessie gaily replied,

"Come now, coz, no raillery nor reproving looks, if you please, for I must always say what

I think, and I *do* think that a man who forgets his wife almost as soon as she is laid in the grave, and goes about looking for some girl to take her place in his heart and his home, is only deserving of *contempt*, and the foolish girl that marries him is, if possible, more *despicable*."

"But you will exempt some from this censure, surely, Bessie; there are exceptions to all rules, you know, and——"

"No, I will allow no exception, nor exempt any one from the censure which such conduct merits," hastily interrupted Bessie. "I thought I should like Edith Rivers very much when I was first introduced to her, and was sorry that her stay among us was to be of brief duration; but since I have heard that she is to marry Mr. Clinton, I don't care anything about her."

"You have seen him, I suppose," said Florence Danville, eyeing her companion curiously.

"Only at a distance. He was pointed out to me at a concert last week just before he left the city, I believe; but I merely glanced toward him, for I had no desire to see a frisky old widower."

Mrs. Danville laughed aloud as she asked, "Is he so old?"

"Yes, he must be forty at the least."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Kate and Fanny together. "Thirty, at the most, you had better say. I am sure he is not over thirty."

"Always two sides to a story," said Florence, "and I suppose the majority is correct. What a pity I remained so long in Baltimore. I should like to see the so-much-talked-of gentleman. And the bride-elect too, I missed seeing her by going out this morning."

"Oh, I expect you will see her at aunt Fanny's to-morrow night, we are all invited, and I heard that Miss Rivers is to be there."

"I cannot be one of the company," said Florence. "To-morrow night will find me many miles from here."

"Why, where are you going now, cousin? You only returned from Baltimore day before yesterday, and now you're going away again. You shall not go; indeed you must not," and the three sisters gathered around her with pleading looks.

"Many thanks for your kind wish to detain me, dear girls, but I must go this time. 'The

bride-clothes are making, the bride-cake is baking,' and I must away to the wedding."

"So it is a wedding—then of course you must go; but why did you not tell us this sooner, Florence?"

"Simply because I did not know it myself, until on returning home this morning I found a letter from my cousin, who is one of the parties, insisting on being favored with my presence on the important day. As soon as I had penned a brief answer, I came to tell you all about it."

"Oh, do tell us now, cozy!" pleaded Kate. "Tell us who they are, and let us have the story, for there is one, I know; perhaps a 'romance in real life.'"

"But, I must not tell the story—if there is one, before Bessie," said Mrs. Danville, smiling, "for I shall at once excite her hostility against my poor hero, by confessing that he is—a widower. Indeed it was of him I thought, when she was so uncharitably declaiming against second marriages."

"Oh, forgive me, I pray, if I hurt your feelings by my remarks, cousin. I did not reflect that they might apply to any of your friends. As a penance I will promise to listen with all attention to your story, and to become a convert to your theory of exceptions, if you show sufficient cause. So now for the story. Once upon a time—there is a commencement for you."

"Well, then, once upon a time a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance and manners, good business prospects, and so on, went on a journey of some hundreds of miles, and was returning home without having met with any adventure, when accidentally encountering an old family acquaintance, he accepted his cordial invitation to spend a few weeks at his pleasant country residence. Here he was introduced to a young lady, the niece of his host, a pretty, fairy-like creature, just released from the restraints of school, and so timid and diffident that Albert Morris was first induced to pay her particular attention, with the benevolent desire of overcoming the shyness that seemed to oppress her painfully in his presence. As I have already said, Albert was possessed of polished and agreeable manners, and his winning address soon had the desired effect of rendering the timid Effie as much at ease in his society as if he were an old friend.

"And now he was surprised to find in one whom he had looked only as a simple, modest school girl a mind of no common order, which had been carefully cultivated by her excellent uncle, and what charmed him yet more, a deep, though quiet enthusiasm, an elevation of senti-

ment and principle that were his almost reverential admiration. The few weeks to which he had limited his visit, were more than doubled on account of a slight accident which befell him while roaming over the hills with Effie in botanical researches; and it was during the irksome confinement to the house which this occasioned, that the love already twining about his heart acquired strength and fervor. For his amusement, to solace and beguile his hours of pain or weariness, all the rich, fresh powers of her nature were ungrudgingly devoted; nor was it long till he discovered that the gentle girl was all unconsciously conceiving a deeper sentiment than friendship for the attractive stranger who had thus become, as it were, domesticated in the family. In short, it was a mutual attachment; but if this thought sometimes caused the young man a sudden thrill of delight, this was as suddenly banished by another reflection.

"Far away in the home where parents and brothers and sisters counted the days impatiently until the wanderer's return, another waited his coming with eagerness less freely expressed, yet far more absorbing than theirs. His fair young foster-sister—the favorite companion of his childish sports, now the betrothed of his early manhood—how her sweet image would arise between him and the charming, too charming Effie—how vividly he recalled the hour when they exchanged the vows of love so long cherished—his eager appeal to his parents to sanction his affection for the orphan child of their dearest friend—his rapture when that sanction was freely given, when he looked on earth's fairest, dearest treasure as his own! And only a few months had passed since then; preparations were going forward for his marriage, which was to take place the week after his return home; yet now he shrank from the thought of that which he had regarded as the consummation of his happiness, for he could not disguise from himself how far his attachment to Effie transcended that which he felt for his betrothed.

"And poor Morris, with his honorable, high-principled nature and generous heart was now in sad trouble. The sweetness of the dream was past; and now he awoke to the consciousness of the necessity of crushing down with a martyr's resolution the pleasant thoughts and fancies he had been inadvertently cherishing. And not only this—were he alone the sufferer he thought he could willingly bear the punishment due to his fickleness; but in performing the painful duty which was before him, he felt that he must also inflict agony on the unsuspecting Effie.

"He could not hesitate longer, however, and

on the day that he regained the use of his injured limb, he made his few preparations for leaving the place, which in his secret thoughts he regarded as an earthly Paradise. After tea he strolled out with Effie, her uncle and aunt accompanying them for a little distance; but after a time they wandered into another path, and the young people soon lost sight of them.

"It was a trying moment for poor Morris. He knew not how to commence the explanation he felt it his duty to give to his companion, and was strongly tempted to say nothing, but to leave a letter on his departure which should tell all.

"Then he reflected that it would be more difficult to write on the subject than even to speak; so at last, when they had reached a wide spreading oak, beneath whose friendly shelter they had passed many pleasant moments, he motioned to Effie to rest upon the rustic seat close by, while he, leaning against the shaggy trunk, told the brief history of his life—his betrothal to one he had deemed the embodiment of all that he could desire in his bride, until chance had introduced to him a bright, young being, in whose society he, for a time, forgot that he was already pledged to another. But he spoke not as of himself, but as if of a friend whose perplexities he had heard of; for Albert found that thus he could more freely enter into the details of his story, and express in unmeasured terms the indignation he really felt against such inconstancy, brief and unintentional though it was, yet not the less censurable for its cruel thoughtlessness.

"When he had finished and waited with a sinking heart for Effie's reply, the fair girl, never suspecting that it was his own history to which she had given such earnest attention, looked up with her soft, truthful eyes, as she artlessly replied,

"How unfortunate and much to-be-pitied is your friend, but I do not see why he should blame himself so severely; or why you seem to be so indignant against him, for—"

"She stopped abruptly, for a sudden breeze dashed to and fro the bough whose friendly obscurity Albert had sought, and the clear moonbeams shone on a face so strangely agitated that Effie could not utter another word. A suspicion of the truth seemed to dart into her mind; she rose involuntarily and stood before him with an inquiring, though mournful gaze. Albert groaned aloud as he met that look.

"Do not look upon me so, sweet Effie," he murmured, hoarsely, "that gentle glance falls like a blight on my guilty soul. Effie, I—I am the villain of whom I have been telling you."

"He bowed his head upon his hands, unwilling

to witness the effect of his words on the innocent, sportive maiden, to whom he was thus bringing the first acquaintance with sorrow. He did not look up again, till a light touch on his arm demanded his attention, then he saw that Effie had been weeping in the interim, but now, save for a slight quivering of the full lips, she was calm, and a lofty expression was in the beautiful eyes raised serenely to his.

"Do not reproach yourself for what is passed, Albert—Mr. Morris; you were not to blame, and though we must meet no more, I will always pray God to bless you. Good bye."

"She extended her hand; he pressed it passionately for the first, last time to his lips, but when he would have retained it in his own, and led her back to the house, she said, hurriedly, and in trembling tones,

"I make but one request, Mr. Morris, please leave me. I wish to remain here for a time, alone."

"And withdrawing her hand as she spoke, she turned away, and Albert rushed from the spot, wandering about at a distance, until at length he saw that girlish form emerge into the clear moonlight. Then he turned and walked in silence by her side, until they reached the garden-gate; he opened it, and she passed in, and was soon again within the house which she had left a brief time ago, a happy, joyous girl, unconscious of the blow that was to crush her fair young hopes.

"Albert took leave of his kind entertainers at an early hour of the following day. He longed to see Effie, if but for a moment, before his departure, but was told that she had a nervous headache, and could not leave her room. After lingering till the stage came to the door, in the vain expectation of being able to bid her adieu, he snatched up a pen and wrote,

"Effie, farewell; I am going now—will you forgive me, and pray for me when I am far away?"

"This brief farewell note he despatched to Effie's room, and in a moment received her answer, traced in trembling characters,

"Farewell, forever! Effie has nothing to forgive, but she will pray for you always. Farewell, and heaven protect you on your journey."

"Thus they parted. Albert began his homeward journey with saddened spirits, but he schooled his mind to the hard task of forgetfulness, and when he pressed his blushing Ada to his heart, it was with an affection pure and devoted as he had vowed to her, though shorn of a portion of its boyish fervency. They were married. Ada, though she possessed not the rare accomplish-

ments nor heroic nature of Effie, was a tender and devoted wife, and she never perceived any diminution of her husband's earnest regard, nor felt a pang which his solicitude and care could avert.

"Several happy years went by. Then the death of Albert's mother brought sorrow to that peaceful dwelling. Ada had loved her adopted mother with more than a daughter's tenderness, knowing that she had no natural claim to the kindness which had been lavished on her in the home that had received her in the desolation of her orphanage. During the long illness of old Mrs. Morris, no persuasion could induce her to remit her zealous attendance by the death-bed, but when all was over, exhausted by her unaccustomed exertions, added to her own grief and sympathy for her husband's filial sorrow, her health gave way, and for a long time medical skill and assiduous care seemed unavailing.

"Albert tended his suffering Ada with a tender and unwearying devotedness, which her friends and servants still love to expatiate on; and he was rewarded by seeing the faint glow of returning health adorn her wan and death-like countenance. At length she was pronounced entirely out of danger, and he felt no uneasiness on leaving home to attend to business of consequence which had already been too much neglected. He would be absent only two days, and he left her with many tender adieus, and cautions to be careful of her returning strength, and to expect him back on the third day. He returned at the appointed time—returned to find his wife dying. A rumor of a fearful railroad accident had reached one of the servants, who thoughtlessly rushed to her mistress with the dreadful intelligence, coupled with her own belief, that 'that was the very train Mr. Morris went by.' The shock was too great for the delicate invalid, and she lived only long enough to be comforted by seeing her beloved husband return in safety to his home. She died, and he mourned her death with a grief of which she was worthy.

"Two years have passed since her decease, and it is to Albert's marriage with Effie that I am now invited. They never met during the years that followed their painful separation, and only a few months since my cousin told me all the circumstances I have related, asking my opinion of the purpose he had begun to entertain of renewing his acquaintance with Effie, who he had heard was still living unmarried at her uncle's. I answered that I thought it was due both to himself and her that he should do so; and it appears that his opinion coincided with mine. And now, girls, I have finished my narrative;

have I not shown sufficient cause why Bessie should change her opinion of second marriages?"

"Yes, you have; she must make an exception in favor of your cousin and his lady fair," exclaimed Kate and Fanny; and Bessie joining in their merriment, frankly admitted that she would make no objection to the contemplated wedding, but wished the happy pair all possible happiness, as she thought they merited. Mrs. Danville expressed her appreciation of the ready concession and kind wishes.

"But you have not finished the story, after all, Florence; tell us how the match was made up at last, and all that."

"Inquisitive Kate! Well, I will try to find out the particulars, and give them as the concluding chapter of my story at our next meeting."

Their next meeting was at Newport, where the sisters on reaching the hotel were rejoiced by the unexpected presence of their cousin Florence. As soon as the first glad greetings had been exchanged, they asked for news of the bridal, which Florence had refrained from giving in her letters to them.

"Oh, the bride and groom are fine," said she, glancing around the parlor; "yes, there they are—let me introduce you." And leading the way to a fine-looking man standing beside a lady, whom at first glance they recollected as *Miss Rivers*, the sisters were formally presented to *Mr. and Mrs. Clinton*. Kate and Fanny not having much "power of face," showed their astonishment, but Bessie retained her usual self-possession, taking revenge by bantering Florence on the first opportunity on her "very clever attempt at romance making."

"Nay, but it was the plain, unadorned truth I gave you," laughed Florence; "only I took some liberty with the names of the parties, not much either, for Effie was Mr. Rivers' pet name for his niece, and my cousin's full name is Albert Morris Clinton."

"But the concluding chapter of your true story," said Kate.

"Yes, I promised to give it, but as you know the denouement, of what interest would be the details of the renewal of their acquaintance. It was brought about by a letter from Albert to Mr. Rivers, informing him of previous circumstances, and soliciting his permission to address Effie. The old gentleman willingly assented, and thus in the usual matter-of-fact way was the match made up. Charles and I were of the favored few who witnessed the marriage, and came on to Newport with the happy pair. Now, candidly, Bessie, what do you think of the 'frisky old widower' and his second bride?"



“Just what I thought at first,” was the gay reply. “I retract my former retraction, since I have discovered the cheat you practised upon us.”  
 But, notwithstanding this assertion, Bessie and Effie (as she was still called) were soon warm friends, and the former was often bantered by her well-pleased cousin and sisters, on the propriety of sometimes “changing an opinion.”

## NIAGARA.

BY J. E. REDMAN.

THERE may be spots made brighter by the sun,  
 Lovelier by beauty, and more glad by mirth;  
 And holier hours perhaps have leave to run,  
 In some blest place, the silentest of earth!  
 But what of this? and what is all their worth  
 Compared with thee, thou monument of time!  
 Where the remembered ages trace their birth,  
 And unremembered here, with sculptured line  
 Bespeaks thy early age, by chronicle sublime.

Grandeur's enthroned supremely on thy brow,  
 Beauty is painted o'er thy sunlit height;  
 Terror majestic in thy depth—yet thou  
 Sublimely fearless in subjected might,  
 As leapeth gladly forth thy waters bright,  
 'Mid angry surges and perpetual foam;  
 Where hour by hour we gaze with new delight,  
 As rolls thy flood magnificently on,  
 Whose roar as ocean's roar, when troubled with a  
 storm.

Thy voice hath hush'd to sleep the eagle's young,  
 Thy voice the startled deer hath heard afar;  
 Thy voice methinks unearthly hymns have sung,  
 Unto the Pleiades, and every star  
 Rolling in Northern Hemisphere its car.  
 We know thou breath'st on earth thy strains  
 divine,  
 And sweet to mortal ear such murmurs are:  
 Whilst devout pilgrims journey to thy shrine,  
 Another Mecca there, or holier, Palestine.

From the remotest bound of earth they come,  
 Worn with the distance they have travelled o'er:  
 And when their pilgrimage at length is done,  
 Thy bosom thrills with joy unfelt before;  
 And lingers long, to silently adore  
 The hand divine which poured thy matchless flood,  
 And taught thy voice to echo back the roar  
 Of the vast sea, in language understood;  
 Deep calling unto deep proclaim their Maker good.

When first the savage trembling gazed on thee,  
 Whose slow approach bespoke a child-like fear;  
 Awe and devotion strove for mastery,  
 But, neither in their turn produced a tear  
 From tearless eyes—a stoic even here.  
 Yet with a yell of joy, which wildly rang,  
 Amid thy thunder hymn, still breathing there;  
 In unharmonious strains thy grandeur sung,  
 And he thy earliest bard, since time's bright work  
 begun.

Thou art of earth, yet seemest as Heavenly fair,  
 'Mid the enduring rocks which wall thy home;  
 And viewless seraphs come and linger here,  
 To list the melodies of thy deep tone  
 As breathes the harp of ages in its moan.  
 Majestic emblem there of endless power,  
 Which framed all things invisible or known,  
 Which shall alone survive thee and the hour  
 When worlds shall be dissolved, and death earth's  
 only dower.

## “WHITHER THOU GOEST I WILL GO.”

BY MARY E. DAWLEY.

LIKE Ruth, in earnest faith and love,  
 I'll follow where you lead;  
 Her faith could not my own surpass,  
 Her love, my love exceed.  
 I cannot fear if thou art near,  
 I cannot grieve with thee,  
 Then, through the changeful scenes of life,  
 I'll joyful go with thee.  
 Why should I stay when thou wert gone,  
 The sunshine of my life?  
 How could I bear to meet alone,  
 The conflict and the strife?

WITH thy strong arm on which to lean,  
 I'll bravely dare my lot;  
 For where thou art is joy to me,  
 But grief where thou art not.  
 I go with thee—thy woes are mine,  
 Thy pleasures make my joy—  
 No change can shake my trust in thee,  
 No time my love destroy.  
 Content with thee life's path I'll tread,  
 And it's my earnest prayer,  
 That where thy form in death is laid,  
 I, too, may slumber there.

## THE EDITOR IN HIS SANCTUM; OR, A VISIT FROM JEREMY SHORT.

A FAMILIAR CHAT ABOUT EQUESTRIANISM, THE BABY SHOW IN OHIO, COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS,  
LOST CHILDREN, KISSING BRIDES, MARRYING IN GENERAL, "KNOW NOthings,"  
MAGAZINES, "I CAN'T AFFORD IT," DRESS, &c. &c.

EDITOR.—Can I believe my eyes? Is this really my old friend, Jeremy Short?

JEREMY SHORT, Esq.—The very same. Hale and hearty, though seventy-four to-morrow; and still able to walk ten miles daily, or ride a thorough-bred.

EDITOR.—It's been so many years since I had seen you, that I began to fear you were dead, especially as I hadn't been honored with a line from you. But give me your hat and cane. Take my arm-chair. How's Beechen Grove?

JEREMY.—It never looked more beautiful than in this autumn weather. The trees were just beginning to turn when I left; the sunsets were gorgeous; and the distant mountains looked as if steeped in purple wine. I came to town to see your State Fair.

EDITOR.—What did you think of it?

JEREMY.—Capital, sir, capital. The display of flowers reminded one of dreams of Paradise. The cattle were magnificent. As a farmer, which I'm proud to be—

EDITOR.—A gentleman farmer—

JEREMY.—No, sir, a farmer simply is what I aim to be, for it's the noblest and grandest of all occupations: as a farmer, I say, I was charmed with those grand, broad-backed fellows, worthy to bear off new Europas, whom I saw in almost every other stall.

EDITOR.—And the horses?

JEREMY.—They were very fine. Not quite such a display as at Springfield though.

EDITOR.—We have been laughing here at the prizes awarded to the saddle horses. The judges seemed to know as much about true horsemanship as a bull does about the fine-arts. They awarded the first prize to a poor, almost worthless beast, because it racked, passing over several splendid animals, trained to all the figures of the *menage*. They told one gentleman, who has nearly the most perfectly broken saddle horse in the United States, when he was exhibiting what his steed could do, that "they didn't want to see such fancy work; what was his pace?" They could understand trotting in two forty, with a pull of a ton on the driver's hands, but not a

delicate mouth, fine action, changing foot, the *passee*, or aught else worthy of the good old days of horsemanship, when knights and cavaliers caroled their mettled steeds at tournaments, or backed them at full trot to the ends of the lists, after having been crowned by the fair hands of the queen of beauty.

JEREMY.—Ha! ha! ha! Veritable Dogberrys in the judgment seat. But fine horsemanship is a rare thing now. It was not so when I was young; and in my father's days, every gentleman broke his own steed. Alas! for the good old times.

EDITOR.—*Hard* riding is not *good* riding. People seem to think, in these times, that if one can keep his seat, and perhaps leap a fence, he is a great horseman—

JEREMY.—That's only the A. B. C. of horsemanship.

EDITOR.—Exactly. Yet I could tell you some queer tales about people, who, because they can do this, sneer at that perfect horsemanship, which reduces even the highest mettled barb to an obedient machine.

JEREMY.—Not better ones than I could. I was at a watering-place awhile this summer, for example, where a lady was staying who rode a thorough-bred broken *a la Baucher*. One morning, while her cavalier was waiting for his horse to be brought to the door, she mounted in advance, and began backing the steed and putting him through the figures of the *menage*. While doing this, a gentleman came along on horse-back; and apparently one who thought himself an admirable Crichton. Seeing the lady's horse going sideways, caracoling and backing, he thought she was unable to manage him, and stopping called out for her "to give the beast his head and perhaps it would follow his animal." Ha! ha! There's a horseman for you. Faith! he was almost competent to have been one of your judges. He was certainly, "a senseless and fit" man for the office.

EDITOR.—Ah! don't be too hard on them, Jeremy. Talking of fairs, have you read the accounts of the "Baby Show" in Ohio?

JEREMY.—Nothing but the simple award of the premiums. How I should have liked to have been there!

EDITOR.—I saw the several prizes, when they were exhibited in this city. But (*taking up a newspaper*) let me read you this account, written on the spot: it brings the scene up vividly: and next to having been there is hearing this. "The tent," says the reporter, "presented a novel, amusing and interesting sight. The mothers and nurses were seated and had the 'little darlings' all ready for inspection, that is as near ready as could be. To see so many babies together was novel; to note the maternal efforts to present them in the best mood, was amusing, and to gaze upon their innocent faces and purest of charms was certainly interesting. There sat a mother, her eyes directed alternately on the judges and on a little cherub which lay in her lap. By her sat another, holding up proudly a lovely little girl, whose flaxen curls and sweet blue eyes would soften the heart of the greatest baby-hater in Christendom. Next to her a nurse was endeavoring to quiet a stout, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked 'one year old,' who insists on pulling the jet black ringlets of another one about its own age. One lady points with pride to the chubby legs of her darling boy, while another glowingly refers to the delicate, but well-formed features of her sweet babe. One boasted of having the largest of its age; another of the smallest and smartest. Some of the babies seemed to feel their importance on this occasion, and, in spite of the most earnest entreaties, would be in mischief and keep up a continued noise. Others appeared unwilling to 'believe their eyes,' and lay quietly in their mother's arms, watching the proceedings with apparent interest, whilst others insisted on hiding their innocent faces in their mother's bosoms, as if they knew their refuge was there! Then the expressions which fell on one's ears! 'Tome to mudder's arms, mudder's little pet.' 'Oh! you darling 'ittle toad!' 'Bless its 'ittle heart, it shall have some tandy.' 'Tot, tot to Baridy-boss, on its mamma's 'ittle hoss.' 'Stan' up, muzzer's 'ittle pet.' 'Its sweet, so it is, mudder knows it is.' 'Dump if it wants to, tause it tan dump.' 'Tiss mamma now, wont it tiss mamma?' 'Bouncoety bounce, bouncoety bounce.' 'Now what a naughty boy, see, the gentlemen are coming.' 'That's a good baby—nurse can tame its hair, an' it don't try a bit' 'Sweetie, sweetie, mother's sweet,' and an hundred more just such expressions." And no wonder, Jeremy, for there were one hundred and thirty-seven babies entered for exhibition.

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JEREMY.—(*rising*) I fear I encroach too much on your precious time. Pray, proceed with what you were doing: examining this pile of newspapers, wasn't it?

EDITOR.—Yes! I have about fifteen hundred exchanges, and I make it a point to look over them all personally.

JEREMY.—An instructive task I should think. Country newspapers do not get justice done to them generally: for in many respects they are more worthy than the mammoth weeklies of our great cities.

EDITOR.—You speak truly. I have often thought that a capital article for the Magazine might be made, almost every day, out of materials taken at random from the exchanges received by the last mail.

JEREMY.—A brilliant idea. Suppose we try it now.

EDITOR.—With all my heart.

JEREMY.—Here's something to begin with. At a glance I see that it is one of the dramas of real life which are transacting daily about us, and which excel the highest wrought fiction in interest and pathos. It is the story of a child, lately lost in the woods, in one of the interior counties of your state. "On Saturday morning, of last week," says the McKean Citizen, "a little girl some three years old, daughter of H. McCabe, of this town, started with her oldest brother to drive away the cows. The little boy after sending his sister home through the woods, went off to play and did not return until three o'clock, P. M. The parents, supposing the girl with her brother, remained unconcerned until his return, when the truth (awful truth to a parent's mind) came upon them, that their child was lost in the woods. Rapid search was made by the almost frantic and sorrow-stricken mother till evening, when, the father returning, the neighborhood was rallied, and the woods, for a limited distance, were searched, but in vain. No trace or track could be found. The search was continued during the night with torches, but without success. It was dark and rainy. The mother became wild and frantic. Morning came—but with it no child. Early on Sabbath our village was summoned for assistance. Never was call so cheerfully and heartily responded to. Everybody that was able to travel was on the ground at eight o'clock. Lines were formed with men so close that not a foot of ground could be passed unnoticed. The line consisted of near three hundred persons. The woods in which the child was supposed to be, were some two miles through from east to west, and about thirty miles from north to south. This body of men made one search

through, and were making another still further south, when the child was found. When first discovered, she stood by the side of a large berry patch, quite unconcerned, where she had evidently been picking and eating. Never before did we hear such shouts as resounded through these dense woods, from one end of the line to the other. Horns were blown, guns were fired, and all kinds of demonstrations of joy were manifested. Almost in an instant, scores had gathered around the child, all anxious to see the lost one. Never shall we forget the look of that father as he gazed upon his once lost treasure. Eagerly seizing her and impressing a kiss upon her cheek, he knelt down amidst the gazing crowd, with hands and eyes uplifted to heaven, exclaiming from the bottom of his heart, and with feelings that brought tears to all eyes, 'God Almighty bless you all—Amen.' A runner was immediately despatched to the mother, with news that the child was found alive. Her joy was unspeakable, yet for hours after the child was restored to her, she was strangely wild."

EDITOR.—Little darling!

JEREMY.—I'll not apologize for having had to stop and wipe my eyes; and it does honor to your heart that you also shed tears. After all, cynics may abuse human nature as they please, but the manner in which neighbors turn out, when a child is lost on the mountains, shows that the diviner element still burns in man. Thank God for it!

EDITOR.—(After a pause.) Here is a capital story in the humorous vein. I read from an Alabama journal. "In the days when we were young"—editors, you know, always speak in the plural—"we made one of a happy throng of youngsters, who, after having spent a delightful afternoon in the various duties and amusements usually incident to an old-fashioned 'Quilting in the Country'—such as rolling up, toteing water, threading needles, &c.—found themselves with the quilt out, the room cleared and swept, the chairs all placed against the walls, and everything in readiness for a regular quilting frolic. Our party, in addition to the boys and girls, included several married persons, some older and some younger, most of whom had just dropped in to see the young folks enjoy themselves, and to partake of the creature comforts which usually constitute an important feature in the programme on such occasions. But among them was John B—— and his newly wedded wife, the latter of whom, by the by, was scarcely sixteen, and decidedly the prettiest girl in the room. Her husband was a man of about five and twenty, full six feet high, and withal had

the reputation of being the 'best man' in the district, and ready at short notice to prove it, also. After the usual preliminaries in the way of small talk and compliments, just to wear off foolish embarrassment, the order of the evening commenced with the play called 'Contentment,' and many a pawn was paid and faithfully redeemed, not by repeating verses of poetry, standing five minutes with the face to the wall, walking three times around the room blindfolded, or any such tame performances as are commonly practised in the more refined circles of the cities, which only serve to remind one of the better times in the country—but in the primitive way, by good old-fashioned, honest kissing, that sounded out clear and distinct like the cracking of a wagon whip, set the old folks' mouths to watering, and made old Mrs. Deal whisper to Mrs. Skelton that 'she didn't see why a married woman couldn't enjoy plays just as well as single gals; for her part, she didn't see no difference; because she was old, it warn't no reason she shouldn't feel young.' The sport continued for some time, the boys ever and anon slyly peeping at the pretty face of Mrs. B——, and only wishing they could select her as a partner, but restrained by the fear that her stalwart husband might think proper to resent such a liberty with his new bride; in consequence of which latter impression, she was, for the time being, a mere wall-flower. But, meantime, this state of things was observed by John, who, construing this lack of attention to one whom he thought as deserving as any, into a want of proper respect toward his wife, and by reflection toward himself, determined it should no longer pass unnoticed. So, rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said: 'Gentlemen, I've been a-noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I aint half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but——' 'What's the matter, John?' inquired a half a dozen of us. 'What do you mean? Have I done anything to hurt your feelings?' 'Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings; and I've just got this to say about it. Here's every gal in the room been kissed mighty nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single kiss to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time as any gal in the room, the man that alights her has got me to fight—that's all!' If Mrs. B—— was alighted during the balance of the evening, we did not observe it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part."

JEREMY.—Ha! ha! My dear sir, you'll kill me with laughter. The idea of a man being ready to fight, because people wouldn't kiss his wife: and he a bridegroom yet in his honeymoon! Yet I've no doubt it's true, every word of it. Faith! though I'm an old man, I almost wish I had been there.

EDITOR.—You'd have been younger, if you had been there, my old friend; for this happened twenty years ago. Twenty years ago, in the good old days.

JEREMY.—Ah! happy times, which we shall never see again: and *apropos* of them, hear what this editor says. He is deploring the fact that, in our degenerate days, so many women have to remain unmarried, most of whom are thrown on the world to lead a life of penury or vice. "This false state of things," he says, "this increase of bachelordom and old-maidhood is solely owing to the extravagance of the age—to the false training of woman and to the observance, particularly in this country, of an absurd system engendered by avarice, which in most instances forbids the husband receiving a dowry with his wife until after her father's death. This is in fact the main spring of all the evil, which commencing its erratic workings in what is termed the upper classes, gradually descends downward to the most humble." Right, sir, right, (*Editor nods his head approvingly.*) "We will show how it works. The father of a family of daughters, has risen, after years of struggling, to a position of wealth. His daughters are educated in the most finished manner—are highly accomplished, and at a marriageable age they expect to meet with men, ready to take them for their wives; but they have been taught to expect that their husbands will maintain them in the same style they have been used to in their parent's home. They are seen and admired by eligible young men—that is, by young men whose talents and industry have secured to them a sufficient income to support themselves in a gentlemanly manner. These men would be willing to take upon themselves the yoke of matrimony; but they dare not." True as gospel! (*Jeremy stamps his foot energetically as he says this.*) "What are the few thousands of dollars they may possess to the hundreds of thousands possessed by the parents of the ladies? How can it be expected that they should suddenly jump into wealth, which it has taken their elders a life-time to accumulate? And yet they know that not a dollar of this wealth will be disgorged to help the daughter and her husband, after she has left her father's house. The young couple must wait for dead men's shoes, a proverbially uncertain expecta-

tion, and meanwhile the husband at toil and mud the wife must whirl round in the vortex of fashion—as if her husband were already a man of unexhaustable wealth! Is it a wonder that knowing this, the young men of the present age should shrink from the burden of matrimony? The less wealthy copy after their so-called superiors, and the same feeling permeates through all classes of society. Everywhere, except in rare instances, the daughters of the family are educated and trained to expect to support a more fashionable position than the men can afford to maintain them in. It may be said that the man should consider that he possesses a fortune and a jewel in his wife—and should scorn paltry pelf, when it comes in juxtaposition with love. This is all very pretty and poetical; but there is an old, trite and true saying—that 'when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.' In olden times when the aims of our ancestors were less exalted as regards the mere style of living, bachelorhood and old-maidhood were the exceptions to the general rule—now marriage bids fair soon to be the exception. If all young women were married at an early age there would be no need of the outcry we have spoken of—that is, if they would consent to abjure fashion and embrace comfort instead, as their grandmothers did before them; and we confidently assert that the only true remedies for the widely spread evil which leaves so many poor women unprotected and uncared for, to eke out a miserable existence, little short of alarming starvation, is for society to return to the divine and natural law—which bids every man take to himself, as Adam did, at first, a wife. Woman's sphere is essentially different from that of man, and man and woman can only in one way become assimilated."

EDITOR.—There's more sound sense in that article than I've seen in any one, on the same subject, for many a day. Mrs. Stephens would endorse every word of it.

JEREMY.—God bless her! Ah! sir, *she* is a writer, who is an honor to American literature, and, what is better, to human nature itself.

EDITOR.—She never writes a line that can bring a blush to the cheek of beauty, or that even indirectly suggests vice or impropriety. I have seen, however, in other writers, and those quoted by a certain set as moral *par excellence*, the most voluptuous pictures, and such as would have disgraced Sue. I believe, on my soul, that Mrs. Stephens would rather cut off her right hand than pen what she thinks vicious, indelicate, or even coarse.

JEREMY.—And what a story is her "Orphans

from the Alms-House!" Dear uncle Nat, fiery-haired Salina, sweet Mary Fuller:—what a trio! Don't you think it the best novel she has written?

EDITOR.—She has written so many good ones, that I scarcely know to which to award the palm. (*Takes up a newspaper carelessly.*) But excuse me! Jeremy: are you a "Know Nothing?"

JEREMY.—(*With great gravity.*) A "Know Nothing!"—I hope sincerely not. I don't know much, I grant; but to know nothing at all would be disgraceful.

EDITOR.—I mean a political "Know Nothing."

JEREMY.—Oh! of politics I Know Nothing, and never wish to: I vote quietly on election days, as a patriot ought: but I ask no questions of others for conscience sake, and suffer none to be asked of me.

EDITOR.—Well, neither am I a politician, nor do I allow politics to be talked in this *sanctum*, much less inserted in the Magazine, which, as a lady's periodical, has no right to discuss such subjects.

JEREMY.—No more right than a man has to talk politics in a friend's parlor, which is about the worst bit of ill manners of which a gentleman can be guilty.

EDITOR.—We agree, I see. So, as you won't think I'm talking politics, but only reading a good joke to you, about a husband who went to a "Know Nothing" Lodge—listen. "Mrs. Soberly," says the Waterville Mail, "went to bed precisely at nine o'clock, thinking it passing strange that her good man had not made his appearance just ten minutes before. Of course he would be home in a minute and a half, or two minutes at furthest, and so Mrs. Soberly left a lamp burning on the hall table. There it burnt and burnt—but she must tell her own story, as she told it next morning to her confidential friends: 'Well, there the lamp burnt and burnt, till as near as I can guess, 'twas well nigh on to ten o'clock, and that man hadn't come! What to make on't I didn't know no mor'n the dead—for he hadn't never been out so before, since the time they had such a fuss about the Aroostook war. Twan't no use to speak to the children, for they wouldn't know, and so after I had waited till I couldn't wait no longer, I bounced out of bed, and down stairs I went. I went right into the buttery and raised the window toward Mr. Blank's, and says I, 'Mrs. Blank!' In a minute I heard her jump out of bed and raise the window—and says she, 'Why, Mrs. Soberly, what on earth's the matter?' 'Matter?' says I—speaking low because I didn't want any body to hear—'matter! Mrs. Blank, do tell me if you have seen anything of my husband?'

'Your husband!' says she, 'you didn't suppose I'd got him, did you?' and then speaking almost in a whisper, says she, 'Look here—what on earth does this mean? have you seen anything of my husband?' Then we both begun to think something *had* happened, certainly, and in about two minutes I was dressed and over to Mrs. Blank's. Well, we concluded to step over to Mr. Quiet's, and start him out for a search; but we hadn't got half way across the street, talking along, when we heard the window shove up, and Mrs. Quiet, says she, 'Who's there?' Says I, 'It's me.' 'Well,' says she, 'do for pity's sake, tell me if you have seen anything of my husband?' Now wasn't here a pretty pickle? Well, to make a long matter short, we went up that street clear to the school-house, and back on t'other side, and not a woman did we find but what was wondering *what had become of her husband?* Well, just as we got to our gate, who should we see there but my husband and Mr. Blank! 'Mr. Soberly,' says I, a little spunky, 'will you just tell me what all this means?' 'What it means,' says he, just as cool as if nothing had happened—'well, Mrs. Soberly—ahem—I should be very glad to gratify you, if I could, but the truth is—ahem—that I don't Know Nothing about it!' Well, from that time to this, I go to bed when I get ready, without asking any questions; and if I find Mr. Soberly there in the morning, that's all I care for—for I'd just give him to know that I'm as good a *Know Nothing* as he is."

JEREMY.—Capital! What fun some of those country editors have.

EDITOR.—Yes! and a humor often, in applying stories, that reminds me of Franklin. Here, for instance, is the way the editor of the Newberry Sentinel, a Carolinian paper, illustrates the folly of trying to escape unavoidable evils, and inculcates the superior wisdom of making the best of them at once. "We remember," he says, "to have heard an anecdote of a man in the upper portion of Georgia, and who had never been beyond the confines of his native state. He was a member of the Baptist church, and an excellent man too, but was worried almost out of his life by a very fussy brother of his church, by the name of Johnson, who it seems was always preferring charges against some one. Vexed to distraction, he left to seek a more quiet place. Here he found a *Johnson*. He went to Savannah, to Charleston; in each of these places he found *Johnsons*. In disgust he made for Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York; here again he found, after stopping awhile, *Johnsons*. Fretted and vexed, he concluded to go to a celebrated minister

in New York, and confer with him. He did so, and after stating his troubles, the minister calmly said to him: 'My dear brother, go back home and make yourself quiet, for there are *Johnsons* in every part of the world.' Now, isn't that like old Ben?

JEREMY.—Yes! And here's something good, though in a different way. I read from one of your Pennsylvania exchanges: it's an excellently pithy lecture to young ladies. "A friend of ours who had been long absent," says the editor, under the head of *How To Dress*, "returned recently, and called upon two beautiful young ladies of his acquaintance. One came quickly to greet him in the neat, yet not precise attire, in which she was performing her household duties. The other, after the lapse of half an hour, made her stately appearance, in all the paraphernalia of starch and ribbons with which, on the announcement of his entrance, she had bedecked herself. Our friend, who was long hesitating in his choice between the two, now hesitated no longer. The cordiality with which the first hastened to greet him, and the charming carelessness of her attire, entirely won his heart. She is now his wife. Young ladies, take warning from the above, and never refuse to see a friend because you have on your wash-gown. The true gentleman will not think less of you because he finds you in the performance of your duties."

EDITOR.—My popular contributor, Ellen Ash-

ton, ought to have known that incident. What a story she would have made of it!

JEREMY.—Ah! but you're a lucky man; for your contributors are all good; and as varied in their several walks as it is possible for contributors to be. The ladies, up our way, always read your Magazine first. Indeed, some of the others they never read at all, but look at the pictures and then give them to "baby" to tear up. You are going to have—let me tell you in your ear—treble the list from our town you had last year. Some ladies said, at first, that they couldn't afford to subscribe to any Magazine for next year; but the post-master told them that yours was just the thing for them, as it gave as much for two dollars as others gave for three: "if you want to economize," he said, "take Peterson's, or, in fact, take Peterson's whether or no as the best of all." And I endorsed what he said, (*Jeremy briskly emphasizes his words, striking the floor with his cane, which he has taken up.*) for I happened to be at the post-office getting my letters.

EDITOR.—Thank you! Thank you! But I'll promise you, and all others of our friends, that your kindness shall not be thrown away. We'll surprise you, Jeremy, next year: such a Magazine as we'll have was never seen! Excuse this word about myself. You'll dine with me of course: and it's now about the hour. (*They both go out.*)

## SPORTS OF ZEPHYR.

BY C. W. WHOLEY.

It fluttered forth, the gentle thing,  
At calm, still eventide,  
And playful dipt its tireless wing,  
In waters from that magic spring  
Which youth to hoary age can bring;

Then over heather hied,  
Disporting in its headlong way,  
Like spirits romping regions gay.

As down the verdant vale it swept,  
And softly forward stole,  
It near an opening flower crept,  
And while the fragrant creature slept,  
And bending pearly dew-drops wept,  
Imbided its little soul;  
Then left it there alone to bloom,  
And sorrow for its lost perfume.

It wandered slowly forward now,  
With fragrance from the rose,

And kissed the infant on its brow,  
Its forehead pure and white as snow,  
And showed the watching nurses how  
To lull it to repose,  
And make its sunny features smile,  
With pleasure free from every guile.

It sought the sinless, sleeping girl,  
As lost in dreams she lay,  
And sported with her auburn curl,  
And made it gently circling whirl,  
About her features white as pearl,  
Then softly stole away,  
Explored the liquid fields above,  
And left the maiden dreams of love.

And as it swiftly onward bent,  
It touched with fairy hand  
The harp which thrilling music sent,  
And to the scene enchantment lent,

That to all pensive listeners went,  
As strains from spirit land,  
And moonbeams spread upon the tree,  
Appeared to dance in wildest glee.

It shook the flowery rose that stood  
Beneath the window-sill,  
Before it sought the dark old wood,  
To range out there in solitude,  
Along the wildly dashing flood,  
And sweetly chiming rill,  
And mellow odors pure and sweet,  
Fell blending at its playful feet.

It went where limpid waters drip,  
From rocks on mountains high,  
And softly gave its wing one dip,  
To cool the brow and fevered lip  
Of those who nothing fresh can sip,  
And are about to die:  
It fanned them with its balmy breath,  
And softer made the pangs of death.

It dressed in light and airy plume  
Among the willow trees,  
And played around the silent tomb,  
Wherever palest flowers bloom,  
And sought to drive away the gloom  
With playful melodies,  
And make the cypress shake its head,  
The living placed among the dead.

It swept the broad and tranquil lake,  
That held another blue,  
And scattered from the reedy brake,  
The hard and thirsty ground to slake,  
And gems on flower-crowns to make,  
The soft, refreshing dew;  
Then stole the tall old trees between,  
As though to view some other scene.

It left the gloomy woodland then,  
And all its prospects fair,  
The mountains and the shady glen,  
And sought the bustling lawn again,  
To soothe some old, decrepid men,  
And float their hoary hair:  
They felt their ardent youth revive,  
Their bosoms swell to mirth alive.

It left the quiet dreaming dell  
To sport upon the sea,

Where heaving billows rose and fell,  
And nymphs that in its caverns dwell,  
Their tales of wild adventure tell  
In chiming melody:  
It went the fearless tar to seek,  
And words of home and kindred speak.

It crept the flapping sails between,  
And made the sailor dream  
Of home and many childish scene,  
Among the hills and woodlands green,  
With Heavens bent above serene,  
And mirrored by the stream;  
But where the buried sailor slept,  
It lingered long and sadly wept.

It went and softly swept around  
The gloomy prison cell,  
The pale and ghastly convict found,  
And strove with soft and balmy sound,  
Like those that in the woods resound,  
Its pleading tale to tell,  
Of home and childhood's happy hours,  
Of groves, and glens, and leafy bowers.

The convict heard its gentle tone,  
As when he was at home,  
And roving down the valleys lone,  
Where pearly dew was sparkling sown,  
No thoughts but those of truth did own,  
Nor thought with crime to roam;  
When artless as the sighing breeze  
His voice rang out its merry glees.

He heard the gently rustling leaf,  
In fancy's magic ear,  
And happy homes in green relief  
Appeared unto the hardened thief,  
And then he dropt, in violent grief,  
His first repentant tear,  
And Zephyr seeing how he wept,  
Still softer, nearer to him crept.

His first repentance sweetly came  
On Zephyr's soothing wing,  
And now with sense of deepest shame,  
Of ruined hopes and blasted fame,  
He kneeled and called upon the name  
Of earth's Redeeming King.  
The Zephyr then in sweet beguile,  
Regained its home to rest awhile.

## GOING TO THE PANTOMIME.

BY CATHERINE ALLAN.

'Tis Christmas week, the sky is bleak,  
The ground is white with rime,  
But what cares Rose, for lo! she goes  
To see the Pantomime.

There Columbine, and Harlequin,  
Make laughter all the time.  
Once in the year, we'll have good cheer,  
And see the Pantomime!



## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

### I.

A GREAT battle had been fought. Thousands had been wounded, and hundreds slain.

In many a once happy home, the newspaper, that brought intelligence of the victory, was the harbinger of tears and despair.

It was so to the family circle of Capt. Arundel. A wife, and several lovely children, the last of whom was still in its mother's arms, learned, on that day, that the one had no husband, the other no father. His name appeared prominent among the killed.

For awhile Mrs. Arundel forgot even her babes in her grief. Her despair was so utter that she prayed to die.

Few men, indeed, had realized so fully as husbands, the promise they held out when lovers, as Captain Arundel. Stern when his country's foes were in question, he was all tenderness to his wife. What wonder that she worshipped almost to adoration one so brave, so accomplished, and so superior!

But, in the midst of her agony, she suddenly remembered her children. She snatched the infant to her arms, convulsively strained it to her bosom, and frantically kissed it again and again. "Little dear," she cried, "what would it do without me. No, I must live for its sake."

The tears which followed this burst of emotion probably saved her life.

Gathering her babes about her, she held them in turn to her heart, talked to them of their father, and made them promise to strive to grow up like him. In those first days of grief, this was her only comfort.

### II.

Time passed. The wife and mother had become, in a measure, accustomed to her loss. She felt indeed that there was a void in her heart, which would never be filled; but she no longer prayed for death.

Her whole time was now devoted to her children. She recalled every wish she had heard her husband express relative to the manner of their education, and resolved that it should be her sacred duty to endeavor to fulfil them.

"They shall be in all things like he would

have desired them to be," she said. "That is if I can make them so, which, by God's grace, I hope to do."

Her aged parents came to comfort her in this her great affliction. They determined to abide with her, as well to assist her in her work, as to cheer her by their presence and sympathy.

Early in life, their counsels had sent her to the Bible, as the only solace on earth in the hour of affliction: she had never abandoned this friend; and the reading of the sacred book was now the sole occupation of their leisure. Gathering her little ones about her, she would sit, with her infant in her arms, in the midst of her treasures, while her father perused aloud the inspired pages.

### III.

It was Christmas Eve.

Without, on hill and valley, on land and water, shone the unclouded moon. Within, merry fires crackled and blazed, while happy faces and glad voices abounded.

But the jocund season brought not to Arundel Cottage its usual hilarity. For the orphaned children, for the widowed wife, who walked yet, as it were, in the shadow of death, the holiday revels seemed forevermore impossible.

The Bible lay open on the table. The grand-sire was reading from the beautiful gospel of St. John, and the mother sat, as usual, with her infant at her bosom, and her other little ones clustering about her, when suddenly the door opened, and a tall form entered.

Could it be? Or was it but a wraith? Had the grave given back its dead?

They started to their feet. All but the mother, who putting up her hands, for a moment, incredulously, shrieked as she recognized her husband: and in the next instant was clasped in the arms of the living reality; while the infant, crowing with delight, clung to both parents by turns.

It was, indeed, he. Left for dead on the battle-field, he had been found by kind hands after the army had moved on; had been nursed through a long illness; and finally had reached home in advance of the letters which he wrote to announce his safety, but which had miscarried.

What a Christmas Eve that was! Between smiles and tears, questions and ejaculations of thankfulness, the hours wore on unperceived, until the midnight clock surprised the happy family.

For the wife and mother, the children and grandparents, could scarcely realize that the returned soldier was indeed theirs; that "he that was lost was found," that "he that was dead was alive again."

When, at last, they knelt down to return

thanks to God, before retiring, how every heart swelled with gratitude at the happiness vouchsafed to them. How they commiserated others who still wept without hope.

This was forty years ago.

War is again desolating the nations. Let us hope that other mourning families may yet drink life and joy in the return of a father and husband, instead of the bitter waters of Marah they have been quaffing since the news of the last great battle.

## BENEATH THE BEECHEN TREE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

'Tis vesper hour, and I have sought  
Our favorite beechen tree,  
Where first you blushed and trembled when  
I breathed my love for thee.  
Our sweet star, like a jewel hung  
On beauty's throbbing breast,  
Has kindled its soft fire, and smiles  
Upon me from the West.

The crimson colored clouds that droop  
Around the blushing day,  
Grow sombre 'neath the night's dark wing,  
And slowly steal away;  
And in their stead, the fair young moon,  
Just trembling into light,  
Comes softly forth, and hangs her bow  
Upon the brow of night.

I love this hour—but I am sad,  
Beneath the beechen tree;  
For all things gently whisper now  
Of thee, dear love—of thee.  
The flowers blushing at my feet—  
The streamlet's dreamy tone—  
The wooing winds among the leaves—  
All tell me, I'm alone.

But what bright vision caught my glance—  
'Tis she, I know full well,  
Whose white robe flutters through the trees,  
Along the shady dell.  
I see her now—wooed by the breeze,  
Her tresses darkly flow,  
And fall upon her brow so fair,  
Like shadows on the snow.

Her step, so full of winning grace,  
Falls softly as the dew;  
While envious zephyrs strive to kiss  
Her cheek of pale rose hue:  
With face all dimpled o'er in smiles,  
And eyes so dark and bright,  
She steals upon me like a dream  
Of exquisite delight!

Dost wonder that the night is filled  
With fairy music now,  
As to my heart I clasp that form,  
And press that girlish brow?  
Ah, vainly did our own sweet star  
Shed its soft ray on me—  
Without thine eyes, my love, 'twas dark  
Beneath the beechen tree!

## AMERICA.

BY DI VERNON.

My country, my country, how fair are thy plains!  
How lordly thy mountains! thy rivers how grand!  
No despotic monarch o'er thy people reigns—  
My country, my country, free, glorious land!

I love thee, I love thee, dear land of my birth,  
Thy name alone spoken is sweet to my soul—  
Columbia, my country—the fairest on earth—  
I love thee—nought earthly that love can control.

Yon tower in the distance thy banner displays,  
So gracefully waving abroad on the breeze;  
That "Star-Spangled Banner" now greeting my gaze  
Is seen in all climes—and waves far o'er the seas.

The flag of my country in triumph displayed,  
My heart beateth proudly whenever I see—  
Its stars shine unceasing—its colors ne'er fade—  
Fling, fling out thy banner! dear "land of the free!"

# THE ORPHANS FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 272.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"MOTHER!"

"My son, don't speak so loud; you quite make me start; and with these delicate nerves you know a shock is quite dreadful—why don't you say mamma, softly, with the pure French pronunciation, and an Italian tone. 'Mother!' I did hope, after travelling so many years, that you would have forgotten the word."

"No, mother; I have not lost the dear old English of that word, and pray God that I never may. Still more do I hope never to lose that respect, that affection, which should make the name of mother a holy word to every son."

"My dear son, don't you understand that affection uttered in vulgar language loses its—its—yes, its perfume, as I may express it. Now there is something so sweet in the word mamma, so softly paternal—in short, I quite hear you cry from your little crib with its lace curtains, when you utter it."

"Mother, let us be serious a moment."

"Serious, my child. What on earth do you want serious?"

"Mother!" and here young Farnham took a paper from his pocket and held it sternly before his mother's face.

"What is this? Did you authorize the purchase of these claims against the helpless old man and woman down yonder?" he said.

Mrs. Farnham turned her head aside, and taking a crystal flask from the table before her, refreshed herself languidly with its perfume.

"Did you authorize *this*, madam?" cried the young man, impatiently, dashing one hand against a paper that he held in the other. "This purchase, and after that the seizure of the old man's property? I must have an answer."

"Dear me, how worrying you are," answered the lady, burying the pale wrinkles of her forehead in the lace of her handkerchief; "how can I remember all the orders with regard to a property like ours."

"But do you remember *this*?"

"Why, no, of course I don't," cried the lady, with a flush stealing up through her wrinkles, as

the miserable falsehood crept out from her heart; "of course the man did it all on his own account."

What do I know about business?"

The young man looked at her sternly. She had not deceived him, and a bitter thought of her utter unworthiness made the proud heart sink in his bosom.

"Mother," he said, coldly, and with a look of profound sorrow, "whoever has been the instigator, this is a cruel act: but I have prevented the evil it would have done."

"You prevented it, how?" cried the mother, starting to her feet, white with rage, and all the languor and affection forgotten in the burst of malicious surprise, that trembled on her thin lips, and gave to her pale, watery eyes the expression, without the brilliancy, that we find in those of a trodden serpent. "What have you done, I say?"

"I found the money!"

Mrs. Farnham sat down, and remained a moment gazing on the calm, severe face of the youth, with her bony hand clenched upon the folds of her morning dress, and her foot moving impetuously up and down on the carpet, as if she panted to spring up and rend him to pieces.

The youth had evidently witnessed these paroxysms of rage before, for he bent his eyes to the ground as if the sight awoke some old pain, and turning quietly, seemed about to leave the room.

"You have done this without consulting me—countermanded my orders, defeated my object—how like you are to your father, now."

The last words were uttered with a burst of spite, as if they contained the very essence of bitterness, the last drop in the vials of her wrath.

The youth turned and lifted his eyes, full of sorrowful sternness, to her face. "Then you did—you did!" He paused, and his lips began to tremble under unuttered reproach that sprang up from his heart.

"Yes," cried the woman, weak in everything but her malice, "yes, then, I did order it done—these people have tormented me enough with their miserable old house, always before my eyes,

and that old ugly face staring at me as I go to church. I tell you they shall leave the neighborhood, or I will. Give me the papers."

The youth lifted his eyes and regarded her sternly.

"They are cancelled, madam, and torn to ribbons, that our name might not be disgraced."

"Torn to pieces?"

"In a thousand pieces, madam. I would have ground them to dust, if possible."

"You shall answer for this," cried the baffled woman, and with that sort of weak ferocity which is so repulsive, she sat down and began to cry.

The young man drew close to her chair, for though his whole soul recoiled from sympathy with her, he forced himself to remember that she was his mother and in tears.

"Why do you dislike these old people so much?" he urged, with an attempt at soothing her.

"Because *he* liked them!" she answered, dashing his proffered hand aside; "because his low tastes followed him to the last; he was always talking of the creature that died the night you were born. He cared more for her to the last, than he ever did for me; and I hate them for it. Now, are you satisfied?"

"Mother, you are talking of things that I do not understand."

"Well, your father was engaged to Anna, the girl that died in the old hovel down yonder; engaged to her when he married me."

"Then my father committed a great wrong?"

"A great wrong! Who ever doubted it, I should like to know? Even to think of her after marrying me—to say nothing of the way he went on—sometimes talking about her in my presence, with tears in his eyes. Once, once, would you believe it, he said—to me—me, his lawful wife, that your eyes—it was when you just began to walk—that my own baby's eyes put him in mind of her."

"I remember so little of my father, nothing in fact, only that he was a fine-looking man, with some grey in his hair, and that I loved to sit on his knee; but it seems hard to believe that he wilfully wronged any one."

"Wilfully! I wish you could have seen him when I, with the proper spirit of a woman, felt it my duty to expostulate with him about his feelings for that creature; how he took me up as if I were to blame for being young and beautiful, and in the store just under his hotel, as if I had some design in standing at the door about meal times, or could help him coming in after collars and cravats afterward, and, and——"

She stopped suddenly, and all the sorrow wrinkles of her face burned with a crimson more

vivid than exposure in the actual commission of a crime would have kindled there; her mean spirit cowered beneath the looks of surprise that her son fixed upon her, as this confession of original poverty escaped her lips.

"I mean, I mean," she stammered, after biting her lips half through in impatient wrath, "that he should want my advice about such things before he was married."

It is a mournful thing when respect becomes a duty impossible to perform. Young Farnham felt this, and again his eyes drooped, while a flush of shame stole over his forehead.

"Well, madam," a woman of more sensitive feelings would have noticed that he did not call her mother, "well, madam, whatever cause of dislike may have been in this case, I cannot regret that all power to harm these old people is now at an end. The notes are cancelled, the money paid to your agent from my own pocket."

"But, you had no right to pay this. You are not yet of age by some months. I will not sanction this extravagance."

"Nay, madam, this money is mine, and was saved from the extravagance that you *did* sanction. I had intended to have purchased a gift for Isabel with it, but am sure that she will be better pleased as it is."

"To Isabel, five hundred dollars to Isabel!" cried the harsh woman. "This is putting a beggar on horseback with a vengeance."

"Hush, madam, I will not listen to this; you know, or might have seen long before this, that the young girl your language insults, will be my future wife."

"Your wife! Isabel Chester *your* wife! A pauper, and the child of a pauper! Say it again, say that again if you dare!" cried the woman, in a whirlwind of passion.

"When you are calmer, madam, I will repeat it, for no truth can be more fixed, but now it would only exasperate you."

"Go on—go on, let me hear it again. It proves the Farnham blood in your veins, always sighing and grovelling after low objects. Go on, sir, I am listening—you intend to make *me* mother-in-law to a pauper; a miserable thing that I took to keep me company, as I would a poodle dog, and dressed and petted just in the same way. Marry her! try it, and I'll make a beggar of *you*!"

"I do not know that you have the power to make me a beggar, madam, but a slave you never shall make me; as for Isabel," he added, with a sorrowful smile on his lips, firing up with something of her own ungovernable anger, "she is at least your equal and mine."

"My equal, the pauper, the—the—oh—oh!"

Insane with bitter passion, the woman stamped her foot fiercely on the floor, and began tearing the delicate lace from her handkerchief with her teeth, laughter and hysterical sobs hissing through them at the same moment.

"Madam, restrain yourself," pleaded the young man, greatly shocked, "I have been to blame, I should have told you of this some other time."

"Never, never," she answered, tearing the handkerchief from her teeth, and dashing it fiercely to the floor. "The miserable Alms-House bird shall leave my roof. I have got her pauper garments yet—would you like to see them?—a blue chambrey frock and checked sun-bonnet—it was all she brought here—and shall be all she takes away."

Again she stamped fiercely with her foot, and menaced her son fiercely with her thin hand. "Send the girl to me, I say?"

"I am here, madam," said Isabel Chester, walking firmly up the room, her cheeks in a blaze of red, and her eyes emitting quick gleams of light. "I am here, madam; I heard every word that you have said," continued the young girl, in a hoarse, low tone. "I am here to take leave of you forever."

"Isabel, Isabel Chester!" exclaimed young Farnham, turning white, and yet with a glow of animation in his fine eyes, "my mother was angry; she would not repeat those offensive words again; she loves you!"

"But I do not love her!" answered the proud girl, regarding the woman whom the world called her benefactress, with a glance of queenly scorn. "Her very kindness, has long been oppressive; her presence almost hateful; now it is entirely so."

"Isabel, Isabel!" exclaimed the young man, "remember she is my mother, and you, beloved, are you not my wife?"

Isabel Chester turned her beautiful eyes upon him, and their proud fire gleamed through the tears that filled them like star-light through the evening mist.

"No!" she answered, in a very low and firm voice, "never will I become the wife of that woman's son. My very soul recoils from the thought that she who can so insult ever had the power to confer benefits upon me. She is right; I will go forth with the pauper garments in which she found me at first. God has given me health, talent, energy; with his help I will yet repay this lady dollar for dollar, all that she has ever expended on me. I shall never breathe deeply again till this is done."

"This is gratitude, this is just what I expected

from the first," said Mrs. Farnham, applying the mutilated handkerchief to her eyes. "It's enough to sicken one with benevolence forever. This girl, now, that I've educated, taught everything, music, painting, all the ologies and other sciences, see how she has repaid me, after putting herself in the way of my son, and tempting him to degrade himself by marrying her."

Young Farnham started forward and attempted to arrest Isabel, who had turned in proud silence, and was leaving the room.

"Isabel, where are you going?"

She turned, and looking into his anxious eyes, answered,

"Anywhere out of this house, and away from her presence."

"No, no, you shall not do this."

"I must; ask yourself if I could remain here another hour without being in soul what she has called me in name—a pauper."

Farnham paused. Rapid changes, the shadows of many a turbulent thought, swept over his face. Isabel lifted her eyes to his with a look of sorrowful appeal, as if waiting for him to confirm her resolution.

"But where will you go, my Isabel?"

"I have not yet bethought me—but this lady here taught me to respect myself. I have been spending an idle, useless life, dependant on her bounty; and that no human being endowed with health and energy should ever content herself with being. Henceforth I will redeem the past."

"Stay with me, here, my Isabel, stay in your home, but not as a dependant, not subject to any one's caprice. Become my wife, and this day shall you have a right here, holy as any that ever existed!"

"Farnham!" cried the old lady, starting fiercely upon the scene, "remember the difference, remember who she is and who you are!"

"He need not, madam. I remember this. But only to assure myself that in all things I am his equal and yours," answered Isabel. "Do not suppose that I have any of that miserable pride, that would make me reject this noble offer, because in the chances of life he happens to be rich and I poor. I give to wealth no such importance. Human souls should match themselves without trappings, that have nothing to do with their greatness. To say that I will not marry Mr. Farnham because he would give me a legal right to spend wealth, which I have no power to increase, would be to acknowledge a mean reluctance to receive where I would gladly give. No, madam, it is not because I deem myself in any way an unfit wife for Mr. Farnham, that I regret, gratefully regret, his offer, but I

will never enter a family where these things can be supposed to give superiority, never while one of its members rejects me because of my poverty."

"Isabel, Isabel!" exclaimed young Farnham, with a look of distress, "you cannot love me, or this pride would not separate us."

Isabel laid her hand on his arm. Her eyes filled, and her lips began to tremble.

"I *do* love you, heart and soul I love you! but I cannot become your wife. It would be to separate the son from his mother, to grasp at happiness through an act of disobedience!"

"But my mother *will* consent," cried the young man, turning with a look of anxious appeal to Mrs. Farnham, who stood near a window, angrily beating the carpet with her foot.

"You needn't look this way—you needn't expect it. I *never* will give my consent. If Mrs. Farnham's son chooses to marry a pauper, I will never own him again."

Isabel cast one sorrowful look at her lover, and feeling her eyes grow misty as they met his, turned away.

"I will go now," she said, in a hollow voice, and, with a heart that lay heavy and burning like heated lead in her bosom, she left the room.

Young Farnham followed her, pale and anxious.

"Isabel, sweet Isabel, you cannot be in earnest!"

"Miserably in earnest!" she answered, staggering blindly forward, for a faintness crept over her.

He caught her in his arms.

"I knew—I knew it could not be; you have no strength to put this cruel threat into force against me!"

"Don't—oh! don't, I am faint, my heart is breaking—let me go while I can."

She clung to him as she spoke, and rested her head wearily on his shoulder as he strained her closer to his heart.

"Oh, my Isabel, you love me, have told me so now for the first time with the very lips that renounce me forever, You love me, Isabel!"

"You knew it—before this you knew it," she murmured, amid her tears.

"Yes, yes, I felt it; what need has the heart of words. I felt it truly, as now, but the sound is so sweet from your lips, Isabel; say it again."

"Yes, why not, as we shall part so soon. I love you, oh, how much I love you!"

"Then, stay with me."

"No, no!"

"I can and will protect you from every annoyance; stay with me, Isabel!"

"Oh, if I could, if I only could!" cried the young creature, looking wistfully at him.

"You can, you will, my beloved. A little time, a little patience, and all will be well. Come, come, stop crying, my heart aches to see your tears. Be comforted, my life, and say once more that you love me."

"I do, I do!"

"And that you will never leave me?"

She drew a deep, unsteady breath, her eyes began to brighten through their tears; he held her close to his breast, and pressed his lips, quivering with an ecstasy of love, upon her forehead.

"You will stay—you *will* stay!"

She released herself gently from his arms, her eyes were flooded with tenderness, her cheeks lighted up with a glow of joyous shame. With that graceful homage which comes so naturally to the heart of a loving woman, she took his hand and pressed it to her lips, and stood drooping beneath the overflow of tenderness that filled her heart, as a flower stoops on its stock when overloaded with honey dew.

But this beautiful submission did not satisfy him; he encircled her again with his arm.

"Tell me in words, dearest—tell me in words, consenting words, or I shall gather them from your lips."

Blushing and agitated, she attempted to withdraw from his arms, but softly as a bird moves in its nest.

"Speak, Isabel, speak, and promise me!"

Her eyes were filled with tears, and her face burned with blushes; where was her pride, where all her haughty resolutions now? Her lips trembled apart, and the words he coveted trembled upon them—but that instant the door opened and Mrs. Farnham looked through, regarding them with a cold sneer.

Isabel started as if a viper had stung her, tore herself from Farnham's arms, and fled.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN uncle Nathan led his blind nephew into the house, and told aunt Hannah who he was, she grew pallid as a corpse, and when the young man took her hand she began to shiver from head to foot, till the chattering of her teeth was audible in the stillness.

"It is our nephew, little Anna's boy, come to live with us, Hannah."

"To live with us?" she repeated in a hoarse voice.

"Yes," answered uncle Nathan, taking the youth's hand between both his plump palms, and smoothing it caressingly as he would have quieted a kitten, for he felt all the chill that was in her

voice. "Where else should our sister's child make his home?"

"But his father!"

"My father is dead," answered the youth, sadly, "and before he went I was told of all your kindness, how for years your own means of livelihood had been stinted that I might become perfect in music. God deprived me of one sense, but your goodness has almost given me another in this new love of music. I have not wasted your means, aunt, and some day, God willing, may return something of all that you have done for me."

Aunt Hannah listened in silence, but her eyes burned deeply in their sockets, and her hands worked nervously around each other. Happily the blind youth saw nothing of this, or he might have doubted the welcome so expressed.

It was now late in the night, and with anxious haste aunt Hannah turned to a stand, where an iron candlestick supported the end of what had been a tallow candle.

"We are all tired," she said, presenting the candlestick to uncle Nathan. "He can sleep in the spare bed up stairs."

Uncle Nat took the candle and conducted his relative from the room, leaving aunt Hannah standing by the hearth, pale and almost as rigid as marble.

"It will come, it *must* come at last," she muttered, solemnly, and then she began to pace up and down the kitchen with measured strides, with her eyes cast down, and her fingers lashed together as if made of iron. Thus the morning found her, for she did not go to rest that night.

The next day, just before sunset, uncle Nat was enjoying himself as usual in the old porch, while Mary Fuller and the blind youth sat together on the threshold of the door, conversing in low tones between the pauses of an impromptu air which he gave to them in delicious snatches. Behind, in the dark of the kitchen, sat aunt Hannah, gazing over her knitting work at the group. Her hands were motionless upon the needles, and she seemed lost in profound thought. All at once her lips moved, and she muttered,

"Yes, they, too, will love each other, I can see it plainly enough. Poor Mary, it is well that he is blind; but how he turns to her voice, how greedily he listens when she speaks; can the love of childhood revive so suddenly? What do I know of love, but its humiliation and pain—rejected, despised, trampled on!"

Here her hands began to tremble, and she worked her needles for a moment, vigorously, but made another abrupt pause the minute after, and thus her thoughts ran:

"Well, why should they not marry, these two helpless creatures? she is dearer than a child to us, the true-hearted Mary, and he, who could help being good under the care of a father like his? She loves him, I can see it in her eyes, in the quiet humility of her look; she loves him, and he loves her; they will soon find it out, but the others, I must see the young man; what is the use of shrinking, it *must* be?"

Aunt Hannah was disturbed in her reverie by a light step that came through the outer room, followed by the quick opening of a door, and Isabel Chester came in.

Poor Isabel! her eyes sparkled wildly through their tears, her face was flushed, her lips quivering, and the rich masses of her hair hung in waves around her head. Still was she wondrously beautiful, for grief softened a style of loveliness sometimes too brilliant and imperious. In tears, Isabel was always sweet and womanly. She was a being to cherish as well as to admire.

She entered hurriedly, and flinging back the shawl, of mingled colors, that partially covered her head, looked eagerly around.

"Mary, where is Mary Fuller?" she inquired, "I wish to speak with Mary Fuller."

Mary heard her voice and sprang up.

"Oh! Isabel, this is kind, I am glad you have come so soon."

"Come with me, Mary. I must speak with you."

"Let us go up to my room," said Mary, with some excitement, when she saw the flushed face and agitated manner of her friend.

Aunt Hannah looked keenly after the girls as they disappeared and drew a deep breath. "The hour is coming, I feel it," she muttered, dropping the knitting work into her lap, and gazing hard at the door long after it was closed.

She was still motionless, gazing on the distance in this hard fashion, when the door was pushed open and Mary Fuller looked out.

"Aunt Hannah, dear aunt Hannah, will you come up here?" she cried, in an excited voice, "Isabel and I want you."

Aunt Hannah arose, folded her needles, cleaned them at the end with a pressure of the thumb, and thrust them into the ball of yarn, muttering all the time,

"It is coming, I could not help it if I wanted to," and she mounted the stairs.

Isabel Chester lay on the bed, white with anguish, but with a feverish heat burning in her eyes. The shawl, with its many gorgeous tints, lay around her, mingling with her purple dress in picturesque confusion. She tried to sit up when aunt Hannah approached the bed, but

instantly lifted both hands to her temples, and fell back again sobbing bitterly.

"Ask her, ask her," she cried, looking wildly up at Mary Fuller, "I have been wandering in the hills so long, and am tired out. You ask her for me, Mary."

Aunt Hannah sat down upon the bed, and Mary Fuller stood before her holding Isabel's hot hand in both of hers. With the eloquence which springs from an earnest purpose, she told aunt Hannah all that she had herself been able to gather from the lips now chattering with the chill that precedes violent fever. It was a disjointed narrative, but full of heart fire. Mary wept as she gave it; but aunt Hannah sat perfectly passive, gazing upon the beautiful creature before her with a steady coldness.

When Mary had done, and stood breathlessly waiting for a reply, the old lady moved stiffly as if the silence had aroused her.

"Then she wishes to stay with us," she said.

Isabel started up. "I will be no expense, I can paint, and embroider, and sew, and, and, oh! I can do so many things. All I want is a home. Give me that, only that!" She fell back again, shivering and distressed, looking up to aunt Hannah with a glance of touching appeal that disturbed even the composure of that stony face.

"You will let her stay with us!" pleaded Mary.

"What else should we do?" inquired aunt Hannah. "She wants a home, and we have got one to give her. Isn't that enough?"

Isabel, who had been looking up with a living hope in her eyes, broke into a hysterical laugh at this, and seizing aunt Hannah's hard hand, kissed it with passionate gratitude.

"One word," questioned aunt Hannah, "do you love that young man?"

"Love him, oh, yes, yes, a thousand times, yes!" cried the poor girl, and the sparkle of her eyes was painful to look upon. "I think it must kill me to see him no more. I am sure it must!"

"And you are sure he loves you?"

"Sure?" she cried, flinging out her clasped hands, "sure, yes, as I am of my own life!"

"And you believe him to be a good man?"

"I know it, have we not grown up together? He is passionate, proud, impulsive—but noble. I tell you his faults would be virtues in other men."

As aunt Hannah listened, there came a glow upon her sallow cheeks, and a soft smile to her lips, as if something in the wild enthusiasm of Isabel had given her pleasure.

"She shall stay with us! Surely with all our debts paid, we can find room for the child."

"Room—room—room—make room—make room!"

Isabel had caught the word, and sent it back again with wild glee, half singing, half shouting it through her burning lips. The fever was beginning to rage through her veins.

Three times that night aunt Hannah went to the front door, to answer the eager questions of a young man, who had been wandering for hours in sight of the house. At last, as if struck with sudden compassion, the old lady invited him into the kitchen, and these two seemingly uncongenial persons sat and conversed together with strange confidence till the day dawned.

When young Farnham arose to go, he took the aged hand of his companion and pressed it to his lips, with that habit of gallantry acquired from abroad. He did not see the blood flush up into that withered face, or the tears that gathered slowly into her eyes; and was, therefore, surprised when she arose, and as if actuated by an unconquerable impulse, kissed his forehead.

"Good-bye," she said, in a broken voice, "the poor girl up stairs shall not die for want of good nursing."

"How good you are," said the young man, "how can I ever repay you?"

Aunt Hannah looked at him with a strange fondness.

"You paid our debts last night," she said, "or we might have had no home to give this girl."

"That was nothing, never mention it again."

"Nothing, why, boy, it was an act that you shall never forget to your dying day."

"Save *her*, and that will be an act that I shall never forget."

"Do you love her so then?"

"Love! I worship her—I can never remember the time when I did not love her!"

"And what would you sacrifice for her?"

"What? Everything."

"Stop and answer me steadily. If you could choose between all the property left by your father and Isabel Chester, which would you take?"

"Which would I take? Labor, poverty, and my Isabel. This property! what has it of value in comparison to this noble girl—I answer again Isabel, Isabel!"

A singular expression stole into the old woman's face.

"Would you live here, and work the place, when Nathan and I are too old?"

"I would do anything with her and for her," cried the youth, ardently.

"And," continued aunt Hannah, in a broken voice, still eyeing him anxiously—"you would



find a corner for two old people somewhere in the homestead?"

"This is wild talk," said the young man, with a troubled smile. "I am my father's heir, and have no power to throw away his wealth; so it is useless talking of what I would, or could, do, under other circumstances."

"Then you would not be content to live here with your wife, and support yourself from the place?"

"I did not say so—but that it was impossible. Heaven knows I count wealth as nothing compared to Isabel."

"Then you only think of her, you care nothing for, for——"

Aunt Hannah paused, and put a hand to her throat, as if the words she suppressed pained her.

"I care for her, and for all that have been kind to her, now or ever," he replied, compressively, "most of all I am grateful to yourself."

"Once again," said aunt Hannah, clinging tenaciously to the point which seemed to interest her so much, "if you could not marry Isabel Chester without becoming poor, as my blind nephew is—would you give up all and marry her?"

"Once again then, yes, I would."

"And be happy after it?"

"With *her*, yes!"

"But you have never worked?"

"I can learn!"

"You are learned, and love to mix with great men. You are proud, and this is a poor old house!" She argued so earnestly that he could not refrain from smiling.

"I fancy, if the need come, I would get along with all these difficulties, without much regret. But this is idle speculation. In another month I shall be of age; then no one can claim legal authority over me or mine. I know there is great wealth to be accounted for, but have never inquired how much, or what restrictions are upon it. If it leaves me at liberty to marry Isabel, for her sake independence shall be welcome; if not, then I will answer your questions more promptly than you perhaps expect."

"That girl will never marry your mother's son."

"She shall marry me. Who can help it? Do we not love each other? If her proud spirit regrets the property, so be it—I care as little for gold as she does."

"I say it again, Isabel Chester will not marry Mrs. Farnham's son," persisted aunt Hannah.

And she was right. One month after, when Isabel lay pale and convalescent on Mary Ful-

ler's bed, she was resolute in her refusal to see Farnham as at first; resolute, but gentle in it all, as a newly blossomed flower.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"MARY FULLER, what ails you? All this time your eyes are heavy, and you look every other minute as if just going to cry. What is it all about?"

This was a long speech for aunt Hannah, and it made Mary start and blush like a guilty thing, especially as it followed a protracted silence that had been disturbed only by the click of aunt Hannah's knitting-needles.

"Matter with me, aunt? Nothing. What makes you think of me at all?"

"Because it is my duty to think of you. Because there is need that some one should take care of you."

"Of me?" said Mary, blushing to her temples, "what have I done, aunt?"

"What everything of womankind must do, sooner or later, I suppose, my poor girl."

"What is that, dear aunt?" faltered the girl.

The old lady laid down her knitting, and leaned on the candle-stand with both her elbows, thus her aged face drew close to that of the young girl.

"You have begun to love this poor blind youth, Mary Fuller!" she said, in a low, tremulous whisper, for the very name of love thrilled her old heart as a sudden shock sends veins of silver along a sheet of ice. "Don't cry, Mary; don't cry; it is a great misfortune, but no fault. How could you help it, poor child!"

"Oh! aunt Hannah, how did you find this out?" whispered back the shame-stricken girl, "I thought——"

"That nobody knew it but yourself. Well, well, don't look so frightened; it's no reason that others know it because I do."

"And Joseph, do you think—do you believe—I would not think it for a moment," she continued, glancing down at her person with the most touching humility, "but he cannot see all this—and so I—I did not know but——"

"I think he does love you, Mary Fuller!" answered the old lady, breaking through her broken phrases, in womanly pity of her embarrassment, Mary started as if a blow had fallen upon her.

"Oh! don't, don't, I dare not believe it. What! me?—me? Please don't say this, aunt Hannah, it makes the very heart quiver in my bosom."

"I am sure he loves you, Mary, or I would not say it. Do I ever joke? Am I blind at heart?"

Mary Fuller covered her face, while great sobs

of joy broke in her bosom, and rushed in tears to her eyes.

"Oh! I am faint—I shall die of this great joy—but if you should be mistaken?"

"But I am *not*. How should I be mistaken? When a mother buries her child deep in the grave-yard, does she forget what a mother's love is? Those who forget their youth in happiness may be deceived. I never can!"

"And you think he loves me?"

Mary leaned forward and laid her clasped hands pleadingly on the knotted fingers of the old maid.

Aunt Hannah looked down almost tenderly through her spectacles, and a smile crept over her mouth.

"I know he loves you."

Mary Fuller's radiant face drooped forward at these words, and she fell to kissing those old hands eagerly, as if the knotted veins were filled with honey dew upon which her heart feasted.

"Stop, stop," said aunt Hannah, withdrawing her hands, and laying them softly on the bowed head of her protegee, "don't give way so, remember our nephew is blind and we are poor, only a few acres of land to live on, and getting older every day. There is not the strength of one robust man among us all—to say nothing of the poor girl up stairs."

"But he loves me. Oh! aunt you are sure of that?"

"But how can he marry you? Blind as he is, and no more power to work than a child."

"Marry me! I never thought of that," said the happy girl, lifting her face all in a glow of happiness from her hands, "but he will live here always and so will I. Morning and night, and all day long I shall see him, hear his music, watch the changes of his beautiful, beautiful face—you may grow old as fast as you like, you and uncle Nat. I can support you, Isabel will teach me to paint pictures, and I can sell them in the city. Besides, Joseph can make music on his violin, and I have learned to write it out on paper. The rich people in New York will give money for such music as his, I know, you shall not work so hard after this, aunt Hannah; and as for uncle Nat, he shall snore in his easy-chair all day long if he likes."

Aunt Hannah shook her head, and a mist stole over her spectacles. She was getting very childish in her old age, that stern old maid.

"You are a nice girl, Mary," she said, "and mean right, I know. But Joseph will never be content to let you support him if you had the strength. He is very manly and proud with all his softness."

"I know it, aunt, but then you know I am like his sister."

"But sister's do not support their brothers, and men do not like to take favors where they ought to give them."

"Oh! aunt Hannah, you make me so unhappy. What difference can it make which does the work where two people love each other?"

"This!" answered the old maid, "women were born to look upward with their hearts and cling to others for support—men were made to give this support. You cannot change places and be happy!"

"I see, I see," murmured Mary Fuller, thoughtfully.

That moment Joseph came in from the garden, where he had been walking by himself, for the day was fine, and he had learned all the narrow paths among the vegetable beds with speedy intuition.

Mary looked at him wistfully. She remembered that for some days he had seemed sad and preoccupied, going alone by himself and drawing only sad strains from his violin.

"Aunt Hannah, are you here?" inquired the youth, moving slowly toward his seat by the stand, "I want to talk a little with you! while Mary is with her friend."

Mary started and would have gone out, but aunt Hannah lifted her hands to prevent it, and the youth sat down sighing heavily, and doubtless unconscious of her presence. Two or three times, as was his habit when thoughtful, he drew the slender fingers of his right hand through his hair, scattering the bright curls back on his temples. At length he spoke, but with hesitation,

"Aunt!"

"Well, nephew!" and the old lady began to knit, avoiding Mary's anxious glance.

"Aunt, I come to say—" he paused, and drew the hand once or twice across his forehead, as if to sweep away some inward pain, aunt Hannah remained silent, knitting diligently. "I must go away from here, aunt, you have given me shelter when I most needed it. Now I must take to the world again."

Mary listened with a sinking heart, and parted lips that grew cold and white with each word. At last a wild sob arose in her throat, and the veins upon her forehead swelled with the effort she made to suppress it.

"You wish to leave us then?" questioned aunt Hannah, coldly, "and why?"

"My life is idle here, utterly idle and dependant. God did not smite all the manhood from my soul when he darkened my eyes. I

cannot live on the toil of two old people whom my own hands should support."

"But you are welcome, Joseph; and we love to have you with us."

"I know it—still this should make me only more anxious to relieve your generosity of its burden."

"This is not all," said aunt Hannah, mildly, "you keep the principal reason back for leaving us, tell me what it is?"

"Perhaps I ought—though the reason I have given should be enough. Yes, aunt, there is another motive—do not laugh at my folly, that I cannot force my soul to be as blind as my eyes—that I cannot dwarf myself and become a helpless nonentity, without a struggle to grasp the blessings so much desired by other men. This has been a happy life that I have known at the old homestead, but what has it secured to me but unrest, and such disquiet as will follow me through life——"

He broke off hesitating for words, and a faint blush stole over his face.

Aunt Hannah saw the blush through her spectacles, and had compassion on him.

"I know all about it," she said, quietly, "you love Mary Fuller. She is a good girl. Why not?"

"Why not?" exclaimed the youth, passionately, "am I not blind?"

"That is God's work, but no fault of yours!"

"But how can I support a wife? I who cannot earn bread for myself?"

"You wish to leave Mary then?"

"Wish to leave her! Do the angels wish to flee from paradise, when all its flowers are in blossom? No, bear with me, good aunt. It may be folly, but, notwithstanding this infirmity, I have some power. Let me try it. Every year sends a troop of persons to our country who turn their music into gold. Why should not I?"

"And what would you do then?" inquired the old lady.

"What should I do!" exclaimed the youth, with enthusiasm. "Why, return to you with the money I had earned, and instead of a burden, become a protector to your old age."

"And Mary?"

"Then I could, without cowering with shame at my own helplessness, ask her to forgive my blindness, and love me even as I love her."

"But how many years must go by before you can return to us? The best part of her life and yours will be passed before then."

"I know it. I feel all the madness of my hopes. They are wild, insane perhaps, but I will not give them up; do not ask me, do not discourage me; why should my whole life be

sacrificed because God has denied me sight? Why must I, with my heart and brain alive like other men's, live and die alone?"

Aunt Hannah looked at Mary Fuller, who was pale as marble; the pupils of her eyes dilated blackly, and her mouth curved with a thrilling smile. For an instant the girl was more than beautiful. The triumphant consciousness that she was beloved glorified that face.

"And now," said the youth, more calmly, "you will let me depart, or I shall speak out love that is becoming too powerful for concealment. I shall tell her that the blind beggar loves her, and dreams of making her his wife."

Mary arose. The joy at her heart swelled painfully, and her delicate frame trembled beneath it. She would gladly have crept from the room with her sweet burden of happiness, but this excitement had been continued too long, and her trembling limbs gave way and she sunk to the floor.

"Who is here? what is this?" cried the youth; "has another heard my confessions of madness?"

"I heard it all, forgive me, forgive me. I could not go out at the first attempt, my strength gave way——"

"You heard me!" questioned the youth, pale and trembling. "You heard all that I said. Girl, girl, you have stolen the secret from my heart to despise me for it."

Mary Fuller rose to her feet, and tottered toward him. The beauty of an angel glowed in her face; it was bright with holy courage.

"Despise you for it! I, who love you so much!"

"Love me! Stop, Mary, do not say this if it is not holy truth, such as one honest heart may render to another."

"It is holy truth. Take my hands in yours. See how they quiver with the joy of your words."

"But I am blind, Mary."

"And I, what am I?"

"Oh! you are beautiful. I know that you are beautiful!"

"No, no!" cried the poor girl, covering her face with her hands.

"But you are. I drink in beauty from your voice, there is beauty in your touch. Oh! how I long to see, that these eyes, too may drink in their portion of your loveliness."

"Oh! forbear, forbear, it is Isabel you are describing. Do not force me to thank God that you are blind," said Mary, shrinking away from him. "Oh! nature has been very cruel to me!"

"Hush, Mary, hush, I see you in my brain, I feel the tones of your voice thrilling through and through me. This is all the beauty I can comprehend. When you disclaim it, I hear the tears

breaking up through your voice, and it grows painful in its sadness to me. Your beauty is immortal, it can never grow old!"

The youth paused, and turned his sightless eyes toward aunt Hannah, for his quick sense had caught the sobs that she was striving to smother by burying her face on her folded arms. Many a stern grief and sore trial had wrung that aged heart, but for a quarter of a century she had not wept heartily before. As she looked on these young persons, each so stricken by Providence, and witnessed the first rich joy of their love, her heart gave way. The memories of her youth came back, and in the fullness of her regrets she cried like a child.

Mary Fuller withdrew her hand from her lover, and drawing close to aunt Hannah, stole her arm around her neck.

"Aunt, dear aunt, look up and tell Joseph that he must not leave us. Tell him how strong I am to work for us all."

Aunt Hannah lifted her face, and swept the grey locks back from her temples.

"What day of the month is this?" asked the old lady, standing up and speaking in a subdued voice, "it should be near the tenth of November."

"To-morrow will be the tenth," answered Mary.

"Stay together while I go talk with Isabel."

With these words the old woman went up stairs feebly, as if her tears had swept all her strength from her frame.

Mary and her lover sat down by the hearth and fell into a sweet fragmentary conversation. Soft, low words and broken sentences, the overflow of two hearts brimful of happiness alone passed between them. A strange timidity crept over them. Neither dared approach the subject of a separation, though both were saddened by it.

Aunt Hannah came down at last, calmer, and with more of her usual cold manner.

"Help me," said Mary, appealing to her; "oh! aunt, persuade him to stay with us!"

"To-morrow will be time enough," was the answer. "Go away, now, and God bless you both!"

Never in her whole life had the voice of aunt Hannah sounded so deep with meaning, so solemn in its earnestness. It was seldom that she ever blessed any one aloud, or entered, save passively, into the devotions of the family—now her benediction had the energy of an earnest soul in it. The very tones of her voice were changed. She seemed to have thrown off the icy crust from her heart, and breathed deeper for it.

Mary and Joseph went out, and sat down together in the starlight, that fell so softly upon

them through the apple boughs. They had so many things to say, and confessions to make; each was so timidly anxious to search the heart of the other, and read all the sweet hidden mysteries that seemed fathomless.

Meantime aunt Hannah went into the out room—that in which her sister Anna died, and kneeling down, with her hands pressed on the bottom of a chair, broke into a prayer so deep and earnest that her whole frame shook with the agony of her struggle. She arose at length and began to walk the floor, wringing her hands and moaning as if in pain. Thus she toiled and struggled in spirit all night, for it was the anniversary of her sister's anguish and death. Many a softening influence had crept into that frozen nature, with the young persons who had brought their joys and sorrows beneath her roof, and now came the solemn breaking up of her heart. She learned the true method of atonement in the stillness of that nightwatch. It was the regeneration of a soul.

When the day broke, she crept up to Isabel Chester's room, and kissed her pallid cheeks as she slept. "Be comforted," she said, smiling down upon the unconscious face; "be comforted, for the day of your joy is at hand."

## CHAPTER XX.

ONE day Farnham suddenly appeared at the farm, bearing every evidence of having travelled far and fast. He asked to see Isabel in a private interview.

Aunt Hannah, who had been in the out shed, saw him only as he ascended to Isabel. She clasped her hands, and murmured to herself, "the time has come."

For some five minutes only a low murmur of voices was heard above. But directly Farnham's tone became raised, and what was heard it was evident he was pleading with all the energy of a loving and determined heart.

At last he hurriedly descended the stairs. His face was flushed; his handsome hair in disorder; and mingled emotions of anger and sorrow were working in his features. Aunt Hannah had taken a seat, where she would be sure to see him as he came down; and now she rose and confronted him, her whole countenance struggling with painful emotions.

"She refuses you," said aunt Hannah. "Is it not so?"

Her agitation, as she spoke, was almost as great as that of the young man.

"Yes!" was the answer. Then, with a sudden burst, "oh! can nothing change her?"

"She will never marry Mrs. Farnham's son."

"She must, she must," cried the suitor, wildly striding up and down the room into which aunt Hannah had led the way, and the door of which she now shut. "What right has she," he asked, almost fiercely, stopping suddenly like a chafed lion, "to make us both miserable forever?"

"She will never yield," replied aunt Hannah.

The young man, who had started off again, rushed back to the speaker at these words, and grasping her hands in his, while he looked pleadingly into her face, said,

"Go to her, she may listen to you."

But his companion shook her head.

"But only try. I am rich, now. I am independent of my mother. You don't think I could have remained absent while Isabel was sick," he continued, eagerly, "if it had not been, that, having reached my majority, it was necessary that I should see my trustees and settle up my father's estate. I owed it to her to ascertain, as soon as possible, whether I could ask her to share my lot, without consulting my mother. I heard every day from her, and, if she had not recovered, would have come back in spite of business."

He paused, for he had spoken so rapidly that he was breathless.

"You are your own master, then?" said aunt Hannah. "I mean, you are the undisputed owner of Mr. Farnham's wealth?"

"Yes. I inherit everything. My mother had a jointure settled on her, when she married, in consideration of which she waived her right to dower: and so, in my father's will, everything was left to me, as his sole heir."

Aunt Hannah had risen from her seat, her face ashy pale, her hands clasped, and trembling all over. In a low, husky voice, so unlike her natural one that her hearer started, as if a ghost had spoken from the tomb, she said, grasping Farnham's hand convulsively,

"What if I show you a way to get Isabel? Would you sacrifice your wealth?"

"Willingly. But it is not to my wealth she objects. She told me, just now, that if I was poor as the veriest beggar, she would marry me, if I was not Mrs. Farnham's son."

"Would you become poor for her?"

"Gladly. But why these questions?"

He seized aunt Hannah by the arm as he spoke, and drew her directly in front of him.

"Suppose I prove that you are not Mrs. Farnham's son!"

He started back incredulously, his eyes dilated wide with wonder. But he was speechless.

"Yes! not her son," replied aunt Hannah,

her voice shaking, in her agitation, as if with an ague fit.

"Not Mrs. Farnham's son!" cried the young man.

"As sure as there's a God in heaven, I can prove it," said aunt Hannah, impressively.

"Then Isabel will marry me," was Farnham's ejaculation. And suddenly clasping his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, while over his whole countenance there broke a gratitude beautiful to see, he cried, "my God, I thank thee!"

"But the property?" interposed aunt Hannah.

"Let it go! You asked me once if I could work," replied the young man, his eyes kindling with fine enthusiasm. "Try me! I have hands," and he held them forth, "white and delicate now, but strong and muscular, as you see. Oh! I will labor like a slave for Isabel."

The tears came into the hard, dry eyes of aunt Hannah.

"You will come here and work the old farm?"

"If you will let me——"

He stopped all at once, the look of joy faded from his features, and his face became dark and livid as when a November cloud suddenly comes across the sky.

"You are jesting with me?" he said, wildly. "This cannot be true. I am in a dream." And he buried his face in his hands, as men do when they would fully arouse themselves from sleep.

"You are in no dream. Every word I tell you is true. I have the proof to establish it in any court of justice. There is a son," her voice trembled eagerly as she spoke, "there is a son of Mr. Farnham; but it is not you. You were exchanged for him within an hour after you were born."

The young man stared at her for a moment. Then a light began to break upon him.

"What?" he ejaculated. "Is your nephew Mrs. Farnham's son?"

Aunt Hannah inclined her head.

"I am so glad," cried her companion. And in a burst of generous admiration he cried. "He is more worthy of this vast wealth than I am."

"Shall I go and see Isabel for you now?" asked aunt Hannah. "May I tell her all?"

"Stay," said the young man, laying his hand on her arm to restrain her, and immediately recovering a comparative degree of composure. "We must be certain before we act, perfectly certain. I don't mean to question anything that you tell me; but Isabel is a peculiar girl; and she will require nothing short of the most irrefragable proof. Let me hear more of this evidence you say you have."

"You are right," answered aunt Hannah.

"Sit down, and I will tell you."

It is not necessary for us to repeat what she said. The reader is already familiar with the story of poor Anna's desertion by the elder Mr. Farnham, her marriage to the travelling artist, the birth of her boy, and her death on that stormy night. The strange tale of Salina, must also be fresh in the memory, that, on her leaving the infant heir of Mrs. Farnham, born on the same evening, alone for a few minutes, she was surprised to find a drop of rain on the babe's forehead; a little slip on the floor, like Anna had worked for her baby, and unlike any Mrs. Farnham had; the marks of wet footsteps leading to the kitchen door; and that door wide open, with the wind rushing in and flaring the candle.

"It was I," said aunt Hannah, in a choking voice, "who, in revenge, for Anna's abandonment, did it. I changed the babes. In my hurry I forgot to bring away the slip, which Salina afterward picked up, and, by the interposition of Providence, as I see now, has preserved."

Farnham listened to this tale with varying emotions, as the rapid changes of his countenance showed. He was torn by conflicting feelings. There were pity and love for his true mother; indignation struggling against the reverence in which he had always held his father; and a joy, that grew more triumphant, as his clear, educated intellect saw the cumulative proof which aunt Hannah would be able to bring forward. When she had ceased, he had but a single question to ask.

"The identity of the slip can be proved, and by others than yourself?"

"Yes, brother would know it, I am sure. It is marked also."

"That is sufficient. With your positive testimony, corroborated by Salina and uncle Nat, there isn't a jury in New York but would find me not the true heir."

He spoke with a gladness that almost amounted to glee. Aunt Hannah, who, notwithstanding his former assurances, had trembled as to what he would do and say when he found himself shorn of his wealth, gazed on him with secret joy, her heart yearning to him as Anna's child.

"Now you may go to dear Isabel," he said. "But break it to her gently; she is still weak, you know."

He looked, however, so much like wishing to go himself, that aunt Hannah, after she had made a step toward the door, turned back, saying,

"Perhaps you can tell her best. I will come, when you send for me, and corroborate what you say."

The happy lover had only waited for this permission. He darted past her, and went up stairs, two steps at a time.

Poor Isabel! almost exhausted by the stormy scene with her suitor, and with her heart nearly broken by the necessity of adhering to her just resolution, still lay weeping on the bed, where she had thrown herself when her lover departed. Mary Fuller was sitting on the edge, holding the hand of the sobbing girl, which she stroked affectionately, kissing it now and then, her own tears falling rapidly. At the sound of the quick footsteps, followed by the knock at the door, both the girls started to their feet.

Neither Isabel nor her lover, nor even Mary Fuller, though she might have been supposed to be less agitated, could ever give a connected account of what was said at that interview. All that Mary was able to remember was that Isabel nearly fainted dead away at hearing her lover aver he was not Mrs. Farnham's son; and that she herself, a little later, quite imitated this example, when told who that son really was.

The reader can imagine something by the joyful amazement of uncle Nat, the incoherent wonder of Salina, the terrified surprise of Joseph, and the angry denials of Mrs. Farnham, when they severally became acquainted with the romantic change in the heirship to the Farnham estates.

Mrs. Farnham was disposed, at first, to resist, declaring the whole tale a fabrication. But, on taking eminent legal advice, she was assured that the testimony was conclusive against her. "Besides," added the lawyer, "the young gentleman, whom you assert to be your son, denies that he is so, and will be no part to a suit, but on the contrary expresses his determination to make over to the real heir the whole of the property. You have your jointure, madam, which can never be touched, and so *you* need fear nothing."

But though prevented from litigating the matter, Mrs. Farnham could never be brought to acknowledge Joseph as her son. He made frequent attempts to obtain an interview with her, and wrote more than one dutiful letter, for his heart turned toward her, cold-hearted woman of fashion as she was, as soon as he knew that to her he was indebted for his birth. But she obstinately refused to admit him to her presence, declaring passionately that he was an impostor, and venting her imbecile rage in imprecations on uncle Nat and especially aunt Hannah. Very soon she left that part of the county, and directly after sailed to Europe, where she lived on her jointure, till she died a year or two ago.

There was one interview between her and her

late supposed son, however, before she left. In it she endeavored to persuade him to resist the claim of Joseph, and when he steadily refused, she broke out into terrible denunciations against him as "an enemy to his own blood." He tried vainly to soothe her. He professed that he should always dutifully remember what she had done for him, during so many years that they had been together, and that he would respect her still as a parent. But she would listen to nothing but the unconditional submission she demanded, and when he still refused, finally drove him from her presence, raving like a lioness from whom her young have been torn. Her maid feared, for an hour or two subsequently, that her mistress would die from the violence of her passions. It was early the next morning, that Mrs. Farnham left the neighborhood, as we have seen, forever.

A serious altercation arose between the two young men, after this, as to the surrender of the Farnham estates. The supposititious heir persisted in resigning everything to Joseph, and the latter as steadily declined to accept the sacrifice, insisting that Isabel's lover should retain one-half, as his equitable right under the peculiar circumstances of the case. But neither he, nor Isabel, would consent to this arrangement. The generous strife went on, for some time, until finally the lawyer, whom the real heir now consulted, surprised all parties by telling them that it was extremely doubtful, considering the technical words of the will, whether, after all, Isabel's lover was not the legal owner of the property.

"The estates came by devise," he said, "not by descent, for such is the effect of a will always. A testator can devise to whom he pleases, omitting the right heirs altogether. In this case he has intended, no doubt, to devise to his own son; but he as manifestly intended to devise to the present possessor, whom he knew and loved. Nor

do the words of the will assist us. The devise is to 'James Farnham, my only child.' Now the young gentleman is known as James Farnham, and in that sense the devise is to him. But he is not the son, and in that sense the devise is not to him. Here is contradiction. But, later in the will, the devise is repeated in specific terms, to 'James Farnham,' all allusion to the relationship being here omitted. Now, in wills, it is a rule of law, that the last words are the binding ones, and hence I conclude that the former reputed heir would take as devisee, because the person known as James Farnham."

Other lawyers were consulted, and the most eminent in the land: and all gave the opinion that the case, at least, was one of doubt. Under these circumstances, one being legally the owner of the estates, and the right heir refusing to accept a full conveyance of them, a compromise was recommended, and finally acceded to, though unwillingly by him whom we have called young Farnham. It was agreed that the property should be equally divided.

"This also is the only just way," said Joseph. "You have been brought up to regard these estates as your own, and it would be a great wrong in me to accept all. You shall do me one favor, however, in return for what you insist is my cruel obstinacy, which is to make over to me what the lawyers call your reversion in uncle Nat's farm, which, you know, would, some day, be yours, as heir. I have talked to Mary about it. She loves the old place too much to leave it: and besides she knows all its ways, and uncle and aunt know hers. We would not live at the big house down yonder. You and Isabel take it: you two will adorn it: and we'll see each other every day."

And so it was finally determined, wisely as we think, and most happily for all.

THE END.

## INFANT'S BOOT.

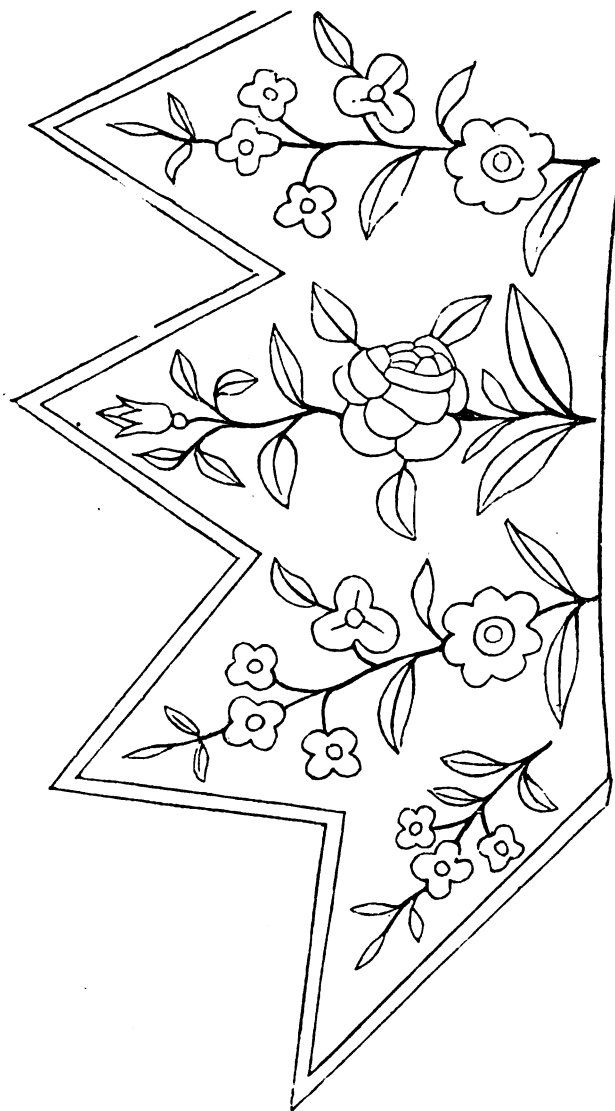
**MATERIALS.**—Rose-colored. sarsenet, white sewing silk, soft muslin, and fine flannel; also a little narrow ribbon to match with the silk.

This is a very pretty, and—what is more important—a very comfortable style of shoe for an infant. It is also very easily worked. It is cut in three pieces—namely, the sole, the front, and the back. Sometimes these shoes are made ankle-high only. The design is worked on the silk, and then worked with white sewing silk in

ordinary chain-stitch. The flannel and muslin are cut out in the same shape, and quilted together. The sole has the sarsenet run with the lining. The toe-piece is neatly stitched in the back with white silk, to correspond with the embroidery. The open part is neatly piped round, and eyelet-holes pierced for the ribbon.

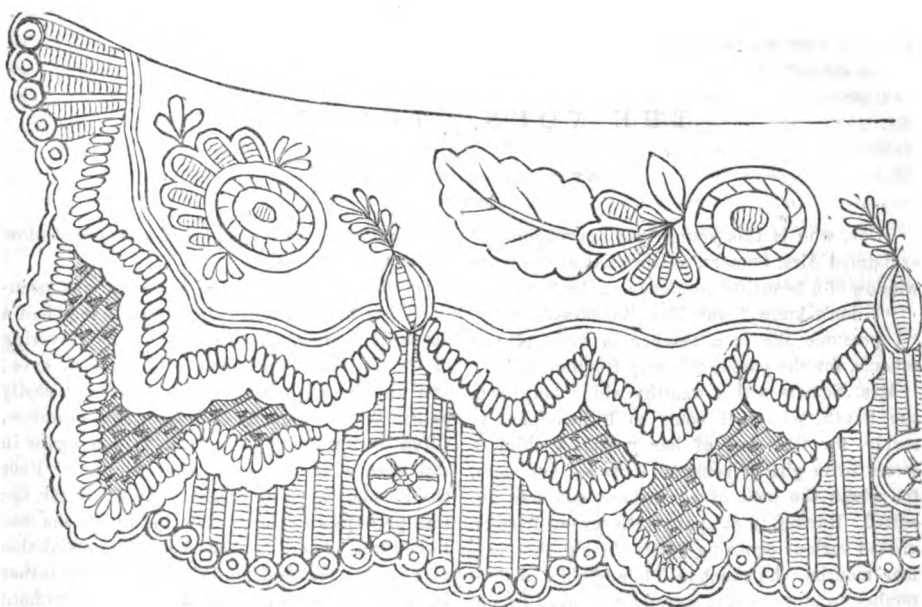
These boots are frequently made in fine merino, as well as in silk.

**PATTERNS FOR COLLARS.**  
**IN VARIOUS STYLES FOR THE NEEDLE.**

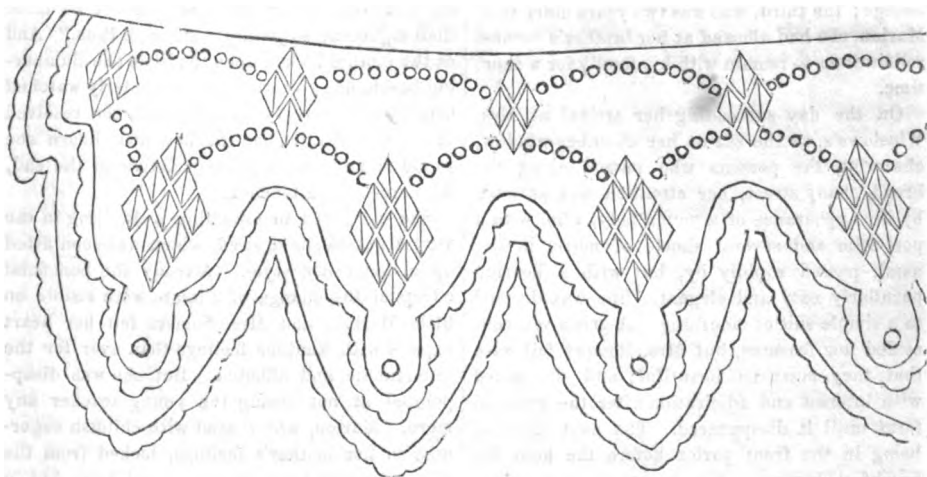


**THE MOUSQUETAIRE COLLAR.**





THE ARABESQUE COLLAR.



THE CHAIN COLLAR.

These are all to be worked with French working cotton, No. 120. Work in button-hole stitch, or in raised satin stitch, sewing over the lines. Any lady can make a cheap and pretty collar, in this way, for herself or friend.

## THE YOUNG TEACHER.

BY ESTHER M. SIDNEY.

"Coz, who is this young lady approaching?" exclaimed Mrs. Somers, as they sat at the front window of a beautiful residence on Arch street.

"I don't know," was Mrs. Winslowe's reply. "I presume she is a teacher in some of our schools, for she passes this way frequently."

Mrs. Somers was a wealthy widow lady from the South, who had come to Philadelphia to reside, for the sake of her youngest child, a sweet little girl of some six or seven summers, for whom the heat of a southern sun was unsuited. Having, in company with several friends, visited various watering-places during the summer months, she reached Philadelphia in September, where she was warmly welcomed by her cousin, Mrs. Winslowe, and pressed to make her home henceforth with her. This offer Mrs. Somers declined, but consented to remain until she could procure a dwelling in some quiet, pleasant location. She wished, also, to make arrangements for placing her two eldest sons at college; the third, who was two years older than Marion, she had allowed at her brother's earnest solicitations to remain with his family for a short time.

On the day succeeding her arrival at Mrs. Winslowe's, as she sat at her chamber window, observing the persons who passed along the broad, shady street, her attention was arrested by the appearance of a young lady, who, with a port-folio and several sheets of music in her hand, passed rapidly by, but with a bearing peculiarly easy and elegant. She was dressed in a simple suit of mourning. A green veil concealed her features, but Mrs. Somers felt sure that they must be beautiful; and she gazed with interest and admiration after the graceful form until it disappeared. The next morning being in the front parlor before the hour for breakfast, her eyes again encountered the same person, and the veil being now thrown back, a face of the most exquisite loveliness was revealed, but one wearing an expression which denoted early acquaintance with sorrow. Day by day the fair stranger passed by, in the morning at about eight o'clock, and again at noon returning the same way; and Mrs. Somers, who observed her with an undefinable interest, thought that each time her step seemed to lose a portion of

its youthful buoyancy, and that a deeper shadow rested on her brow.

On the present occasion her walk was peculiarly languid and unsteady; and her face had a death-like pallor. There was a slight quivering of the lips, and tears in the large, dark eyes; and kind-hearted Mrs. Somers could not easily banish that melancholy look from remembrance. Often during the day it returned; and again in the silence of her room that night. "Poor child!" she thought, "she is not fitted for the toil, perhaps also the contumely, which she has to endure. There is about her an unmistakable air of refinement and gentle breeding. Her father is, perhaps, a bankrupt; a wealthy merchant *once*—a lowly, poor man, *now*; and she, with a daughter's beautiful devotedness, is striving to lighten his unaccustomed burthen. She may have a widowed mother, aged and feeble, dependant on her exertions; or, sadder than all, she may be an orphan in the house of strangers or unfeeling relatives. Poor child! she cannot be more than eighteen; so young to struggle thus." And as the mother looked upon the little one slumbering beside her, so carefully and tenderly watched over by her unwearied solicitude, she resolved that when established in her own house she would make some inquiries relative to the sad, desolate-looking teacher.

She succeeded in obtaining a dwelling in the very situation she desired, which was soon fitted up in handsome style. Already the beneficial effects of the change of climate were visible on little Marion; and Mrs. Somers felt her heart expand with kindlier feelings than ever for the unfortunate and afflicted. But she was disappointed at not seeing the young teacher any more. Marion, who shared with childish eagerness in her mother's feelings, looked from the window regularly at the appointed hour, but in vain.

At length, one fine afternoon, as the child sat at the hall-door, with the servant who had been her attendant from infancy, and had refused to be separated from her on the family's removal to the North, she suddenly spied the well-known form crossing the next street; and with the quick ardor of her age, skipped to the corner in time to see the lady enter the academy of Mrs.

Bladen, near by. With delight sparkling in her large, black eyes, she ran back to inform her mother of the important discovery. On the next day she did not forget to be on the watch at the same hour, but was disappointed. The following afternoon, as she was entering the house after a walk with her mother, several little girls of Mrs. Bladen's school passing by, paused a moment to look at the strangers; and Mrs. Somers, observing that one of the number had a drawing-book, took the opportunity of asking who was her instructor in that accomplishment, and was readily answered, Miss Olivia Tracey. The little girl also stated that her teacher had not been at school for two days; and they were very much afraid she was sick, for they all loved her. She only taught at one school beside theirs, and Mrs. Bladen often regretted that she was obliged to go there; as the principal was a cross, unfeeling woman, who often spoke to Miss Tracey so harshly as to bring tears to her eyes, and almost unfit her for giving the lesson.

Greatly moved by this account, Mrs. Somers asked permission to look at her drawing-book, and being satisfied by an examination of this, as well as by one or two other pieces left to copy, that the teacher was well qualified, she ascertained her place of abode, determining to call on her the next day, and, if possible, engage her to instruct Marion in music and drawing, for both of which the child had always manifested a particular taste.

Accordingly at noon, the hour when Miss Tracey was most likely to be found at home, Mrs. Somers repaired to the place designated. It was some squares from her house, in a short, but very pretty street. The building was a two-story brick, apparently nearly new, and with a neat, well-finished exterior. On ringing the bell, the door was opened by a neatly attired girl, who in answer to the visitor, replied that Miss Tracey had just come home, very unwell, and had lain down, but that at about two o'clock she could be seen. At the appointed hour Mrs. Somers returned. She was surprised on looking around the rooms. Cream-colored Venetian blinds; bright, handsome carpets; mahogany chairs; sofa and tables; vases with costly French flowers, and an alabaster clock on one mantel; handsome candlesticks and china ornaments on the other: here were no indications of misfortune or embarrassed circumstances. Miss Tracey now entered. She was of a marble paleness, her eyes were flushed and swollen as with recent weeping, and her voice was tremulous and broken. When Mrs. Somers explained her wishes, she expressed a fear that she would not be able

to instruct little Marion, as she was engaged during the hours at which Mrs. Somers would probably wish to have the lessons given: but here she paused, as she caught a beseeching look from the child, which mute appeal the mother instantly seconded; observing that she might make the hours suit her own convenience, as Marion could at any time attend to her instructions. The kind tone in which this was spoken completely overcame the composure which Olivia had till then struggled to maintain, and after an unsuccessful attempt to control her feelings, she burst into tears. Marion threw her arms caressingly around her neck, begging her not to cry; but while she warmly returned the embrace, her tears fell fast upon the child's glossy ringlets; and it was several minutes ere she could restrain their flow.

"Excuse me, madam," she then said, looking up timidly to Mrs. Somers, as if conscious that she should offer some explanation. "I have but one friend in the world besides my mother, and your kindness for the moment overpowered me. I should have more self-command, but I strive, in vain, to attain it."

"Never seek, my dear," said her kind visitor, "to control the feelings which nature has implanted in your bosom. Misfortune may cloud our prospects, and paralyze our energies, but its withering blight should never be allowed to reach the heart. I am no friend to that stern self-command which would on all occasions check the heart's promptings; nor do I think that a woman can ever acquire it save by the total loss of the sensitiveness with which she at first is obliged to struggle, a loss for which the calmness of habitual indifference is but poor compensation."

"I have heard very different sentiments," said Olivia, sadly, "and that it was very weak and childish in me to yield so often to my feelings, but, in a happy home, surrounded only by indulgent parents and smiling friends, one remains a child long after childhood's years have gone, and needs many a harsh lesson to teach the spirit fortitude to combat with life's trials."

In a few days Mrs. Somers became quite intimate with the young teacher, who, won by her patron's sympathy one day detailed her history.

Mr. Tracey had been a land agent, with a comfortable salary, and had managed to lay by something against a time of need. Olivia, an only child, was the idol of both parents, and on her was lavished every endearment that affection could suggest, as well as every care and expense needful to advance her education. When she was about fifteen, as they sat together one summer

evening, by the parlor window, a thunder-storm came up. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning prostrated them all upon the floor. Olivia, who had only received a slight shock, almost instantly revived; but what was her horror to find all her efforts to reanimate her parents unavailing. A physician was hastily summoned, who at length succeeded in restoring Mrs. Tracey; but to the distracted inquiries of the poor girl about her father, he could give but the one heart-breaking response—he was dead! Several weeks passed before Mrs. Tracey could leave her room, and then it was with the slow, feeble step of premature old age; and alas, more fearful still, her reason was partially gone!

Other troubles were soon added. The little her father had saved had been invested in the house in which they lived. But his salary had ceased with his death, and Olivia saw that she must find some way of supporting herself and her feeble, helpless parent. She had first thought of removing to cheap lodgings, renting out the house, and selling most of the furniture; but the tenacity with which her mother clung to everything familiar, forbade the execution of this plan. On the first day of her partial recovery she gave proof of this; for, on seeing her daughter's mourning dress, she hastily desired her to change it, and to curl her hair as she always did; asking why she appeared so different from her usual custom. Poor Olivia, who had been forewarned by the doctor not to make any objection to her whims, silently obeyed, and thenceforward appeared in her mother's presence as in the days preceding their affliction; but when she went abroad, to the schools where she was employed, she wore her sable dress.

The hardships she now endured sometimes caused her almost to despair. Going out in all kinds of weather was the least among these, though the distance to each school being considerable, the consequent exposure soon began to make inroads on her health. But hard, very hard was it to be subjected to the petulance, the fault-finding, and, not unfrequently, the real harshness of Mrs. K——, who seemed to regard assistant teachers as a peculiar race of beings, who should possess all the perfections with none of the attendant faults of human nature; and on whom she could with impunity vent her ill-humor. Olivia, unaccustomed to this, was often sorely tried in her efforts to preserve patience, and sometimes her full heart sought relief in a burst of tears, which Mrs. K—— derided as an exhibition of temper highly unbecoming, or as very childish—even venturing once to insinuate that such sensitive feelings were not suited to one in a

*dependant situation.* Sometimes the afflicted girl was strongly tempted to resign her place; but as often the image of her mother rose to strengthen her against the thought; and when at noon she returned home, and saw that mother enjoying, through her exertions, all her accustomed comforts, she felt that she was performing a sacred duty, and this thought enabled her to regain her peace of mind.

Thus had passed two weary years at the time of the visit of Mrs. Somers. That lady, after hearing this sad history, remained for a time in silent thought. Though Olivia had scrupulously refrained from dwelling on the vexations she endured from Mrs. K——, yet her attentive auditor did not doubt the correctness of what she had previously heard; and earnestly considered how she might relieve her from these annoyances. At length, taking the teacher's hand eagerly in her own, she exclaimed,

"A new plan strikes me—suppose you relinquish your classes at Mrs. K——'s seminary, and devote your mornings entirely to Marion? I do not wish to send her to school, nor confine her to a systematic routine while her health is still delicate; but, under your direction, she could pursue the simple studies suited to her age without detriment to her health. Would you consent to this proposal?"

"Most gladly, madam. My engagement with Mrs. K—— will expire in a few weeks, and then I shall be happy to devote myself to your sweet child's instruction."

Olivia could scarcely believe the reality of the good fortune thus unexpectedly offered. Buoyed up by this pleasant prospect she no longer heeded the ill-humor of Mrs. K——, now, of course, greatly increased, but fulfilled her duties cheerfully, and at the appointed time became the instructor of Marion, as also of the two youngest children of Mrs. Winslowe, who willingly assented to her cousin's plan, that they should share Marion's lessons, instead of being sent to school. The salary arising from these children's tuition exceeded that given by the penurious Mrs. K——, and Mrs. Somers also granted Olivia the privilege of instructing several children in music at her house. Before the winter months had flown, Olivia was again happy and light-hearted; her step had regained its buoyancy, and her eye shone with its old lustre.

The fashionable circles of Philadelphia were thrown into a state of excitement that winter by the arrival of a distinguished stranger, young, wealthy, handsome, graceful, and talented, in short, there was nothing wanting in the description which Madam Rumor spread near and far

concerning the newly-arrived artist, Mr. James M. Clifford. The young ladies who made it a point of duty to visit his rooms as soon as they were thrown open to the public, declared unanimously that even the description conveyed no adequate idea of the man. As to his grace and courtly bearing, no words could do them justice; he was young, certainly, though on this point there was some disagreement; the greater number declaring that he could not possibly be more than twenty-five; while a few as positively maintained that he could not be less than thirty; but then *these* it was shrewdly whispered were not themselves quite as young as they would like to be thought, and therefore strove to make every one else old, too. Of his superior genius there could be no doubt, and he was unquestionably wealthy, for everything in his studio, and his own appearance attested that. Indeed, it was confidently reported that his labors were pursued through love of his noble art, only, and with no view to the pecuniary profits arising from them. But who was he? Where did he belong? These questions were the grand subjects of dispute. Though last from Italy, he was certainly not an Italian. There was nothing foreign in his accent. The clear, fair skin, lightly tinged with the blush of a sunny clime; the large, eloquent eyes of that peculiar shade of grey which is so inexpressibly beautiful; and the light chestnut locks that waved carelessly around his finely formed head, betokened, moreover, no foreign origin. And so, greatly to the disappointment of the fair ones who were always on the look out for a titled foreigner, they were obliged reluctantly to admit that he was *only* an American, who after many years' sojourn in other climes, had turned from their ancient beauties and glory to the fair young land of which, it was his proudest boast to be a son, and to the city where he had been born. Balls, parties and soirees in his honor were everywhere given. No assemblage was deemed complete unless graced with his presence. His exhibition rooms were thronged daily with admirers of his genius; and portraits and fancy pieces were ordered in any number, notwithstanding his high charges; so that, if there was any doubt that he was wealthy, there was none that he would shortly become so. A very popular man became Mr. Clifford, and though popularity has its annoyances, doubtless it has also its delights.

Mrs. Somers, who heard the artist's praises ringing on every side, conceived that he might be the most suitable one to take a full-length portrait of Marion, which she had long desired to have; accordingly, she invited Olivia one

morning to accompany her to the artist's rooms. It was yet early, and Mr. Clifford had not appeared. The ladies, however, passed the interval in examining the paintings. They felt at once the truth of all the encomiums they had heard. One painting, a beautiful head of the Madonna, particularly struck Mrs. Somers from its marked resemblance to Olivia. The hair, indeed, was a rich, soft auburn, and the eyes of a deep, heavenly blue, whereas Olivia's hair was a dark brown, and her soft orbs a beautiful hazel; but here the dissimilarity ended:—the round contour of the face—the clear, pure forehead, the winning expression of tenderness and purity, the soft, regular features were the same in both; and Mrs. Somers felt the likeness grow stronger the more she gazed. She was about to call Olivia's attention to it, when they heard a manly step on the entry, and the clear tones of a rich, musical voice, replying to a person in company; and the next instant the artist entered. He seemed somewhat surprised on beholding the ladies, but advanced to them with his usual grace and dignity.

Suddenly, however, Olivia started, with a look of bewildered joy, and a half audible exclamation of surprise, for she recognized in Mr. Clifford the favorite playmate of her infancy, the ever welcome visitor to her parents' house, but one she had never expected to see again. Little had she thought, when listening to the eulogies pronounced on the new artist, that he and her "Jamie" were the same person. And now, as she stands with the sudden surprise giving an unusual animation to her soft features, and lighting up her cheeks with the bright bloom which in childhood's days they wore, he too has recognized her, and the eager "Olivia, is it possible! can this indeed be Olivia?" rushed to his lips, as he impetuously grasped her hand with an ardor that told how well he had treasured her remembrance during their long separation. Mrs. Somers could but smile as she glanced to the Madonna: and she considerably left them to renew the acquaintance in the inner room to which he had immediately conducted them; while she again turned to the examination of the pictures around her. Thus more than an hour had passed, when Olivia suddenly remembering how time must have flown, rose and rejoined Mrs. Somers. The latter saw at a glance that the two friends had been recalling the past, for Olivia's silken lashes were still moist with newly shed tears: and during the general conversation that ensued, the artist's brilliant eyes were ever and again fixed upon her with an expression of deep and admiring sympathy. The elder lady

was soon as favorably impressed by his manners and conversation as she had already been by his talents, and congratulated herself on having her daughter's portrait taken by such a master hand. For this favor, indeed, she was indebted to Olivia, for the artist had already more engagements than he wished; it being his intention to devote his time principally to paintings which would deserve a more lasting fame; but then how could he refuse Olivia's friend?

Early in the spring the portrait was finished to the entire satisfaction of all parties. During its progress Mrs. Somers had, of course, many opportunities of forming a more intimate acquaintance with the artist, of whom she soon conceived a very high opinion. Before it was finished, moreover, Clifford was the accepted lover of Olivia. He would fain have named an early day for their union, but the noble-hearted girl would not have it so.

"You know, James," she said, "you know that I love you as I never could love another, I have given you my heart, but do not now ask for my hand. I have a sacred duty to fulfil to my afflicted mother, and I could not unite this with the faithful performance of my duties as a wife. Sometimes I think that God will, in his mercy, restore to her the faculties He has so mysteriously taken away: and this thought strengthens me. Should it ever be so, then, James, if you wish, I will be yours."

"If I wish—noble girl! Little do you conceive the depth of my love if you think that I cannot look forward to that day as the happiest of my existence—yet I will restrain my eagerness to call you mine own forever, and endeavor to prove myself worthy of your love, by not opposing your filial designs—trying as the delay will be."

Olivia did not reply, but she looked up with an expression of trustfulness of which her noble suitor was every way worthy. Both had confided the secret of their affection to their mutual friend, Mrs. Somers, who saw every reason to rejoice at the intelligence. She warmly applauded the filial devotedness of Olivia, and succeeded in persuading the impetuous lover that the gentle girl was in the right. She knew that his time of probation would not be very long, for she saw in Mrs. Tracey unmistakable symptoms of decline, though the devoted daughter, unaccustomed to sickness, perceived no change in her mother's already worn appearance to excite uneasiness. Clifford, also, knew that she could not continue long in the state of living death, by which she had now for several years held to the world; but neither one breathed such fears to Olivia, whose happiness seemed now

so complete—wanting nothing but that gift for her dear parent which she could not but think she would one day regain.

But as month passed after month, yet Clifford still continued insensible to the charms of the fair competitors for his hand, the report of his betrothal to Olivia became more generally credited.

At last the dread hour arrived. Olivia Tracey was paled with long and anxious watchings, and her eyes were heavy with bitter, bitter tears; for a resistless hand had touched her long afflicted parent; the eyes were fast dimming to the things of earth—the spirit would soon cease its weary conflict with life. Yet, as the time drew near to emancipate its long prisoned wings, the torpor that had so long bound her mental faculties gave way, and again she possessed her reason. Once more was Olivia folded to the faintly throbbing bosom, with the deep, earnest tenderness that she had not been blessed with for several years.

"Do not grieve, my own sweet girl," said that dear voice, now, alas! faltering and low. "Do not mourn because I am hastening to my eternal home. I know I do not leave you friendless, my child; and that is a sweet consolation at this hour. The Father of the orphan will be near you; and already He has shown His love by raising up for you a true and dear friend. He will not abandon you when I will be no more."

And the dying woman turned toward Mrs. Somers, who had indeed proved a real friend, tender and unremitting in her kind offices to both mother and daughter during this sickness. She could not reply in formal words to the mute appeal so earnestly enforced by the pleading eyes; but she stooped over the quivering form of the poor girl, and kissed her with almost maternal fondness, as she tenderly put back the heavy tresses that fell around her damp forehead. The mother's look spoke far more eloquently than language could do, her deep gratitude.

"He hath given her yet another friend," said a manly voice, though subdued by emotion; and the two sorrowful watchers by the death-bed recognized with wonder the voice of Clifford. He had entered unobserved save by the dying one, whose solicitude for her child prevented her taking any farther notice of his appearance. "You do not remember me, dear madam," he said, gently taking the invalid's hand in his own. "During these many years, you have of course forgotten the boy who was once a frequent and welcome guest at your home—you do not remember James Clifford?"

With a slight start Mrs. Tracey examined his features closely, and a smile of recognition and pleasure beamed upon her wasted and hollow face.

"I should have known you at once, dear James," she said, faintly, "for I always loved you as my own son."

"And shall I not be really so?—shall I not indeed be your son and Olivia's protector through life?" and the young man drew the weeping girl within his arms, and bent with her beside the dying mother. Only for an instant did she look upon them; then turned an inquiring glance upon Mrs. Somers, whose answering look satisfied her. "Take her, James," she said, feebly but solemnly, as she placed the unresisting hand of her daughter in Clifford's warm grasp. "I trust that you will be kind and faithful to her; take her, my son, and may God's blessing rest on you both."

An hour after the calm of eternal repose settled on the sufferer's features. With a burst of lonely and desolate anguish, such as can be felt only

beside a mother's corpse, Olivia threw her arms around the dear remains, and felt a longing wish to close her eyes also upon the world. But kind hearts and gentle hands were near her to bind up the spirit's wounds, and when the first gush of passionate sorrow had subsided, James drew her tenderly to his faithful bosom.

"Look up, my own sweet love—am I not thine, thine forever, with our mother's blessing?—and our kind friend will be to you as the tender parent God has taken to his own bright home. Look up, my own Olivia, for my sake bear up against this blow."

And the orphan did look up through her fast falling tears, and blessed God with a grateful, though chastened heart, that He had given her a friend to console, and a strong, faithful arm to lean upon in the day of her deepest sorrow.

## DEATH AT SEA.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

ALAS! for the wave that is sweeping now  
O'er thy death closed eyes and thy marble brow:  
Alas that the deep, blue billows keep  
Their lasting watch o'er thy dreamless sleep,  
Rest thee my love in the cold, dark bed,  
Thy sleep shall not be disquieted:  
Where the corals spring and the sea flowers bloom  
Lonely, but grand, is thy watery tomb!  
Above thee the wild winds shall howl in vain,  
They awake thee not to this world of pain,  
But o'er rent affections I must deplore,  
And hopes now dead that shall bloom no more;  
I miss thee, my love, at the lonely eve—  
In the dead of the night I awoke to grieve,  
Sad memory points to scenes gone by,  
Woe! that our joys are born to die!

I never shall look on the wide, blue sea,  
Lost bride of my soul—but I'll weep for thee.  
Tho' the foam of the Ocean sweeps over thy brow,  
Thy gentle voice is whispering, now—  
And the tablet of memory restores again  
Thy treasured form from the heaving main,  
Never, while rolls life's crimson tide,  
Will I forget thee my faithful bride!  
I know—I know thy spirit is blest,  
And that with our child thou art at rest  
Where storm or sickness shall never come  
In the presence of God, our lasting home;  
In holy hope and abiding trust  
I linger awhile in this shrine of dust,  
Till the voice of the Angel shall sweetly say,  
"Come—to thy spirit bride—away!"

## REFLECT, MY SOUL!

BY ROBERT G. STAPLES.

REFLECT, my soul! let earth present  
Her thousand beauties to thee now;  
Behold them as they fade and die—  
And learn from them to meekly bow  
Before the altar of thy God.  
Look up and view the azure sky—  
Gaze on the starry vaulted Heaven,  
And bend the knee in silent prayer—  
That all thy sins may be forgiven,  
Ere called to face thy sov'reign Lord.

Reflect! reflect, vain worm, and know,  
Yon sun, which brightly shines by day,  
Subserves the end for which 'twas made,  
And casts its bright, refreshing ray  
On all of earth's the tiny flower,  
Which blooms but for a day, then dies!  
Commendeth its intrinsic worth  
To us, that we may learn, to whom  
We owe our life, our all—our birth—  
And meekly own His sov'reign power.

# TAMBOURED PURSE.

## WITH INSTRUCTIONS IN TAMBOURED WORK.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



**MATERIALS.**—Black soie D'Avignon, a fine steel mesh, green, pink, crimson, violet, and orange silks, (a small quantity of each) fine gold thread, a single slide, gold fringe, and a garniture a flaçon. A small frame for embroidery is also indispensable.

It is always a pleasure to us to introduce a novelty to the "friends" who have for so many years encouraged us in our exertions for their amusement. We now present to them a style of work very recently introduced into France, although the stitch itself (the tambour stitch) was fashionable in the time of our grandmothers. The peculiarity consists in the using it for embroidery on an open substance like netting, which can only be done through the medium of a more solid one, which is afterward pulled out, thread by thread. The material which answers best for this purpose is very fine crape, and the color most pleasant to work on is pale green.

The implement used for tambour work something resembles a crochet hook, but with this difference, that the tambour needle is separate from the handle; it is about the length of an ordinary needle, and slides into the ivory handle, being kept in its place by a steel screw at the side. This screw is useful as a *rest* for the finger, and greatly aids the execution of the work. We would not, therefore, advise the substitution of the ordinary crochet for the more legitimate instrument, as, though the form of the hook itself is the same, the mode of working is essentially different. Muslin, or muslin and net, ribbon and lace, and many other materials were once frequently embroidered in tambour work; and the mode being the same in all, it remains only to describe the process. First have the design marked, then stretch the materials to be embroidered in a frame, or between two small loops; hold the tambour needle on the upper side, and the silk or cotton *under* the work. Insert the hook in the work, at the base of a stem, or in any other convenient part, and catch over it a loop of the silk, which should be held between the finger and thumb of the left hand, close to the place. A loop being now on the hook, insert it again in the outline about the tenth of an inch off, draw up another loop through the first, and continue the process. It will be found to facilitate the work, if the screw of which we have spoken is turned toward the worker in inserting the hook, and turned from her, toward the left, in withdrawing it. It will be observed from this description that the left hand is always *under* the work, and the right above it. In tambour work the outlines are the *first* worked, and the filling up is done afterward. In the purse pattern we now give, all the outlines of the design are done in gold thread, and the flowers and leaves are afterward filled up in their natural colors. The purse itself is in ordinary diamond netting, done in two pieces, seven and a half by four inches. One of these must have the opening left three inches long. The two pieces, after being embroidered, are sewed up the sides, rounded at the corners of one end, and trimmed with gold fringe, as seen in the engraving.



## MATCH-STAND PATTERN.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.

FIRST, a wire frame, of the form you see; then about twelve yards of each of two colored chenilles; say cerise and Napoleon blue, or blue and orange, or green and white. You will also require a bodkin, and a needleful of silk of each of the two colors.

Observe that the stand has the form of a vase. The frame of the upper part is in six flutes, the

wires being alternately bent in and out. Take a long needleful of chenille, threaded on a bodkin, fasten the end at the bottom of one of those flutes, and bring it out *over* one of the inner wires; pass it round an outer wire, and under the next inner one, so as to come out over it. Then again round the outer wire. Repeat backward and forward on these three wires to the top. Take another color, and cover the next flute in the same way, passing the chenille over two *new* wires, and one of the inner ones already done. Repeat this, first with one color, and then with the other, all round. There will be three stripes of each. Secure the ends with a needle and fine silk. The wire which goes round the top of the frame is covered alternately with each of the two colors, merely by twisting it closely round. Each stripe is finished with the opposite color; thus, if you choose cerise and green, the green stripe will be headed with cerise, and *vice versa*. For the foot, the six branches are covered with a stripe of the two colors rolled round them; but all the rest is done in the darkest and most durable shade, whatever that may be.

## WORKING COLLARS AND NAMES FOR MARKING.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

**MATERIALS.**—French working cotton, No. 120. stitch, sewing over the lines. All patterns of Work in button-hole stitch, or in raised satin beauty and style.

## LA VIOLETTE.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

A LOWLY, unpretending, fairy flower!  
By poets sung, by all alike admired!  
Who hath not by thy beauty been inspired  
Or thy sweet breath inhaled, in Spring's soft bower!

The lovely maiden twines thee in her hair—  
Rich golden tresses bathed in Heaven's own light;  
Or dark and heavy as the ebon night—  
Among which thou dost nestle pure and fair.

Reflecting oft the azure sky above,  
A frail, ephemeral, fair creation thou!  
Which ever fore the chilling blast doth bow!  
An emblem tone of many an earthly love.

Embodied essence of a Heavenly grace,  
Ethereal too, and passing swift away—  
Like morning's mist before the sun's bright ray;  
All loving hearts rejoice to see thy face.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1855.—With every succeeding year we have improved "Peterson." In 1855 we shall improve it still more, and as it is impossible to get handsomer mezzotints, more elegant and reliable fashion-plates, or better stories, we shall make the improvement in the only quarter left, that is by increasing the number of pages. Accordingly the volume for next year will contain nine hundred closely printed, double-column pages, or an average of seventy-five monthly, instead of eight hundred, as the present did. A subscriber to "Peterson" will obtain more relatively for two dollars, it will be seen, than if he subscribed to a three dollar Magazine and received a hundred pages monthly. Is not this proof that this is the *cheapest* Magazine in the world?

We offer "Peterson," however, as the *best* also, at least for ladies. In six particulars it excels all others: and of this assertion we challenge counter-proof. 1st. It is the only ladies' Magazine that gives *only* original stories. 2nd. It is altogether the most interesting to read, and for next year we have engaged additional contributors, such as Mrs. M. A. Denison, &c. 3rd. It publishes the newest and prettiest fashions, which are always superbly colored plates. 4th. Its mezzotints, line engravings, and other illustrations are the most beautiful. 5th. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens writes an original novel for it exclusively every year; she is the best novelist of America; and her stories can be had nowhere else. 6th. Its crochet, netting, embroidery and other patterns; its acting charades; its receipts, parlor amusements, and other things designed for the sex, are always the newest. We may add that this department in 1855 will be infinitely more enlarged, and superior in every respect, indeed unapproachable.

Recollect, the price is only *two* dollars, not *three*. If we had space, we could quote a hundred notices of the press, and thrice three hundred private letters, as proof that "Peterson" is the *best* Magazine any where, at *any* price. But it is important to remember that the price is *lower*. A dollar surely is worth saving. "Peterson" is so cheap, indeed, that every lady ought to subscribe for it, whether she takes another periodical or not.

Now, fair friends, who *know* the character of this Magazine, we appeal to each one of you *personally* to state these facts to your acquaintances, and procure for us, *each of you*, an additional subscriber, if not a club. We have labored, a whole year, for your pleasure: now give us, in return, but a few hours. It is your interest to do so also, for the larger our list, the more we can afford to spend in beautifying "Peterson."

We are happy to say that we close the year with twice the circulation we began it with. If our

friends will take the matter in hand, we shall double it again, in 1855! We hope every lady will renew, and send an additional name. If any one wishes a specimen, to get up a *club* with, we will send it, on receiving a request to that end.

"PETERSON" ALWAYS AHEAD.—Some of our cotemporaries are very fond of boasting that they give later fashions, receipts, patterns, &c., than any body else. We, on the contrary, point to *facts*. For example, in the November number of one of these boasting cotemporaries, is a pattern for edging to children's dresses which we published last April, or just six months before. Similar things happen nearly every month.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, pre-pay the postage, and state distinctly the names of the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par: but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—Morris & Willis' "Home Journal" is, beyond all question, the best newspaper for ladies of intelligence, refinement and taste. By an arrangement with the proprietors, we are enabled to offer it and "Peterson" for three dollars a year.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.—Those who prefer a volume of "Peterson" for 1854 to the "Gift-Book of Art," as a premium for getting up a club, can have it by notifying us to that effect, when they remit us the club.

REMIT EARLY.—The earlier you remit, the better. The January number will be ready about the first of December. Those who send first will get the earliest and finest impressions of its magnificent plates.

FOR THREE DOLLARS.—For three dollars we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1855, and also a copy of any one of the two dollar Philadelphia Weeklies.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Lost Heiress.* By Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Few American novelists have risen to such rapid popularity as Mrs. Southworth. She owes this eminent success to the absorbing interest which she infuses into her narratives; to the faithfulness with which she delineates life in Maryland and Virginia; to the admirable eye she has for a landscape and the attendant graphic power of depicting it; to her profound sympathy

with human suffering; to her passionate detestation of wrong; and to the beautiful ideals of the good, and the noble, and the lovely in character, with which she stars her pages, as the nebulae gem the milky way. She has also another merit, less generally appreciated—she is eminently national. Others write novels, the actors in which might have worked out the plot in Europe just as well as America: but the people with whom Mrs. Southworth fills the realm of fiction could have “lived and moved and had their being” only in the Southern Middle states. In fact, that particular locality is as exclusively hers, as the talismanic circle of the magician is his. Out of it, she is comparatively powerless: in it she is supreme; for there the spirits obey her bidding, and her power has no rival. We judge, from this, that Mrs. Southworth has mostly lived in that region: and we give her credit for so rarely leaving it in her fictions. If other authors would, like her, confine themselves to depicting life and society as they had seen it, we should soon have an American literature. After this general review of Mrs. Southworth's works, it is only necessary to add that “*The Lost Heiress*” is the best of all her novels—the most thrilling, the most true to Nature, and filled with beautiful characters, such as Maud, Governor Hunter, and others. Mr. T. B. Peterson has published it in a style superior to any novel of the season.

*The Hallelujah. A Book for the Service of Song in the House of the Lord.* By Loucell Mason. 1 vol. New York: Mason & Brothers.—The author of this work has evidently designed to suit all tastes in the volume before us, and to produce a book as popular as the “*Carmina Sacra*.” It contains tunes, chants and anthems, for both the choir and the congregation. Prefixed to the work is a manuel for classes in vocal music, with exercises, rounds, and part songs, for choir practice. There is also a part devoted to musical notation, which is as concise as it is lucid: also a brief course for singing schools, intended for skilful teachers and apt pupils. The book, in short, is as valuable for an elementary work as for a collection for use in churches. We know nothing that we can so well recommend.

*The Inebriate's Hut; or, The First Fruits of the Maine Law.* By Mrs. S. A. Southworth.—The author of this work is not Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, but Mrs. S. A. Southworth, as indeed the most ordinary reader would discover by a perusal, even if he or she had overlooked the title-page. The subject of the volume, however, may obtain for it popularity, aided by the very elegant manner in which the publishers have issued it: but certainly the literary merit will not.

*The City Side; or, Passages From a Pastor's Portfolio.* By Clara Belmont. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—In this charming little volume the sunny side of a pastor's life is given, in contradistinction to the shady side so often dwelt on, especially of late. The sketches bear the stamp of being drawn from nature.

*The Ladies Complete Guide to Crochet, Fancy Knitting and Needlework.* By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol. New York: Garret & Co.—The frequent inquiries after elementary instruction in crochet, fancy knitting and needlework have induced the female editor of this Magazine to prepare a work on the subject. The result is the present volume, profusely illustrated with engravings, and containing a complete dictionary of the technical terms and characters employed in descriptions of Crochet and Fancy Knitting, with numerous patterns of articles to be worked and directions for working them. Some kind of fancy work has come to be considered indispensable to ladies, as a useful of employment for the fingers during conversation. The various articles thus made are always peculiarly prized by friends or relatives; are often of service in furnishing out a fair; and even when retained by the maker derive value from being her own handiwork. We would foster, instead of neglecting the practice; and therefore are glad to see this volume. Messrs. Garret & Co. have published it in quite handsome style.

*Illustrations of Genius, in some of the Relations of Culture and Society.* By Henry Giles. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is one of those volumes to which we allot a select corner in our library. Felicitous themes felicitously treated, who would not possess the book? Mr. Giles is always fervid and eloquent, but is never more so than when discussing genius: and with Cervantes, Burns, Wordsworth, De Quincey and Hawthorne for his subjects he surpasses himself. All the essays, however, are capital, those on “Fiction,” “Conversation” and “Music” not less than those on the great writers we have named. The volume is neatly printed, as are all the publications of that enterprising and tasteful firm, Ticknor & Fields.

*Easy Warren and His Contemporaries: Sketches for Home Circles.* By William Turner Coggeshall. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—These sketches are all superior. They are short, practical and to the point, generally hitting off some every-day folly. “Easy Warren,” the first of the series, and that from which the volume takes its name, should be read by every lady, for it shows how a careless, indolent, unthrifty husband may be cured and made to do his duty. “Matrimony For Money” is another pithy sketch, with an excellent moral, racily told. The volume is published in a style of unusual neatness.

*Poems of the Orient.* By Bayard Taylor. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—In this elegant volume we have a collection of Bayard Taylor's latest poems, the products of his oriental journey, a tour always eminently suggestive to imaginative minds. We are not surprised, therefore, to find, in the work before us, some of the best poems he has yet written; and we heartily regret that our limited space, this month, prevents our referring to some of them more at large. The volume is eminently fitted for a Christmas or New Year's Gift, from, or to, a person of refinement, taste and cultivation.

*Eventide, a series of Tales and Poems. By Effie Afton. 1 vol. Boston: Feteridge & Co.*—The principal tale in this collection is "Wimbleton; or, The Hermit of the Cedars," a gracefully written, interesting and romantic story. "Alice Orville" and "Scraggiewood" are also beautiful fictions. The poetry is exceedingly meritorious, but our favorite is "New England Sabbath Bells," if indeed one can make a selection where all is chaste and refined. The book is one eminently fitted for persons of cultivated tastes, and we can recommend it therefore to the fair readers of this Magazine. Feteridge & Co. have done themselves much credit by the neat style in which they have issued the volume.

*A Treatise on the Camp and March. By Captain H. D. Grafton. U. S. A. 1 vol. Boston: Feteridge & Co.*—This is an invaluable treatise to any person interested in military affairs. It is designed especially for the volunteers and militia of our country: and is issued in a very creditable style by the publishers.

#### AMUSING TRICKS.

**TO CUT AND TEAR IN PIECES A HANDKERCHIEF, AND TO RENDER IT WHOLE AGAIN.**—Two persons of the company are desired to step forward; a handkerchief is given to hold, two corners each. Several other handkerchiefs are then procured from the company, and as they are received, they are put into the one that is held, in order to make them a bundle. When there are about a dozen of them heaped up together, the two persons who hold the bundle cause one of them to be drawn at random by a third spectator. The person who draws it is then desired to examine its mark and number, if any such there be, and to cut off one of the corners with a pair of scissors; any one may cut a piece also, after that the handkerchief is torn in pieces. The bits and scraps being gathered together, on which are poured certain pretended drugs of liquors, all are folded, and firmly bound with a ribbon, in order to reduce them to a small parcel. They are then put under a glass. A few minutes after, the parcel is unfolded, the handkerchief is whole; everybody acknowledges the mark, and the spectators are surprised to see it has not received the least damage in the operation.

**EXPLANATION.**—This trick, strange as it appears, is very simple. The performer must have a confederate, who has two handkerchiefs of the same quality, and with the same mark, one of which he throws among the others to perform the trick with. The performer takes care to put this handkerchief uppermost in making the bundle, though he affects to mix them together promiscuously. The person whom he desires to draw one of the handkerchiefs, naturally takes that which comes first to hand. He desires to shake them again in order to embellish the operation, but in so doing takes care to bring the right handkerchief uppermost, and carefully fixes upon some simpleton to draw; and if he finds that

he is not likely to take the first that comes to hand, he prevents him from drawing by fixing upon another, under pretence of his having a more sagacious look. When the handkerchief is torn and carefully folded up, it is put under a glass, on a table placed near a partition, on that part of the table on which it is deposited is a little trap, which opens and lets it fall into a drawer. The confederate hid behind the curtain, passes his hand within the table, opens the trap, and substitutes the second handkerchief instead of the first; then shuts the trap, which fits so exactly the hole it closes, as to deceive the eyes of the most incredulous. If the performer is not possessed of such a table, (which is absolutely necessary for other tricks as well as this) he must have the second handkerchief in his pocket, and by sleight of hand change it for the pieces, which must be instantly concealed, and have it tied up with the ribbon instead.

**TO TAKE A SHILLING OUT OF A HANDKERCHIEF.**—You ask one of the company for a shilling; then you take a handkerchief, and twist a corner of it round the shilling; the form of the piece of money will appear; but in order to convince the company that it is the shilling, you take it out and show it to them again. You then exhibit the form of the shilling, as before, in the handkerchief, and desire one of the company to hold it fast. You even make it sound to convince them that the shilling is in it. While the person is holding the handkerchief, you tell him that he will find the shilling in his hat, which he had laid down. You take the handkerchief from him while he goes to look at his hat, and he there finds the shilling.

**EXPLANATION.**—You must have a certain ring about the size of a shilling. At first you put the shilling into the handkerchief: but when you take it out again to convince the company there is no deception, you slip the curtain ring in its stead; and while the person is eagerly holding the handkerchief, and the company's eyes are fixed upon the form of the shilling, you seize this opportunity of putting it into a hat or elsewhere. When you get possession of the handkerchief again you slip away the curtain ring.

#### PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

**ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.**—Three different articles being presented to different persons, to tell that which each has chosen.

The performer must mentally distinguish the articles by the letters A B C, and the persons as first, second, and third. The persons having made their choice, give twelve counters to the first, twenty-four to the second, and thirty-six to the third. Then request the first person to add together the half of the counters of the person who has chosen A, the third of the person who has chosen B, and the fourth of those of the person who has chosen C, and then ask the sum, which must be either 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, or 29, as in the following table:—

First.	Second.	Third.
12	24	36
A	B	C 23
A	C	B 24
B	A	C 25
C	A	B 27
B	C	A 28
C	B	A 29

The table shows that if the sum be 25, for example, the first person must have chosen B, the second A, and the third C; or if it be 28, the first must have chosen B, the second C, and the third A.

**HUNT THE WHISTLE.**—This is a very amusing game for Christmas-tide, and is something like hunt-the-slipper. The players seat themselves in a circle, and one of the party is selected who does not know the game; he is made to kneel in the centre of the players, and is then shown a whistle; and afterward made to place his head in the lap of one of the party, who repeats some doggrel verses to him, while another of the party fastens the whistle to a piece of tape, which is then pinned to the collar of his coat or jacket, and the whistle is blown quickly, when one of the party pretends to hide it under him. While the hunter is searching for it, the whistle is blown again, and dropped carefully. Again the hunter is puzzled; and if the game is not played too slovenly, it may be a long time before the whistle is discovered.

This game is sometimes played with a key instead of a whistle, but the manner of playing it is precisely the same.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS.

**Good Yeast.**—Mix two quarts of water with wheat flour, to the consistence of thick gruel; boil it gently for half an hour, and when almost cold, stir into it half a pound of sugar, and four spoonfuls of good yeast. Put the whole into a large jug or earthen vessel, with a narrow top, and place it before the fire, so that it may, by a moderate heat, ferment. The fermentation will throw up a thin liquor, which pour off, and throw away; keep the remainder for use, in a cool place, in a bottle or jug tied over. The same quantity of this as of common yeast will suffice to bake or brew with. Four spoonfuls of this yeast will make a fresh quantity as before; and the stock may be always kept up by fermenting the new with the remainder of the former quantity.

**To Bake Pears.**—Pears may be baked without sugar. Wipe some large iron pears, arrange them on a dish with the stalk-end upward, put them into the oven after the bread is drawn, and let them remain all night. If well baked, they will be sweet and juicy, and much finer in flavor than those which are stewed, or baked in sugar.

**To Soften the Skin.**—Put a little flowers of sulphur in a basin, and pour on it some new milk. Let it stand for two hours, and then strain off the milk. Rub this into the skin before washing, every morning.

**To Promote an Appetite.**—Columbo water is a safe stimulant for languid appetite. Take four drachms of the bruised Columbo-root, one drachm of bitter orange-peel, and two drachms of fresh liquorice-root; add a quart of soft water, and simmer as gently as possible over a slow fire until half the bulk of water is evaporated; then strain the liquor, filter it, add one-sixth of good pale brandy, bottle it, and take, an hour before dinner, of the mixture, a third of a wine glass, filling up the glass with cold water.

**To Cook Cutlets.**—Crumb some stale bread; add to it an equal portion of chopped herbs, parsley being the principal ingredient; season it, and mix it on a plate with clarified butter; have another plate with dry bread crumbs. Brush the cutlets with yolk of egg, and put the mixture on thickly with a knife; then roll them in the dry bread crumbs. Upon some occasions, this process will require repeating, in order that the coating may be thick.

**Bread Pudding.**—A good baked bread pudding. Add to a pint of milk a quarter of a pint of cream; pour boiling on eight ounces of bread crumbs, and three ounces of fresh butter; when these have stood half an hour covered with a plate, stir to them four ounces of sugar, six ounces of currents, one and a half ounces of sliced candied citron-peel, and five eggs.

**For Smoky Ceilings.**—Paper the ceiling with white paper, and having covered the surface with size, as soon as it is dry, varnish. This produces an effect like white marble, and will bear washing, when soiled.

**To Clean Sweansdown.**—Shake, but do not rub it, in light soapsuds. Then dip it in a little thin, raw starch, not boiled. Dry it at a short distance from the fire, or in the sun, shaking it occasionally.

**Powders to fill Scent Bags.**—Corianders, orris root, rose-leaves, and calamus aromaticus, of each four ounces; rhodium wood, one drachm; musk, twenty grains; mix, and reduce to coarse powder.

## FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

**FIG. 1.**—A WALKING DRESS OF MAROON COLORED SILK, the skirt ornamented *a disposition*, with satin stripes in three clusters, the middle stripe of each cluster being wider than the other two. The corsage, which is not seen, is made with a basque, and close up the front. Mantilla of black velvet, embroidered in vandykes at the edge, and trimmed with a very wide black lace, with a vandyke edge. A small hood falls on the shoulders. Bonnet of purple velvet, ornamented on the outside with a large velvet flower; face trimming of white tulle and flowers.

**FIG. II.**—A CARRIAGE DRESS OF ISLAY GREEN SILK, trimmed with three flounces, each flounce having two white stripes woven in the material, and finished at the edge with a narrow green fringe. Cloak of black satin, trimmed with a band of the plush now so fashionable, and finished at the back of the deep collar with a bow and long ends of satin

ribbon. Bonnet of white satin and blonde, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE OR SIX YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of dark green silk, chequered with black; the skirt ornamented with rows of black velvet. Under-sleeves of white nansouk, formed of puffs, gathered on wristbands of needlework. Mantle of grey cashmere with sleeves and a large round cape; the mantle and cape ornamented with braid of the same color as the cashmere. A drawn bonnet of pink silk, with under-trimming of white tulle and flowers. Trowsers edged with needlework. Boots of grey cashmere, tipped with black glazed leather.

FIG. IV.—YOUNG LADY OF TWELVE OR FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of royal blue poplin. The corsage in the jacket form, and half high, cut square in the neck, and with slashed openings in front of the bosom, showing a plain muslin chemisette. Under-sleeves of plain muslin in puffs drawn on wristbands. Trowsers edged with needlework. Boots of blue cashmere tipped with black. Pink silk drawn bonnet, with bands of black velvet between the drawings.

FIG. V.—GIRL OF EIGHT OR TEN YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of dark maroon colored poplin. The skirt plain, the corsage high to the throat, and the sleeves demi-long and open at the ends. The openings confined by straps of the same material as the dress. A black cloth cloak, of the par-dessus form, edged with three rows of narrow black velvet, and lined with blue silk. White cambric trowsers edged with needlework. Black kid boots. Drawn bonnet of blue silk, with under-trimming of white blonde, and loops of narrow pink ribbon.

FIG. VI.—BONNET OF ROSE COLORED SILK.—Trimmed at the edge with a narrow rose-colored fancy ribbon, disposed in small rosettes, and producing the effect of a garland of flowers. The strings and bow and ends on the side are of wide rose-colored ribbon. Under-trimming, a cap of white blonde, with small rose-buds.

FIG. VII.—BONNET OF LEMON COLORED SATIN, and bands of black velvet, and trimmed with bows and ends of ribbon. Under-trimming of coreopsis flowers, interminged with loops of narrow black velvet ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—UNDER-SLEEVE, composed of a double fall of Brussels lace, with a vandyked edge. These falls of lace are surmounted by a puffing of Brussels lace. The foundation of the sleeve is made of net.

FIG. IX.—CANEZOU.—The foundation is Brussels net, over which are disposed rows of vandyked lace and insertion. Rows of colored ribbon may be run under the insertion. This produces a very showy effect, and is at present very fashionable.

FIG. X.—THE SEBASTOPOL MANTILLA OF DARK GREEN VELVET, made in a rounded shawl form behind, with a pelerine front, and having a very deep collar. This mantilla is finished with a deep silk fringe, some distance above which is placed a broad silk trimming of a Greek pattern, and brocaded in green and black.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As we have before stated, the fashionable silks have enormously wide plaids or stripes, though the most stylish and expensive taffetas have flounces woven with satin stripes, or an imitation of black laces, or else are embroidered with silk or ornamented with velvet application. Some few of the silks as well as the woolen fabrics have very broad stripes, and large cameo patterns. For evening dresses, gold and silver embroidery will be again very fashionable, particularly on tulle, and other light materials. Gold and silver also predominates in the head-dresses.

There is scarcely any change in the style of making dresses, though we think that for walking costume, the skirts are somewhat shorter than they have been. The basque corsages are still very fashionable, though many very elegant dresses have been made lately without basques, and when they are worn, they are deeper than formerly. There is an article of dress called the *basquine*, which is very much worn, and is very comfortable for this season of the year. It is made loose enough to be worn over the body of the dress, open in front, and fitting nearly tight at the waist, where it terminates in a pretty half flounce. Some are made of velvet, others of plain colored merinoes, trimmed with bands of velvet, or quillings of ribbon, and others again of cashmere, embroidered in arabesque or cameo patterns. Bodies with braces retain their favor. For cool weather these corsages are high, plain, and with lappets, and are ornamented in front with two velvets placed as a breast-piece; the space between them is filled with smaller velvets transversally, and to which are suspended small buttons. Two velvets placed as braces, being at the lappet in front, rise over the shoulder and go down the back seam. These braces are connected by cross velvets enriched by small velvet buttons. The sleeves and the lappets are ornamented in the same style.

The BONNETS do not materially differ in shape from those worn during the fall. We may, however, mention that a variation is occasionally observable in the crown. Instead of the round crown, which has latterly been so universally worn, some of the new bonnets have flat crowns. The inside trimming is generally carried around the inside of the face, which has a very youthful appearance, though to some it is not as becoming, as only the full side trimming.

There is nothing very new in the style of making cloaks. One of the prettiest which we have seen has a large pelerine descending to the elbows, finished at the top by a deep turning-over collar. The trimming, which borders the collar, the pelerine, and the skirt of the cloak, consists of rows of velvet placed one above the other, and has a very rich effect. A slit, serving as the arm-hole, is made in the cloak under the pelerine. The cloak, which we have just described, is composed of black moire antique, trimmed with bands of velvet; a broad band, surmounted by a narrow band, being placed at the edge of skirt, pelerine and collar.









